CALIFORNIA
STATE LIBRARY

0 2007 1205012 5
California State Library

A
C...

123
Jan. 12 - Dec
1901

26045.5-56 5M SPO

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
SACRAMENTO

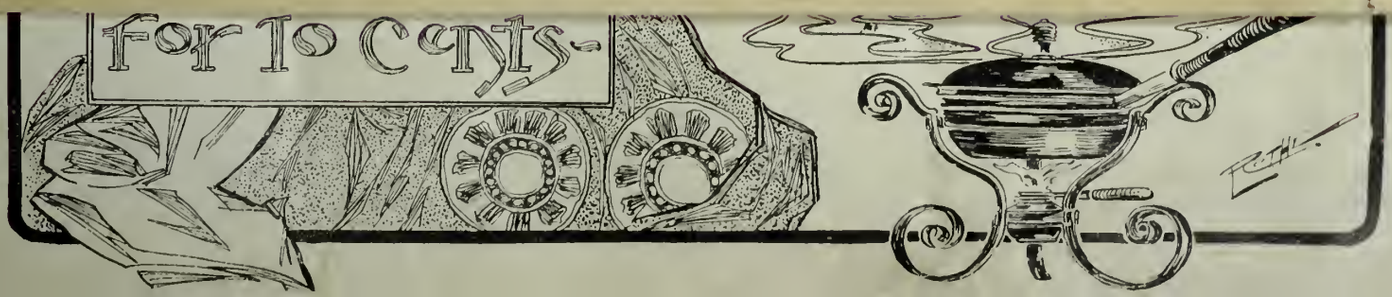
This book is due on the last date stamped below.
Books may be renewed if not requested by other borrowers.
Failure to return books promptly may result in withdrawal of borrowing privileges.

N23 1 53 20M

Vol. 23. No. 2. January 12, 1901

The Wave

Price Ten Cents.



THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office second-class matter.
Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

San Francisco—January 12, 1901

Ten Great Names.

With the passing away of the Nineteenth Century the various journals of the country have been amusing themselves and their readers with a substitute for the usual guessing contest in the shape of lists of the ten greatest men, or the ten best books, or the ten chief inventions, or the ten great ideas, etc., etc., of the Nineteenth Century. These lists have appeared all over the country and have, as was natural, shown considerable uniformity in the judgment of those to whom they were submitted. Although the utility of this sort of effort has been doubted by some ever since the famous and pains-taking efforts of Sir John Lubbock, nevertheless they possess at least a passing interest for the curious. As to the great men, opinion has varied but little, the ten having been pretty generally selected from the names of Darwin, Gladstone, Goethe, Lincoln, Bismarck, Napoleon, Hegel, Tennyson, Mill, Carlisle, Pasteur, Farraday and Thackery.

The ten greatest books have also been assigned without much diversion of opinion to some combination of Scott, Heine, Wordsworth, Darwin, Emerson, Goethe, Hegel, Hugo, Carlisle, Tennyson, Spencer and Renan.

When the genius who presides over the Sunday edition of the *Chronicle* heard that the eastern papers had been furnishing their readers with these "Symposiums" there issued from that office the fiat that San Francisco should not be outdone by the effete east.

Said that here was the home of letters and art as much as there, and that the week should not go by without the soundest judgments of the sanest minds of the great city of the west were recorded on the burning question of the hour—who were the ten greatest people, which the ten strongest books, and what the ten greatest ideas of the Nineteenth Century. So it came about that there were interviewed the eminent theologist, the eminent Anglican, the eminent jurist, the eminent ship-builder, the eminent anti-papist and the other eminent rest, and the collected opinions furnish food for deep and highly concentrated thought.

Two of the most eminent declined to contribute. They were the eminent politician und the eminent journalist. The reason they gave was that modesty would not permit. Still it was hardly fair that they should have refused to name the other eight.

Far be it from the *Wave* to even hint that a difference of opinion, much less a dissent, might be allowable from the authoritative pronouncements which the *Chronicle* has so praiseworthily recorded; rather does it sit in humble admiration at the feet of so much coagulated wisdom and take the decree of this court of last resort with a respect compounded of admiration, for it remained for us far out on the western slope of the world to set up a standard of authority which for audacity, novelty and originality surpasses even what we, accustomed as we are to the new and startling, would never have anticipated.

Some differences of course occur in the eight written opinions, still by a careful scrutiny thereof coupled with a comparison and analysis of the internal evidences, we are enabled to derive as it were a composite photograph which gives us the last word on the vexed subjects, "Who are the ten greatest men" and which the "ten greatest books." As to the "ten greatest ideas" we make no attempt to pick the winners. Bishop Nichols, with characteristic clerical definiteness considered among them "Those embodied in all the special efforts to win the century for Christ." Mrs. Eliza Keith suggests "The realization of the imminence of God; God dwelling in the universe and filling it with himself." Dr. Hemphill includes "The evangelization of the world in the First Century may be said to be born again in the Nineteenth." Judge Morrows' idea is "The passing of the literal hell."

But to the ten great books. A careful comparison of all the evidence reveals the following as the correct list of the ten greatest books of the Nineteenth Century:

Kent's Commentaries, Marsh's Origin of the Horse, Savigney's System of the Roman Law, Doellinger's Heidenthum und Judenthum, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Smith's Wealth of Nations, Charlotte Bronte's Jane Eyre, Wallace's Ben-Hur, Spencer's *Synthetical* Philosophy, Sienkiewicz's Quo Vadis.

What the Decline and Fall and the Wealth of Nations have to do in a list of Nineteenth Century books the *Wave* does not know. Dr. Voorsanger and Mr. Murdock can doubtless explain, as they were both written in the Eighteenth Century. Spencer's *Synthetical* Philosophy is contributed by Judge Morrow who is under the impression probably that there is a book by that name somewhere. Darwin's Origin of Species would have gone in the list but for Dr. Hemphill, who also excludes all theological works except Calvin's Institute which are barred by the rules. We note with sorrow that the rigorous test applied has excluded Trilby, Dora Thorne and Edward Markham's poems; but so be it, the oracles "have spoke."

The committee had more difficulty in agreeing upon the ten great names. Judge Morrow, like the true American that he is, nominated Grant, Lincoln, Webster, Marshall, Emerson, Edison, Peabody, McKinley, Hanna and Tom Reed, but afterwards withdrew the last three in favor of Napoleon, Bismarck and Gladstone. Mrs. Keith, on the other hand, favored Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton, Susan B. Anthony D. L. Moody and Garabaldi, while Dr. Hemphill hung out for Spurgeon, Moody and Henry Ward Beecher. Nevertheless, taking it by and large we have evolved the corrected list—the only original, authentic and unexpurgated edition. It is: Pusey, Peabody, Mayer, Spurgeon, Susan B. Anthony, Moody, Livingston, Grotefend, Simpson and Garabaldi. The *Wave* does not agree with this list, and it says so with an humble and contrite heart, wholly conscious of the great weight of authority against it. Animated by a feeling that a great injustice had been done in contemporary history in the makeup of the foregoing list, it caused to be interviewed a large number of our prominent citizens on both sides of Market street, and submits with due deference and respect the following corrected list: James Duval Phelan, connoisseur, politician and financier; Dr. Joseph O. Hirschfelder, discoverer and scientist; Edwin Markham, poet; Gelette Burgess, artist and author; T. Daniel Frawley, actor; Thomas F. Graham, jurist; Henry D. Cogswell, philanthropist; William R. Hearst, journalist; John P. Irish, statesman and Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, reformer.

Up to the Medical Journals.

Dr. Kinyoun is on the legislative gridiron and the fire is being forced with the draft of senatorial lungs. He is receiving punishment for a too great attention to his duties, and for a too strong desire on the part of certain newspapers in the city to furnish news. The efforts were misdirected and the results disastrous.

Whether or not there was bubonic plague in San Francisco is a question which is now being argued in the court of final resort, the medical journals. The *Medical Times* of Sacramento says: "The situation in brief is this: The Governor of the State of California, urged by the business and moneyed interests of San Francisco, and also by the politicians, upon whom similar pressure had been brought to bear, has undertaken with the assistance of the State Board of Health, to suppress every fact in connection with the existence of plague in San Francisco."

The *Pacific Medical Journal* commenting, says: "In other words, according to the *Times*, the Governor of the State, the business and moneyed men of San Francisco, and the State Board of Health are dishonest and untruthful, and are using their best efforts to spread a dangerous and loathsome disease through their own community and through their own State, and allowing it as well to spread throughout the country. There are, then, left but two honest publications in the State of California, and some one-half dozen honest medical men. The *Chronicle*, the *Call*, the *Bulletin*, the *Post*, the medical profession generally, the entire legal profession, the clergy, the banks, the railroads, the wholesale firms—a unanimous press and people—practically are all, according to the *Times*, untruthful, dishonest and insincere. The Associated Press refuses to accept these fake plague reports, and it is only by the efforts of some third-class publications and their supporters that California has been given the bad reputation which she so unjustly bears. It would be a lovely state of affairs if such publications as the *Times* and the *Bee* could dictate the policy of our State Government and the news emanating therefrom. Their methods and intentions, if carried out, would have stationed around

this State a cordon of police, and added a fleet of warships at the entrance to every harhor.

"The *Times* again says: We had hoped that our issue of July was sufficient to convince any rational heing that hubonic plague existed in our midst. Did hold-faced criminal ever make holder confession than this? "We had hoped to convince any rational heing that huhonic plague existed in our midst!" It makes no difference whether it existed here or not. Even if it did not exist, even if it had not existed, the *Times* hoped to convince the world that it did exist. It wished to fasten this unsavory reputation upon California whether California deserved it or not. It was not a question whether plague existed here; the important thing with the *Times* was to convince the world that such was the case."

The *Medical Journal* winds up its editorial with the following strong denial of the plague stories:

"For emphasis, we repeat that this city has never had one case of plague. That disease could not gain entrance except through the port of San Francisco. and when the quarantine officer reports that the disease is here he must at the same time admit that he alone is responsihle for its presence. No ship has ever heen quarantined here for plague; no case in man or rat has ever been reported entering this port. Our ships are given clean hills of health, and are permitted to enter any harhor on earth, although more than once when a clean hill of health has heen signed, a private letter has gone on the same ship signed hy the same party, one signature giving the lie to the other.

We have investigated this matter most thoroughly and are firm and sincere in the conviction that our position is the correct one. We are doing what we can for the protection of our city and our State. Should the disease at any future time develop, that would he no evidence that it has existed here during the last nine months."

The poet who speaks of the Nineteenth Century stealing "silently" into the cycles of time will have a hard time having his license renewed.

No sooner has contention ceased concerning the heginning of the new century than the State legislature meets a proof of the axiom that there is never perfect peace.

It seems that General Miles, too, thought that "all was fair in love or war."

It is understood that James K. Jones, Governor Stone, Richard Croker, O. H. P. Belmont and other Democratic notables will contribute patent medicine testimonials to Mr. Bryan's new paper.

Pingree's defense of Alger is one of the most painful features attendant on the ex-secretary's recent incursion into literature.

It is nothing less than an outrage when a citizen is ohliged to employ armed men to guard his home to prevent his children from heing kidnaped. Let the kidnapers he hunted down!

The news from China is that the head of the man who murdered the German ambassador has heen stricken off—hut nohody knows whether the right man was decapitated or not. For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the heathen Chinee is peculiar.

The Steam Schooner "Iaqua," wrecked Friday, January 4th, on Duxbury Reef, in the great storm. Towed into the harhor hy tugs.

A Philosopher of the Desert.

The way was hare and toilsome,
It was night;
Ben Yusef stood alone,
In wretched plight,
Before a pyramid
Of stones, upraised
In honor of a King
The world had praised.
Ben Yusef, clothed in tatters,
Famine ploughed,
And weary unto death,
But laughed aloud.
"Thou hast a mansion, King!
Homeless I roam;
Thou sleepest safe and sheltered
In thy home;
But oh! thou bit of dust,
'Tis I who reign!
The world Ben Yusef's is—
On, on again!"

—*Fannie E. Newberry.*

At Our Boarding House

I blame it on the school teacher, although I have not evidence enough to convict. What other reason there may be that the boarders at our select and happy home should drop into argument and discussion almost as soon as they drop into their chairs at the dinner table, I have not discovered. But it is the same every evening and it is easy figuring that the ethics of petty philosophy will be entirely exhausted before the end of the first half year of this new century.

The other evening Miss Trouter opened the game. Miss Trouter is the school-ma'am, and she is large and serious, though at times inclined to a lumbering kittenishness. She wears glasses which slip from a nose too pudgy and broad for a safe anchorage, when she becomes at all excited. A small gold chain saves them from immersion in the soup.

"I see that Nicola Tesla has communicated with Mars," she remarked in the silence following the "good evenings." Miss Trouter is herself a great discoverer, finding things in the newspapers which she implicitly believes. This would not be so discouraging except that she only reads the headlines, and newspaper headlines are apt sometimes to be misleading.

"Yes, I noticed that," said Mrs. Schultz. Mrs. Schultz always agrees and reads the papers by looking at the pictures. Eleven of the boarders gave no responsive remark that would continue the discussion as it was a little early in the dinner for the argumentative spirit to rise supreme over hunger. The twelfth however had either commenced earlier or had less appetite. This was Mr. Henning a floor walker at Shale's. He reads the front page of the *Examiner* at breakfast, glides through the principal local stories on the car going down and studies the society notes evenings. He belongs to the Entre Boulong cotillion club and is considered a court of last resort at our boarding house on the important points of colored shirts and neckties. His active entrance into the arena in any discussion is a promise that it will ultimately be rounded up into an open discussion on social topics.

Thon his defense of the conditions in the upper strata of society, which he has never entered but talks of intimately, is masterly. Opposed to him is Richard Fernandez a reporter on an evening paper with a blood thirsty grudge, hereditary. against everything pertaining to swelldom. "Don Ricardo Fernandez de Lorenzo" reads this young Spaniard's card. He was born in California, and his father has told him of the grandeur of *his* father before the Gringoes robbed them. He knows the ancient history of all the old San Francisco families, now society, and his arguments are sometimes pointed with stories that come hot from the furnace of his smoothered bitterness against the oppressors of his ancestors. These tales sometimes cause a flurry of excitement and blushes, more or less severe, on the cheeks of the ladies. Then he apologizes so prettily for forgetting, claiming his excitement as excuse, that he receives unanimous forgiveness.

Mr. Henning's observation anent the marvellous discovery of Miss Trouter and Nicola Tesla, was, "Seems to be a question as to whether the man lied."

"Tesla? surely not, Mr. Henning," said Miss Trouter, decisively shaking her glasses off, "Tesla is one of our foremost scientists."

"The prominent astronomers throughout the country do not seem to agree with you, Miss Trouter."

"There are always those to pooh pooh the advances of science and malign the discoverers in new fields. Gallileo was hung for saying that the world moved through space."

"Ah, yes—so I beliere I have heard something about that. He was a Spaniard, wasn't he?"

"An Italian. He wasn't hung—he changed his mind," corrected Fernandez between bites of his fish.

"So he did. 'But it does move,' he said under his breath," continued Miss Trouter, who frequently becomes a little mixed in history but never minds it.

"Tesla is a modern Gallileo, martyred by the fossils of the past. I believe he has talked with the Martians with that long distance telephone he invented. His picture is so intellectual!"

"Reminds me of Leford Sanwald" said Mr. Henning, referring to one of the new crop of cotillion leaders "Wears his hair just the same. Sanwald is perhaps a trifle more intellectual. He was talking with me the other night. 'Henny,' says he—he always calls me 'Henny,'——"

"The blame nin-compoop!" Fernandez broke in, "why, that idiot Sanwald hasn't brains enough to keep books. His father——"

"Never you mind any of your risque stories about Sanwald's ancestry," said Henning, a fierce light in his eye. "We are discussing Tesla's discovery. I was saying, Miss Trouter, thae Mr. Sanwald told me that Mrs. Richenvulga had refused an invitation to the Baron Von Schroeder for the Burlingites ball. He says that society will not receive him hereafter,"

Mr. Henning now having started on a topic congenial to himself for the importance it gave him, congenial to the lady boarders as society topics always are, and to Fernandez de Lorenzo for the opportunity of argument; the desert and black coffee having been brought in; the table settled itself to listen to its own vivid sparks of brilliancy as brought forth under the clash of contending wits.

"The whole upper crust of San Francisco society is to be reconstructed," began Mr. Henning, "by Leford Sanwald and Burke's peerage. The Von Shroeder affair has brought it about although it would have come probably a little later if there had been no Rafael hotel libel suit. Sanwald has spent weeks and weeks of study on Burke's peerage and what he doesn't know now about the nobility and San Francisco society is not worth reading up."

"I could give him some pointers on the latter," interrupted the reporter.

"But how does Burke's peerage apply?" ventured Miss Trouter.

"Many of our old families are descended from the nobility," replied Henning.

"What? nobility? Henning, you are thinking through a pipe. You must wake up, old man. Nobility!

Descended from the pick and shovel, the wash-tub, the faro bank—that's where they come from." Fernandez had broken loose.

"Besides," Henning continued in answer to Miss Trouter, "we have our nobility here. There is Prince Poniatowski——"

"And the Baron Von Schroeder!"

"Now, Fernandez, keep out of this please. The Baron is no longer in society."

"He is no worse than others. He made the mistake of sueing a paper instead of buying it off. That's the only difference."

"You're mistaken. Of course, some vileness creeps into society but there are few in San Francisco of the Von Schroeder stamp."

"How is it that every wealthy man has more widows than wives when he dies?"

"Weak laws and rascally attorneys make common law marriages the easiest possible means of securing a competence for the adventuress. A wealthy widower may not look at a woman across the street but he runs the chance of having her hands in his estate and her dirt clinging to his good name. Clean out your legal fraternity, mend up your rotten laws and let society alone."

"Bosh! Every woman who gets after an estate may not be a wife or a widow, but she certainly should have been. The men aren't angels."

"Burke's peerage, Miss Trouter," continued Henning, disregarding the last remark of the reporter, "has been very useful in establishing the antiquity of many of our first families and has also settled mooted points in reference to rights of precedence. The coming visit of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester caused grave concern among several of our leaders in the matter of the relative importance of the Duke compared with Prince Poniatowski. The natural impression was that a Prince, being nearer the throne, should hold precedence, but investigation has shown that the Duke, on account of the antiquity of his family, comes before the Prince. This Mr. Sanford has made known and no mistakes will occur."

"Where will Papa Zimmerman and his check-book come in on the procession?" asked Fernandez.

"Mr. Zimmerman gains no rank through his daughter's marriage to nobility," explained Henning.

"Nor anything else," added the reporter.

Why Bernhardt Came.

Vance Thompson in his Paris letter to *The Saturday Evening Post* says: "It was half-past six in the morning. The St. Lazare station was uncanny, for the moon was shining broad and full, and the dawn was creeping up. Madame Sarah's carriage drove into the court. Young and smiling she stepped out—a handsome figure of a woman in a long fur coat. Then Coquelin came. There came, too, a host of actors and actresses, journalists and society folk. They cried, 'Vive Bernhardt!' and 'Vive Coquelin!'

"'I'll be home again in six months,' said Madame Sarah, throwing kisses to her friends.

"'But what are you going for?' they asked her sadly.

"'For a million,' said Madame Sarah.

"And that was true; for her *tournee* in the United States she is to be paid one million francs and all her expenses."

Mrs, Ayers—For my part I never could reconcile myself to the commonplace requirements of washday; it seems to take all the poetry out of life, so to speak.

Mrs. Suds.—It doesn't strike me that way; on the contrary I never indulge in that weekly occupation but I am reminded of that gem of Tennyson's—"wring out the old."—*Boston Courier.*

Frohman's New York Empire Theater Company will have three new plays to present this season. "Mrs. Dane's Defense" is expected to prove one of the big hits.

NUPTIAL MUSIC.

From The French of Richard O'Monroy.

Scene: An apartment in the ducal palace.

Enter the Duke Nervoso and Violonski.

Duke. Sir, I have heard great things of you as a violinist and orchestral leader.

Violonski, (saluting). Monsieur le duc is very good to say so! It is true that I have introduced some melodies that seem to be appreciated.

D. Let me see—there's the delightful waltz called "Raw Beef;" isn't that yours?

V. "Raw Beef," "Eager Lips," "Satin Skin," "Red Radishes"—in fact all the waltzes which are the rage just now.

D. Mon Dieu! Sir, I won't ask for anything quite so spirited; they might possibly seem too much of a good thing—however, just let me explain a bit, and it will make the matter clearer; I am going to be married.

V. Marriage—Yes, I see—perfect harmony! Do, mi, sol, do! Sometimes we get the same effects in thirds—but bah! I can't even suggest such a thing to Monsieur le duc!

D. In thirds? Ah, yes!—very pretty, ahem! But let's talk seriously now. My desire is that the hymeneal night shall be surrounded by all the splendors that the most vivid imagination—I myself have an extremely vivid imagination—so my idea has been to have you direct an orchestra, which, concealed behind a curtain, should play all night long, giving us the most entrancing melodies.

V. Yes—is the bride blonde or brunette?

D. Brunette; a ravishing brunette!

V. Is she—ahem!—considerably younger than Monsieur le duc?

D. Ah, hem—hem! There is a matter of twenty years or so—but then a man is only as old as he looks.

V, (bowing). And what kind of music would Monsieur le duc desire? Violent and passionate, or very tender and languorous?

D. I will have to trust to you to graduate all that, for it will be entirely a matter of tact. I should think you might begin with the languorous, and end with the passionate.

V. Ah! but after all that Monsieur le duc has confided to me, I should suppress the languorous! No languishing music for us, sir, but something sonorous—copper-toned, in fact! I would suggest "Raw Beef."

D. No, no! Not "Raw Beef." Think a minute; what if my wife should ask me the title? No, choose for me something that is at least named in a poetical, melodious fashion. And for all the rest I'll trust to you.

V, (bowing). And I, on my part, shall try to keep constantly in touch with Monsieur le duc.

D. In touch—what do you mean?

V. Could it not be so arranged that by a written word, or one sent by a servant, or possibly by a simple signal just to give me the run of—the quantity of—I mean whether loud or soft pedals will be required—you understand. For instance, by a tap on the Chinese gong, say?

D. The Chinese gong is out of the question; I'd like to see anybody dare to touch a Chinese gong! It seems to me that such a thing might give an air of ridicule to the whole thing, even. No, I will tell you, myself, just what to do, and you must watch for my signals. For one thing, you may play a triumphal march.

V. How many triumphal marches?

D. Let's see—I don't want to fatigue your orchestra.

V. Oh, Monsieur le duc need not concern himself with that! Would you like four triumphal marches? There is the one from the "Prophet," from the "Jew;" and then there is "Crown Diamonds," and we might end up with the trumpeters in "Aida."

D. Four marches? Come then, why not put in six? Six fine, grand marches; but we'll keep the trumpeters in "Aida" till the end. That vibrant music repeated in *fa dieze* would just suit the situation!

V. Perfectly! We will say, then, six triumphal marches, and——

D. Have a few others in reserve. One never knows what may happen.

V. Right you are! Now, let's plan a little on the intermediary pieces. Couldn't we begin with the waltz from the "Hundred Virgins," followed by a few bars from the "Cruche Cassee?"

D. Bravo!

V. From this I should change, with soft variations, into the waltz from the "Almees," and then glide into the "Pizzicato Polka" from Strauss.

D. So soon?

V. It seems to me that, after two waltzes, a polka will be needed to change the rhythm.

D. Well, so be it. "Pizzicato Polka"—and after that?

V. After that? The triumphal march, to be sure! Then, after an interlude, I will start in again with "Summer Night's Dream."

D. Good! I see that you understand perfectly. Wait! a last suggestion. Be sure and choose musicians who are entirely discreet, well-bred and good fellows generally.

V. Monsieur le duc may count upon my discretion. They will have eyes only for my baton. By the way—ah!—do you positively decline to use "Raw Beef?"

D. I do. No beef, sir, remember! And Wednesday evening is the time, Monsieur Violonski.

V. Wednesday? At your service, Monsieur le duc.

Exit.

Scene It is the great day. The bridal chamber is beautifully draped in satin, hung in heavy folds, and relieved by great bunches of roses. The carpet is strewn with flowers. The atmosphere is heavy with perfumes. Upon a raised dais, approached by two broad steps, is the bed of state, very broad and low, and richly canopied. The dais itself is covered with white satin. Suspended from the ceiling is an antique lamp of Persian workmanship, which diffuses a soft twilight that is full of mystery and charm. In one corner a Turkish perfume-burner fills the air with its subtle intoxication. In the furthest end of the large chamber, behind a heavy curtain, Violonski's orchestra is ensconsed. Behind all the musicians' chairs, the partition rises solidly to a sufficient height, and all wait in perfect quiet.

Enter, the Cortege.

First, the bride. She is a tall brunette with a profile clear cut as a cameo, deep eyes, and a smooth, pale skin.

Second, the Duke of Nervoso, short and fat, but triumphant. His cheeks are red, his expression animated, his eyes brilliant.

They are followed by the nearest relatives.

Violonski, (invisible, rapping upon his music stand). Attention! Here's the bridal cortege. We'll strike up the "Turkish March" from Mozart. Don't forget that this is merely a supplementary triumphal march. Two measures of rest, then—one—two—now!

The Invisible Orchestra.

Ti, la, li, la, la—Ti, la, li, la, la.
Ti, la, li, la, la—Lalali, lalala.
Tim, tam, poum; tapim, tapoum, traderidera!

The bride, (startled). What in heaven's name is that noise?

Duke. Merely a delicate little attention in honor of your arrival. I would have liked to raise a triumphal arch to welcome you!

Bride, (smiling.) How silly you are!

D. How can I help it, if I am? I want this day to remain everlastingly in your memory as a splendid dream, something wonderful, superhuman! I would surround your dear person with every splendor, every luxury, every refinement of joy, known or unknown—

B. A little louder, my dear! I can't hear you for the noise.

Chorus of relatives. How magnificent! It is really royal! What delicacy! It is charming! It is romantic! Who but he could think of all this? How happy he will make the dear child! And she is worthy of it all. The music *is* a bit loud! Good night, my children; we won't disturb you with our conversation—Monsieur, she is my only daughter, and never till now have I left her for a single hour—etc., etc.

Exeunt the near relatives.

The duke, (aside). Decidedly the music is too brassy! It seems impossible to make myself heard. (Aloud). My darling Juliette, what joy to find myself at last all, all alone with you!

Violonski, (invisible). Attention! Piano—dolce! Now the waltz from the "Hundred Virgins"—

"O Paris, O Paris,
Enchanting are thy ways to me!
Idly through thy balmy nights——"

D. If you could know how long and ardently I have hoped for this hour! How often have I looked at you while I was shaken from head to foot with emotion, while my heart beat as if it must rend my breast, and calmed myself by saying: "Some day she shall be mine! She shall come to my arms, and I will kiss those beautiful black tresses with their silky waves, those great lovely eyes of deepest blue fringed with night-black lashes, that——"

V, (invisible). Poco rinforzando! Now a few measures from the "Cruche cassee."

"And, for fear that he will go,
I will keep him snug and low,
In my prison,
In my prison,
Chaining him with white arms, so!"

B. Certainly, my dear, I am very grateful to you for the idea of furnishing this music, but doesn't it seem just a trifle boisterous just now?

D. Do you find it so? Then I'll go this instant and have them change the tune. Oh! my adored Juliette, you know that here you are mistress of everything—

Continued on page 13.

The Men Who Succeed at Nome.

By Charles Osborne, Known at Nome as "Red." Miner and Mail Carrier in Alaska.

A German disembarked on the beach at Nome borrowed a shovel and pan, and began working within a few yards of the landing. He filled his pan four times with the beach sand that has been worked over and over again and found no gold. "Donnerblitzen! dis is a great fraud, yes," he said and pulling a gun from his pocket he blew his brains out.

Two Swedes worked with no success on beach claims for months. Taking a horse and all the provisions the three could pack, they went back from Nome over the ridge. It was a long, hard trip, and, when at last they made a strike on the Gold Run, they had about ten days food left. They worked a month on ten days provisions and on the horse which they killed Then they packed in $35,000, making it in relay trips cacheing on the road to save their strength. Those two Swedes are millionaires today.

These illustrations of two kinds of men who land at Nome are truthful and will be recognized by anyone who came out of the golden peninsula this fall. The strike on Gold Run is now as famous as is Anvil Creek or Nome. It is a small creek flowing into Blue Stone river and the claims along its whole length have been taken up. Blue Stone river empties into the bay at Port Townsend near Teller City.

There is an Irishman at Nome named Mickey Hayden. He went np Quartz Creek looking for gold and got back on the beaches. Here he found gold quartz that was almost pure. He located a claim and took out enough to come down to Nome for a drunk. A miner named Sullivan offered him $3,000 for a half interest. "I'll give ye my right to Alaska for $3,000,' said Micky who had been there four years and in all that time had never had a hundred dollars of his own. "No," said Sullivan, "I don't want to rob you. Give me a half interest and here's $3,000."

Micky couldn't draw up the papers quick enough. Then with the $3,000 in his pockets he started on a Nome spree. A few weeks later he came too without a dollar in his clothes. He went back to the claim and hunted up Sullivan. "How do we stand,Sullivan," said Micky; "what did I sell yez? Have I anything a comin'?"

"Have you? well, I guess!" said Sullivan. "There's $75,000 in the can and half of its yours. You are worth a million, Micky."

I first went into the Nome country in 1898 and have carried in the mails each spring. Last summer I located a claim on Kasson creek. I had small hopes of it and did not prospect. I went there last fall and found that Curtis, a dry goods merchant at Nome had taken the claim just below me and was working ten men and four rockers. As men were getting $8.00 a day and it cost 15 cents a pound transportation to get provisions up from Solomon City at the mouth of the river, I decided my claim was worth prospecting. I found it rich and refused an offer of $30,000 for it.

Charles Osborne, of Nome.

Grouse river empties into the Shiefremet near Cape Prince of Wales. Early in the Nome excitement a limited company composed of officers of the "Bear" and the "Thetis" and including other government officials marked off claims along its lower portion. The branches, Gold and Buck creeks have now been taken up and the district is as rich as anything that has yet been struck.

The beauty of the Grouse river country is that a boat of ten or twelve tons can sail right to the mouth of the river and small boats can ascend for quite a distance. Port Iowa, too, is a fine natural harbor, probably the best in Alaska. There is twenty feet of water up to the shores and the transportation companies appreciating this advantage are building wharfs on the opposite shores from Teller City. This spring, thousands will go into the Blue Stone region and its rich country will be fully prospected. The men that are wintering now at Nome are getting back from the beach with sledges over the snow and there will be more discovery work done this winter than since Nome opened. There are scores of creeks on the peninsula and so far they have all proven rich. More gold has been taken from Anvil than from any other creek in the world. It is no richer than a dozen others not yet fully prospected.

The possibilities of Nome and the adjacent country in the production of the yellow metal is not yet fully realized. I believe that it is the greatest gold country in the world. It is no woman's place although I have seen specimens of the sex working a rocker and taking gold out in a way to surprise one. Its the man with a fixed purpose and plenty of grit, the kind that can live on quarter rations for double time,that are needed to open up the country.

The Swedes make the best miners. They seem to have less regard for themselves and more perseverance than any other class. A Swede left Teller City one day with about an eighty pound pack. He climbed the foothills and found he couldn't get in with the load so he cached his pick, blanket and all the provisions but what he could carry in his pockets. He struck it rich on Gold Run, and stayed ten days on a handful of grub. He can feed all the rest of his life now on canvas-backs and terrapin.

Social Events of The Week in San Francisco.

Engagements.

Miss Evelyn Reeves, niece of Mrs. Wm. H. Mills, to Frank P. Taylor.

Miss Nettie Appleton to Max Rosenbach.

Miss Hettie Cohen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harris Cohen, to Jacob Turkman.

Miss Amy Hoffman to A. Coleman of New York.

Miss Carrie Cohn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Cohn, to Edward N. Reilinger of Oakland.

Miss Gertrude F. Stadtfeld to Frederick A. Wieland.

Miss Frieda Levy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Levy, to Leo Ancker of Tehachipi.

Weddings Past.

Jan. 3—Leroy J. Woodward, son of O. J. Woodward of Fresno and Miss Sadie Gertrude Dealey were married at noon at 2416 California street. Only intimate friends were present.

Jan. 1—Miss Lillian H. Greenberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Greenberg, was married to Samuel Livingston of Oakland, Dr. M. S. Levy officiating.

Jan. 6—Miss Helen Rosenbaum and Herman Lichtenfeld were united in marriage at the residence of the brides parents Mr. ane Mrs. Rosenbaum, 1402 Jackson street, Rev. Dr. Voorsanger officiating.

Jan. 6—Clarence R. Stein, a merchant of San Diego, and Miss Ethyl Wocholder were married quietly at the residence of the brides parents, 1641 O'Farrell street.

Jan. 9—Miss Lillian Mary Follis was married to Frank W. Griffin at the Follis residence on Buchanan street. Reverend Father McQuade officiated.

Jan. 19—Chas. L. Hogue and Miss Mae E. Jesson were married at the Presbyterian Church. The wedding, owing to the death of the bride's sister, was private.

Balls, Receptions, Etc., Past.

Dec. 31—A New Year's eve party was given by Mr. and Mrs. George S. Fife at their residence, corner of California and Jones streets.

Dec. 31—Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Robinson gave a pleasant "night watch" party New Year's eve.

Dec. 31—A new century party was given by Mrs. Friedlander and the Mrs. Leavitt and Berliner at their residence, 430A Fulton street, to about 50 of their friends.

Jan. 4—The third dance of the Friday Fortnightly was held at Cotillion Hall. The cotillion was led by Miss Lucy King dancing with Mr. Reynolds and Miss Salisbury with Mr. King.

Jan. 4—Mrs. W. T. Hooper of 2905 Bush street gave a dinner to Mr. and Mrs. John Angone (nee Williams) of Grass Valley. Covers were laid for eight.

Jan. 5—The engagement reception of Miss Lizzie Levine and Ralph E. Levy was from 2 to 5 o'clock at the Levine residene 1424 O'Farrell street.

Jan. 6—Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Schwartz celebrated the first anniversary of their wedding by receiving their friends at their residence, 2118 Bush street.

Jan. 9—The assembly of the Majestics was held in Red Mens Assembly Hall, Post street, Wednesday evening.

Jan. 11—The Deux Temps Club held its assembly at Golden Gate Hall, Friday evening.

Jan. 24—The California Business College held its annual reunion in the Assembly Hall. The speakers were David Starr Jordan, Rabbi Voorsanger, Prof. A. W. Atherton, Rev. Wm. Rader. A banquet was served.

Jan. 11—The Ethical Institute opened its rooms at No. 11, Flood Building, with addresses and music.

Jan. 7—Dr. and Mrs. Clyde Payne gave a dinner at their home, 2176 Geary street, Monday evening in honor of Dr. Wm. J. Younger, the eminent dentist, formerly of this city, now of Paris. Among those present were: Drs. S. E. Knowles, J. A. W. Lundborg, Thos. Morffew, Frank Platt, Arthur Wallace, J. L. Asay, A. F. Merriman, Clyde Payne, Calvin Knowles, W. J. Younger, W. A. Bryant, Redmond Payne and M. Levkowitz.

The Travelers.

Mrs. M. E. Carleton, after nearly two years' absence in the

Over the Demi-Tasse

There have been so many changes in the Quartier Latin of San Francisco that it is hardly recognizable to the Bohemians who left it but a few short years ago. The new Hall of Justice and the need of office room in the neighborhood is the cause. The Montgomery block—it used to be the Old Montgomery Block—where many a true Bohemian lived and starved before and after Robert Louis Stevenson made his struggle with poverty from behind its yellow walls, is now an aspiring claimant for attorney's suites, putting forth a tempting array of decorated walls, broad hall-ways and swift running elevators. But this is not an advertisement for the building, although I might well afford to give it a free insertion—it was a kind friend to me and to many a writer and many a painter.

* * * *

When I knew the Montgomery Block it contained as miscellaneous an assortment of tenants as could be found in San Francisco. It's lower floor was the home of the pawn shop, the cheap Italian restaurant, the poor saloon and the old book store. Above were offices. A Polish paper, whose editorial staff, business office and composing room force was one man with long white whiskers, piercing eyes under shaggy eyebrows and an unmistakable accent, made a regular weekly appearance from one of these rooms; a Hebrew money lender formed an ironic contrast to the squalid surroundings; two Germans—brothers—"cleaned, pressed and dyed" men's clothing. There were others who lived, slept, ate, breathed and died in the building—Bohemians, the real Bohemians, without thought of to-morrow nor care for to-day. They were of all nations and of all classes and they knew each other only to nod and grunt. How they lived they did not tell. When they died, the morgue wagon came down and carried them off to an inquest.

One, I remember well. She was a little French woman over sixty, jolly and happy always. I would hear her singing in her room during the day and talking to her birds. Of these she had many—canaries and red birds. She may have sold birds to earn the little that she needed. I never knew. One time there came when her voice I did not hear. I should have investigated then, but one's business is his, or her own in Bohemia and we are careless. Then the birds ceased singing. I spoke to the old agent and he broke into the room. She was dead—dead for some time, and the rats—Bah! it wasn't a pleasant sight.

* * * *

There was an artist who lived across the hall from me—a young man. He painted landscapes and sold them—sometimes. When he could not sell, he made drawings for the weeklies and commercial work for the engraving houses. His wants were few and he did not need to earn much money. In his studio was a cot bed and an oil stove. Here he slept and cooked his simple meals.

He had studied art, had dreamt art. His aspirations had been visions; the awakening had never come. He still believed after five years of semi-starvation that art was the best thing in life and not to be degraded for such reward as luxury in surroundings. He had no friends and wanted none. His palette, his easel, his canvas and color box were all he needed—these and his dreams.

I got to know him better than any of my neighbors. We had somethings in common, to begin with; we liked the same books, the same paintings. Afterwards we had everything in common even to our clothes and our money. For some months, his was mine and mine his. Then he drifted to New York. He wrote me once. I forget whether I answered it. I see his name frequently signed to drawings in New York magazines.

* * * *

The agent of the building was an Italian and a gentleman with a heart of gold. He never knew the meaning of rent day—God bless him! My conscience often bothered me and I would go down to his little, dingy office and promise to pay him shortly, just because I felt it was due such good heartedness. I don't believe he collected a third of the rents. It was a long time after I left the building before I sent him a check for arrears.

The pawn-shop down stairs was convenient. I believe most of the business it transacted was from the building. We were profitable pawn shop customers because we never asked much on articles "hung up" and we never redeemed. When we pawned something—it was always a treasured keepsake; the rest had gone long before—we secured as little money as the exigiences of the immediate necessity demanded; no more, because that article *must* be redeemed. That it never was, made us no wiser in the future. Next time——

* * * *

The old book store too, was frequently a dinner to us. I had quite a library when I went into the building, but I saw that sign—"Books bought and sold,"—one day when a blue wave had swept across our district, and I fell. "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" brought a pound of beefsteak and four potatoes per volume. I bought the set back ten days later at a dollar a volume, but carted them down stairs again before the month was out. On the strength of my recent purchase, I held out for two-bits apiece and compromised at twenty cents. The French woman who kept the store probably thought I would buy back again but I never did. I saw them in a window on Powell street the other day where she had moved. She probably thinks I swindled her.

* * * *

A Los Angeles newspaper man drifted in one time. He was working for an Eastern syndicate and they expected something to happen in Honolulu. He was going by the next steamer. I took one of our artists landscapes under my arm and went around town till I sold it to purchase the necessities for a good time for the newspaper man. I didn't dare tell the painter of the picture how little it brought and he didn't dare ask. We got the newspaper man comfortably drunk, however, and he slept on the cot. Some time afterwards we found he had written us up for a column in his syndicated sheets, making capital of our dire necessities. He even mentioned names, hanging some thin shreds of laurel on the artists' brow so the syndicate would think his stuff was personalities of prominent men and accept it. It probably brought him four dollars.

* * * *

There was an earthquake one night which shook the building so we rattled about it. A chimney fell—bang! I went out in the hall in my shirt-tail to see the fun. The tenants were making a combined rush for the stairway and the different styles of night garments was one of the most amusing things I have ever seen. I reached the street in the first set of fours.

The new Montgomery Block will never have such tenants again. The new management will collect the rents from its attorneys and railroad magnates, but it will never have the pleasure of feeling that it has been a true friend to art and literature.

The Social Calendar.

Continued from page 8.

East, has returned to California. She is at present residing at San Jose.

Mrs. Andrew Snider, who left for an Eastern visit soon after the marriage of her daughter Olive to John S. Merrill, is at present in Washington, D. C., where she expects to remain until after March 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. William Marks and Mrs. Maurice Marks of 724 Golden Gate avenue left for New York last Thursday morning.

Balls, Receptions, Etc., Future.

Jan. 15—The Associated Assembly, of which Mrs. John Lubben, Mrs. Philip Huer and Mrs. J. Raymond McNutt are patronesses, will give a party at Golden Gate Hall.

Jan. 24 The Orientals announce a dance at Golden Gate Hall.

Jan. 23—California Lodge, No. 163, I. O. B. B., will give its thirtieth annual ball at B'nai B'rith Hall.

At Home.

Mrs. J. H. Williams, 515 Jones, first and third Thursdays.

Mrs. Jonathan Curtis, 907 Eddy, first Wednesdays.

Mrs. James W. Edwards, Occidental, first and third Mondays.

Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Dillon, third and fourth Tuesdays.

Mrs. Augustus Taylor, 2266 Franklin street, third and fourth Wednesdays.

Mrs. Follis, Fridays, 3 to 6.

Mrs. W. R. Wheeler, Pleasanton, first and last Thursdays.

Mrs. J. A. Noah, 336 Post, Thursdays.

Mrs. Jacques Blum, 2201 Buchanan, last Wednesdays.

Mrs. Herman Schoenholz, 1704 Larkin, last Fridays.

Mrs. Henry Payot, Palace Hotel, first and third Mondays.

Mrs. T. J. Gosliner, The Stewart, Wednesdays.

Miss Tillie Loewenthal, 1773 Post, third Tuesdays.

Mrs. J. A. Lyons, The Stewart, Wednesdays.

Mrs. Henrietta Newman, 1731 Broadway, Fridays.

Mrs. Florence T. Buyer, 1510 Octavia, second Tuesdays.

Mrs. Victor R. Ulman, 1816 Baker, first and second Thursdays.

Mrs. Oscar Hoffman, Hotel Montrose, first and third Mondays.

Mrs. Clement Wilder, Hotel Oliver, first Tuesday.

Mrs. Wallace A. Wise, 1560 Fulton street, first Tuesday.

Mrs. I. Maguire and Mrs. S. S. Rau, 1482 Page, firs Wednesday.

Mrs. Henry Loobliner, 1528 Ellis, first Wednesdays.

Mrs. Belle Levy, Hotel Wellesley, last Mondays.

Mrs. Augustus Taylor, 2266 Franklin, third and 4th Wednesdays.

Mrs. L. Herschfeld, 1438 O'Farrell, second Wednesdays.

Mrs. M. O. Meyer, Hotel Grenada, first and third Fridays.

Mrs. L. Levy of Juneau, Alaska, 1508 Folsom, third Tuesday.

The City of Nome From the Sea.

Trading With the Indians.

Gold Washing on the Beach.

Ready to go to Work—Having Landed their Tools and Packs the Miners are now Prepared to Begin Work on their Claims.

The Gold Fields at Nome—Recent Photo

Lloyd B. Woo

Main Street of Nome.

Anvil Creek, the Richest in the World.

Hunting and Prospecting.

of the Great Mining City of Alaska.

Photographer.

Starting for the Interior Country.
A Woman at Work on the Beach.

Before the Footlights.

One of the Baby Elephants at the Orpheum.

Nell Gwynne at the Alcazar.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha, you say you know the town, and you think you'll secure a woman by marrying her ha-ha-ha-ha." The pretty, saucy orange girl who points her sarcasm and her finger at a pleading lover is the genuine Nell Gwynne of history and tradition. When Miss Florence Roberts bounds upon the stage, red-haired, red-cheeked,red-stockinged,crying her oranges, she gives us a familiar portrait which in our naughty hearts we all love with no thought of proprieties. The ancestress of the St. Albans doubtless was outside propriety pale she made no pretensions to social polish and her spelling was of a doubtful quality, but for all that she remained a wholesome,unselfish woman,loving and hating with frank vehemence, grateful, generous, faithful to old friends in adversity, the darling of the populace. And this is the Nell we meet at the Alcazar, neither mealy-mouthed nor fastidious, yet withal witchful and winsome.

To the delineation of this character at its best Miss Charlotte Thompson has wisely made her plot subservient; the little tale told on the boards is rather thin, but it serves its purpose in giving us a series of delightful tableaux with Nell for the central figure; Nell forgetting herself and striving for the good of others. Out of a doubtful subject has been evolved an absolutely clean play the charm of which, however, depends entirely on the star. Were Miss Roberts not an arch embodiment of the title role the piece would fall absolutely flat. But the Alcazar Nell is here there and everywhere, life and soul of the stage whether in orange-girl costume, silken draperies, or highwayman's attire. Never forgetting her original *naivete* and spice, never quite losing her orange-girl brogue, she is the real Nell from start to finish, even when called before the curtain by plaudits that determinedly drown the orchestra. And she does not forget that the real Nell had a heart, witness the wistful glance and pathetic tone when she tells her fickle lover: "Tis a matter of twenty minutes from Drury to Whitehall yet it took me some three years . . I was thinking of your eyes Jack."

That same Jack Churchill, weak and fatuous, is by no means a pleasing representative of a great historical name, neither does Mr. Henderson add to the manliness of the character. Miss Roberts is scarcely to be congratulated on her supporters. The best that can be said of Mr. Scott's Charles II is that he evidently does his best and carries well his gorgeous raiment. The Drury Lane players, however, fill their roles well. Mr. Emery Hart, the actor-manager, is a capital delineation, and Mr. Webster gives us a really excellent character sketch as Haynes, the ex-actor.of emphatic dignity. Indeed the greenroom scene, albeit slightly reminiscent, is one of the brightest in this merry five act play. The device of the mock highway robbery is a little too flimsy to be passed over; it is all very well for Nell to give her still loved Jack a chance of winning a bride by a sham display of courage, but even the witless Mistress Frances Stuart could scarcely have been taken in by such a very jaunty, feminine highwayman. However it all goes to help Nell to "fill the bill." Moreover it leads up to the final act which is wellnigh a screaming farce; when the king, having seen Nell climb in at her window in male attire, has a violent fit of jealousy. To realize the fun of the situation and the fun Miss Roberts gets out of it, one must go to the Alcazar. The costumes and setting are worthy of a much larger stage and a good word must be said for Miss Polly Stockwell who makes a very quaint and pretty Moll the dresser.

Rose-Soley.

At the Orpheum.

The new bill at the Orpheum will be big in every sense of the word. The acts will be "big" estimated by their vaudeville value and the head line attraction, Sam Lockhart's baby elephants, will have enough weight about it to satisfy the most exacting This is the first appearance on the coast of these wonderfully trained animals. Lockhart as a trainer is famous the world over. His favorite subjects are elephants and the big babies he will exhibit at the Orpheum are, in his opinion, the cleverest of all his pupils. There are only three of them, but their act is said to be the most interesting and amusing animal act ever exhibited anywhere. Another big act will be that presented by Eugene O'Rourke, assisted by Miss Rose Braham & Co. This is one of the strongest combinations in vaudeville. Mr. O'Rourke will present Edmund Day's latest success, "Parlor A." Billy Link, the famous black face comedian, will also be on the new bill, and will contribute one of his inimitable monologues. Among the holdovers will be: The five Olracs, J. F. Crosby, Jr., Miss Inez Forman & Co. in a new sketch, the Willy Colinis, Joe Santley and the biograph.

At the Tivoli.

"Cinderella" has scored such a hit at the Tivoli that it will be continued for another week at that popular theatre. The children all want to see the frogs and toads in their funny antics, and the ponies have grown dear to the little ones. New songs will brighten the last week of the piece, and Hartman and Webb have a new bunch of topicals and funny verses to sing. After "Cinderella" comes an elaborate production of Smith and De Koven's great opera, "The Fencing Master."

At the Columbia.

The great songstress, Antonia Dolores (Antoinette Trebelli) is to be heard in two concerts at the Columbia Theatre next week. These promising musical events are to take place on the afternoons of next Tuesday and Thursday, and from all accounts, judging by the immense demand for seats, two immense audiences will be in attendance. This prima donna soprano is probably as great a favorite in this city as any singer that has been heard here. Reserved seats are to be $1.50, $1 and 50 cts.

Mlle. Dolores (Antoinette Trebelli) is to have as accompanist at her concerts the eminent pianist, Robert Clarence Newell. He will have a number of solos in which to win personal favor.

"Way Down East" will continue all of the coming week at the Columbia Theatre where it is being played to immense attendance. This pastoral drama has received the substantial endorsement of local theatre-goers and it is up for a big run.

Louis James, Kathryn Kidder and a big company in a magnificent revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will follow.

The Columbia management is making elaborate preparations for the coming Bernhardt-Coquelin engagement which is to occur early next month. All the stars' plays are to be presented here. Among them are "L'Aiglon" and "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Miss Olga Nethersole produced her own version of Sudermann's play, "Heimath," which being interpreted means "Home." The version made by Miss Nethersole is in three acts and was played before a packed house on Saturday night at the National Theatre, Washington. There was only one opinion of the result of the

Polly Stockwell at the Alcazar.

performance which was that Miss Nethersole had succeeded in adding another brilliant creation to her already extensive repertoire. Unlike her predecessors in the part of Madge, Miss Nethersole invested it with many light touches of comedy which acted as a relief to the more serious moments of this fine drama. Sudermann's representative in America attended the performance in Washington and afterwards paid Miss Nethersole the high compliment of saying that she had succeeded in realizing the intention of the author to a more marked degree than any one who had assumed the character. Miss Nethersole received a congratulatory telegram on Monday from Herr Sudermann. It is her intention to put the play on for a run at Wallack's Theatre, New York City, later in the season.

She marched straight to the window over which was the inscription, "Bureau of Information," and said to the wise young man within:

"This is the Bureau of Information, is it?"

"Yes, madam."

"And you will tell me what I wish to know?"

"Yes, madam."

"Is my hat on straight?"

"And he stole the 'possum from you?" said the Judge.

"Yes, suh; en wuss dan dat, he not only cooked it, en eat it, but pick his teeth right in front er my do'!"

Art Notes.

The pupils of the Mark Hopkins' Art Institute are back at work and the spring term is fairly nnderway. The day class starts off with sixty-seven pupils. Many are enrolling each day and the probabilities are that the class will be larger than ever before.

As usual the chief query of the new stndent is "Can I learn to do newspaper illnstrating?" The answer is, if you can learn art, you can learn newspaper illustrating. Nowadays, the newspaper artist is an artist or else he is not drawing salary. Ask Maynard Dixon, Mathfessel, Gertrude Partington, George Lyon, Max Newberry, Gordon Ross, or Bob Edgren what is the necessary study for a newspaper artist. They will tell you to work at Hopkins' Art Institute or any other good art school as long as you can, learn anatomy, make an artist of yonrself, and then keep out of a newspaper office. You can earn more money ontside if yon are good enough to earn any money inside.

There is an artists' union being organized in New York to give the artist an honest day's pay for an honest day's work and to prevent the competition of cheap foreign labor. The artists are rapidly joining the ranks. Headed by Alma Tadema, a group of well-known artists are sending out circulars to their brethren urging the formation of a professional union on lines similar to those of the Society of Anthors. They hope to get several hnndred members to pay a guinea each. The especial object of the organization will be watching the bnsiness interests of strnggling painters. "As it is now," says Alma Tadema, "the successfnl painter cares and troubles little abont his less successful brothers,but, given an association with common interest, the young nnknown man has an infinitely better chance for his own interests and those of his profession."

The Photographic Salon of the Mark Hopkins' Institute and the Camera Club opens at the Hopkins' galleries January 17th. As nsual, there is much dissatisfaction over the acceptance and rejection of studies and by some the work of the committee is considered too severe, while others think that a little more of that quality would not have been harmful to the exhibition.

The work is almost entirely by amateurs, the professionals who are allowed the same right of entry keeping out. As one well-known professional outdoor photographer remarked, "We can not afford to compete against the happy chance shot of the amateur. It wouldn't enhance onr reputations any and we might be damaged. The pictures that get the prizes may be the only decent works of men who have spent years for the lucky chance."

On the Anxious Seat.

The census bureau's workin' over time, they say, of late,
A footin' up the total population of each State;
An' ev'ry town an' connty, yes an' onr possessions new
Inclndin' Porto Rico, an' I guess High-way-ee too.
I think in 'numeratin' ns the fellers did their best.
I'm willin' fer t' pay 'em off an' give 'em ten years rest!
We'd like t' have 'em give out, though, 'fore leavin', if they will,
The present popnlation of the town o' Poseyville.

We've read in all the papers how as New York City's growed,
An' left her would-be rivals jes' a standin' in the road.
We have seen Cook County's growin' in the State o' Illinoy,
Which is *alias* Chicago, an' we've hailed the fact with joy.
They say that even Kansas has been makin' quite a spread:
A cyclone canght their census, bringin' it out some ahead,
An' takin' all-in-all reports are satisfyin', still
We'd like t' see the figures of the town o' Poseyville.

We know there's been an increase by the way the town has growed,
The strip o' land's a street now that they used t' call a road:
An' we've two good business houses now, a blacksmith's shop an' store.
Jes' like as not some day we'll have a half a dozen more!
I see some towns are kickin' 'canse they wasn't counted right,
Some want the thing done over, an' some's mad enough to fight;
We'll either join in with 'em, or be struttin' fit t' kill,
When the population's printed of the town o' Poseyville.

—*Roy Farrell Greene.*

The photograph reprodnced herewith gives an excellent likeness of George F. and Robert N. Whitney, champions of the Pacific Coast in doubles. Some idea of their skill compared with eastern "champs" may be deducted from the fact that the Hardy brothers whom they defeated so decisively on Sept. 9th ast would probably be placed not lower than fifth in a national ranking of doubles.

The eastern trip which this team contemplated for the coming summer is probably off owing to George's physical indisposition. Could such a trip be realized, it would doubtless occasion even more interest than the pilgrimage of the Hardy's to eastern tennis shrines last year. It is expected that Robert Whitney's playing, essentially a driving game, would show up considerably better on the eastern grass than on the local bitumen courts, owing to the difference in the bound of the ball which on grass would be almost vertically upward—just the thing for driving.

The official ranking by the United States Tennis Association of the thirty-two best players in the country for the year 1900 has recently been issued by the committee, Messrs. M. D. Whitman, R. D. Little and James Dwight. It has been the cause of much local comment. Sumner and Sam Hardy are ranked 12 and 18 respectively. Sam did very little single play in the east and his position is eminently satisfactory. The consensus of local opinion, however, places Sumner Hardy among the first ten. Local experts who have watched last year's playing closely, seem agreed that Allen 9, Little 10, and Hackett 11, should immediately follow, instead of precede Hardy on the list.

Taking into consideration, however, that the Californians never before played upon turf courts similar to the eastern ones, their showing was indeed excellent. George and Robert Whitney are, of course, omitted from the ranking, having participated in no eastern tournaments. Had he gone east, George would doubtless rank well up in the first ten, probably superseding Collins in fifth place.

The gentlemanly spirit displayed by both sides in the recent Davis Cups final was indeed a pleasure to look upon. This attribute of the true sportsman has always been a feature of the playing of the "pony team." Always ready to applaud a good shot on the part of an opponent, even though the same shot has proved disastrous to themselves, they have on more than one occasion shown themselves good losers as well as good winners.

The spread of this "spirit" is encouraging. It should be cultivated by all having the welfare of the game at heart. The attendance at this match was large. It is more than likely that some of the spectators saw tennis at close range for the first time. Most assuredly they carried away with them a more favorable impression of the game than they should, had the match been characterized by that lamentable quibbling which is too often present.

Geo. F. and Robt. N. Whitney, champions of the Pacific Coast in doubles.

"Yawps and Otber Things," by Wm. J. Lampton, Philadelpbia, Henry Altemus Company.

The west saw the first "Yawps" in the columns of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, where the early efforts of Mr. Lampton found expression. The New York *Sun* saw something good in them and secured Mr. Lampton as a regular correspondent. Tbe Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph* thus criticises Mr. Lampton's work:

"Under the title of "Yawps and Other Things," the outpourings above mentioned have been collected and others added. There is nothing in the yawp which is flat or commonplace; nothing mean, low or whining; there is no sickly sentimentalizing, but whole-hearted, laughing optimism and brilliant good humor. In fact, Mr. Lampton may be regarded as a benefactor to his kind, one whose influence is none the less widespread because it cannot be measured. Think of the number of men who quit the breakfast table ill at ease with the world and themselves who, on their way down to business are put into good humor by a yawp, and who for the rest of the day beam on all those with wbom they come into contact."

The author himself says:

"It rhythms
When it rbythms,
And it rhymes
Sometimes;
But whether it does
Or not,
It gets there
Just the same.
Which is where the yawp
Has got
The bulge on a lot
Of contemporaneous
And other modern and ancient
Literature."

How to Write a Hamlin Garland Wild West Story.

He is a typical dime-novel cow-boy fresb from anyplace between Waco, Texas and Butte, Montana, provided it is within sight of the Rocky Mountains. He is in New York, Chicago or London for the first time, and has a gold mine to sell. He has no more ability in the game of finance than a yearling heifer and couldn't sell a twenty dollar gold piece for 99 cents. Why he ever came the author only knows.

She is the very swellest of the swell set in tbe city. She can be a solo soprano or a gifted authoress, but she must never have seen a mountain peak crowned with snow or a real thing cow-boy before.

He wears boots under his pants' legs, his coat is a Prince Albert and a sombrero covers his straight black hair. His eyes are gray and piercing.

Their conversation flows in this way: She opens the twaddle always. She longs to hear him tell of the limitless prairies, the looming mountains and all that. She says:

"What are you thinking about, Mr. Cowboy?"

This gives the hero and the author a chance.

"I'm a thinkin' I'm a long way from bome on an unblazed trail. 'Pears to me that there isn't nothin' so lonesome like as this flat country. It scares me—it sure does. I'd rather be back in the Chinggook reservation eatin' stewed mule than spend my life hereabouts. If I could just set eyes on an arrogo, a mesquite bush, a pair of 'chaps,' a diamond-hitch, a hogan, a butte, a broncobuster, a canon, the Ouray or old Lizard Head, I'd feel like figbtin' a grizzly."

"How strange! How wonderful! While you talk, all this life here seems so mean and disgusting. You take me to the big vital things where clothes do not count and society is a name."

This conversation may continue as long as the author's vocabulary of wild west holds out. He tells her Nick Carter stories of his personal adventures in Wagon Wheel in a sincere way which the reader is assured is not boasting. She applauds at every opportunity. She trots him around as a specimen of some rare genus, and her friends all warn her not to fall in love witb bim. He acts like a trained poodle in a dog show and it is only by frequent careful hints that the reader is kept from be lieving that the hero is as big a fool as he acts.

The denoument may be either of two. He may marry her, the results being left to the reader's imagination, or he may refuse her and go back to his girl in Waco. Anyhow he sells the gold mine.

"The Joys of Sport," by W. Yorke Stevens, published by the Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

This is a satirical work on modern sports. The author has divulged his object in writing this book in bis "warning," wbich is quoted:

"This book has no object or mission concealed within its cover, ready to spring out suddenly and jab you in the solar plexus before you have time to side step. It was not written for the purpose of improving your mind, your morals or your manners. They say, however, that when doing anything connected with sports, colossal nerve is the prime requisite; hence in placing these sketches before you, I can at least lay claim to more than mv share of that commodity. Nevertheless, if you happen to have any time to kill, whicb you feel sure deserves to die a horrid death, you can hardly find a better method for its cruel slaughter than the perusal of the following pages."

Anislee's begins the new century with a leading article on "America's Largest Waterworks," by H. H. Lewis. The subject seems particularly appropriate because the Massachusetts new system of waterworks is designed as much to meet tbe needs of the state fifty years from now as to serve tbe people of this decade. Besides, this colossal feat of engineering will make Boston possessor of the largest reservoir in the world. The article is unusually well illustrated from pbotographs of the various phases of the work. "Romances of the Big Mines," hy Eugene Boyland Palmer, is a collection of true stories, ranging from the ridiculous to the tragic,about tbe strange freaks foroune plays on prospectors and mining men in their search for wealth. "Claus Spreckels—the Sugar King," by Victor L. O'Brien, tells of the romantic career of the great California sugar magnate, who began at three dollars a week in a South Carolina grocery store.

In the January *Atlantic* Prof. Woodrow Wilson opens the first of an important series of papers by famous hands, with "The History of the Reconstruction of the Southern States," enumerating the strange and new questions that arose, and for whicb no answers had been provided in the Constitution; and showing that in the end,while the spirit of union in the Constitution prevailed, the whole settlement of the affairs was extra-constitutional, and the "consent of the governed" was no more thought of than it had been during the preceding years of war.

In variety and worth of contents *McClure's Magazine* for January is notable, as well for literary merit and for art. The first in a series of memoirs by Miss Clara Morris appears in this number, and by the graces of her writing the famous actress gives added value to a narrative full of interest. In this is told the story of the story of her trials and triumphs on the occasion of ber first appearance in New York.

Books Received.

Lessons in Love, by Katrina rTask, (Harper Bros.) $1.25.
The Mantle of Elijah, by I. Zangwill, (Harper Bros.) $1.50.

On Her Feet

All day long and racking with pain from her head to her heels. That is what many a self-supporting girl must experience. On those days each month, when in other circumstances she would go to bed, she must still be at the desk or counter and struggle through the day as best she may.

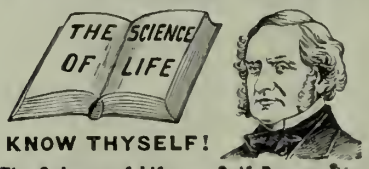
Backache, headache, and other pains caused by womanly diseases are perfectly cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures the cause of these pains. It establishes regularity, dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. *It makes weak women strong and sick women well.*

PAIN ALL GONE.

"I have taken your medicine with the greatest satisfaction," writes Mrs. George Riehl, of Lockport Station, Westmoreland Co., Penna. "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has cured me of uterine trouble that I suffered from for fifteen years, and painful monthly troubles. I can honestly say I can work a whole day and not get tired, and before taking Dr. Pierce's medicines I always felt tired. My pain is all gone and I feel like a new person. I suffered with headache all the time, but have no headache now since taking your medicine. I have been cured of troubles that I suffered from for fifteen years, and the best doctor in the state could not cure me."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN.



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Gives
Good Digestion.

If your dinner distresses you, half a teaspoonful in half a glass of water will give quick relief. Makes digestion natural and easy.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO.

FREE ELECTRIC BELT OFFER

WITH TEN DAY'S FREE WEARING TRIAL in your own home, we furnish the genuine and only HEIDELBERG ALTERNATING CURRENT ELECTRIC BELTS to any reader of this paper. No money in advance; very low cost; positive guarantee. COSTS ALMOST NOTHING compared with most all other treatments. Cures when all other electric belts, appliances and remedies fail. QUICK CURE for more than 50 ailments. ONLY SURE CURE for all nervous diseases, weaknesses and disorders. For complete sealed confidential catalogue, cut this ad out and mail to us.
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.

BRAUNSCHWEIGER & CO.
5 & 7 DRUMM STREET,
San Francisco, Cal.

Nuptial Music.

Continued from page 5.

everything, myself included. I will go. (Flings off his robe de chambre and raises the curtain). Sapristi! You're doing it too loud—much too loud. Molle, molle, mollissimo!

V, (invisible and much surprised). How is that? Mollissimo still? And we were just ready to begin on the "Pizzicato Polka!"

D. But, I tell you, be more cautious! The "Almees" now—nothing but the "Almees!"

V. But when will the triumphal march come in?

D, (with humor). I will tell you when; but there's no hurry about it.

V, (invisible). You'd better have chosen "Raw Beef"——(The curtain falls).

D. You know of all my plans, Juliette? As soon as the fine weather comes we will go far away from all disturbances. I will hurry with you to the lovely country, like a miser anxious to conceal his treasure! If you but knew how pretty you are to-night!

The Orchestra.

Tra-la-la, boum da boum, da boum,
Tra-la-la, boum da boum, da boum,
Ti, Ti, ti, tra-la-la, boum da laire.

B. I don't know whether it is these flowers, the perfumes, or the music, but I feel quite overcome. (She closes her eyes).

D. It is nothing, dear, but the slight fatigue consequent upon all the emotions of the day. (Aside). I don't know why, but I'm not feeling any too well, myself. That tromhone has got onto my nerves, I declare! He should not have had anything but stringed instruments and flutes. (He again casts aside his robe and raises the curtain.)

V, (invisible). Is it the triumphal march, now?

D. Zounds! No. You might have sense enough to confine yourself to flutes.

V, (invisible and indignant). Oh! Monsieur le duc. Flutes on a wedding night! And why not clarionets? You must be crazy! See where you, yourself, wrote up there on the partition, "Con ardore." But, if you say so, I can play "con gielo."

D. Neither "ardore" nor "gielo;" just an interlude. Devil take it! Have I got to teach you everything you are to do?

V, (invisible). No, nor anybody else. If you had selected "Raw Beef"——(The curtain falls).

D. I am perfectly disgusted, sweetest, at my choice of an orchestra! The leader doesn't even know what melody is. I ask him for something soft and tender, and he treats us to martial music.

Bride, (timidly). Dear friend, I am very tired and sleepy; aren't you?

D. I havn't even told you how much I love you, yet.

B. Oh, well, you can tell me to-morrow. Come, be kind and send away your music.

D. But they have played hardly anything, yet.

B. Still, havn't they played enough? I assure you that, so far as I'm concerned, this is quite sufficient.

D, (aside). I declare this music has worn me out, too! (He flings aside his robe and goes to the curtain).

V, (invisible). Attention! Triumphal march, No. 1, from the "Prophet." Let it be with a flourish!

Pra! Pra!
Tra, la, la! Tra, la, la!

D, (exasperated). No, no, not a march! Put up your music and your racks, and clear out!

V, (invisible). And the "Crown Diamonds?"

D. Clear out, I say!

V, (invisible). And our double repeat in *fa* with the trumpeters from "Aida?"

D. Go to the devil! Every man of you!

V, (invisible). Just as Monsieur le duc may desire, but if he had only selected "Raw Beef!" Good evening, Monsieur le duc! A fine night to you, sir!

Exeunt.

Hotel St. Nicholas, corner Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth. American or European plan. Ira R. and James H. Doolittle.

Germea
THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

Bank of California
SAN FRANCISCO
Capital.....$2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits, Oct. 1, 1900 $3,514,068.82
William Alvord, President; Charles R. Bishop, Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; S. Pentiss Smith, Assistant Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary
New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, First National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres: Berlin, Direction der Dis, conto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies;-Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China-Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.
LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN
Savings and Loan Society
526 California Street
Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.....$2,263,599.17
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Deposits, December 31, 1901. .....29,589,864.13
President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President....H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Hermann
Secretary..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary .....A. H. Muller
DIRECTORS
B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Hohte, I. N. Walker,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd,
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

San Francisco Savings Union
532 CALIFORNIA STREET
Deposits, July 1, 1900.....$26,952,875
Reserve Fund..... 218,093
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 439,608
E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Premery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier: R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.
Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.
Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.
Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money.
No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

Orpheum

SAM DOCKHART'S BABY ELEPHANTS, First appearance in California.

Eugene O'Rourke and Co.; Billy Link; The Olympia; C. F. Crosby and Inez Forman; The Willy Colinis; Joe Santley; The Great American Biograph

Reserved Seats 25c., Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Alcazar Theatre

Fred Belasco and Mark Thall, Managers
Phone Main 234

Week of Jan. 12. Matinee Saturday Only.
Third and last week of the brilliant success of

Florence Roberts

Season in a special engagement
The Sensation of Two Continents

Nell Gwynne

Prices Reserved six days in advance 15, 25, 35 and 50c
In Preparation "Sweet Lavender"

Tuning a Zylophone.

If you had a zylophone to tune, how would you set about it with the various screws and sticks of the piano tuner. No, but with a plane. At least that is how Johnstone of the Johnstone Brothers "instrumental musicians" who performed at the Orpheum, brought his two zylophones into harmony with the organ of the Orpheum's orchestra. It was necessary to lower the pitch. The musician with his coat off and a sharp plane in hand pared fine shavings off the keys until each note yielded the stipulated tone. During the process one might imagine the operator a carpenter rather than a musician.

The work of these Johnstones with the zylophone is the finest we have had here, yet as in other performances exhibiting speed and dexterity. One is not surprised after learning the process. To begin with, Johnstone is an all-round musician. He has played in all the larger orchestras of the country, is proficient on a dozen instruments, and has made a special study of the zylophone. To hear the overture to "Zampa" or to "William Tell" with all their runs, trills, and cadences done with lightning rapidity, excites one's respect for an instrument whose imitations have hitherto been apparent. But this marvelous technic is the result of handwork. For two hours every morning you will find the Johnstones practising on the Orpheum stage. That infinite flexibility of wrist—which enables the production of a run with the same fluency as on a piano is attained at the cost of countless repetitions. But it is so with all great violinists, cornetists, jugglers—success is a combination of knack application and industry.

The two zylophones with which the Johnstones work are of finely-seasoned rosewood, and have a range of three octaves. The wood must be at least five years old before it can be fashioned, and each note is a specially selected piece. To lower the pitch the surface of the keys is planed—to heighten it the ends are pared. On one the melody is given, the second serves as accompainement.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

TRY THEM FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.

Fac-Simile Signature of John S. Brown & Son on every box.

A story is told of the present Czar's courtship. With him, as so often happens with humbler individuals, the first meeting with the beautiful Princess proved to be a case of love at first sight. The Czarovitch—as he then was—was passing through Darmstadt, where he had of course made the acquaintance of the Grand Duke's family, when he suddenly came across, in one of the passages of the palace, quite a young girl attended only by an old English attendant. "Who is that beautiful creature?" he said to the Hessian equerry who had been appointed to attend on him during his visit. "The youngest daughter of our Grand Duke: she is not considered old enough to attend the great Court receptions, your Imperial Highness," was the answer. The future Emperor made no further remark, but as years went on he lost no opportunity of seeing his fair "cousin," and in spite of the fact that the course of true love did not run very smooth, the Czarovitch ended in having his own way, and his engagement to Princess Alix of Hesse was announced on the occasion of the wedding of Princess Victoria of Coburg with the Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse.

Cardinal Manning went one day to his publishers for a copy of a book of his own—"Confidence in God." The order was shouted down to the stock room, whence came the reply. "Manning's 'Confidence in God' all gone." The cardinal heard and smiled.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . . .
Centrally Located . .
San Francisco, California

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM

For a Perfect Complexion
Made from the pure fruit juice at
GREENBAUM'S,
200 Post Street, Corner Grant Ave.
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., - - San Francisco

Sutter Street Hammam

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
(Phone Main 5178)
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and Night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY
Capital, $2,250,000
Assets, $10,964,245
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S.F.
VOSS, CONRAD & CO. General Agents.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught. Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks. Manufactured by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore.
Murphy, Grant & Co.

Balloon Traveling in Europe.

On the first of September M. Jacques Faure, a member of the Aero Club of Paris, crossed by balloon from the Crystal Palace, London, to France. He set off on his journey at six o'clock in the evening, and safely descended at Alette near Boulogne at ten minutes to eleven, the journey having occupied four hours and fifty minutes. The balloon traveled almost throughout the entire distance at a height of 2,000 feet. This is by no means an exceptional performance, since Mr. Percival Spencer, the well known aeronaut of London, has crossed from the Crystal Palace to France on several occasions with varied success, but the trip has never before been attempted by night. The advantage of the night journey is that the air being condensed does not rarify the gas in the balloon, as is the case when the sun's rays are directed upon the vessel during the day time. So long as the temperature of the atmosphere remains at a certain point, the baloon will maintain its equilibrium at a regular altitude. M. Faure intends to recross from France to England, starting from Cherbourg, with the first suitable wind. On this occasion, special floats will be attached to the balloon, so that, in the event of its unexpectedly descending into the water, it will be kept afloat

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Brushes

for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

BUCHANAN BROS., Brush Mfrs.,
TEL. 5610 609 Sacramento St.

Sunset Limited

For th Season of

1900=1901

Tri=Weekly

Leave SAN FRANCISCO	Leave LOS ANGELES
Mondays	Tuesdays
Wednesdays	Thursdays
Fridays	Saturdays
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.

ARRIVE NEW ORLEANS, 7:20 P. M. MONDAYS, THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS.

MORE BRILLIANT THAN EVER
NEW EQUIPMENT
IMPROVED SERVICE

Secure Time Tables and any desired information from
Any S. P. Co's Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Jan. 1,6, 11, 16, 21, 26,31, Feb. 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m. Jan. 1 6, 11, 16, 21, 26 31, Feb. 5, and every fifth day thereafter. Change at Seattle for this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N. Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. Jan. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Feb. 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles)—Steamer Queen, Wednesdays 9 a.m. steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a.m.

For Santa Cruz, Monteyey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbarba, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro (Los Angeles) and Newport—Steamea Corona, Fridays, 9 a. m. steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Sose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S.S. Zealandia for **HONOLULU only**, Wednesday, Jan. 16, 2. p. m.

S.S. Sonoma for **Honolulu Samoa, Auckland,** and **Sydney**, Wed. Jan. 23, 2 p.m.

S. S. Australia, for **Tahiti**, Friday Feb. 8, 4 p.m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 643 MARKET STREET.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

President Hays of the Southern Pacific.

(From the Saturday Evening Post.)

Only twelve years ago Mr. Charles M. Hays, the new President of the Southern Pacific Railroad, held a clerical position. Now he receives the highest salary paid to any railroad president in America probably in the world. This is said to he $55,000, or $5,000 more than is paid to the President of the United States. The peculiarity of Mr. Hays' mental equipment which enables him to command this splendid income is well illustrated by a certain bunch of old letters reposing in the pigeonhole of the desk of an official who was a subordinate to Mr. Hays when the latter was General Manager of the Wabash road. Some of these epistles are only two or three lines in length, but not one of them is too short to contain a sentence of official commendation of a kind calculated to stir the heart of the most indifferent subordinate. The ability to bestow approval with the same discernment and promptness with which he metes out criticism is held to the secret of his phenomenal success.

His compiete demonstration of remarkable abilities for harmonizing conflicting interests and attracting a large, popular and loyal following was made as Vice-President and General Manager of the Grand Trunk line. Here he encountered a deep-seated prejudice against his Yankee origin and American methods. From flagman to directors the road was staunchly British. Red tape and officialism were highly developed in the service. There was not, it is said, a typewriting machine in any office of the system.

One of the first orders issued by Mr. Hays was for a force of stenographers and typewriters, and an equipment of machines for the entire system. But the most revolutionary practice which he carried into effect on the big Canadian road was the "open door' policy. Not only did Mr. Hays keep his own door open to all who had legitimate and important business, but he also saw to it that the doors of the officials under him were broadly open to the public. Mr. Hays is only forty-four years of age and was born in Rock Island, Illinols.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

Famous for its Purity

SEATTLE, U. S. A.

Repsold Select Vintage Wines

FOR YOUR HOME DINNER

REPSOLD REGISTERED BRAND SELECT VINTAGE

This brand of Wine is served at all first-class clubs, hotels and restaurants

Office, 416 Pine St.

A. Repsold & Co.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

Tel. Main 199

DEALERS IN *Paper*

55, 57, 59, 61 First Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

Blake, Moffitt & Towne Los Angeles

Blake, McFall Co. Portland, Or.

FIGPRUNE CEREAL

A Perfect Food Beverage

54% Fruit
46% Grains
100 -
and nothing else

A Substitute for Coffee. Nourishing and Invigorating. YOUR GROCER SELLS IT.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office, Room 94 Chronicle bldg.

BAJA CALIFORNIA

Damiana Bitters "Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes, and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits.

Naber, Alfs & Brune, Agents,
Send for Circular. 323-325 MARKET ST, S. F., CAL

DIVIDEND NOTICE. Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, cor. Market, McAllister and Jones streets.

San Francisco, December 28, 1900.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1900, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1901.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery street, cor. of Sutter. The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1900, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1901. Dividends not called for are added to, and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal, from and after January 1, 1901.

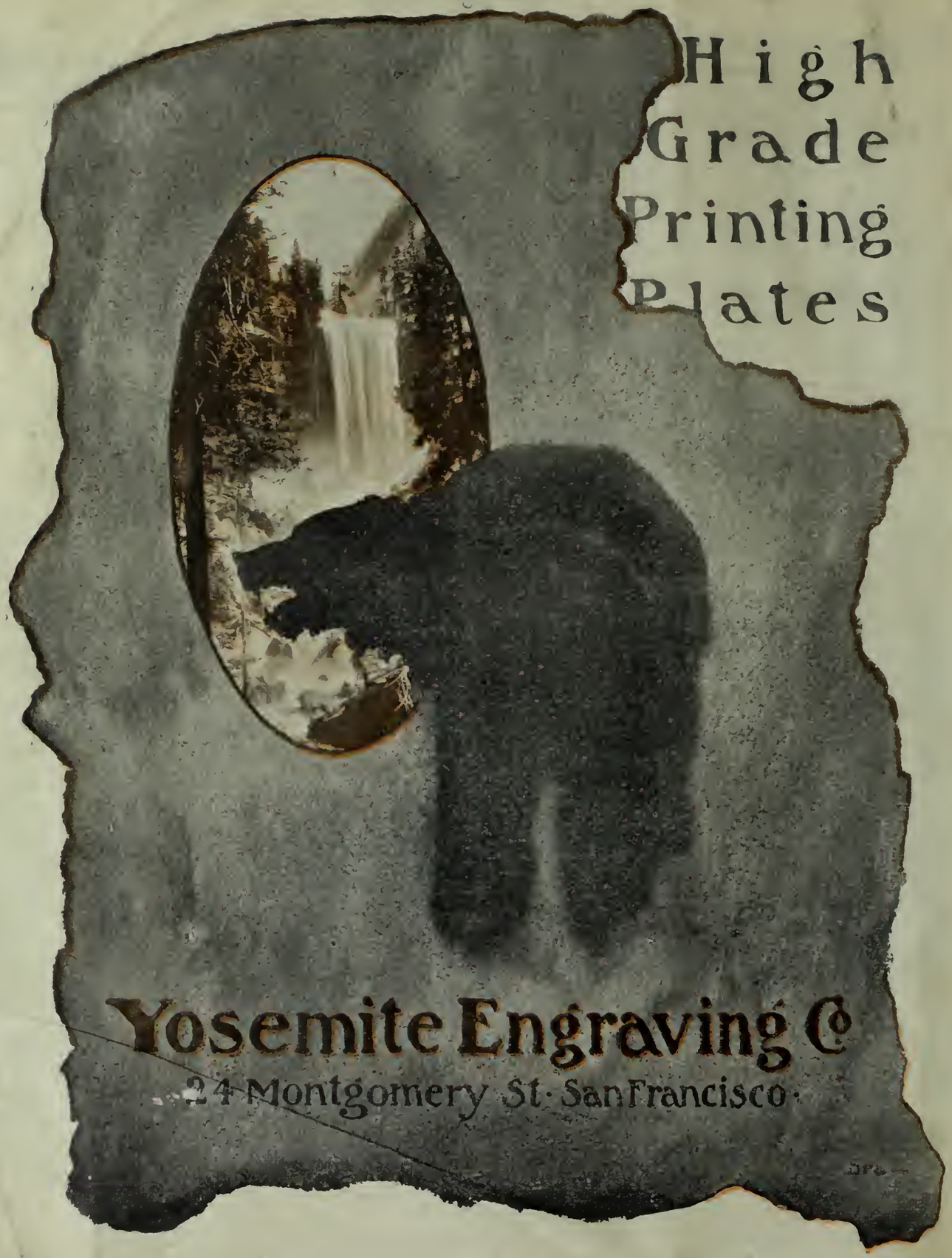
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE. Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 33 Post street. For the half year ending with the 31st day of December, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1901.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE The Continental Building & Loan Association, 222 Sansome street, has, for the year ending December 31, 1900, declared a dividend of five (5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits and six (6) per cent on term deposits.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary.


High
Grade
Printing
Plates
Yosemite Engraving Co
24 Montgomery St. San Francisco.

THE GAME

VOL. TWENTY-THREE — NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR

June 15th 1901

For 10 cents

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

F. A. HEALY, Editor M. KOLLMANN, Business Manager

San Francisco—June 15, 1901.

Lynch Law in California.

The recent Modoc lynching party has aroused the people of the entire State, and brought them to recognize the fact that California herself is not exempt from that most hideous form of misguided justice. Worse than that, the occurrence has been recognized abroad as a demonstration of the uncivilized condition of the people of this state. Modoc county is hardly a part of California. In fact the people of the county themselves consider that they do not properly belong to the state. Geographically they are a part of Nevada and the occupations and interests of the people of that country bind them to that state rather than to California.

The people of the rest of the state know it only as a distant outlying region and regard Modoc much as the Londoner regards California herself. In fact until the horrible occurrence of the last fortnight a comparatively small portion of the state knew little more of Modoc save that it was "on the map."

Nevertheless to the state belongs the disgrace. Bad enough were it, had the provocation been great enough to justify extreme action in foreign eyes. But far worse to have such a violence to the ordinary course of justice for such comparatively trivial offenses upon the part of the victims.

And yet, perhaps, the crime for which those five men suffered was not so insignificant in the eyes of their neighbors. It seems that they were not only systematic pilferers but were generally regarded as dangerous to the community. In a sparsely settled country like Modoc county where ones nearest neighbor is miles away and where the guardian of the peace is the shape of the constable or sheriff is only visible at election time there prevails a very different state of affairs from that in more populous communities. There is a necessity that each should trust his neighbor and be to an extent dependent on him. There every man's latch string hangs outside and locks and bolts as a protection from thieves and violence are unknown.

It is there that a vicious and depraved criminal became a real terror, in a far graver and more fearful sense than with us who have not the added element of isolation.

Be that as it may, we stand disgraced in the eyes of the world. We are henceforth on a level in the scale of civilization with the worst and most barbarous counties of the black belt.

We have only ourselves to blame. The present case is only an aggravated instance of what is the natural outcome of criminal law as administered by the State of California.

In this state the criminal system has been framed with the tenderest regard to the protection of the accused. This is a legacy inherited by us from the glorious old common law. The worst of all, the main faults are imbedded in our state constitution so firmly that it will take an earthquake worse than the Modoc temblor to arouse the people and the legislature to the necessity for action.

All writers agree that the great deterrent of crime is not the magnitude of the punishment but its certainty. We have heavy punishments for all the crimes, but it is an unlucky criminal who meets with conviction unless he has happen to be caught red handed.

It is certainty of punishment that we need—and a speedy administration of the law. An accused person is entitled to a fair trial, but no more. The people of the state who prosecute are entitled to a fair trial also. They do not get it. We have such a tender regard for the rights of an accused person that we hedge him around with privileges and safeguards until it is almost an impossibility to obtain a legal conviction. There are three obstacles to the enforcement of justice in criminal cases which still prevail in California and which ought to have become obsolete years ago.

The constitution of this state in section 7 of article I. says "the right of trial by jury shall be secured to all and remain inviolate," and again in section 13 of the same article that "no person shall . . . be compelled in a criminal case to be a witness against himself."

The above reference to trial by jury has been construed to mean that the jury trial of the common law still exists here and as requiring that in a criminal case twelve jurors must concur to render a verdict. Long, long years ago the unanimous jury ought to have been abolished. Any man who has ever served upon a jury can supply instances of how the unreasoning stubbornness of one juror has forced a disagreement, an acquittal or a compromise in the face often of the clearest and most convincing proof.

The constitution also forbids that a defendant be made a witness in a criminal case against his will. Crime as a rule is committed in secrecy and stealth, in the presence of the guilty person and his victim alone. An accused person if innocent seldom or never hesitates to take the stand in his own behalf. He is his own best witness. If the accused is guilty or not his own testimony is the the most important that can be produced. His explanation and his manner of testifying have an almost controlling weight with a jury in the decision of his guilt or innocence. And yet we deprive the state of the benefit of this valuable aid to the administration of justice. Indeed we go further, and when the defendant through fear or consciousness of guilt refuses to take the witness stand and tell his own story one law forbids the prosecution or the judge to even comment on it, save to impress upon the jury that nothing is to be taken against the defendant on that account.

Every accused person who is tried for crime of any consequence is defended by counsel. It is the object of these counsel to make it appear that their client is innocent whether he is or not. The tricks and modeus operandi of lawyers are familiar to judges who from daily experience are less liable to be misled than are the more inexperienced members of the jury. So also the conflicting testimony of witnesses is often easily solvable to the trained mind of the judge while to the jury the apparently insurmountable conflict produces a state of doubt which too frequently results in disagreement or acquittal. And we deprive the jury and the public of the benefit of the judge's experience in these matters. In the federal courts in England and in some of the states, the judge is permitted to sum up the evidence, argue on it and express his opinion on it to the jury. They are not bound to follow his opinion but it is always a valuable guide to them. We forbid the judge to express an opinion and if by chance in charging the jury he utters anything that can be turned into an expression of his own opinion the case is promptly reversed for a new and expensive trial.

An accused person is entitled to a fair trial and no more. He gets more in California. He is not only accorded every facility for preparing and trying his case, with the right to compel the attendance of his witnessess and to have counsel to represent him, but he is given the advantage of the people in a thousand ways. Every presumption is in favor of his innocence. He may not be put in peril twice, no matter how great the miscarriage of justice. He has rights of appeal which are denied the people, and on his appeal every error no matter how trivial is taken to have injured him, and to cover all we excuse him from testifying and insist upon twelve men concurring in his guilt without the aid of the trained and experienced judge.

It is this sort of thing which makes conviction so hard, which entails so many delays and deprives the criminal law of the certainty of administration which is the safety of the public.

The maxim that it is better that fifty guilty escape than that one innocent be convicted is responsible for a good deal of the mischief. It is better that one innocent man be convicted than that fifty innocent be made the victims of criminals and lynchings.

The Constitution needs a little amending.

The Machinists Strike.

Though much inconvenience and not a little pecuniary loss has already resulted from the machinist's strike, yet it is hardly probable that San Francisco will experience a repetition of the scenes which have accompanied other disputes between the moneyed and the muscled classes.

Nothwithstanding there are more men on strike San Francisco than in any other city of the same population in the Union, there have thus far been seen none of those signs in the labor heavens which portend a havoc-creating storm.

It is not well, however, to bank too much on continued quiet because indications of coming trouble are lacking. Labor wars often break out with suddenness and a violence when least expected; astonishing and paralyzing a community where those personally concerned on either side are the only ones who have sufficient inside information to anticipate what is coming.

Still, as a general proposition, it is reasonable to assume that the cord of discord cannot be stretched to such a tension that some echo of its

stringent vibrations will not reach the general public.

In the local situation no such harsh warnings have been sounded, and from all appearances it looks as though the dispute will eventually be settled without San Francisco becoming the theater of any such scenes as have recently disgraced Albany and New York.

Army Scandals.

Unfortunate J. M. Neal ex-lieutenant of the regular army is again in trouble. This time the charge is forgery and the complaining witness is a trooper of the Fourth Cavalry who claims that he got away with some four hundred odd dollars that the trooper had on deposit.

Neal has been arrested, and it looks as though he is at last where the goat was, when he hit the stone wall-up against it.

Neal's troubles have been ventilated long before this and the causes that led to his first downfall were that to which nine out of ten embezzlements may be attributed. An inordinate thirst for the forbidden pleasures of the strenuous life and a purse wholly inadequate to purchase what he desired.

That an army officer should so far forget what is expected from one who wears the uniform as to become a criminal is deplorable, but it should occasion no more surprise than the downfall of any other man, presumably a gentleman and a man of honor and in a position where he holds the confidence and respect of his fellows. Humanity in or out of a uniform is about the same and even in the best regulated families there is to be found the black sheep.

Uncle Sam's official family, however, seems to have more than the usual number of ebon hued bucks.

As soon as the clamor attendant upon the welcome extended to the first of our fierce, furious and ferociously fighting heroes had subsided a bit the whisper of scandal was heard. This whisper increased in volume until its echoes came back from every corner of the country. From the very highest to the most subordinate the tally of dishonor has gone. The papers have reeked with every sort of a charge from cowardice to corruption and there is hardly a branch of the service in which the taint of dishonor has not appeared.

The navy, on the contrary, is as clear in the record of its official honesty as it is in the record of its gallantry. Whiskey may have occasionally been the cause of some passing scandal, but crime is something practically unknown among the men who fight our ships.

The causes which have led to this lamentable difference in the two great branches of our military service should offer a wide field of investigation for those reformers who are making themselves rediculous by their efforts to keep the enlisted man and his beer separated.

A National Gallery.

A great deal of discussion is now going on in the East among artists and persons interested in art anent the possibility of the establishment of an America National Art Gallery at Washington, D. C. The intention of those interested in the movement is to give to this country something which will be to the United States what the Lonore is to France and the National Gallery at London is to England.

The idea is said to have the support of many of the foremost of American painters and sculptors and, from the present outlook, bids fair to come to a successful issue.

The plan is a commendable one and it is to be hoped that it will find ready and willing assistance wherever assistance is needed. America absorbed in a feverish desire to grasp the almighty dollar gives altogether two little attention to the finer things of life. Our wealthy class, conscious of the newness of its acquaintance with artistic refinements, lacking self-reliance in discrimination and judgment, flies to Europe for its paintings and statuary and bases its appreciation of genius on the criticisms of Paris, London, and Berlin, entirely overlooking the men of equal, and sometimes superior, ability that they can find right here at home.

For the successful business man, politician warrior, or professional man we have laurels in profusion but the rewards we bestow on our artists are few and far between. Those Americans who hope to achieve distinction in the pursuit of art must first go abroad before they can aspire to anything in their own country. They must go abroad not alone to acquire excellence in technique, but to be able to return to the United States with the stamp of European approval on their work.

There is a great future for art in this country and the institution of an American salon under the auspices of such men as Sargent, Whistler, La Fargr, Dielman, Macmonnies and French, who are some of those composing the committee who ave the matter in charge—should do much to, bring that future nearer to the present.

An Oakland Cinch.

It is a long-suffering crowd that one may see any Monday morning leaving the city for Oaklank on the 9 o'clock boat. It is the portion of San Francisco lawyers who are unfortunate enough to have to transact business with the Alameda County Supervisor Courts. They have their Law and Motion Calendar over there on Monday. It is the design of the little ring of lawyers which runs the Oakland Courts to discourage competition from across the bay. In this they are aided and abetted by the judges who conspire to make it as troublesome as possible for a San Francisco lawyer to do business. One scheme which they have is to put all the public administrators business at the head of the calendar, following it by the matters of the Oakland lawyers and leaving the San Francisco lawyers till the last. As the length of a court calendar is always a matter of uncertainty it is necessary for the contingent from this side to sit patiently throughout the entire session listening to the pleasing eloquence of their rural brethren and cursing violently but inwardly. It is this sort of thing which proves that Oakland is not a metropolis.

The Modern Woodmen of America at a meeting in St. Paul the other refused to take members into the order from cities of over 200,000 population. Those who have been wondering why Charley Patton has never joined this order now understand the reason.

Foam.

Wanted—Men lacking energy to wait for $14. Apply Palace Hotel.

* * *

Miss Rosamond Rodkinson—No! Lotto is not a newspaper man. I don't know what kind of a man he is, not having met many of that sort.

* * *

R. N. G. No! I don't know where Gavin McNab got $45,000 with which to buy a block of flats. If I did, I would be sharp enough to own a flat.

* * *

Special wireless wire to the WAVE: Chicago June III, MCMI. The American is offering a munificent prize in stage money to the lucky man who can guess whether the French traveler, who is now encircling the globe in the interest of higher journalism, is carrying a red cotton umbrella or sleeps on his left side. An extra just issued states that all Paris, Ky., is agitated over it, while in Cario, Ill., business is entirely suspended. It is estimated by competent authorities that Mr. Hearst has at least six months supply of "hop toy" on hand, so further interesting developments may be looked for.

G. E. McW.,
Ambassador Extraordinary of the WAVE.

* * *

Many strange things have happened in Alaska, not the least remarkable of which is a New England Esquimo by the name of Kelly. I have before me a book of Kelly's genius, entitled "Arctic Verse." The first stanza on the first page runs as follows:

"Oo mig lay yah,
Ka tek tow rah,
Ku rek tow rah
Aya, Aya,
Oona, ooya
Yah."

This may sound like a college yell, but its not. It is written by a presumeably sane white who in years has arrived at the supposed age of discretion. The reason that Kelly still exists is that everything runs wide open in Alaska.

F. A. H.

Three ponderous Englishmen travelers of the Orient with ponderous English Gladstone Bags, came gingerly aboard the "Berkeley" the other day on her "owl train" trip. They hesitated for some time on the outer deck, looking about them with wondering ox-eyed stares, and at last entered the main saloon, but before they dared sit down, one of them in a voice full of doubt and fear, said to a gentleman seated near them. "I say, By Jove, but would you tell me, sir, Are we on the boat"?

The gentlemen replied "You certainly are" They thereupon sat down with apparent relief. Presently one of them said

"I say Colonel, and you Harry, old boy, The fact that all of these people have'n't any luggage, you know, precludes the idea of them all going to the Yosemite Valley. Jolly fine Eh"!

Whereupon the gentleman who had guaranteed the information that they were actually on the boat, jumping up saying "I was doubting your use in this world, I don't any more, you've reminded me that I left my bag down in the news stand". And he hurried away.

IN THE SWIM

The one topic which is exercising society to the exclusion of all else is the Martin-Scott wedding. It is beyond question the swell event of the year and will, no doubt, cause many a pang and much heart burning before its influence ceases to be felt. The invitations are now out and lucky recipitants of the little pasteboards which are good for one trip to Burlingame and return are the objects of envious jealousy to those who have not been so fortunate and who, when the great event is reported in our daily papers, will not even have the satisfaction of seeing their names among the also rans.

Speaking of weddings, is it not a pity that Laurence Scott and Caro Crockett could not have selected the same time and place for their nuptials! What a pretty double affair it would have been. Then it would have given both Bishop Nichols and Archbishop Riordan a chance to get in their deadly, work and no objections from anyone. Bishop Nichols could have taken the Protestant end of it and the Archbishop the Catholic end and on a double track there would have been no possible danger of a head on collision.

By the bye, there will be anything of a military coloring to the wedding? Walter Martin, who is a sensible young fellow in most things, is said to take his army career seriously and it would not be at all surprising if he elected to appear in his regimentals on the great occasion of his life.

When war was declared between this country and Spain, Walter, who was then plain Mr. Martin, decided that the proper thing for him to do would be to go to the front and seek glory amid the sanguinary columns of some local paper. He did not desire to go as a common soldier. No, that would not be in keeping with his position; it would not be nice for a scion of the Martins to perform the menial duties of an ordinary buck private. He should go as an officer. Mr. Martin knew nothing of military duties, but that made no difference. He got his dope to work on the governor and had himself appointed a lieutenant colonel on the staff of the commander-in-chief of the local militia. This permitted him to wear a uniform. The next move was to get Merritt to make him a civilian clerk attached to headquarters and off to Manila he went.

After a short time spent in pleasant social diversions in the islands, he returned home, via China and Japan, to receive the homage of the hero worshipers of his native city. The only things the colonel did not experience while campaigning were the dangers of actual conflict and the strenuous duties of real soldier life.

* * *

Of course one of the great events across the bay is the prospective Burnham-Clift wedding, which will take place on Monday, June 10th, when Elizabeth Clift and Lee Burnham are to be melted into one. Only the relatives and a few intimate friends are to be present, owing to a late bereavement in the Clift family. There is to be the usual white dress, veil and orange blossoms, and as the bride told me herself, "the wedding dress is perfectly beautiful." Members of the family have given her all the table silver she can possibly ever use, from the tea service down to the smallest trifle used on a table. The ceremony is to take place at noon—the only disadvantage of this hour will be the great scarcity of men, so few being able to get away. Of course all the wives and girl friends will be there—imagine a table full of petticoats drinking to the health of the bride and groom. The wedding journey is to be down south—Coronado or Del Monte, presumably and thus another couple settle affairs.

Miss Rachel Vrooman left the other day for an extended trip abroad. Miss Vrooman goes direct to Montreal where she will meet her younger sister Beatrice, who has just graduated from Smith's College, and together they will leave immediately for London. These two American girls are going to travel alone and fine representatives will they make, for Miss Vrooman holds a score or so of diplomas, and is well qualified for a trip of this kind. Beatrice Vrooman is a very beautiful girl, a striking brunette.

The papers announced that Mr. amd Mrs. Thomas Williams, Jr., had sailed for Europe, but Mrs. Williams is still to be seen driving around in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger have returned from a few days' trip to Menlo.

* * *

It has been long since society received such a shock as came with the news of the death of Hugh Tevis in far away Yokohama. Wealthy, accomplished, a man of high attainments and many friends, a bridegroom of but a few short weeks mated to a belle of two continents, everything was his. When he left here, although not in the best of health, he was far from being an invalid, and a fatal termination to his honeymoon was the very last thing that was anticipated.

Hugh Tevis was the second son of Lloyd Tevis and the favorite of his multi-millionaire father. Though his father wished to make a business man of him, the son's tastes were of too artistic a turn to allow him to enter with any enthusiasm on a prosaic commercial career and he did little after the older Tevis' death but attend to his interests in the estate—amounting to several millions of dollars. He was a liberal though discriminating patron of art and letters and no struggling painter or writer whose work exhibited any real merit ever appealed to him in vain.

Some ten years ago Tevis married Miss Alice Boalt, the daughter of Judge Boalt of Garber, Boalt and Bishop, which was then the acknowledged head of the legal firms of the state. Shortly after this marriage Mrs. Tevis died leaving a little girl, Alice, who now survives both her parents and who is under the care of her grandmother in Oakland.

After the death of his first wife, Hugh Tevis devoted himself entirely to his daughter and it looked as though no other woman would be allowed to step in and occupy the place of the wife he had lost.

Last March, however, while Tevis and his daughter were at Del Monte, he met Miss Cornelia Baxter, a Denver beauty whose loveliness had been the admiration of Paris, London and New York. It was a case of love at first sight with Tevis. Miss Baxter was already engaged to a Denver man by the name of Gerald J. Hughes. Yet with sagacity commendable in one twice her years—she was but nineteen—she promptly jilted her Denver lover and gave her hand and—heart, to her millionaire admirer.

Now Mrs. Tevis is a widow, young, handsome and rich. Will she go back to her Colorado home and her Denver adorer, or will she remain in California to become a prize for some lucky beau of the local swim?

The McKeown family have again broken into the public prints. It was but a few short months ago when young Scott McKeown "went broke" and retired to the seclusion of an Arizona ranch a San Francisco morning paper published columns of sentimental slush speculating as to whether his wife who, prior to her marriage was Miss Dorothy Studebaker, would desert him in the hour of his misfortune. The fair Dorothy was made to say delightfully entertaining things about her spendthrift husband, and announced her determination of going on the vaudeville stage to retrieve the family fortune. The threat was fulfilled, in spite of the protests of rich and haughty relatives, who manufacture excellent wagons in South Bend, Indiana. Her debut was a success, and the McKeown coffers gave promise of being again replenished, when now comes rumors of a divorce.

It is said that Scott's expensive tastes have not been toned down by his sojourn at the Arizona ranch, and that the fair Dorothy is tired of being the bread-winner for a family which includes an able-bodied male. Along with this story of impending divorce, comes another in which another member of the McKeown family figures.

It is Scott's brother, who, with his wife has been living with the former at the McKeown ranch near Patigonia, who figures as "hero" in a story of wife-beating, a pastime disapproved of by Arizonians. He was arrested and fined $300 by the local justice, and the same night returned home and beat his wife a second time. The enraged miners planned to drive him out of the camp, but McKeown learning of their plans, left the territory to escape the ministrations of his erstwhile neighbors.

* * *

Members' of San Francisco's smart set should not suffer during the summer for lack of things to engage their attention.

Del Monte promises to eclipse even the records of previous years in providing entertainment for "society guests" of that famous resort.

With the golf tournament to be held at Del Monte, and other fetes and games, the members of the exclusive set should enjoy their season out of town.

The Burlingame Club also makes announcement that it will hold a horse show, golf tournament, pigeon shoot and pony races for the pleasure of its members and their guests.

These contests will be held shortly after the close of the tournament at Del Monte. The directors of the club recently held a meeting and decided to make the coming affair surpass anything else of its kind ever given by the organization. This will be the third horse show held at Burlingame. The last was given two years ago and was a pronounced social as well as a spectacular success.

The golf tournament will be a prominent feature of the affair and speculation is rife as to who will carry off the handsome trophy presented by Prince Poniatowski. It is a beautiful prize and must be won twice before it becomes the property of the Victor. Miss Alice Hoffman and Mrs. George Doubleday have a claim to the cup, each having won it once.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King have gone East. On their return they go to Lake Tahoe.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 6th, the residence of C. K. Kirby was the scene of an extremely pretty wedding, when his daughter, Susan May, became the bride of Mr. Marcus Marton Johnson, Jr. The handsome home had been artistically decorated. In the profusion of flowers and greens, palms, sweet peas, roses and smilax were predominant. The window of the library where the Rev. Edgar Lion made the couple one, was twined into a net work bower of sweet peas. The decorating was supervised by Miss Kate Gtnn, and much of it she herself arranged.

The bride wore a gown of white crepe de chine, tucked, over a bodice of white silk, en train with a bertha of point lace. Her veil was of tulle, woven with orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of bridal roses.

Miss Maraquita Kirby, the one bridesmaid, wore a gown of mouselline de soie over rose silk. The ribbon girls, Misses Kate Gunn, Elizabeth Foulke, Ether Knapp and Grace Johnson were all becomingly dressed. The ribbon girls were preceded by Messrs. Halleck Wright, Everett Ames, Ted Greenfield and Harry Roeding.

* * *

From Los Angeles comes the announcement that among our autumn brides will be Miss Ethel Works, the second daughter of Judge and Mrs. John D. Works. The happy man is Griffing Bancroft, a son of H. H. Bancroft, the historian.

It has only been a spare three weeks since Miss Laura Works, the eldest daughter of the family became the wife of Charles Ensign, of the Southern Pacific Company, giving in her nuptials the city of the Angels one of the swellest weddings it had seen for many a day. At that time not a whisper was breathed of the other engagement in the family and the news, when it was made public came as a complete surprise.

Los Angeles society never opened its doors to two more accomplished and popular debutantes than the Works girls, who will have the good wishes of countless friends to take with them into their married life.

* * *

An elaborate and tasty luncheon was given last Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Eleanor Martin, in honor of Miss Mary Scott. Mrs. Martin has been hostess at many swell entertainments, but on this occasion she surpassed even the best she has heretofore offered.

In honor of her charming guest, Mrs. Martin's beautiful home was filled with delicate and fragrant blossoms. Red and white roses, fragrant carnations and trailing vines made beautiful the Marrtin home, and the handsome gowns of the guests harmonized not ill with the flower-decked rooms. Mrs. Martin wore an elegant gown of black point d' esprit over white silk. The skirt was made en train and the corsage was trimmed with old Duchesse lace and jet. Diamond ornaments were worn.

* * *

Mrs. George D. Sperry and daughter, Miss Bertha Hansen, Miss Clara Mentzel, Mr. P. A. Dean and Mr. Robert Meierhoff, are Pacific Coast people whose names were inscribed on the passenger list of the Hamburg-American Express S.S. Columbia, which sailed from New York to Europe on May 30th.

Friends of Dr. and Mrs. Arnold D'Ancona were delighted last week to learn that the couple were once more reunited.

The couple were divorced on December 1st last by Judge Hebbard, after an estrangement of some time. Some months after the divorce, mutual friends brought about a meeting between the divorced couple, with the result that last Tuesday Dr. D'Ancona visited the "Cupid" Danforth and secured a license to marry his ex-wife.

Dr. D'Ancona is a leading member of the medical profession and is at present a member of the Board of Supervisors. He is also a leading spirit of the San Francisco Whist Club and was formerly president of the Monticello Club. His wife is well known in society.

* * *

Mrs. Reginald Belknap who was Miss Julia Averill arrived home Wednesday week from Japan. Her aunt, Mrs. Ashburner accompanies her to Europe. Lieut. Belknap joins the party in Switzerland and will return with his wife in the autumn. Mrs. Belknap is a niece of the late Justice Field, and was a great favorite before Lieutenant Belknap won her and took her away.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. George W. Baxter will leave Denver June 23rd for this city to meet their widowed daughter, Mrs. Hugh Tevis who will return from Yokohoma the last of this month with the body of her husband.

Mr. Benjamin P. Upham, Mr. Walter Gibbons, Mr. Somers and Mr. Arthur F. Kales of Oakland, left last week for a trip through the mountains of Trinity County. They will be gone three weeks.

Mr. Robert Campbell will spend his summer vacation in San Francisco. In September this clever lawyer goes to New York to claim Miss Gary as his bride.

Mr. Ernest McCormick and Mr. Jack Polhemus leave for Lake Tahoe today on a hunting and fishing trip. They will be gone three weeks.

Mrs. McBean gave a luncheon at Burlingame last Saturday in honor of Miss Casey, the Admiral's daughter.

Mr. Ralston White is traveling through Southern California. He will be absent for several weeks.

Miss Elena Robinson will join the Josselyn family in the East and accompany them to Europe.

Frank Owen, Ralph Hart, Ed. Vincent and George Field have taken a house at Mill Valley for the summer.

Mr. Gordon Blanding with his family, will spend the next two months at the Vendome in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis are the guests of Miss Daisy Van Ness at her home in Napa Valley.

Mr. L. E. Southerland will leave for his Virginia home about the first of August.

Mr. Will Denham, with his sister Miss Mae Denham will spend the summer at Mt. Sisson.

Mr. George Crothers expects to leave for Europe August 1st.

Captain C. F. Taylor will spend the summer at his shooting and fishing box at Capitola.

The Henry Crockers will spend the summer at their Cloverdale ranch.

Concerning Celebrities

Some men seek adventure, others have it thrust upon them at times and in places where it is least to be suspected.

After surviving wounds acquired in battle with the Spaniard amid the dense jungles of malarial, Cuba; after leading the Boer to victory on many a hard fought field James-etc. Archibald returns to the home of his childhood only to grace in captive bonds the chariot wheels of Chief Sullivan.

The story of the defeat and subsequent captivity of The Archibald is as follows:

Jim descended from his club the other evening and, having nothing in particular to do, decided to take in the Orpheum. Wending his way to that place of amusement he found a long line of people stretching from the box office window half-way down the street. Several invitations, worded in more or less emphatic terms were addressed to him to take his place in the line.

Scorning the clamor of the rabble Archibald pushed his way through the crowd, and succeeded in, at last, reaching the box office, where he was promptly seized by a great, big, rude bouncer, and ejected into the outer darkness.

But Archibald had seen too much of war to accept defeat after one repulse. Gathering himself together he sounded the slogan of his clan and, with a half breathed prayer to the God of Battles, sprang onward to the second assault.

In the interval, however, the bouncer had been reinforced by a regular who wore a fierce white stripe of cotton on either leg of his blue pajamas, and the light of determination in either eye.

The conflict was short and decisive and terminated in Archibald being borne off by his captors to the municipal bastile. There he remained for some time shouldering his disappointment and showing the sergeant in charge how more fortunate fields had been won.

The moral of this unhappy story is no matter in what company you find yourself, be sure to get in line.

George Sargent is a dutiful son. No lawyer will deny that. For a son to undertake a suit like the recent case argued by George before Judge Sloss betokens a degree of filial loyalty and self abnegation rare indeed in these days. George deserves great credit. The suit was brought as everyone knows to recover the taxes paid by his mother Mrs Ellen C. Sargent on the ground that, as she was denied the right of suffrage, she was unjustly taxed and the tax was justly void. But everyone does not know what all the lawyers know that the grounds upon which the suit was brought were so absolutely untenable that a less able attorney than George would have made himself ridiculous. It is to the honor of both the young attorney and the young judge, Judge Sloss that the case was conducted without a hint that of its absurdity. To bring a suit in the face of precedent upon precedent against it requires a degree of hardihood that only a lawyer who is not afraid of being laughed at would dare to meet. No one doubts that young Sargent demurred forcibly at a proceeding which might in the language of Judge Hayne "have exposed him to the undeserved ridicule of the profession" but filial devotion won the day.

Speaking of Judge Sloss, it is a pleasure to observe the career of this rising young jurist. His painstaking and modesty are the subject of very general and approving comment by the bar. The other day the Judge was trying a case. Eminent counsel on both sides contended for diametrically opposite constructions of a certain legal propositions. But neither had anything to offer in support of his proposition save emphatic and repeated asseveration. After this had continued for some time, the Judge said: "Gentlemen, I believe you both think you are right, but as I am in doubt myself and don't want to make a mistake, I think I will postpone this case for about fifteen minutes while you gentlemen go up to the Law Library and investigate." And that is what he did. The eminent counsel went up and dug for half an hour and found out what they should have known before. Whereupon the case proceeded.

Judah Boas, philanthropist and helper of the unfortunate for a fair interest, is generally considered a pretty sharp fellow when it comes to taking care of his own pecuniary affairs. He lately, however, has succeeded in getting himself into a position which will require the exercise of all of his talent that he may come forth with credit and profit to himself.

Some time ago Mr. Boas decided that he stood in need of a little physical culture and he therefore called upon Jules Brandon, the well known athlete. To him he recounted his woes. "I am getting fat" said Judah. "I have a shortness of the breath, my memory is bad and my nerve is becoming impaired." "Why," he went on in a but of confidence "yesterday I cashed a city hall salary warrant and only charged ten per cent discount."

"Your case indeed seems serious," replied Brandon, "but you need exercise, my dear Mr. Boaz. Exercise is the thing."

"How much?" enquired the money lender. "About $60 worth," said Brandon, "that will be thirty lessons, at the end of which you will have a physique like Jake Rauer."

The deal was effected and Boas started on his course of physical training. Six lessons and he felt so much better, that he could easily charge his old clients even double the rate of interest. The treatment was a success. Filled with gratitude, he called upon Brandon.

"Mr. Brandon," he said, "I have taken six lessons in physical culture. I am going to quit, and will pay you for them. Here is $12."

Brandon refused to accept this and demanded $60 for the entire course of 30 lessons that Boaz had agreed to take.

Brandon's demand nearly threw the money-lender into a fit, and he promptly denied the claim and put the proffered $12 in his pocket. One week passed and then another, and Judah was just beginning to congratulate himself on being ahead of the game when he received notice that he had been sued in the justice court for $60 by "Professor" Brandon.

The suit was heard and Boas lost. He paid the money, but with an ill grace.

And now he is between the devil and the deep sea. Will he lose the $60, or will he go back to the professor and try and get his money's worth in physical culture?" He hates to lose the sixty, but dare he take it out in boxing lessons with the irate Brandon?

It was many years ago when some genus first propounded the query "What's in a name?" Shakespeare asked the question and answered it himself, by saying in his own poetic way that in his opinion there was but very little, "A rose by any other name, etc." R. E. Ragland the well-known attorney does not agree with Shakespeare, about the value of a name. Perhaps he is a wiser man than the Avon playwright. At any rate, he is sole proprietor of a name, in which in time there may be millions. The name strange to say is not that of a patent medicine. It is the "California State Bar Association."

It is not generally known that California has no State Bar Association. There is a San Francisco Bar Association, but it is a purely local affair.

Ragland discovered the dearth of a State Association. The name sounded good to him and he decided to make it his own. Like a man of action and a valient lawyer, he hied him to Sacramento where he secured articles of incorporation for himself under the title of "The California State Bar Association."

On his return from Sacramento he showed the precious article of incorporation to a friend who instead of congratulating him on his good fortune asked "But what the dickens did you ever get it for, Ragland?" Ragland thought a moment and started to reply—then changed his mind—and up to date he has not answered.

Mr. Peter Martin returned from his Eastern trip Tuesday last, and may be found at Burlingame.

The Cure for Love.

The road to her affections was
Both long and hilly;
And when I reached her heart, I found
It hard and chilly.

Her eyes were blue as ocean depths
Her hair was sunny;
I loved her madly till she said
Sne needed money.

R. H. Ross.

Tales of Judge Cabaniss. No. 1.

Emma Graukoff, eight years old, answered readily in court before Judge Cabaniss the other day, a question that has stumped the profoundest theologians.

Questioning her understanding of the value of an oath, Lawyer Frank Schilling asked what became of little girls who did not tell the truth.

"Why, sir; they go to hell," replied Emma.

"And where is hell?" questioned the lawyer.

"I don't think the counsellor could answer that question himself," remarked Judge Cabaniss.

"I know where it is, sir," said the girl. "It's somewhere near the Cliff House. I know its there because I overheard papa say once that he was going there to raise it."

The child was permitted to give her testimony,

Political.

Things are just beginning to be doing in the political world, but it is far to early in the running to get a definite line on anything.

Candidates for mayor are bobbing up everywhere. Phelan's friends are advising him that it may be dangerous for him to make a run again, because, should he be defeated his whole political future would be injured. With Phelan out of it, it is likely that the Democrats might turn either to Raphael Weill or Major Hooper. Frank Lane expected the nomination, but it is thought that the party magnates will hardly consider him strong enough to carry the city for mayor, so he will likely be given the nomination for city attorney to succeed himself.

Mayor Phelan's political future is a matter of considerable public curiosity. It is known that he wants to be a United States senator, but the prospect of a republican legislature for at least the next two sessions seems to be almost a certainty. Phelan has been urged to get into the fight for governor, for which he would have more than a fighting chance, as the legislature and governor are often of different political complexions. There seems little doubt that Mayor Phelan could get the nomination if he wishes it. His strength in the interior will be appreciated when it is remembered that he was able to capture the Los Angeles delegation in the legislature and secure the complimentary vote for senator away from Stephen M. White.

The Democratic party has now no one who can properly be called its leader in the state. Senator White is dead, and De Vries away. De Vries would have been the logical nominee for governor, had he remained in the state.

Alford, Gould and Sims aspire to head the party, but the interior will hardly stand for intrusting the party management to either of the three. Some look to Senator Seawell as the Moses to lead the party out of the wilderness. General "Jim" Smith, who will return from the Philippines next month, will be invited to participate in the melee. The prospective mayoralty candidates will try to sidetrack Smith into the fight for governor, and the gubernatorial candidates will return the compliment by inviting him to become the candidate for mayor.

The Republicans are looking hard for a suitable man for mayor. Sam Shortridge can have a free road if he will surrender the, by him muchly prized right to run his head against the senatorial stone wall. But Sam does not see it that way as yet. Sheldon Kellogg is a possibility, but he prefers something more in the line of the legal profession. Kellog would take the city attorneyship—if there were enough in it. Congressman Julius Kahn is mentioned, but he prefers to bear the ills he has. Irving M. Scott can have the nomination but prefers to keep in line for the senatorship.

De Young says positively that he is not a candidate and will not accept the nomination. Charlie Patton is hot after the nomination but his prospects are not promising. It is not considered a gold brick this year as it was the last time he got it, and the party managers will not give it to him. F. W. Dohrmann has probably more solidity to his fight than any other candidate outside of the politicians. It is very unlikely this year that he can break through the hedge. Kirkpatrick deprived himself of a good opportunity by accepting the harbor commissionership. Otherwise, he would have been a formidable aspirant.

The state fight is rapidly simmering down to Gage and Flint. The latter is trying to get the opposition to Gage to unite on him. He is down in Los Angeles now, pressing Otis to take him up. The Otis-Gage feud has lost none of its bitterness. Otis is very revengeful and will leave no stone unturned to defeat Gage. Otis originally brought Gage out as a candidate for the United States senatorship and boomed him for that office with his paper. When Gage got into the governor's fight he appointed a campaign committee distasteful to Otis, and refused to pull down any of the committee on the General's request. The recent racket in Los Angeles, and Otis's snubbing of the governor during the president's visit have not diminished the unkindly feelings between the two. Flint is trying to take advantage of this and if he succeeds he may develop considerable strength. He has a great disadvantage, coming as he does from San Benito County, and from a district which sends but a few delegates to the convention.

The most dangerous man for Gage was Pardee. He is now, however, out of the fight. At the last convention Pardee withdrew in favor of Gage, and it was pretty well understood that he was to have in return a free ride for the nomination in 1902. Since that time Pardee has been in several local fights in Alameda County, unfortunately always on the losing end. His cause is now hopeless and he is out of the fight.

Of course, everything is largely guess work and speculation so early in the game.

Where progressiveness for the initiative is lacking imitation is a highly commendable virtue. Fired by the example, of the Monticello Democratic Club, the young republicans are forming a club of their own.

The new organization is known as the Fremont Club, and is recruited from the ranks of the young republican professional and business men of this city who are interested in political matters.

The club became a permanent organization during the recent visit of President McKinley, and, from a membership of one hundred and fifty at that time has increased its numbers roll to nearly double that figure.

The rooms of the club will probably be in the Spreckels Annex where luxurious quarters will be fitted up for the accommodation of future empire builders. The officers of the club are: N. W. Hall, president, W. M. Abbott, vice-president, G. T. Gibson, recording secretary, Grove Ketchum, financial secretary, Luther Elkins, treaurer, and E. T. Treadwell, F. C. McBeath, Percy Hoght and H. F. Suhr, Jr., directors.

Apropos of this club, whose watchword is "good politics" the following story is going the rounds. In looking for recruits one of the members, whose parent is a politician of national reputation was asked what was the definition of "good politics." He explained what he thought the phrase was meant to convey, but not feeling quite sure of his ground decided to ask his father.

"Good politics, good politics," repeated the old man when the question was put to him. "Oh h—l! good politics is any old thing so long as it wins."

Under such efficient tutelage the young man's success in life is a foregone conclusion.

Jim Booth, pleasing, popular, persuasive and plastic is once more before the public as a candidate. Jim wants to be Mayor. His entrance for the race was announced at Benicia during the recent invasion, and everybody has caught on like wild-fire. Jim did not take it seriously himself at first, but the popular clamor has become so vociferous that he has like the fair Donna Julia "whispering I will ne'er consent, consented." And so he will make the race. And they do say, that up at the Monticello Club, they are already parcelling out the commissionerships—a new deal every night. Nevertheless, although there has been a disposition in some quarters to treat the matter as a joke, Booth would not make an unformidable candidate. He has a good resord as a Supervisor, is young and energetic, and has a host of friends.

THE REPUBLICAN PRIMARY LEAGUE.

(Incorporated under the laws of the State of California.)

Capital stock ..... Unlimited
Shares ..... "
Par value ..... "

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Republican Primary League has been organized for the purpose of exploiting the political field of San Francisco. The richness of this field is undenied, but has hitherto been in the hands of unpractical or inexperienced men. There can be no doubt that under proper management, San Francisco is destined to become one of the greatest revenue prodncing cities of this country. The climate is good, and office can be held the year round.

The officers and directors of this company are well, and for the most part favorably known in the community. The majority of them have already held municipal offices, their experience thus insuring our stockholders an early return on their investment.

As an instance of what may be expected by our stockholders it need only be mentioned that Mr. Richard Croker, the director of a similar organization in New York, distributed to himself last year over $1,000,000 in dividends. Other stockholders also received dividends ranging from a mayors job to that of a police judge, worth in proper hands at least $100,000 per year. It is a well known fact that the same jobs are in existence in this city, and we have but to drill through a small democratic majority to get at them and turn them over to our stockholders.

Drilling will commence at once, the company having engaged Mr. Abe Reuf for that purpose. He is well known and will cheerfully answer any inquiries in regard to the other officers of the company.

The stock is assessable, but the assessments will be entirely governed by the ability to pay.

Any further information may be gained by addressing

The Republican Primary League.
Abrabam Reuf, President.
Abe Reuf, Vice-President.
A. Reuf, Sec. and Treas.

Mr. John J. Valentine has returned home after a business trip of two months.

Mr. Frank A. Hicks has been at Highland Springs with his automobile for a week.

The Passion Play at Santa Clara.

About five hundred years ago the people of Ober-Ammergau, a little community of Bavarians at the Tyrol, despairing of obtaining through human agency relief from the terrible plague that appeared among them as one of the remote consequences of the three hundred years' war, decided to appeal to the mercy of Almighty God, and ask that He in His divine goodness free them from the evil against which they, themselves, were impotant. Thinking that the best token of their penitence for sins committed in the past and of gratitude for their deliverance from the scourge if their petition was heeded would be the keeping of the Saviour's own sufferings for humanity constantly in mind, they made a solemn vow. They promised that every ten years they would perform the Passion Play, so that their children, and their children's children should never forget the price at which redemption was purchased. Assembling together those of the villagers who still remained alive solemnly they bound themselves to the faithful performances of this undertaking. From that hour, so say the old chronicles, the plague disappeared, nor has it ever again returned to that locality.

The villagers, on their part, have remained constant to their promise, and every decade the Passion Play is devoutely produced in their little mountain home.

Through the centuries that have passed since the poor, pleague stricken peasants first turned to their God for relief the play has been faithfully produced until it has obtained a fame that is only limited by the bounderies of the world. Numerous religious dramatizations, of more or less merit, have been producec from time to time, but none appeared modeled on the same lines and performed with the same spirit until Clay M. Greene, under the auspices and with the help of Jesuits of Santa Clara, brought forth his "Nazareth".

In a theatre built over the bones of those in this land who were first converted to the oldest of religions and the newest of civilizations, within sound of the bells of the church in which His word was first preached to the savages of these western shores, the passion of Christ has been reproduced with the same sanctity of purpose that animated the grateful peasants of the far off Tyrol. The only difference in the two productions is the superior excellence of the work of the finished playwright, assisted by all that is best in science and art as contrasted with the crude efforts of uneducated farmers and laborers.

Yet Mr. Greene must not be denied the laurel of originality. His treatment of the greatest tragedy in the history of the world, shows conclusively that he has taken the story of the Savior's passion, and on that has builded a play without attempting to copy the work of those who preceded. The similitude between "Nazareth" at Santa Clara and the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau is entirely in the sacredness with which the subject is treated and the religious earnestness with it was acted.

About a year ago, while the plans for the fiftieth anniversary of the college commencement exercises were being laid, Rev. Robert E. Kenna S. J., the president of the college, wrote to Mr. Greene, who was then in New York, and asked him if he could not do something for the honor of his alma mater. Mr. Greene and Father Kenna had been college chums at Santa Clara in 1867 and the request therefore came with a double weight.

Mr. Greene at once acquiesced and after thinking the matter over, proposed the plan of an American Passion Play. At first it was thought the scheme was of two great a magnitude to be successfully carried out within the time allowed for its consumation. A great deal of correspondence on the subject passed between Father Kenna and the author, which finally resulted in a decision to take hold and do the best they could. Mr. Greene came at once to California and entered upon his end of the work, that of writing and supervising the staging of the play and of drilling the two hundred actors who took part, most of whom were college boys. The scenery was entrusted to Mr. O'Sullivan, the landscape painter, and the priests themselves, became men-of-all-work and lent a hand wherever it would do the most good.

The result of this united effort was a production which will make its author famous and which will give to California the distinction of being the first of English speaking countries to dramatize the story of the cross.

The two most remarkable innovations in the production were the presentation of the Divine Presence by suggestion instead of assigning the character of Christ to one of the cast, and the absence of female characters enacted by women.

The first of these divergences was undertaken because of the impossibility of anyone attempting to impersonate the master without treading near to sacrilege; whenever it was necessary to suggest the Presence it was done in various ways, generally by light effects, which were far more impressive than any acted character could possibly have been; and which lent an awesome sol-

Judas Casts Down the 30 Pieces of Silver.

Judas Tempted on the Road to Bethleham.

The Carrying of the Cr

SCENES FROM CLAY M. GRE

emnity to the scene which could not have been achieved in any other way.

If there is any disappointment in the entire piece it is to be found in the lack of female characters. Other religions confine themselves entirely to the central figure of the Gospel and pass with averted faces the beautiful group of holy women who appear so prominently in the tale of Calvary. In the Catholic Church alone are they accorded their due.

The most pathetic figure in the Passion Play is the Mother of Christ, not Christ himself. Though devotion and gratitude go to Him who made the supreme sacrifice, yet the most tender sympathy is that elicited by the spectacle of the two Marys, Mary the Virgin and Mary Magdalen, as they patiently and uncomplainingly suffer at the foot of the cross.

Surviving the obloquy of ages these two women stand out as the ideals of perfect christians and models of excellent womenhood and are today as potent to soften the heart and elevate the character of manhood, as they were in times when the slightest disrespect to their memories would have brought a man to his death at the hands of some chivalrous, mail-clad champion.

Something was lost by eliminating women from the cast, as only women could have successfully taken such parts. Yet, considered as a whole the Passion Play at Santa Clara College was an unqualified success and will probably result in making that little town known from one end of the country to the other.

Pilot Delivering up Jesus.

postles Bent in Prayer. On the Road to Bethleham.

RETH" AT SANTA CLARA.

There is little doubt that the Play will be seen on the secular stage.

Almost before the applause following its first performance died away, there was talk connecting the play with the name of various theatrical managers, among them that of W. A. Brady impressario and manager of prize fighters. However it is unlikely that the Play will be presented under Brady's auspices. The general impression in the world theatrical is that Joseph Grismer will be the lucky man,and that the Santa Clara play will be added to his repetoire, during the coming season. But, whether on the secular stage the Passion Play will achieve the success anticipated is a matter of grave doubt. Will the fickle public leave their mess of theatrical pottage, in the shape of vaudeville farce and problem plays for something appealing more to the æsthetic to the spiritual side of their nature.

Had not the "Great American Public" rather laugh over the mishaps of some "Brick McFadden" in a roaring farce comedy or follow the fortunes of the "heroine with a past" in the present styled drama, than to have their feelings lacerated by witnessing the presentation of the saddest story since the dawning of the worlds history. Of course, it may be said indignantly that all theatre goers are not devotees of farce and ragtime. Very true; but it must be remembered that a large proportion of them are. Eliminate them and how many are left to support an expensive production as the elaborate and beautiful Passion Play must necessarily be? And again, will not the ones, to whom the Passion Play as presented at Santa Clara College appeal, be people to whom the play presented on a professional stage seem sacriligeous?

The hope has been frequently expressed that the College may retain the sole right to produce it, for in no other place could such surroundings exist. The atmosphere of the old College lends strength to the play, a strength and naturalness that elsewhere, might under different conditions be entirely lacking. But whether the play is ever a great popular success, it will at any rate make the name of Clay M. Greene known as one of the greatest dramatists of the century.

His labor of love for his Alma Mater, and his friend Father Kenna has laid a firm foundation for his fame. His work would be reckoned successful, even though no hand beat acclaim.

It is not depressing, nor is it in its entirety deeply sorrowful. The feeling created is strange, indefinable, difficult to describe. The beating heart almost interferes with the breathing, when is heard the command "Jesus of Nazareth, approach." The radiant light appears. A moment only and the curtain falls. The unseen Christ is to the spectators a living, suffering being.

Throughout many scenes the dramatist has played upon seldom touched heart strings of theatre goers, and in his ability to do this lies Mr. Greene's genius as a dramatist.

The play is fascinating and will live. As presented at Santa Clara, it is free from the reproach or stigma of sacrilege, and appeals to one as an educating and elevating production. Whether this will be the case when presented by professional mummers, experience only will disclose.

Mr. Harry Higgins, with his young daughter goes to Arcadia, Santa Cruz Mountains during August.

Dr. Louis C. Deane has arranged a two weeks fishing trip to the McCloud river.

Mr. Harry Stetson will also attempt to depopulate the pinny population of the McCloud river.

Mrs. Osgood Hooker and her child are at the Vendome in San Jose for a month.

NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.

The stomach is the vital center of the body. It is the organ from which all other organs are fed. A weak stomach means a weak man. There never was a strong man with a weak stomach. What is called "weak stomach" is in general a diseased condition of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, which prevents the proper digestion of the food which is taken into the stomach, and so reduces the nutrition of the body. When all food is taken away the body starves. When the food eaten is only digested and assimilated in part it only nourishes the body in part, and so the body is partly starved. And this starvation is felt in every organ of the body dependent on the blood which is made from food.

The great variety of the cures performed by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is due to its remarkable power to heal diseases of the stomach and allied organs. It cures through the stomach diseases seemingly remote, but which have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and the other organs of digestion and nutrition. "Weak" heart, lungs, kidneys and weakness of other organs is cured with the cure of the weak stomach.

Mr. Thomas A. Swarts, Box 103, Sub-Station C., Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I was taken very sick with severe headache, then cramps in the stomach, and food would not digest, then kidney and liver trouble, and my back got weak so I could scarcely get around. The more I doctored the worse I got until six years passed. I had become so poorly I could only walk in the house by the aid of a chair, and I got so thin I had *given up to die*, thinking that I could not be cured. Then one of my neighbors said, 'Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and make a new man out of yourself.' The first bottle helped me so I thought I would get another, and after I had taken eight bottles I was weighed and found I had gained twenty-seven (27) lbs. in about six weeks. I have done more hard work in the past eleven months than I did in two years before, and I am as stout and healthy to-day, I think, as I ever was."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

According to a Brooklyn expert witness in a damage suit the following is the detailed valuation of a man:

One leg	$10,000
Both legs	25,000
One arm	10,000
Both arms	25,000
One eye	5,000
Both eyes	30,000
One foot	5,000
Both feet	15,000
One finger	2,000
Five fingers	10,000
Ten fingers	20,000

However, it will be just as well to step lively in getting on and off the street cars, and to keep out of the way of even a millionaire's automobile for, according to another authority a man's anatomy can be replaced artificially at the following figures:

Two legs and feet	$300
Two arms and hands	225
Set of instruments	50
Wig	150
Thirty-two teeth	40
Palate	15
Nose	100
Pair of eyes	25
Pair of ears	100
Ear drums	15
Tube for windpipe	25

You might be obliged to accept a new structure instead of receiving the cash, as is often done in fire insurance losses.

Things Theatrical.

The Lord and the Lawyer.

Lord Hope may be remembered by those who follow the news of the dramatic world as the Earl who for some months held down the boards at one of Charles Frohman's, New York theatres as a ballet dancer. He was fiercely grilled by the Telegraph who charged him with various idiosyncracies. The Earl retaliated by suing the paper for $50,000 damages for libel. He succeeded in securing a verdict against the paper for $7,500. The following is from a New York paper.

MELBOURNE McDOWELL

"If Eric Hope were only as entertaining on the stage as he is in the witness chair he'd be among the most brilliant successess of the season. Some of his replies were so good that the cross-examination reads like a Dolly Dialogue.

'Now, you won't be witty with me this morning, Mr. Yarmouth,' the defending lawyer bantered.

'I'll try not to old chap,' answered the Earl, which with his pronounced English accent was inimitable.

'Was George Alexander Sylvester, or whatever the name was, your name when you were born?' asked the lawyer.

'Not until I was christened,' said Hope.

'Don't men usually attend ballet dances to observe the legs of the dancers?' thundered the lawyer, referring to the plaintiff's performance.

'I don't think they'd care to observe my legs,' he answered modestly.

'Do you think it's dishonorable to drive a cab?' demanded the lawyer.

'Not dishonorable, but highly unsafe,' chirped the Earl.

'At all events he was ingenious is his answers to the legal would-be browbeater that opposed him, fuming and sputtering while the Englishman sat calm and imperturbably good-humored, offering to sing for the jury, and making sketches for the reporters.

"But blood and breeding are not always the stuff from which good actors can be made, however. Take this for instance of a man notably self-possessed under a fusillade of most unpleasant questions—on the stage, he was awkward, ill at ease in his clothes and generally uncomfortable."

Germea

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

The Old Government the perfection of Whisky.
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
PURE-AGED-WHOLESOME.
Used in the Medical Departments of the U.S. ARMY & NAVY SERVICE
WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, DISTRIBUTORS.
Beware of Imitations or refilled Bottles

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5178]
Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and ght for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powel.

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S F.
Phone Bush 290

TIVOLI

"Every one is Bound to See It."
EACH CHILD GETS A TOY.
Another Toy Souvenir Matinee.
Saturday, June 15th, at 2.

THE TOY MAKER

POPULAR PRICES.....25c., 50c.
Telephone, Bush 9.

MOROSCO'S
GRAND OPERA HOUSE

PROFESSIONAL MATINEE THURSDAY.
Souvenir Photograph of Mr. MacDowell to Every One Attending This Performance.
Usual Matinees Saturday and Sunday.
Every Evening This Week.
ANOTHER TREMENDOUS HIT,
MELBOURNE McDOWELL
SUPPORTED BY FLORENCE STONE, IN SARDOU'S WONDERFUL PLAY,
THE EMPRESS THEODORA
Most Elaborate Production in the City.
POPULAR PRICES—10c., 15c., 25c., 50c., 75c.
Good Orchestra Seat All Matinees, 25c.
Branch Ticket Office—Emporium.

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

LAST BARGAIN MATINEE TO-MORROW.
Reserved, 25c. and 50c.
THIS WEEK,
Good-by Performances of the Favorites,
MR. JAMES NEILL
AND THE NEILL COMPANY,
—By Request—
A PARISIAN ROMANCE.
KINDNESS OF MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.
EVENING, 25c., 35c., 50c., 75c., $1.
SAT. MAT., 25c., 50c., 75c.

Orpheum

Vaudeville's high water mark.
Matinee today (Wednesday), June 12th.
Parquet, 25c., any seat; Balcony, 10c.; Children, 10c., any part reserved.
— Ezra Kendall —
Gardner and Maddern; Dohrety Sisters; The Tobins; Spenser Kelly; Hines and Remington; Florence Bindley; Flatt and Sutherland; The Biograph.

COLUMBIA

San Francisco's Leading Theatre
Matinee To-day
EVERY NIGHT EXCEPT SUNDAY
HENRY MILLER
And a Strong Supporting Cast in the New Romatic Play
DARCY OF THE GUARDS
A Story of 1777, by Louis Evan Shipman.
NEXT WEEK—
LAST NIGHTS OF MILLER SEASON

ALCAZAR

Only Matinee Saturday
—LAST WEEK OF—
FLORENCE ROBERTS
in Julia Marlowe's Triumph
—FOR BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE—
Supported by White Whittlesey
Orchestra—First Six Rows, 75c.
Reserved Seats Six Days in Advance!
NEXT—Florence Roberts as Countess Valeska.

Central Theater

BELASCO & THALL'S
Market st., nr Eighth. Opposite City Hall.
TO-NIGHT AND ALL THIS WEEK.
Matinees Saturday and Sunday.
A Big Hit—The Fascinating Melodrama,
Jim, the Westerner
"One of the best American plays ever written."
PRICES—Evenings, 10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.
Matinees, 10c., 15c., 25c.
Next Week—Nellie McHenry's Great Success,
A NIGHT AT THE CIRCUS.

The Orpheum has reached to the source of the Irawadi river, to the wildest regions of Thibet, for one of its present attractions. Fatmo and Swaun are two tiny representatives of an almost extinct and seldom seen or heard of, pigmy race. Fatma is now nineteen years of age and fifty-two centimeters in height, while Swaun will soon be eighteen and lacks two centimeters of his sister's statue. They are Burmans and claim noble birth.

In spite of their lack of inches, these Indian vaudevillians do credit to the intelligence of their pygmean race. They speak French, German and a little English, in addition to their native tongue; are perfectly formed in every respect and have an act which puts to shame the entertainment efforts of many of their bigger, whiter brothers.

The Orpheum bill in addition includes Odell Williams, who has a clever company to help him in presenting "The Judge" by Cole & De Lasse, clever equilibrists; Frank Latelle and that greatest of all monologists, Ezra Kenvall.

* * *

"Gismonda," one of the strongest of the Sardou plays, with Melbourne MacDowell in the part of Almerle, will be the bill at Morosco's Grand Opera House the coming week. The French critics pronounced "Gismonda" a work of high literary merit, as well as of dramatic power, when Madame Bernhardt first produced the play, and the American critics were unanimous in saying that the play lost none of this dramatic power when translated into English. Sardou is unquestionably a master of technique. Every aspiring dramatist ought to study his methods of construction. Such plays as "Gismonda" and "La Tosca" must be ranked as masterpieces of dramatic literature. The third act of "Gismonda" is without question the greatest act ever written. The scenery is being specially painted by Frederick McGreer and will be just as grand as that of the proceeding productions. The costumes will also be of a sumptuous order.

* * *

Augustus Thomas has completed the new comedy in which Frank McKee will star Peter F. Dailey again next season. Mr. Dailey will play the part of a young society man, a sort of Harry Lehr, who becomes the promoter of a new brand of wine. Mr. McKee will surround Mr. Dailey with a strong company. He has engaged Christie McDonald, who recently became Mrs. William Winter Jefferson, as leading woman; George Beane, the character actor, who played Ben Gay more than one thousand times in "A Trip to Chinatown;" Helen Reimer, a noted player of eccentric character old women, and Ada Lewis, who made a reputation as the original tough girl. Miss Lewis will play a matinee girl, a character written on lines new to the stage.

* * *

Nellie McHenry's great comedy success, the "A Night at the Circus" is to be revived at the Central Theatre during next week. Miss Georgie Cooper appears in the leading role as the "Queen of the Arena." For this occasion the Central Theatre stock company has been reinforced by the addition of a bright galaxy of fun-making stars, among whom may be mentioned Chas. W. Cogill, Geo. Webster, Frank Readick, Mason Mitchell, Ernest Howell, Georgie Woodthorpe and several others, besides a corps of specialty artists and three juvenile marvels.

* * *

The statistician of "Ben Hur" states that this attraction has been played in but four theatres in three cities since its production at the Broadway in New York two years ago; that it has been presented sixty-one weeks, or 497 times; that its average receipts were over $15,000 each week, and that its gross receipts were over $15,000 each week, and that its gross receipts were in excess of $915,000. "Ben Hur" holds the record for the largest attendance and receipts at the prices in the history of either the European or American stage.

* * *

Mrs. Maesmore Morris, one of the most beautiful women on the London stage, is soon to marry Anthony Hope Hawkins, the well known novelist. At least this is the report brought by the cables from London. Mrs. Morris is a widow who became an actress after her husband's death. It was while playing as Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda" that Mr, Hawkins met Mrs. Morris, and fell in love with the presentment of his own heroine.

* * *

The two runs made by "San Toy" at Daly's Theatre, New York, the past season, represent the most successful engagements played at that house by a musical comedy. This statement does not except Mr. Daly's big production of "The Runaway Girl." Samuel Collins made a personal hit in the character of "Li," which he will continue to play next season. The coming tour of "San Toy" will embrace all the principal cities.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT. Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

Next Week.

Grand Opera House Melbourne McDowell in Sardou's "Gismonda." Costumes sumptuous, and the play is well presented and worth seeing.

Central "A Night at the Circus." Georgie Cooper should make a hit in this revival of an old but rattling clever farce comedy.

Columbia Continuation of this week's bill. Henry Miller—good.

California Theatre closes tonight for the summer. Will reopen on July 29th by James Neill and company who play a seven weeks' engagement.

Orpheum Variety. Program exceptionally attractive. Ezra Kenall, Odell Williams and company presenting "The Judge," Fatma and Swaun, Thibetian midgets and other features.

Tivoli "Toy Maker." Bright and sparkling. Music good. Hartman, in title role is brimful and bubbling over with fun.

Alcazar "Countess Valeska." Florence Roberts in title role, supported by While Whittsey. Successful in the east when it was played by Julia Marlowe.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD,(N. Y.C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

ADAMS' RELIEF TABLETS.

Women Need the famous old DR. ADAMS' TABLETS prescribed for his life-long female patients. An efficient, trustworthy, agreeable home remedy for suffering caused by unnatural occurrence, suppression or irregularity of menstruation. Regularity restored. Send stamp and $1.00.
ADAMS' RELIEF TABLET CO.
145 La Salle St., Chicago.

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY
Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT **204-208 Sansome St., S.F.**
VOSS, Conard & Co.,
General Agents.

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM
For a Perfect Complexion
Made from the pure fruit juice at
Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents
GREENBAUM'S,
200 Post Street, orner Grant Ave.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Gives
Good Digestion.

If your dinner distresses you, half a teaspoonful in half a glass of water will give quick relief. Makes digestion natural and easy.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

"California Club" . . .
[BOURBON WHISKEY]
OAK VALLEY DISTILLING COMPANY

BRAUNSCHWEIGER & CO.,
5 and 7 Drumm St., S. F. Cal.

FREE ELECTRIC BELT OFFER

WITH TEN DAY'S FREE WEARING TRIAL in your own home, we furnish the genuine and only HEIDELBERG ALTERNATING CURRENT ELECTRIC BELTS to any reader of this paper. No money in advance; very low cost; positive guarantee. COSTS ALMOST NOTHING compared with most all other treatments. Cures when all other electric belts, appliances and remedies fail. QUICK CURE for more than 50 ailments. ONLY SURE CURE for all nervous diseases, weaknesses and disorders. For complete sealed confidential catalogue, cut this ad out and mail to us.
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

MUSICAL NOTES.

June is not for cities, nor for urban music made by man. It is the rest-cure month when the jaded concert fiend takes his ultra-cultured sensitiveness for an outing to either the diapason bass of the seaside, or the string trios of the mountain pines. And the unhappy vocal and instrumental slaves of the dear public snatch a week's mouthful of sunshine and green ere they dash back to make safe the moorings of the fickle public. The straggling few concerts of the musical season are given to the sparse few tail-enders of the social season. In fine, June is a dull month; musically.

Still, even in our San Francisco, a dull month is far from being what that once meant. With infinite slowness to be sure, but none the less surely, this Midway Plaisance town of ours, as Frank Norris not inaptly dubbs it, is making an enviable name for itself as a "good show town" for things musical. As an artist-producing centre it has no rival anywhere; and speaking of that, reminds me that the "London Times," that arbiter of the destinies of fame-seekers, said recently that "Neely" O'Sullivan, our brainy San Francisco baritone, is "one of the illustrious singers of the world." The very highest commendation possible, and absolutely warranted in the premises. He is the biggest singing artist I ever heard; Mr. Henshel and Mr. Bispham not excepted. Apropos of artists: was there ever such a dumping ground for the erstwhile glories of opera and concert as San Francisco? The woods are full of them. Pick up any paper containing a column of musicians' advertisements . . . . Signor Blank, late of the Royal so and so; Madame Flourish, late of the Imperial thus and so; Mademoselle Encore, late of private court of His Supreme Altessen, the Duke of so forth and so on. They are all late; but none too late to praise Apollo by day, and high heaven by night for the plenteous plunks of our Golden West. And if one should ask, "Well, why shouldn't they?", well, ... and there you are again, you see. But there is one born every minute. This question of the pupil and teacher is a problem that parents and students alike find themselves unable to grapple with, with any degree of success. There are few if any absolute rules laid down in the matter of approximating the relative worth or unworth of musical educators. It is a grab-bag with much cheap jewelry in it, and the only way out of the woods is to exercise what most of us are fortunately endowed with: good American hard sense. Use more of that, and you will have a smaller cabinet of gold-bricks.

A number of really nice concerts have come off lately. The Loring Club's last affair was more than usually effective. This club is really an honor to the city. It presents excellent music excellently well under the steadfastly suave direction of its capable leader; and, by some marvellous chance, is financially sound. At least, one never hears of benefits for it, or is asked to kindly fill out the enclosed form with amount of subscription and oblige. The members, among which are some of the best singers here, give their time and enthusiasm for the pure love of music for its own sake, and their reward they find in the gratification depicted upon the faces of their admiring friends, as the village paper says. Some of those village paper "notices" of concerts are marvellous and splendid things, and bear a uniformity of resemblance that would be wearing if they were not so funny. If you have never seen one write, and ask your country cousins to send you one in the name of humor. Properly disseminated they would be a lasting addition to the gayety of nations. Of course, I mean some village papers—not all, by any means. There is an amount of taste and discrimination found in some interior towns and newspapers that would cause the most judicial of our local cognoscente to hang their diminished heads for a time. The class of country residents who go to concerts are the moneyed (and consequently?) cultured class who know what they are hearing, and know what it is worth after they have heard it. Ukiah is a place in point. Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy has constituted himself the musical caterer for that place and has taken on different occasions our best "talent" there. One such aggregation under his direction has recently returned and report the most satisfying success.

Current local happenings in the little world of tone are not numerous. There was an English ballad concert a few days since, there was a mixed concert at the Alhambra a few days ago, July eighth to be accurate. This was be marked by the return to her native city of Mme. Doria, a soprano, who has been singing in Europe for the past five years. She is said to have a range of three octaves. Her voice is big and resonant and its effectiveness is materially increased by a most thorough schooling. Speaking of schooling, Mr. Pasmore has, I hear, resigned from the musical direction of Mills' College, and there is a strong rumor that the place may be filled by Mme. Julie Rosewald who is about to return to the city after a long absence. This city will certainly be the gainer, for Mme. Rosewald is not only an artist to her finger tips, but also one of the finest teachers we have ever had. She very thoroughly knows her business, detractors to the contrary.

At the Tivoli, the "Toy Maker" appears to have made a hit of engaging dimension. As an opera it is not all that could be wished for. The book is clever, but the music is anything but that. It does not sparkle so that you would notice it; in fact, the reverse is the case; it would best be described as harmless. The Tivoli's people do it more than well, however. The chorus and orchestra are very fine indeed. The soloists are good, notably Joseph Fogarty, who has improved his opportunity and made a big impression in both acting and singing, and Arthur Cunningham, the best light-opera baritone the Tivoli has had. He has a remarkably fine voice. Annie Myers is that rare thing, a soubrette who can sing and does it. There is a furtive whisper afoot that the Tivoli is to have Schumann-Heinck for its grand opera season. God send it. She is the biggest figure in the vocal world to-day. In the Grau season at the Grand Opera House, she stood head and shoulders over the greatest. In Lohengrin she was nothing short of terrible in the blood-black majesty of her part. No one who saw and heard her there, will ever forget it. She was a white-hot flame branding every memory. And Grau is coming again in November, and he is to bring a bigger company and in it is to be Calve, and there will be another feast for the Wooly West. That is the least of the hard names they call us, but what a passion they have for our dollars. Never mind, if we get so good a season as was given us in February, they can call us anything they like.

S. HOMER HENLEY.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The original Swain's Bakery 213 Sutter St. stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

BANK of California

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....$2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits, April 1, 1900,$3,611.096.80

. . . OFFCERS . . .

William Alvord, President, Charles R. Bishop, Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Assistant Cashier; Sam H. Daniels, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary

CORRESPONDEN S

New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, First National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres: Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies; Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,263,799.17
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Deposits, December 31, 1901.....29,589,864.13

OFFICERS

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President..H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier..... Wm. Hermann
Secretary..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary .....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd,

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, Jua. 1, 1900	$27,881,798
Reserve Fund	223,451
Paid Up Capital	1,000,000
Contingent Fund	464,847

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de reFmery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White, Cashier: R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money. No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock

Dorothea, Philanthropist.

I had conceived a huge joke wherewith to amuse Dorothea, so I entered briskly, unannounced, without greeting. From the depths of my ulster pocket I produced in a most business-like way a small alarm clock, which I placed on the table. Then I took off my coat and flung it over a chair. Dorothea remained silent, a curled-up fluff of white on the hearth rug. I judged she was paralyzed with astonished.

"I have made five calls this evening," I remarked, importantly, "all through the efficient aid of that alarm clock. Before going into a place I set it for ten minutes ahead. When it goes off, I sit calm and unmoved until the last stroke of the bell. Then I get up and go. It worked all right except once, when I struck a house where they had an alarm bell that went off when the furnace was about to explode. There was a bit of excitement there."

And then I stopped, bewildered, for I had come entirely to the end of my joke some ten minutes ahead of schedule time. Casting about for the reason, I discovered it in the lack of Dorothea's interruptions. Then I looked at Dorothea.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, solicitously.

The doleful little figure stirred.

"I've made a fool of myself," it said, mournfully.

"Have any help from anyone?" I asked.

Not a gleam of indignation. I grew alarmed at last.

"Tell me about it," I begged, with real sympathy.

Dorothea pulled single hairs from the rug and cast them on the fire. After a bit it became evident why the ancients sacrificed in the open air. Dorothea elevated her small nose and sat on her feet in the big armchair.

"I've been good to someone," said she at last.

"And the shock of an unwonted action has disturbed you?" I suggested.

"Out of pure kindness of heart," went on Dorothea, unmoved.

"Tell me about it," I cried, with new enthusiasm.

"You know Teddy Davis?"

"Yes."

"Well then, you know how young he is—a mere child."

"Six months older than you."

Dorothea would not even counter.

"And he has been coming to me for advice. He is so young, and he hadn't the first idea of what girls like, and he was so much in love with that little Reynolds thing, and he is such a nice boy. Dont't you see?"

"Quite said I, gravely.

"He used to get into frightful scrapes with her, and I'd tell him how to get out of them."

"Having had more experience," said I—merely by way of comment.

"He was awfully grateful for it, and he was so nice about it that after a while I began to tell him a little of what to say when he wasn't in a scrape. You see, I, being a girl, could know better what girls like."

"Sort of Cyrano and Christian," I interpolated; "the 'I-your-soul, you-my-beauty' act, eh?"

"That's it. Only after a while I got too interested in just saying things. I didn't think whether girls would like them or not—just whether they were bright or not. That's where I lost."

"Penalty of being clever," I remarked, sententiously.

„Then I am clever?" snapped in Dorothea, eagerly.

"In this world the punishment does not always fit the crime. The remark was general," said I.

Dorothea sank back.

"The things I told him were good, anyway," she continued, after a moment. "For instance, 'Now,' said I, 'when she accuses you of jollying, you must say, 'Ah, but you jolly with your eyes!' When she accuses you of being a mere boy, you must say, 'I have only lived since meeting you.' When she accuses you of being cruel, you must say, 'How could I be aught but heartless after seeing you?' When she comes into the room some time, you must be slangy and say, 'Sit down and make yourself homely;' and then when she looks doubtful, you must add, 'for heaven has not done it for you.' And——"

I broke in at this point with great indignation.

"Dorothea," said I, severely "of all the sentimental, cheap-novel silliness, that is the worst!"

"Do you think so?" she asked, anxiovsly. "But anyway," she went on, somewhat comforted, "I told him what to say when she informed him that if she let him do that he would have no respect for her."

"What is it, Dorothea, what is it?" I cried, thoroughly aroused.

"Don't you wish you knew!" said Dorothea, provokingly. The joy of recital, than which Dorothea knows none greater, was bringing back her good humor.

"Then came the Barclay dance. I had told Ted lots of new things to say, and I felt interested, so when I saw them go into the conservatory I slipped in after them and hid. I knew all about it, anyway," said Dorothea, deprecatinfly, "and I just wanted to see how it worked. Ted was always so vague."

"I mind me," quoth I, in a musing tone, "of an ancient proverb or wise saw concerning eavesdroppers and what they hear."

"Don't be horrid!" her voice became tearful again. "What do you suppose? The first thing I heard was that little Reynolds thing asking, 'Well, Ted dear, what did she spring on you this time?'—slangy little cat! and then Ted told her everything I had told him, and they just had fits over it."

Dorothea was getting very doleful again. She looked on my augmenting symptoms.

"If you laugh," she asserted, solemnly, "I shall scream!"

But she did not scream. She merely hit me an indefinite number of times with a sofa pillow.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

MUUUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

33 POST STREET

Below Kearny Mechanics' Institute Building

Guaranteed Capital $1,000,000
Paid Up Capital..... 300,000

James D. Phelan, President; S. G. Murphy, Vice Pres.; John A. Hooper, Vice-Pres. George A. Story, Cashier; C. B. Hobson, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:—James D. Phelan, S. G. Murphy, John A. Hooper, James Moffitt, Frank J. Sullivan, Robert McElroy, Chas. S. Neal, James McDonald.

Interest paid on deposits.

Loans on approved securities. Deposits may be sent by Postal Order, Wells, Fargo & Co. or Exchange on City Banks.

When opening accounts, send signature.

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits..... $20.00
Pants..... 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM

THE TAILOR

SAMPLES SENT FREE

1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks. Mfg'd by Mount Vernon Co., Baltimore.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

EIGHT

EASTERN CITIES INVITE YOU

and the

Southern Pacific

offers those low round trip rates:

ON SALE	ROUND TRIP
June 30-July 1.....Cincinnati,	$76.50
July 1-2.....Detroit,	82.25
July 3-4.....Chicago,	72.50
July 3-4 / August 22-23 / September 5-6 .....Buffalo,	87.00
July 8-9.....Colorado Springs,	55.00
July 17-18.....Milwaukee,	74.50
August 20-21.....Louisville,	77.50
September 5-6.....Cleveland,	82.50

These rates apply from California main-line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of routes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions—

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

MONDAY

AND

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

THURSDAY

THE

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

CALIFORNIA LIMITED

ON

Its high Standard of fervice is fklly maintained

SANTA FE

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S.S. Sonoma for **Honolulu Samoa, Auckland,** and **Sydney**, Thursday June 20, 10 a.m.

S. S. Australia, for **Tahiti**, Wed. June 26, 1a a.m.

S.S. Zealandia for **HONOLULU only**, Saturday, June 20, 2. p. m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 643 MARKET STREET.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law.—Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office, Room 94 Chronicle bldg.

Recent Verse.

A REVERY.

When is it that I lose my eyes
And sadly, madly hate to rise?
Monday.

And when is it I'd rather shirk
Than buckle down and get to work?
Tuesday.

When is it that at labor's claims
I hurl the most emphatic names?
Wednesday

When is it, when the toilers creep,
I long to lie abed and sleep?
Thursday.

When is it that it gives me pain
To think of burning up my brain?
Friday

When is the day I say: "No doubt,
I'll simply have to scramble out"?
Saturday.

And when's the day, of all the best,
I vow to stay at home and rest?
Sunday.

When is it, by stern custom nit,
That I must needs git up and git?
Monday,
Tuesday,
Wednesday,
Thursday,
Friday,
Saturday,
Sunday.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE "KNOCKER."

Who, when the freckled schoolboy rises
Above the rest and gets the prizes,
Says: "Huh, It's all a fixed affair
It was his pull that got him there"?
The knocker.

Who is it, when the man succeeds
In winning her he loves, proceeds
So say: "What fools girls are that they
Will throw themselves away that way"?
The knocker.

Who, while the young man tries and tries
To reach the place where honor lies,
Is always on the watch to jump
Out and administer a bump?
The knocker.

Who, when a man succeeds in gaining
The end for which he's long been straining,
Says: "Oh, it's easy to advance
When any one has such a chance"?—
The knocker.

Who when, at last, the man that won
Lies down to sleep, his work well done,
Comes forward, looking sad to say:
"By worth and pluck he won his way"?—
The knocker.

Chicago Record—Herald

If you'd dwell
With Love, content,
Never let him
Pay the rent.
Never let his
Royal Grace
See a hill
Collector's face.
Love endures
Great human ills,
But he will not
Pay the bills!

Atlanta Constitution.

"Knox" Spring Styles now open
"KORN" the Hatter, 726 Market Street

The International Races.

The CONSTITUTION has been tried, and has not been found wanting. Therefore she is well named. Likewise does she encourage the hope that the treasured bit of silver, homely in design but in possession beautiful, will remain where it is, and will not have to be packed up and shipped over seas again. Nevertheless, it behooveth us not to be two well satisfied with ourselves. We may not lay the comfortable unction to our souls that because the Shamrock, of honored ancestry, has not as yet proven herself superior to the goodly craft that struggled without avail twenty months ago to win the America's cup, we are therefore merely to await the hour of triumph complacently. There is as yet no telling about this Shamrock II. She is mutinous, and her luck seems a trifle bad; but the precocious child is not always able at first to get the better of her clever mother, and just because in the preliminary hours the new has not successfully shown her heels to the old by no means proves that when the emergent moment arrives she will not be equal to the occasion. There may yet be surprises in store. Our own baby has done well; has minded her nurses; takes to the water like a duck; tacks in twelve seconds, and does other othings in six. The English youngster appears to have ideas of her own, and insist upon wabbling her mast, and is not quite ready to take orders, and refuses to digest her canvas—yet there is a whole summer of spanking and "tuning up" ahead of her that may result in an ultimate which as yet we wot not of.

It is too early to be either jubilant or confident, but we may assure ourselves that the outlook is more than hopeful, and that whether we win or lose in September, nothing has been left undone to maintain American supremacy on the seas of international sport.—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE Tel. Main 199

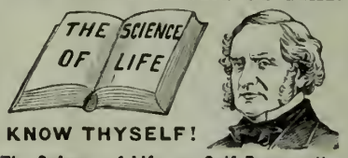
DEALERS IN Paper

55, 57, 59, 61 First Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m. June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter. Change at Seattle for this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N. Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. June 2, 7, 11, 16, 21, 26, July 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles) Steamer Queen, Wednesdays 9 a.m. steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a.m.

For Santa Cruz, Monteyey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbarba, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro (Los Angeles) and Newport—Steamea Corona, Fridays, 9 a. m. steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Sose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE 4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Th n Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Person l y Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Fran cisco every Wednesday and Friday at 6 P. M.

Tickets to and fromall points in Europe by all Asiatic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No 1 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"A Daughter of New France."—Mary Catherine Crowley has written a very readable novel in "A Daughter of New France, with Some Account of the Gallant Sieur Cadillac and His Colony on the Detroit." The author has evidently been at considerable pains to represent the life of the latter part of the seventeenth century as it actually was, and she introduces to the reader many historic figures. The interest in the novel is enchanced because the flavor is really an Old World flavor—a day of gallantry and high thoughts, but, perhaps, performance was not so high as the resolves.

This brilliant story opens up a new field in American historical romance. A portion of the novel has Quebec in the time of Count Frontenac for its scene, but the greater part of it deals with the early days of the French settlement of Detroit. From the treasure-houses of French-Canadian history the author has drawn the material for the narrative which sketches the society of the city of Champlain at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, and which pictures the brilliant Gascon chevalier who laid the foundations of our American city of Detroit, with his company of sturdy voyageurs, coureurs de bois, sons of proud seigneurs, and the women who loved them and shared their fortunes.

* * *

"Travail: Labor: A Novel," by Emile Zola, is a story dealing with the labor question in France. It opens with an unsuccessful labor strike in a large iron foundry, followed by scenes of destitution and misery, and ends in a suggestion of general labor reform through the establishment of a great co-operative manufacturing enterprise with results satisfactory to both capital and labor. This is accomplished through the efforts of the hero of the story—an intelligent and conscientious young reformer in the ranks of toil who dies happy in the thought that he has assisted in solving the problem of labor. The most of the characters are ignorant depraved and unreasoning, and make no appeal to the sympathies of the reader. An unchaste love affair, winds its way through the story, the prevailing atmosphere of which is morally noisome.

* * *

Benningnon de Lancy, living amid the formalism of wealth and society, longs for air. He has ambitions and wishes to be as the eagle; though immature, he has more than mediocre qualities. In the west he decides he will have the opportunity for reflection and composure, as well as to read, write, create, and instill his ideas with the living fire of reality. His thought is not so serious as this might imply, but is conceived in the spirit, which sees everything immersed in the colors of the rainbow, and breathes only perfumed air. Obtaining a position as treasurer of a defunct mining claim, he settles down in the log cabin of the miner and starts to work. His labor is of short duration, for one morning he meets a being in pink, who shakes before his eyes the veil of dreams, shot with prismatic visions. Of these visions Stewart Edward White chatters daintily and lightly, weaving all things on a thread of sunbeam. A current of adventure veins the story and pegs the characters to a strenuous as well as ambrosial life. For hours of fancy and untrammeled imagination the book is eminently suitable. ("The Claim Jumpers." Paper, 50 cents. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

* * *

"War's Brighter Side" is composed of selected parts of the "Friend," a new paper edited by the correspondents accompanying Lord Robert's forces to Pretoria, in the spring of 1900. Julian Ralph is the editor of the volume, which also contains contributions from A. Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, Bennet Burleigh, and other well-known correspondents. The volume contains some very good things, the best of the good things being poems contributed by the non-professional writers—this is the fact that strikes the reader at once—but most of the contents might have been left to die in the "Friend" without loss to the world of letters or history. (Cloth, pp. 471, $1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)

* * *

The Dilyneator "Comes to hand" for this month in three colors—several dozen plates, and with pictures and patterns galore. This number will do the heart of any woman good to peruse. No family should be without it.

* * *

The "Love Poems of Tennyson" published by John Lane is a good book—to give away. It is inexpensively and attractively bound. It is not intended to be read. For birthday, wedding anniversaries and such.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY CAL

THIS CHARMING RESORT

is wholly distinct and unique: There is no basis of comparison by which its attractions can be measured. None other in the world has such a climate; none is planned on such a vast and elaborate scale, none so absolutely exempt from every annoyance and inconvenience, nor so easily within the reach of those whose refinement of taste enables them to appreciate its charms.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

transplanted to the shores of the "Western Sea."

There is but one Hotel del Monte.

Send for Souvenirs and other information to

W. A. JUNKER, Manager,

Monterey, California

Borrowed Plums.

Brobson—I hear that you have broken off with Miss Brooks. Weren't your relations pleasant?

Craik—Oh, yes, to be sure; it was hers that did the kicking.

* * *

People who own oil stock are apt to gush about it.

The people who sing their own praises don't indulge in duets.

A man's conscience often depends upon the condition of his liver.

* * *

This is the way an Oklahoma county postmaster addressed the postoffice department recently:

"Sur I wish to notify you that on next Wednesday this office will be shet as I am gone deer hunt. You kin fire me if you see fit, but I'll give you a pinter that I'm the only man in the nayborhood that kin rede and rite."

* * *

As they reached the corner he turned and whistled and then called, "Here, Collar Button!" As the puny little terrier came skurrying up, his companion said: "Why on earth do you call your dog that?"

"Why," replied the proud but worried owner, "just because he gets lost so easily."

* * *

THE RURAL HUMORIST.

"Your Aunt Almira tips the beam at less than a hundred pounds, don't she?" inquired Farmer Stackpole.

"Yes. It's—"

Honest Farmer Dunk blatted joyously in appreciation of the only joke he had perpetrated since the previous autumn.

" little weigh she has."

* * *

USUALLY THE CASE.

Askington. "Who was your friend whom I saw you walking with this afternoon?"

Teller. "Hoh! He wasn't a friend; that was my brother-in-law."

* * *

"Do you get dizzy?"
"Is your mind dull?"
"Is your memory poor?"
"Are you easily dazed?"
"Are you limbs numb?"
"Do you have headache?"
"Are you easily excited?"
"Do your temples throb?"
"Do your hands tremble?"
"Does your heart flutter?"
"Are you easily irritated?"
"Is your brain fagged out?"
"Suffer from sleeplessness?"
"Are you easily frightened?"
"Does not sleep refresh you?"
"Does conversation bore you?"
"Do you forget what you read?"
"Do you have horrible dreams?"
"Do you start up in your sleep?"
"Does the least thing annoy you?"
"Do you have pain on top of head?"
"Do you have pains in back?"
"Do you have tired feeling?"
"Is there a rush of blood to head?"
"Does a lump come up in throat?"
"Have you wandering pains over body?"

If so read the WAVE!

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market, Hayes, Larkin and Ninth Sts.

Ameriean and Eurapean Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramont St.

BAJA CALIFORNIA
Damiana Bitters "Damiana" is a powerful aphrodisiac and special tonic for the sexual and urinary organs of both sexes, and a great remedy for diseases of the kidneys and bladder. For weak nerves these bitters are invaluable. "Damiana" Bitters are known on their merits.

Naber, Alfs & Brune, Agents,
Send for Circular. 323-325 MARKET ST. S. F. CAL

Famous for its Purity
SEATTLE, U. S. A.

Repsold Select Vintage Wines

FOR YOUR HOME DINNER

REPSOLD REGISTERED BRAND SELECT VINTAGE

This brand of Wine is served at all first-class clubs, hotels and restaurants

Office, A. Repsold & Co. 416 Pine St.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

SHOES Made for Native Daughters by Native Sons . .

Ask Your Dealer for the
SIEBE SHOES

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
308-312 Post Street

SOHMER PIANO AGENCY SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

HAVE YOU A PIANO THAT YOU DO NOT USE?

Is the piano in your home a musical instrument, and do you enjoy it as such, or does it remain unused for months at a time and become practically nothing more than an article of furniture.

The Pianola

Is Bringing into use thousands of pianos that have been silent for many years.

It is bringing music into homes where it has long been a stranger.

It is making players of people who, lacking musical training, had never expected to experience the pleasure of producing music for themselves.

It is increasing the repertoire of amateur and professional pianists by making the entire literature of the piano instantly available without study and without practice.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It has small felt-covered fingers that rest on the keys of the piano and, operated by pneumatic power, strike the keys with a pliant, yielding and remarkably sympathetic touch that is almost identical with that of the human fingers.

When not in use the Pianola may be easily detached from the piano and moved to another part of the room.

The Pianola can be used in connection with any Grand or Upright piano, and does not in any way mar or disfigure the instrument. It can be easily and quickly adjusted by any one.

The action of the Pianola is so simple that even a child can readily learn to play it; at the same time it is capable of so much expression that its greatest admirers are those who best understand and appreciate good music.

Price $250 Upward.

The Pianola can be bought by monthly payments. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers.

Kohler & Chase, Sole Agents.
26, 28 and 30 O'FARRELL STREET.

to be taken from the Lib...
STATE

THE WAVE

Vol. 23. No. 4. SATURDAY JUNE 22, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

F. A. HEALY, Editor M. KOLLMANN, Business Manager

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—June 22, 1901.

Hurray for Us.

San Francisco has received her first big dividend from good government in the form of the new tax levy or budget as it is now called. Under this the total tax for state and municipal purposes will be about 1.67. And this includes a liberal allowance for public improvements. Large sums for modern street work for school house construction and repair, and for increased and bettered health and hospital service. Besides this, from surplus funds remaining over from last year's affairs, there is enough money to pay the indebtedness left as a legacy to the city from the corruption and stupidity of the past. Over three hundred thousand dollars. Besides the efficiency of no department of government has been diminished, in fact, it has been increased. These facts are an eloquent answer to the sneers at the new charter and the reform charter government that came into being with it, which have been so freely indulged in by not wholly disinterested critics. The charter, although nominally in operation for nearly eighteen months, has actually been in full control for less than a year as the first tax levy under it was made not quite a year since.

This exhibit one for good government is something stimulating to local pride and patriotism; and demonstrates that reform issues are not all theories. This is practice. No city in the United States can make as good a showing, and now let us stop scolding and whining for a few minutes, and unite in giving three cheers for San Francisco, the best governed city in America. Does any thinking person under estimate the value of clean and effective local administration as an advertisement to the world? Most men recognize that when money that was formerly squandered or stolen is now used to make a smooth street out of a rough one, or to make of a naked and dreary public square a beautiful flower garden, something has been done for the citizens. Not so many, however, appreciate how fast and far a city's good reputation will travel. The development of municipal government is a study occupying the world over. The vast increase of urban population in the latter part of the nineteenth century, which shows no indication of changing, has made city government one of the greatest problems of the age. When any people, therefore, develops a successful system of local self government, it speedily becomes known to the civilized world and the respect of mankind for that community is an invaluable asset in its progress.

Concerning Harry Lehr.

The marriage of Harry Lehr in New York the other day presents a striking instance of what can be accomplished, both socially and financially, these days by unblushing audacity, reinforced by tact, impudence and impertinence.

Drifting into New York absolutely penniless, this young man, by the careful use of the abovementioned qualities, has succeeded in allying himself by marriage to one of the leading beauties and greatest fortunes in the United States.

Possessed of no particular genius, save the genius of the successful sychophant, absolutely lacking the attributes of manhood, all of his traits those of the effeminate degenerate, he at first became the tame poodle of the great dames of our aristocratic metropolis. Stamped with the approval of these mighty ladies, which approval he was careful to preserve by a series of childish tricks entitled "daring" such as playing with huge rag dolls and wading in his stocking feet in fountains as shallow as himself he worked steadily upward in the social scale until at last he has reached a place where he may lead instead of follow.

This rise of Lehr is about as severe a commentary on American society as one could well find. It shows the frivolity and superficiality of the smart set on this side of the water as nothing else possibly could.

Had Lehr been a man of genius, a writer, poet, composer, sculptor; had he been none of these, but simply a good, wholesome, clean cut, honest specimen of American manhood, he would have gone to New York and have starved to death before he would have received any of that assistance which has been so lavishly bestowed upon him.

In fact, had Lehr been anything else but just the sort of a puppy that would stand for such interviews as have from time to time appeared in the yellow press with his authorization, his career would have been one of complete failure.

In no other country in the world would a Lehr have been possible. Europe has her social atrocities as well as America, but to be successful they must have brains and manners, both of which qualities were completely lacking in the New York man.

Under some circumstances sympathy might be extended to the bride. It was she and her kind, however, that made Lehr possible. She knew him thoroughly before she undertook his support. On any woman, who, knowing Lehr, yet promised to love, honor and obey him, anything in the nature of sympathy would be worse than wasted.

Strikes and Strikers.

The butchers' strike has failed and the machinists' seems destined to follow it. The reason is plain. In neither does there exist a real abuse to correct. A Berkeley professor, in an "Examiner" article last week, hit the nail on the head when he said the strike was caused by the organizers who had to do something to prove that the organizations were of some use to the members. It is unfortunate that in labor organizations those men gain control who are the loudest talkers and the most vociferous braggarts—for example, the San Francisco Building Trades. These men come quickly to the front in prosperous times when there is little to be done but talk, and it such men as these who, by reckless measures, precipitate causeless labor conflicts.

It is noticeable at the present time, when it is a confessed fact that the strike here is not popular with the strikers.

The mischief that irresponsible organizers can do, both to the workingmen and their employers, is well shown by the experiences of the National Cash Register Company as recounted in "Harper's Weekly." It appears that Mr. Patterson, the president of the company, has had two purposes in life, both of which he labored hard to realize. He wanted to manufacture cash registers at a profit, and to make his employees healthy, happy and prosperous. He worked up an ideal establishment, where everybody seemed to get satisfactory wages, and where the health and comfort of the employees received lavish and intelligent attention. Dayton, his factory town, came to be a sort of labor Utopia, which investigators from Europe and elsewhere camo to see, and saw, and went away amazed. All the same, a good many of Mr. Patterson's hands joined a labor union, so as to be on the safe side. The first outrage the union chiefs discovered was that the towels provided (gratis) in the elaborate wash-rooms of the factory were washed by impecunious old women instead of being sent to a union laundry. They put a stop to that at once, and the company submissively ceased to provide clean towels for the use of the work people. The next discovery was that the automatic springs in the self-closing doors of the factory had been made by non-union labor. The springs were denounced. The company conferred and submitted. The springs were removed and thrown away, and the doors ceased to be self-closing. Then followed a series of minute grievances about pay and employment, none of them of consequence, except as they increesed the difficulty of running the factory. The company met them patiently and did its best to satisfy the union chiefs. Two drunken workmen were discharged. The union objected. The company would not reinstate them, but for three months it paid them full wages for doing nothing. The company's foundry became a union foundry. Skilled foundrymen had made from five to eight dollars per day. The union ordered that no man should earn no more than $4.50 a day, but that more men should be employed. Work got slack in ihe foundry in January and three men were laid off. There was trouble. Two more were laid off in March for lack of work, and one in April for other reasons. One got work elsewhere. The union demanded that the other five should be reinstated. The company refused on the ground that there was no work for them to do. On April 29th the members quit work. A few days later the polishers' committee demanded the reinstatement of the five moulders, which being refused, the polishers quit work. Then the whole factory had to shut down, and 2,300 people were thrown out of employment. Since then a number of other Dayton factories have shut down, one after another; the unions are having things all their own way, and thousands of men are out of work.

This, of course, is an exaggerated case. But

it bears some points of resemblance to the local situation. It seems a pity that after years and years of hard times, with work hard to get and wages with many merely occasional, now when work is abundant and business is prosperous it should be all upset—without sufficient good cause. It is hard on the employer, but he does not go hungry. The one who suffers is the workman, and he suffers for his own fault—his bad judgment in the choice of leaders.

The N. G. Encampment.

Every year several thousand national guardsmen congregate at Santa Cruz and go into camp for a couple of weeks or so. For their transportation, etc., the state is put to considerable expense. This expense the tax-paying citizen cheerfully bears, for he cherishes a fond delusion that somehow or other this yearly encampment is very necessary to the education of the civilian soldier and that somewhere, sometime, somehow he will be amply repaid in protection of person and property for what he has advanced toward defraying the expenses of a martial education.

This is all bosh. Looking at the annual encampment from the standpoint of an outing it is an excellent thing; as a picnic it is by far the biggest affair in the year. Viewed from the standpoint of its utility, taken as part of a system of military education it is farcical.

The fault lies not in the theory but in its practice. The intimacy between the men and their officers precludes anything that even approaches discipline, and as for instruction, there are not enough clear heads in the entire camp on the average morning to deploy a corporal's guard.

The efficacy of these annual encampments was amply demonstrated during the campaign in the Philippines. Men there were in command who had been attending them for years, and who, when it came to putting their acquired knowledge into practice were as badly off as the rawest recruit who ever shouldered a gun. In fact, in actual campaigning, the newly-enlisted men were better than the old members of the guard. They realized their ignorance and looked upon the matter as a serious problem to be seriously solved. The veteran of a dozen Santa Cruz camps, on the other hand, brought with him into actual service the lazy, shiftless, devil-may-care habit contracted at the annual seaside picnic at home, nor did months of regular army life serve to divest him of that feeling of irresponsibility or to inculcate in him a discipline which had been ruined by these same periodical jombarees which are popularly supposed to do so much good.

The daily papers speak with deep feeling on the inconvenience suffered by our national guardsmen in being compelled to stand for an hour in the sun before being given the order to march. This was indeed a hardship, particularly for men training (?) for the horrors of war.

A physician in the East now comes to the front as an advocate of plenty of sleep and late rising as helps to longevity. This is the first time in many days that the worm's side of the early bird question has received a supporter from one of the profession.

Too Many Divorce Laws

The case of Earl Russell, who is now awaiting prosecution in England on the charge of bigamy will, no doubt, he watched with interest by many others in a like position.

If there should be an universal standard for any one thing on the face of this earth that one thing should certainly be the marriage contract. Upon the marriage contract depend nearly all human affairs, and when that becomes insecure and unstable the whole social fabric totters on the edge of chaos.

This matter of having a different divorce law, not only for each country but for nearly every state, not only gives opportunity for the working of much fraud and the infliction of much injustice, but so muddles and unsettles all the affairs of life that after a while no one will be able to speak advisedly concerning his own domestic affairs without first consulting a dozen or more lawyers and it is probable that he will not even then know what to say.

Divorce under some circumstances is undoubtedly a good thing. But, like many good things, it is so abused that the evils arising from its institution for outweigh the benefits conferred.

There should be one universal divorce law applicable to all countries; a law which should allow the child of reasonable intelligence to name his own father within a reasonable number of guesses and to recognize that individual in Scotland as easily as in New York.

Congressional Junketing Parties

THE congressional junketing party is with us and will remain until the twenty-sixth of the month. They will inspect our rivers and harbors between the hours for banqueting, entertaining and, having completed their tour of this state, will proceed north to give our neighbors of Oregon a chance to prove themselves good fellows before the representatives return to their strenuous duties at Washington.

These periodical trips of our national lawmakers are all of them the same, and they all result in about the same amount of good to the section visited. The good, too is very apparent. It is manifest in the increased profits of caterers, wine merchants, livery stable keepers, tug boat companies, hotel proprietors and theatrical managers. The best of it is the money for these profits come from pockets that can easily afford to give up. No hardship is added to the burden of the workingman by these visits.

The men who do the entertaining stand it either because they have some private ax to grind or because their prominence has placed them in a position where they cannot afford to pass out.

In return for this, the congressmen hand out any quantity of hot air, and then return to Washington and give to the community visited just as much as the delegation from that community can force from them, or as the interests of their own constituents may make it expedient for them to concede.

Lieutenant Adel, of San Jose, threw down a Merriman to raise Cain. It would be interesting to know what the Merriman would do if she were Abel.

Foam.

I saw Princess Hatzfeldt at Sacramento. I was the only reporter she would see. At first she was not going to receive me, but I told her I had interviewed Anna Held, Carrie Nation, Jefferies, Kid McCoy, and Mrs. Deeney—not to mention Roosevelt and other lesser celebrities—and she gave in.

When I first entered the presence I was a little startled, but, remembering my own dignity as a special commissioner, I took a brace and asked her how she did?

She replied she did well, but hoped in time to do better.

I then told her that I represented three great dailies and they wanted to know what she had to say?

She replied she had nothing to say, which is entirely exclusive, your representative being the only one admitted to the throne room.

R. FIFFER.

* * *

SPECIAL WIRE TO THE WAVE.

New York, June 22nd. I've just been married. Its fine. My wife and myself are enjoying every minute of our honeymoon. I find it hard, however, to overcome the impulses of my bachelor days. Once in a while the old, wild spirit will break out. As an instance of this, I may tell you a few of my more recent escapades. I went walking yesterday with a cute little red garter on each leg. Oh! You should have witnessed the sensation. Day before that I ate ice cream with a bit of cracker for a spoon. Gracious! what a scene it created, but I did n't care. You know what a devil I am. HARRY LEHR.

* * *

A man by the name of Johnson who has been arrested for stealing horses belonging to physicians offers insanity as his defense. It will be interesting to hear the expert testimony when the case comes to trial. Personally, I think the plan a good one. I have not met the man, but I have seen horses belonging to physicians.

* * *

Is Peter Martin engaged or is he not? Every subscriber to the WAVE is entitled to one guess for each paid up subscription. The lucky winner of this contest will be given a colored chromo of the three boy circumnavigators, a full length Casserly poster—in original colors and remarks—and a cream puff.

* * *

Was ever a woman barbarously Wu'd
Like the diplomat's wife who is here?
She's invited to dinner, and all of her food
Is served with the "push" of a Spear.

* * *

An Oakland paper announces in its head lines thot a man is accused of crime for marrying a woman in Nevada. This is worse than criminal, it is foolish.

* * *

An Answer.

Gavin McNab is worth forty-five thou.
Hearst wants to know where he got it, and how
He earned it, my son, by the sweat of jaw,
In chewing the rag of political lore.

On The Crest.

THE one thing which seems to be of absorbing interest to the belles and beaux of our local swim at present, is the engagement, or non-engagement of Peter Martin to Miss Lillie Oelrichs.

The speculation on this matter even overshadows the coming marriage of Peter's brother out here, and takes precedence of that important affair, both because Peter is the eldest brother and head of the house of Martin, and because Miss Oelrichs is a belle of international fame and belongs to a family beside which the houses of Martin and Scott are of yesterday.

Every morning some one of the dailies has a story on the subject, wired specially and exclusively from New York. These stories, however, are generally of the lady and tiger variety—when you have finished reading them you still have one guess coming.

The last one of these publications stated that Mr. Martin said he thought his marriage was his own business, and he failed to see how it could concern anyone else. As a general proposition Peter is correct. As a local proposition he's altogether wrong. He knows San Francisco well enough to know that from the cradle to the grave a man here is literally and fearfully in the hands of his friends, and from them and their gossip he cannot protect even his most private and sacred affairs, try as best he can.

However, Pete is a first rate fellow, and worthy of the best that's coming. If he is engaged let's let him alone to do his billing and cooing in private; if he is not engaged let us shut our mouths until the formal announcement of his mating gives us the right to offer our congratulations.

Since the foregoing was written, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. M. Oelrichs, the parents of the bride to be, have formally announced the engagement of their daughter to Mr. Martin. The wedding will take place in Newport during the last week of August, and will be the event of the season, even in that headquarters of fashion and wealth.

As both the young people are devout Roman Catholics the ceremony will be performed by a priest of that denomination in one of the Newport churches. After the wedding the young couple will take a short trip to Buffalo, after which they will return to New York, thence across the pond to Ireland, where Peter expects to astonish the natives by an exhibition of his prowess in the hunting-field.

This marriage will put Mr. Martin at the very top rung of the social ladder. Added to his own great personal popularity, will be the prestige of his bride's family which numbers among its connections the most influential people of New York, and which has the entree to the most exclusive houses of Europe—houses, the interiors of which are never viewed by the great mass of our fashionables who make the annual tour abroad.

* * *

SHALL Mrs. Henry T. Oxnard be received by society? Why not? Providing a woman is well mannered, refined, and well read; if she be good as well as beautiful—and Mrs. Oxnard is all of these—she should find no door closed to her when she knocks. The fact that Mrs. Henry Oxnard once occupied a position as a domestic in the family of which she is now a member should not be held against her, for in such a position there is nothing which requires an apology from one who was once so placed. The objection to admitting women who have once filled menial places to a footing of social equality, can only be based on the character of the general run of maids and other servants, who, as a rule, have not the necessary accomplishments and refinement to sustain the position of mistress where they once served as maid.

With Mrs. Oxnard, however, the exception is manifested. Coming of good family, she is both accomplished and refined, and has lost nothing in dignity by earning her living in the family where she is now a welcomed sister.

It is a dollar to a doughnut that if the question ever comes to a test, if, as is very improbable, Mrs. Oxnard is ever forced to face any stronger antagonism that may exist in the little, unkind gossip that is now going the rounds, those who will be found against her will be those who have but to go back one, or at the most two, generations themselves, to find ancestors who could hardly read or write, and who used a knife in place of a fork while sitting in their shirt sleeves at the family table.

* * *

ONE often wonders how so many scandals arise. An instance has just occured which gives an excellent illustration of how a bit at gossip can be worked into something full of scandalous suggestion without one single bit of foundation upon which to start.

Not long ago two young ladies belonging to the very best families and of unquestioned reputations decided to take a trip to Del Monte. One was a widow and she acted as the chaperon. The trip was taken with the full knowledge and consent of the families of both.

Arriving at Del Monte they found a house full of old women who had nothing to do the livelong day but to sit on the porch and gossip about everything and everybody unfortunate enough to come within the malignant range of their vision.

The two young people arrived and proceeded to have a good time and all might have gone well were it not for the fact they are both pretty and attractive. These were faults that the old busybodies could not overlook. They could not pardon the action of two young people coming into their midst and getting all the attention. Consequently the hammers were brougt forth and the lovely two were whacked for further orders. They were simply roasted to a cinder.

Echoes of the gossip were wafted to the city, some of it got into the papers, and now society is whispering about an escapade which in reality was about as much of an escapade as a church candy pull.

* * *

SAN FRANCISCO will soon have society which in its cosmopolitanism will compare with Washington itself. It has barely finished entertaining Mrs. Wu Ting Fang, the wife of the Chinese Ambassador, when it finds itself called upon to receive another little lady from the Orient.

When the Hong Kong Maru arrived the other day she brought among her other passengers Mrs. K. Tyneo, wife of the accomplished Japanese Consul, and her two children.

Mrs. Tyneo is not only a cultured and accomplished lady in her own land but a three year's residence at Hong Kong, while her husband was Japanese Consul at that post, has so familiarized her with English customs that she has become as admirable a hostess in a European drawing room, as she is in the mansions of her father.

* * *

IT seems that there is quite a little romance connected with the engagement of Miss Anna Adelhide Widermann to Alfred Brune, which has just been announced in Oakland.

Young Brune is a son of Dr. A. H. Brune of this city. He is a student of the State University where he has a record as an athlete as well as a scholar. During one of his vacations he made a trip to Honolulu where he met Miss Widermann. Under the tropics love matures radidly and Brune returned to California it was with the understanding that upon his graduation his sweetheart would become his wife.

After their marriage the young couple will probably live on one of Mr. Widermann's plantations on the Islands.

* * *

BURLINGAME is all en fete in preperation for the great event of the season—the Martin-Scott nuptials. As to the young people themselves, they must thank the vigorous constitutions with which they are both blessed for the ability to survive until their wedding day. Everyone seems to be trying to show them some courtesy before they take the final plunge and the result has been a series of dinners, etc., which would put anything less hardy than Californian youth clear out of business.

Following the Greenway and Pope dinners came the elaborate farewell dinner given by Walter, himself, at the Burlingame Club. It is said to have been far and away the swellest of the many swell affairs that have been held under that roof.

Then there was the dinner given by Mrs. Will Taylor in honor of Miss Scott, where everything was in pink, and where there were such a profusion of roses of that color that it was hard to pick the bridesmaids from out the delicate tinting with which their loveliness so well blended.

Following this, came a dinner given by Lawrence Scott, at which he was assisted by his fiancee, Miss Caro Crockett. This dinner, which was also held at the Burlingame Club, was one that for lavishness of good taste exhibited in arrangement and decoration will long go down in social history.

The mornings of the bride to be are filled with the thousand and one complexities attendant on such occasions, while the afternoons are given over to the reception of the hundreds of visitors who are continually dropping in to get the really latest news, and to catch, if possible, just one glimpse of the wedding gown and the presents. These, however, have been carefully guarded from prying eyes, and therefore, imagination, in most cases, is called upon to supply the place of exact information by those who wish to pose as being "in the know."

Of course, not a whisper has been breathed

concerning the route of the wedding tour; but a whisper, which is receiving considerable credence, is beginning to gain ground. This whisper says that those who should guess at a round-the-world trip would not be far wrong.

* * *

Miss Palmer's Engagement.

Oakland is congratulating itself in, at last, having announced an engagement which seems not only to give satisfaction to the two families which are principally concerned, but, which is of vastly more importance, seems to please mutual friends and complete outsiders equally as well.

The engagement in question is that of Miss Ida Belle Palmer and George Wheaton. Though there have been several guesses in that direction lately, yet they have been made more in jest than in earnest, and the engagement when it was announced came practically as a complete surprise.

Miss Palmer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Palmer of 1168 Jackson street, Oakland. She has been one of the acknowledged belles of the city across the bay ever since she made her first bow to society as one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Amy Requa to Colonel Oscar Long. Miss Palmer is a decided beauty of the blonde type and is also considered one of the best-dressed and most stylish girls to be met with among the members of her set on either side of the bay.

George Wheaton is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wheaton, and is well liked both in club, social, and business life.

* * *

Callaghan-Van Wyck Wedding.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season was that held at the Van Wyck residence, 2424 Steiner street on Wednesday evening last, when Miss Edna Van Wyck became the bride of Arthur V. Callaghan. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck as maid of honor and Charles Knight acted as best man for the groom. The ceremony was performed by Father Ramm of the Cathederal.

Mr. Callaghan who has been the Denver agent for Voss Conrad Company is the second son of the late Daniel Callaghan who was formerly president of the First National Bank. He is one of the most popular of the younger set in the city and is wealthy, not only by inheritence, but by his own exertions, having succeeded remarkably well since first entering a business life after coming out of college some seven or eight years ago.

Upon completing their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Callaghan will reside in this city.

* * *

Runyon-Graham.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Stephen's Church, Wednesday week, when Miss Jennie Graham became the bride of Fred. Runyon. The church was decorated in pink with charming effect. The brides' father, Mr. Irvine Graham, gave her away. The maid of honor was Miss Lottie Graham, and the bridesmaids were Miss Nanette Ames and Miss Amy Hayward. The groom was attended by his brother. Rev. E. J. Lion performed the ceremony, which was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents. The young couple left for an extended tour in the southern part of the state.

* * *

Mrs. Seale Ill.

From the Orient comes the sad news of the probable fatal illness of Mrs. Henry W. Seale, who left here some time ago for an extended tour of China and Japan. At the time of her departure Mrs. Seale was not in the best of health and the trip was taken partly for pleasure and partly in the hope of recovering from the effects of a severe attack of nervous prostration. Her condition at that time was not at all dangerous and none of her friends felt the slightest anxiety concerning her.

Now the news comes that she has suffered a relapse and is in a most critical state.

Mrs. Seale is the daughter of Jessie D. Carr, the Salinas capitalist and politician. She is also worth nearly a million in her own right. Her nearest relatives are a nephew and niece at present at school in the east.

Del Monte Doings

Hotel Del Monte, June 20, 1901.

Abparently this is to be the greatest season ever seen here, beauty and fashion arriving daily. There is so much to do one hardly knows what to commence with first. The bathing has been most excellent this week and the surf was never better—crowds are to be seen every day taking their dip.

The golf links, of course, are always kept busy with twosomes, threesomes and foursomes, and "fore" is heard in all directions. Golf tournaments of every description are continually taking place and in several the ladies have had their chance to show their skill. There are a great number of very expert lady golfers here now, namely; Mrs. F. F. Ryer, Mrs. W. S. Brown, Miss C. Armsby, Mrs. Bowditch Morton, Miss Ada Sullivan and Miss Wagner.

A number of boating parties enjoyed the beautiful sailing weather last week, while the fishermen have been in their glory—the salmon run this season being the largest in years; Mr. Edward Holl, Mr. W. H. Brown, Mr. W. H. Moses and Mr. A. S. Compton made the star catch of the season last Monday—thirty-two fish, aggregating 809 pounds.

Among those already here as the advance guard of the season are: Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and family, Miss Helen Wagner, John W. Allyne, Mr. and Mrs. A. Green Field, H. B. Bathbone, Robt. Husbands, Mrs. C. F. Starke, Mrs. Du Bois, Miss Ada Sullivan, Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Cluness, Mr. and Mrs. C. Clot, Francis Bruguiere, Miss O'Connor, Mrs. M. C. Low, Mrs. Fred. Zeile and family, Mrs. J. K. Armsby, Miss M. Anderson, W. Dawson, J. D. Clifford, Miss McGinnity, Mrs. McGinnity, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Byxbee, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Miss Daisy Parrott, Miss M. L. Parrott, Dr. and Mrs. J. O. Hirschfelder, Mrs. C. F. Canrahan, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Ryer, W. M. O'Connor, Miss F. C. Low, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Laton, Miss C. Armsby, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Mandell and family.

Where They Are

The following Californians left New York Saturday last per Cunard Line Steamer "Campania" for Liverpool: Mrs. Wm. Ashburner, Mr. Frank Norton, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Davidson, Judge Coffey, S. B. Coffey, David Whitelaw, Mrs. Janet Stone and daughter and Mr. W. R. Baker of San Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Harris and Miss Margaret Fox of Stockton.

Lieutenant Percy M. Kessler, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kessler, who was Miss Charlotte Cunningham, have arrived from Fort Casey. Mr. Kessler has been ordered here to take his examination for a captaincy. They are at the Cunningham home, 1939 Clay street.

Miss Agnes Duff has gone to San Bernardino for a short visit after whic hshe will take a run over to Catalina and Santa Barbara. Her brother, Lee Duff the football player is at St. Helena where he is rapidly recovering from his recent accident.

Mrs. and Mrs. William Thomas have gone to their summer home at Blythedale where they will remain for the next three or four months. Their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin will pass most of the season with them.

Bronzed and hardy-looking Herman Oelrichs, fisherman, has returned to the city after a visit to Del Monte, where he exercized daily with line and bait, leaving upon his departure, however, as many good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

Among those who have chosen San Rafael as their headquarters for the summer campaign, are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pickering. Their daughters, among the prettiest girls in the swim, are with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Herrin, accompanied by their daughters have gone to Bartlett Springs where they intend to remain for the greater part of the summer.

Colonel Chamberlin, who is to take the place at the Presidio left vacant by the departure of Colonel Maus is now installed in his new quarters. Mrs. Chamberlin is here with her husband.

The Misses Kate and Ethel Beaven will spend some time tramping though the Yosemite. They expect to be gone the better part of two months.

Mrs. Foote, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Foote, U. S. A., and children are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer. They have been at Vendome for a month.

Mrs. Monroe Sailsbury and her daughter Miss Margaret Sailsbury have gone to Napa County where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson and Miss Marguerite Doe have returned from their trip to the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rodgers have returned from their wedding trip and are at their home on Steiner street.

Among those who are about to leave the city is Mrs. Myrick who will tour the Yosemite with the Sierra Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen have returned to their home in Oakland after spending a month in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Chickering have gone to Los Gatos.

Concerning Celebrities

A Tonsorial Episode.

David Kerr, the well-known business and club man, had an experience the other day which probably will prevent him from confiding too freely in his barber in the future.

For some time past Mr. Kerr has been more or less under the weather. His physician was finally called in and pronounced the malady dread consumption. The stricken family lent their efforts to that of the medico and for some days Kerr led a life which was little less than one long succession of nightmares. The symptoms, however, continued to merrily romp through the patient's system and showed no decrease of vigor notwithstanding the war that was being waged against them by the allied forces of medicine and affection.

At last Kerr got tired, and discharging doctor and relatives, proceeded to treat himself for chills and fever. The result was a complete victory for Kerr.

The other day Kerr entered his barber shop and, after settling himself comfortably in his chair, commenced, in a loud voice, to relate his woes. From generalities he got down to particulars, and the way in which he abused doctors in general, and the one who treated him in particular, was a cantion. When he spoke of the latter unfortunate individual, whom he mentioned by name, he exhausted the most remote realms of speculative thought for fitting metaphor and the dictionary was raked with a fine-tooth comb for adjectives to emphasize the Kerr meaning.

Kerr noticed that during his tirade all of the barbers and most of the customers in the shop appeared to be convulsed with laughter. This, however, he attributed to the few little touches of humor he had thrown into the recital of his wrongs. He was undeceived, though, when a few minutes later, the barber at the next chair concluded his labors and removing the towels from the face of his customer, allowed the Kerr's family doctor to emerge and stalk, with all the presence of offendid dignity, from the shop.

Curious Adventure of Ottinger.

Ottinger, the railroad ticket broker had an experience the other day which nearly caused him to complete his allotted three—score—and—ten at one jump.

Adolph, or "Ananias," as he is affectionately known among his contemporaries is a great lover of horseflesh and "every morning early" is to be seen behind his Flemish gelding spinning along the roads toward the park and Cliff House. For years Ottinger has pursued this innocent and healthful recreation, meeting with no adventure more exciting than that contained in a casual, and ineffectual attempt to do business with some pair of bright eyes met along the line.

Last Tuesday, however, as he was spinning down the Panhandle, his animal suddenly shied, nearly throwing the driver rom the seat. Ottinger reined up his nag, which, coming to a stop, stood panting, sweating, and snorting in the middle of the road.

In an effort to discover what caused his steed to exhibit such unmistakable signs of fear, Ottinger rubbered long and earnestly, and finally discovered a huge, bushy substance protruding from the bushes a short distance ahead.

"Ha! ha!", laughed the ticket broker." "Another joke of Mac's. I'd know those whiskers among a thousand. Get up! Go along you brute" [to the horse.] "That is E. O. McCormick of the S. P., peering at us through his laurels. He is only waiting for us to get nearer to ask us to share a bot. So move on.

The next moment, however, the merry Ottinger was undeceived. A roar like thunder issued from those same whiskers, and with a mighty bound Wallace, the man-eating lion of the Chutes burst from the bushes and stood in the road before them.

The subsequent few minutes present a somewhat tangled recollection to Mr. Ottinger. Of only one thing is he certain and that is that he own's a runner of the record-breaking class. When the horse, and what was left of Ottinger and the buggy, were halted some five miles from the scene, their shadows were a good thirty seconds in catching up.

"What's the matter?" enquired the cop.

"A lion's loose," gasped Ottinger as soon as he could get his breath.

"Nonsense," replied the guardian of the peace." Both of your lines are fast enough." The trouble was finally explained, and the lion was eventually captured—not by Adolph—and retured to his quarters.

Ottinger now takes his drive every morning in a sail boat on the bay.

Dared the Omen and Won.

The results of superstition are altogether dependent upon the manner in which the particular omen is acted upon. Progressiveness in demonic matters is a winner, as it is in anything else, and old methods are bound to give way to the new whether one calls spirits from the vasty deep or manipulates a stock deal.

In proof of this is a recent experience of Frank L. Owen, the popular Bohemian club wit. Frank was going down Market street the other day, when he noticed a crowd ahead which was struggling and pushing to get around the edge of a ladder, reaching from a second story window almost to the curb. Not a single person would pass under the ladder, preferring to be crowded and ruffled on the outside rather than to incur the curse of passing underneath.

Owen took the scene in and then turning to a friend said: "I don't believe a superstition of four hundred years ago holds good to-day. It is outlawed. I'm going under that ladder to find out what comes of it."

Against the remonstrances of his friend, whose name is Letcher, and who is a strong believer in omens, having once failed to fill a four flush on a Friday night, Owen passed under the arch and found directly in the shadow of the biggest rung a nice, new silver dollar. All you have to do now is to mention the word "ladder" and Frank will buy without further question.

A Matter of Surprise.

Feeling that a sailor's life was the only life for him, Lansing Mizner recently shipped with Captain Harry Simpkins for a voyage from San Francisco to Del Monte and return. The other members of the yacht's crew were Nick Kittle in the plural—for, on such occasions, Nick is pretty sure to be "many in one."

Arriving at its destination, the yacht cast its anchor in the waters of the bay and Mizner let his drop in "the harbor of a dream."

It may have been that the unaccustomed hardships of a sailor's toil were too much for him. Possibly it was the result of the sedative effect of the salt breezes.

Whatever the cause the effect was very apparent. For one, two, three days the Mizner slumbered. Finally, his friends became alarmed and went to work on him. After nearly seven hours of heart-breaking labor they noticed signs of returning animation. His breath came with more regularity, a rosy flush overspread his usually palid countenance, his eyelids trembled slightly and then slowly opened. Eagerly his friends bent down to catch his first words.

"I know this is heaven, but Harry, old man what in h—l are you doing here?"

Oakland Mineral Water.

The ladies who were present at a recent luncheon in Oakland will attest to the truth of this story.

The luncheon in question was one of the swellest things in that line that has happened across the bay in many a long month.

Radiant and expectant the hostess stood welcoming her guests, she had, as she supposed, seen that every particular of arrangements had been attended to, and now nothing remained but to on with the feast. Just as she and her guests were about to enter the dining room, however, the lady of the mansion was approached by one of the servants who informed her they were short on mineral water.

"Let John take the buggy and get some down town," she replied. "Tell him to drive as though his life depended upon it."

John must have broken the record with the old bay mare; for it could not have been over ten minutes before six nice, cold bottles of "Hunyadi Water" made their appearance on the table.

Tales of Judge Cabaniss. No. 2.

Attorney Worley was defending a Chinaman before Judge Cabaniss tho other day.

The Judge is a bit near-sighted, so failed to note when a Chinaman came upon the stand that the witness"s clothing was of finer texture than the ordinary coolie.

Instead of following the usual questions as to name, residence, if the nature of an oath were understood, etc., the following dialogue ensued:

"What is your name?"

"Kee Lung."

"You live in San Francisco?"

"Yes."

"You sabe God?"

"Your Honor, if you mean 'Do I understand the entity of our Creator? I will simply say that Thursday evening next I shall address the State Ministerial Association on the subject of 'The Divinity of Christ,' and shall be pleased to have you attend.

When order was restored the examination proceeded on usual lines.

Political.

The Chief Justice Ships—Ruef's Machine.

THE Republican nominations for the Supreme Bench next year promise to call forth the fight of the convention. Already lines are being laid and wires arranged for the final contest next year. There are three justices to be chosen, two associate justices and one chief justice. Judge Beatty's term expires and also those of Judge Garoutte and Judge Harrison. Judge Garoutte is a candidate for the Chief Justiceship against Beatty. The situation is complicated by the fact that the justices whose terms are about to expire, all come from the same part of the state. Judge Beatty is from Sacramento, Judge Garoutte from Woodland and Judge Harrison from San Francisco. In fact the South has but one representative on the bench of the Supreme Court at the present time, Judge Van Dyke.

The personal antagonism of the two leading candidates will enter into the fight and make it a bitter one. It is a well known fact that Judge Garoutte and Judge Beatty, who occupy the same bench have not spoken to each other for years. For Beatty this is his last fight, for if elected he will find himself at the expiration of his term too old for another period of service. Both men have elements of strength. Judge Garoutte is very strongly backed by the Native Sons. At the last grand lodge it was generally discussed and a tacit understanding reached that the order would support Garoutte to a man.

Whichever of the two is defeated for the nomination for Chief Justiceship will probably try for the associate justiceship. Should they fail to make this there will be a vacancy for which there are many aspirants.

The strongest man from the South is Judge Lucien Shaw. He has not declared himself as a oandidate formerly, but it is known that he has entered the race. Judge Wlliams of Ventura, who is known as "Big Bill" and stands six feet two wants the nomination. He made a hard fight for it last time before the convention. Another candidate is Judge Ed Sweeney of Shasta, who has tried to break in before. It was reported the other day that Van Fleet is a candidate but this is pretty generally discredited. Van Fleet is a dead one with the laboring man Judge Daingerfield's defeat last year is enough to deter either party from nominating a judge whom the labor people rightly or wrongly consider unfriendly.

Judge Patterson is likely to happen along about the time the nominations are passed out if by any chance both Beatty and Garoutte should slip up on the Chief Justiceship.

Another element which mixes things up is the gubernatorial fight. Shaw comes from Los Angeles, and Gage's friends may oppose him on that account. If they think wise to try and corral both the governorship and one of the justices for the south of Tehachapi they may combine on Gage and Williams. The South can unquestionably have both governor and one justice if it should concentrate on those two.

Locally, Ruef is the disturbing element. He is keeping the others guessing. Kelly and Crimmins say they fear him not, but they would say that anyway. The kid gloves distrust him cordially, and insist that Ruef wants to be a boss. Ruef says nothing but is playing a clever game.

The weak point in Ruef's scheme is the way he has gone about it. Most political organizations begin on the outside and work in, that is the base of the pyramid is built first. Ruef has worked the other way. He has constructed the holy of holies first, and is erecting the inner and outer chambers in turn outside. As a result he has all those who are not way in against him.

In Democratic ranks there is little or no organized opposition to the machine. The "Examiner" announced a few days ago that opposition clubs would be formed in certain districts, but a microscopic examination of the districts in question failed to reveal a trace of the projected clubs.

The new primary law is a source of considerable disquietude to all hands, for no one can tell how it is going to act. It is certain that the primary law will be attacked in the courts but just from what quarter the attack will issue is yet uncertain. It is not generally known that the bosses made a hard fight at Sacramento to have the legislature postpone the operation of the primary law until January, 1902.

J. K. L.

Chief Justice James F. Smith.

THOSE who were figuring on "Jim" Smith as one of the Democratic possibilities for either mayor or governor must now look elsewhere for some political Moses to lead them out of the wilderness.

Though "Jim" Smith has now become General Smith, and though for over three years the glad palm has given place to the mailed hand, yet there still remained enough of Smith, the politician, in Smith, the military hero, to cause that gentleman to look after his own interests himself rather than to trust them to the very uncertain gratitude of the push at home.

In other words, General Smith has just succeeded in that rather difficult feat known as "playing both ends against the middle." His friends at home here have been playing him up as a winner, for the office of either governor or mayor ih the next political fight, while he, himself, has been quietly pulling the wires for something good in the islands.

He has been successful in his efforts and now his name is up as a supreme justice of the Philippine court. This means that General Smith will remain yet a little longer in the Orient, as he is not one of those who prefer fifty years of Frisco to a cycle of Cathay; particularly when the cycle is a certainty and the fifty years only a very uncertain four.

However, irrespective of party affiliations, there are none who have watched Smith's career but will heartily congratulate him on his well-deserved good luck. Since first he sailed from here in command of the First Regiment, at the outbreak of the Spanish war, his record has been one of which any man might well be proud.

Whether as soldier, governor, or collector of customs, in whatever position he has been placed, he has acquitted himself with ability, courage, and integrity and fully deserves all the reward that a government has to bestow on a faithful and conscientious servant.

Hankow, China's Chicago.

HANKOW, the Chicago of China, is the subject of an elaborate discussion in a recent number of the British Board of Trade Journal, which presents certain facts that will prove of importance to Americans interested in the trade with China. Hankow is a city of over a million inhabitants, situated about 600 milles in the interior of China, but reached by ocean-going steamers which pass up the great Yangtze river to that point. Located as it is in the very heart of the most productive and densely populated section of China, it is one of the most important trade centers. The article in question says:

"Of the treaty ports on the Yangtze, Hankow is second in importance, coming only after Shanghai, which latter from its position near the mouth, should be regarded more as a sea port than as a river port. The total import trade of the eight treaty ports on the Yangtze has been as follows: In 1897, 113,080,519 Haikwan taels, of which the value of 25,180,243 entered at Hankow; in 1898, 109,446,696 taels, of which 32,817,794 entered at Hankow; and in 1899, 144,553,474 taels, of which 29,738,666 taels entered at Hankow. The total export trade of these eight ports in the same years has been as follows: In 1897, 106,-454,606 taels, of which the value of 25,540,382 taels left China through Hankow; in 1898, 102,-488,382 taels, of which 30,953,651 taels in value was exported from Hankow, and in 1899, 141,536,355 taels, of which 37,463,395 taels value was exported from Hankow. From the above it will be seen that as regards exports the trade of Hankow is greater than that of all the other six ports of the Yangtze exclusive of Shanghai, whose export trade in 1899 amounted to 70,822,474 taels. The value of the Haikwan tael ranges between 70 cents and 78 cents.

More Nome Trouble.

"BILLY" METSON, of Campbell, Metson and Campbell, quietly folded his tent like the Arab, and struck out for his northern mecca—Nome. Metson's move was taken as a checkmate to that of Alexander McKenzie, who recently left for the same place. The presence of these two champions in the little Alaskan mining camp is liable to bring about a repetition of some of those stirring scenes which enlivened that place last season.

In October, the battle ground will be transferred to Frisco. Here will come Judge Noyes who, together with District Attorney Woods and Tom Geary, must answer to the circuit court for alleged contempt. Judge Dudley Duboce, another one of the combination, will also come down to begin serving a six month's sentence which he has already received for a like offense.

Sam Knight, the attorney for Charles D. Lane, has a warrant out for him at Nome for attempted bribery, and, therefore, cannot return. His case may also be transferred to the court here and it may go hard with him, as those opposed to him say they have ample evidence to support a prosecution.

Metson is about the only one of all the attorneys engaged in that celebrated case who has succeeded in preserving intact both his client's interests and his own reputation.

West end of Obstructing Rack

In

Sisons Hatchery.

THOUGH we all know that there is such a thing a Fish Commission, yet few, other than those who directly interested in the work of that body, have idea of the duties of the commission, or what is acc plished from year to year by its members and their subo nates. In a general way, the public realizes that the obj of the commission is to protect our fish and to so prese the different varieties from the inroads of the market s plier that there will be no danger of any particular spec becoming altogether extinct. The position of commissio is generally considered a political sinecure, an office of little use save to reward some faithful adherent to a succ ful cause for the services he may have rendered to the pa

Nothing could be a greater injustice than the harboring such an idea. The work already accomplished by our lo commission, for example, has been of a value almost bey computation, and each succeeding year sees the sphere of commissioners so greatly enlarged and their responsibilit so greatly increased that the question is not, why they h so little to do, but rather how it is possible for them to s cessfully carry out the manifold duties that have been thr upon them.

According to Mr. Babcock, secretary of the commissi Battle Creek is now the most remarkable salmon propa ting station in the world, the total number of eggs secur for hatching during one season alone having run as hi as 25,852,880. This phenomenal take of eggs would th season have been even larger had not a flood washed aw the rack and allowed the heavy run of salmon to pass stream.

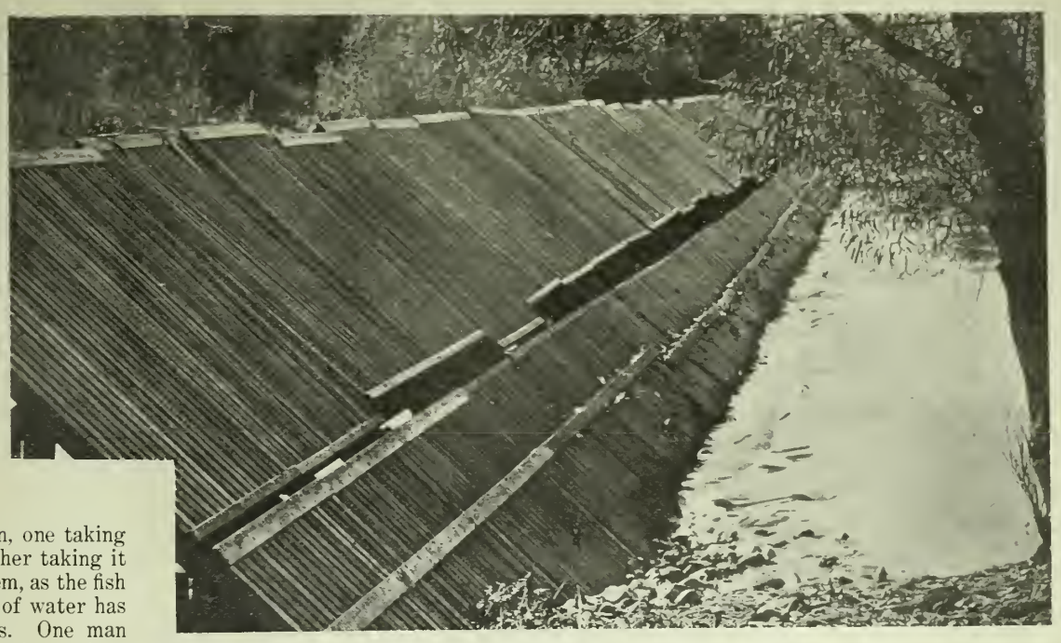
Spawning operations at Battle Creek are conducted o floating platform, twenty-four feet long and twelve f wide, beneath which are nine compartments for retain the ripe fish, and which are accessible through hing covers set in the plank flooring of the float. Project beyond this platform is another, upon which the act work of stripping the fish and caringfor the pans is p formed. It is roofed with tarpaulin, andon three sides enclosed with burlap.

The taking of the spawn is performed by ten men. T men take the females from the compartments in dip nets a hold them until taken out by the spawn-takers. Great c is exercised to prevent the fish from striking the floor duri

The Obstructing Rack—Rear View.

Entran

Fish Farming at th



East end of Obstructing Rack.

chery.

r struggles. The female is held by two men, one taking fish from the dip-net by the head, and the other taking it he tail. The stripper then comes between them, as the fish ld over the spawning-pan,—in which a pint of water has dy been placed—and presses out the eggs. One man the male fish from their compartments and places them he floor of the platform directly behind the two men who ile them. One of these two holds the fish by the head, e the other holds the tail with one hand while he presses the milt with the other, the milt falling into the same that holds the eggs, and practically at the same time. another man gently stirs the eggs and milt with a her in the pan while they are being expressed from the The pans are then placed upon a shelf, under a dark ain, where they are allowed to remain for a minute and a , when their contents are poured into large buckets re adhesion takes place. In these buckets—each of ch is capable of containing 70,000 eggs—the eggs are n away to the hatcheries.

he two hatcheries at Battle Creek contain one hundred sixty-eight hatching-troughs. Some of these are six- feet by six inches, while others are sixteen feet by ve inches. A distributing trough runs lengthwise of building and receives water from a settling trough on outside. From this distributing trough twenty-four gal- ef water per minute are distributed to the troughs con- ing the eggs. This water is kept at a temperature of -two degrees.

rom the second to the seventh day the eggs are washed, the dead eggs are picked out; but from then on to the enth day they are not handled in any way, no matter how h sediment may collect. After the fifteenth day, or n the young fish is well defined in the egg, washing and ing is renewed and continued daily until the eggs are ed for shipment.

or one interested in the industries of his country, noth- can be more intertaining than a visit to this fish farm er the proper auspices. Not only will he learn much con- ing the manner in which a nation plays wet nurse to mil- s of salmon yet unknown to the streams as such, but he have a splendid outing trip, and will be entertained dur- every minute of his stay in a hundred ways, which are as sant as they are unique.

Taking the Spawn at the Battle Creek Station.

The Supports of Main Obstructing Rack.

Battle Creek Station.

The Laundryman of Guadalcazar.

By Benjamin J. Lathrop.

THE Mayor of Guadalcazar was a portly Mexican, endowed with a double chin of ample proportions. His political rival was a tall, thin, scrawny man, who wore a twelve-inch collar, when he wore any at all. But linen collars and white shirts were rarely called into requisition in Guadalcazar at the time of which I write. In fact, there was only one function a year when the citizens made any pretence at "dressing up," and that was on the occasion of the annual banquet tendered to the Secretary of the Interior when he made his official visit to the town.

The mayor was in his bedroom searching for his dress shirt. I say dress shirt advisedly—he had but one. The contents of various bureau drawers lay scattered upon the floor, and the mayor squatted in the midst of them, was mopping his forehead in despair. His imprecations, begun in a soft tone, were waxing louder and more vigorous every moment, and finally he burst into a roar:

"Donna Maria! Where in —— is my shirt?"

A sweetly modulated voice floated up the stairway:

"In your trunk, mio carissimo!"

The mayor arose from the floor with a grunt, and opened the trunk. The shirt was the first thing to meet his gaze, but it looked sear and yellow; it had reposed there for a year. The banquet was to take place that very night, and the shirt must be washed and ironed before the mayor could take his place in that august assembly and lend his dignity to the occasion. Without stopping to wrap it up, the mayor put the shirt under his arm and made his way down the road to Wo Lung's laundry.

"Look here, John," said the mayor, "I want this shirt washed, starched and ironed before five o'clock this afternoon. Sabe?"

Wo Lung summoned his choicest Mexican patois in honor of the mayor. Translated into pidgin English, his remarks were somewhat as follows:

"File o'clockie, sure! All lite. Velly muchie 'bliged. Good bye!"

"Ah, your excellency! Put not your trust in Chinamen. Have you never read Bret Harte? "In ways that are dark, and in tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee is peculiar!"

The Liberal candidate for mayor saw his rival enter Wo Lung's place of business, and immediately an amusing suggestion presented itself to his evil genius. The Liberal candidate was the proud possessor of two dress shirts. A few moments later he, too, might have been seen entering the Chinaman's establishment with a shirt under his arm. Wo Lung and the tall, thin gentleman at once went into secret session, the result of which was that the candidate emerged once more upon the road, an unholy smile pervading his features; and Wo Lung sat in his doorway bestowing celestial grins upon a small disc of gold.

Promptly at five o'clock the mayor called for his shirt, and Wo Lung handed him a neat brown paper package. Then the soul of the mayor was glad, for had not his faith in human nature been justly rewarded, and was he now not able to look forward to the delightful moment when, in his full dress-suit and immaculate shirt front he should rise to address the most distinguished gathering in all Mexico?

Five minutes after the mayor had gone, Wo Lung closed his front door and locked it, and "with a smile that was child-like and bland" sauntered away down the road. With that gold piece in his pocket he could well afford a vacation of an hour or two.

When the mayor opened his pack on his arrival home, the change in his mental condition was simply marvelous. One moment he was a peaceful, law-abiding citizen; the next, a howling maniac, a very Ishmael, with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. Donna Maria was obliged to hide the children under a bed to protect them from his unreasoning wrath while she sought safety on the roof; for the shirt which he had brought home from the laundry was not The Shirt, but another one, six sizes too small in the neck!

As soon as the light of reason began to glimmer again in his darkened brain he made a bee line for the humble abode of Wo Lung. There was hatred in his heart, murder in his eye, and a revolver and a knife in his belt. He was going to get his shirt, or know the reason why! Alas for the mayor! The shanty was locked with a padlock on the outside. No use wasting time to break in, for of course Wo Lung never could have locked himself in that way—he must have gone for the day. And cruel, black despair settled down on the heart of the mayor.

A Yankee peddlar was entering the town, trudging along the dusty road. Hope entered the mayor's hearr, where late the gloomy giant had been in possession. He attacked the peddlar in his impetuous way, thumping him fiercely with his fist, as he yelled:

"Speak man! Do you sell shirts?"

The Yankee thumped back until he had the mayor somewhat subdued, and then answered calmly:

"No, but I have something just as good, if not better!"

"Impossible!" groaned the mayor.

"That remains to be seen," and the peddlar, seating himself on the grassy slope by the side of the road, proceeded to open his pack. The first article that he drew forth caused the mayor to open wide his eyes in surprise, for it was nothing more or less than a shirt bosom, minus the shirt. The Yankee took a lead pencil out of his pocket and wrote a bit of rhymed verse on the glossy surface of the dickey, then passed it to the mayor for perusal and comment. This is what his excellency read:

"With a rag in your pocket you need not fear dirt,
For it's easy to cleanse a celluloid shirt."

The bewildered mayor gazed at the article in his hands, and then at his companion, who calmly took the dickey from him again, drew a handkerchief from his pocket, spat upon it, and wiped the pencil marks off the bit of celluloid. Then he hitched the article upon the top button of his own flannel shirt, produced from his pack a celluloid collar and a rubber necktie, fastened them dexterously in place, and rising, smiled and bowed gracefully.

"How much for the outfit?" The mayor dived into his pocket.

"Three dollars, senor."

* * *

About eight o'clock that night a well-dressed company of men sat down to the best that the Guadalcazar Inn afforded. (Sub-rosa, the best was none too good, as compared with our northern standards.) The Liberal candidate was as well dressed as any, and not so uncomfortable in his conventional dress as the majority evidently were. The mayor, in particular, seemed to be in constant fear that his collar and tie would work out of place, and once or twice he glanced down in order to make sure that his shirt bosom was inside his vest. At first the candidate was very much chagrined at the discovery that his little scheme to keep the mayor at home had failed to work; but as he noticed the mayor's uneasiness, a suspicion as to the reason of it occurred to him; a little while later the suspicion was verified; for he observed that although the mayor was perspiring very freely, and constantly mopping his face and neck, still his collar remained immaculate and rigid; and once, when the mayor spilled a drop of coffee on his shirt bosom, a quick dab of his napkin served to remove the offending liquid immediately, and left the fabric in all its pristine whiteness, without a blemish. Satisfied that his surmise was correct, the Liberal candidate bided his time. Finally the cigars were passed. This was the cue for the mayor to rise, in his capacity of chairman; but he delayed long enough to bite the end off his cigar. Delays are dangerous. The Liberal candidate offered him a lighted match; but just as the mayor was about to close his fingers upon it, the candidate, apparently quite accidently, deftly dropped it upon that imposing shirt front. A puff, a flash, a peculiar odor, and the mayor sat there in a dress suit from behind the open vest of which glowed a brightly colored woolen shirt, on which reposed a few charred remnants of the afternoon's purchase.

* * *

After the mayor's hasty exit, the Liberal Candidate assumed the chair. In a most felicitous speech he expressed his "sincere" regrets for the untimely accident of which the mayor had been the victim, and welcomed the Secretary of the Interior to the "lovely city of Guadalcazar." But the dinner has little interest to us. Suffice it to say that a direct result of the Liberal candidate's speech on that occasion was that when the biennial election was held the following month, he was the "choice of the people," and that his first public act was a successful intercession with the authorities for the pardon of the ex-mayor, who, in the interim had been tried and convicted of the wilful murder of a Chinese laundry man, one Wo Lung.

Fire! Fire!!

When that cry sounds how people rush to help and sympathize! And when some fireman rescues a woman from the flames, the streets echo with applauding shouts.

And yet if that woman had perished in the flames it is possible that she would have suffered less than she suffers almost daily from the inflammation which disease has lighted in the delicate womanly organism.

That fire of inflammation can be put out. The gnawing ulcer can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription not only establishes womanly regularity and dries enfeebling drains, but it heals inflammation and ulcerations and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"I suffered for four years with what four physicians pronounced ulceration and prolapsus of the uterus," writes Mrs. Ada Brooks, of Kirbyville, Taney Co., Missouri. "Also inflammation of bladder and urethra. My case was chronic and complicated. Had several good physicians, but kept getting worse. Had been confined to my bed five months when I wrote to you. I received your reply very soon and then dismissed my physician and began taking Dr. Pierce's medicines. I took eight bottles of his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and began to get better at once. In two months I could sit up in a chair, and kept getting better. In four months could do all my house work, including washing and sewing."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

★TIVOLI★
THIS WEEK THE LAST!
DON'T MISS IT.
EVENINGS AT EIGHT
Every Child Gets a Toy——LAST SOUVENIR MATINEE SATURDAY, JUNE 22, at 2.
THE TOY MAKER
June 24 "Babes in the Wood."
POPULAR PRICES.....25c., 50c.
Telephone, Bush 9.

MOROSCO'S
GRAND OPERA HOUSE
MATINEES SATURDAY AND SUNDAY
Commencing this Monday Evening
MELBOURNE MacDOWELL supported by FLORENCE STONE, in Sardou's strongest play
GISMONDA
First Time on any Stage at Popular Prices
A Souvenir Photograph of Miss Florence Stone will be presented toEvery One Attending the Saturday Matinee.
POPULAR PRICES—10c., 15c., 25c., 50c., 75c.
Branch Ticket Office—Emporium.

Orpheum
BEST BILL IN YEARS
Odell, Williams & Co., Second week of Ezra Kendall, Cole and De Lossee, Ed. Latell, Lester Reeves, Gardner and Maddern, Dohre Sisters, The Biograph.
The Wonderful East India Pygmies, Fatma and Smaun
MATINEES WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY.
Reserved Seats, Parquet, 25c., Balcony, 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
Fatma and Smaun, the Pygmies, will hold a reception on the stage to children after Wednesday matinee, and after all matinees during their engagement.

COLUMBIA
San Franciscico's Leading Theatre
Farwell week. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
HENRY MILLER
Limited Engagement, beginning June 24th
Charles Frohman's Big Production
Under Two Flags
By arrangement with David Belasco
Paul M. Potter's Drama on Ouida's Famous Novel. The entire New York Scenery and 120 People. Including Blanche Bates as Cigarette.
Seat sale begins Thursday.

ALCAZAR
Only Matinee Saturday
——LAST WEEK OF——
FLORENCE ROBERTS
in Julia Marlowe's Triumph
Countess Valeska
Supported by White Whittlesey Orchestra—First Six Rows, 75c.
——Reserved Seats Six Days in Advance!——
NEXT—"SAPHO."

Central Theater
BELASCO & THALL'S
Market st., nr Eighth. Opposite City Hall.
TO-NIGHT AND ALL THIS WEEK.
Matinees Saturday and Sunday.
Nellie McHenry's Great Farce Comedy Hit
A Night at the Circus
Nothing but fun from beginning to end.
PRICES—Evenings, 10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.
Matinees, 10c., 15c., 25c.
Next Week—Revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Things Theatrical.

Fedora Sardou's masterpiece, with Melbourne MacDowell in the full dress of modern society has been reserved for the last week of Mr. MacDowell's engagement at Morosco's Grand Opera House. The first production of the play will be given Monday evening June 24th, and will no doubt attract immence audiences as it will probably be sometime before the theatre goers of San Francisco have another opportunity of witnessing the Sardou productions presented in such a sumptuous manner. This will be the first time during Mr. MacDowell's engagement that he has appeared in any save historical costumes and there will be considerable curiosity among the fair patrons to see him in a dress suit. His carefully drawn characterization of Loris Ifamoff is pronounced by the Eastern critics the best work Mr. MacDowell has ever done—There are few men on the stage who can make love and look handsomer in doing it than Melbourne MacDowell—Fedora is a Franco-Rusaian Drama and taken as a whole is the best of the Sardou-Davenport plays—It has a carefully worked out plot and retains the interest from the start to finish—The scenes of the play are laid in St. Petersburg and this gives opportunity for elaborate Russian scenery and costuming. The last matinees of Mr. MacDowell's engagement will be given Saturday and Sunday—The Saturday matinee will be made a souvenir matinee and every one attending will be presented with a souvenir photograph of Mr. MacDowell.

The Frawley Company open July 1st.

* * *

A spectacular revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the attraction announced for the coming week at the Central Theatre. It will be produced under the personal supervision and direction of Mr. Robert Downy and on a scale of extravagance equaling the renditron given this famous play in New York which attracted the attention and interest of the theatre going public the world over.

The cast not only includes the popular members of the Central Theatre Company but such favorites as Miss Georgie Cooper, Lillian Bartlett, George Webster, Miss Conkein and several others have been added making in all the strongest dramatic aggregation that has ever presented "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in this city. Besides the company a particular attractive program of specialty features will be introduced including plantation melodies, coon lullabys, cake walks and negro dances. There is hardly any need to refer to the scenic features in which particular direction the Central Theatre has always been to the fore. For this occasion additional efforts are being put forward to excel all previous endeavors and the transformation scene is positively the most awe inspiring in its realism and magnificence that has ever been put on the stage outside of New York city, Miss Georgie Cooper is in the cast as Topsy and the dainty little Rose Bennett whose singing and dancing in company with her still younger sister Belle have charmed the audiences at the Central Theatre appearing the role of "Little Eva."

Following "Uncle Tom's Cabin" James M. Brophy will enter upon his engagement at the Central Theatre appearing in his nutive performance in the play that Frank Moyo made world famous—"Davy Crockett."

* * *

Chauncey Olcott arrived here last Sunday and will spend his summer vacation in and about this city instead of making his usual trip to Europe. Olcott will begin his next tour in this city at the Columbia Theatre following the emgagement of Miss Bates and will present his latest success "Garrett O'Magh."

* * *

Theatre goers who like to have their emotions stirred up and to have visible as well as andible delights provided for their entertainment demand some such big play as that which Charles Frohman is announced to present at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night, is calculated to fill the bill of their desires and is the biggest thing in the way of spectacular production that has been offered in this city for some seasons. It comes here direct from the Garden Theatre, New York; the scene of the initial introduction on any stage, with its extensive scenery and cost intact together with Miss Blanche Bates in her now famous creation of "Cigarette," the vivandiere heroine. The production is moreover, the first one that Mr. Faohman will present here this season and the first of a series of his current New York successes, among which are his Empire Stock Company as "Mrs. Dane's Defense" and Annie Russell in "A Royal Family."

Germea
THE IDEAL BREAKFAST DISH

The Old Government
the perfection of Whisky.
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
PURE-AGED-WHOLESOME.
Used in the Medical Departments of the U.S. ARMY & NAVY SERVICE
WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, DISTRIBUTORS.
Beware of Imitations or refilled Bottles

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5178]
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and ght for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powel.

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else
Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus $2,263,599.17
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Deposits, December 31, 1901 ....29,589,864.13

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President..H. Horstmann
Cashier..... A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.... Wm. Hermann
Secretary..... .... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary .....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann
Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter,
H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd,

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, Jan. 1, 1900.. ....$27,881,798
Reserve Fund..... 223,451
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 464,847

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier; R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money. No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

STRAWBERRY COLD CREAM

For a Perfect Complexion

Made from the pure fruit juice at

GREENBAUM'S,

200 Post Street, orner Grant Ave.

Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits..... . $20.00
Pants..... 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

W. C. ACHI & CO.

REAL ESTATE BROKERS

We will buy or sell real estate in any part of the group. We will also buy or sell Stocks in any corporation in the Hawaiian Islands.

Office, 10 West King Street, Honolulu, H. I.

The Toy Maker at the Tivoli takes another lease of life, for the management has wisely decided to continue his existence for another week, which will make seven in all. This week was positively announced as the last, but the business has been such as to warrant another week of the jolly opera. The children in town will no doubt feel gratified, as this arrangment gives them another chance to share in the liberality of The Toy Maker on next Saturday afternoon, all the children who attend being sure of a pretty plaything. The popularity of the present piece is hardly to be wondered at, containing as it does every essential to ensure success. All the people in the cast have made hits, Annie Myers in particular being never so well placed. Hartman and Cunningham and it would be unfair to omit Webb and the others have been particularly happy in their playing of the parts assisned them, and the work of these people, not forgetting the chorus, has been highly spoken of. Those wishing to see the Toy Maker and his workshop will have to get in line next week, for The Babes in the Wood, whose hearing has been long delayed are anxious for a chance to tell their troubles.

* * *

Emily Lytton and Company head the Orpheum's new bill. Miss Lytton has lots of friends in San Francisco, and her farce "A Wise Guy' is one of the funniest George M. Cohen ever wrote. Frank Gardner and Lottie Vincent will introduce some dancing specialties in their musical farce "A Shadowed Idol." The Sisters Mahr sing and dance. Ezra Kendall will be on hand with a new monologue, and Fatna and Smaun, the tiny Indians will spend another week making friends among San Francisco children. Their receptions after matinee performances have become quite the vogue, and its a marked child that has not shaken hands and exchanged greetings with the little artists. Among the holdovers will be Odell Williams and Company, Cole and DeLosse and the biograph.

* * *

Blanche Bates is home once more and this time she has not come alone. With Miss Bates came no fewer than 210 people who have one thing or another to do with the show "Under Two Flags," and a whole colony of horses and dogs who likewise do their part toward helping out the triumph of "Our Blanche," who is as lovely as ever, though she has increased a bit in bulk.

* * *

William Harris, of Rich & Harris, managers of Louis Mann and Clara Lipman, have received from Paul Potter, who is in London, the manuscript of the new play in which these artists will star next season. The title has not yet been definitely selected. Mr. Mann and Miss Lipman will sail for London June 20th to consult with Mr. Potter in reference to scenery, costumes, and the details of staging the new piece, which is a comedy with a very interesting story. Mr. Mann and Miss Lipman will remain abroad but four weeks, and will begin rehearsals immediately on their return. Their vacation this year will be passed on shipboard.

* * *

The big Australian parrot that played a conspicuous part with the Klaw & Erlanger Opera Company in "Foxy Quiller" last season, will continue in the same role the coming tour. It is spending its vacation in a bird store on upper Broadway, where it attracts much attention by repeating lines from its conversation with Jerome Sykes as "Foxy Quiller" in the opera. The loquacious bird sadly jarred an Irish laborer at work in the street, by persistently yelling, "The red's above the green" and "Streak of yellow, eh?", lines from Mr. Sykes' part. The laborer could not believe at first that the offender was a parrot. He thought that someone was trying to create a race war with him.

* * *

Frank McKee has secured the dramatic rights to George Barr McCutcheon's romantic novel, "Graustark," which will be adapted to the stage by Miss Jeannette L. Gilder. Mr. McKee will present Mary Mannering in the play constructed from this book story. The date of production has not been determined, and it is not anticipated that she will require it in the near future. The locale of the story is the United States, and an imaginary principality in Europe. The character of the princess, one of the central interests of the tale, suggests a very strong part for Miss Mannering.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

"Knox" Spring Stylesnow open
"KORN" the Hatter, 726 Market Street

Doctor (to operetta diva who wishes to be vaccinated): "Shall I vaccinate your arm?"

Diva: "Heavens! No, of course not. Think of me as an artist with a scar on my arm! You must vaccinate me where it won't show."

Doctor: "I think you had better take it internally."

"It was understood that the cas.' ier had been a lamb in Wall streety. "Therefore," said I, with a happy smile, "he skipped."

Next Week

Grand Opera House—Melbourne MacDowell in Sardou's "Fedora. Mr. MacDowell takes for the first time the part of Ivanoff. The play will be the event of the Sardou season.

Central—Robert Downey's revival of Tncle Uom's Cabin. Big cast including some of the best known people in the profession.

Columbia—Blanche Bates as Cigarette in "Under Two Flags." This is one of the most elaborate productions that has appeared here for some time and should be well worth seeing.

Orpheum—Variety. This week sees an exceedingly good program. Ezra Kendall is still on. Among the numerous new attractions is Emily Lytton and Company in "A Wise Guy." This is one of the cleverest farces on the vaudeville stage.

Tivoli—The "Toy Maker" has proven so attractive to the public that it will be continued for another week.

Alcazar—"Sapho," with Florence Roberts in the title role will follow "Countess Valeska" which is at present running.

"A Sailor's Log" the autobiography of Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, has proved so popular that D. Appleton and Company, the publishers announce the sixth edition—This within four weeks of the original publication.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeas corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed

HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151

CAFE ROYAL

Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions** of **mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Gives
Good Digestion.

If your dinner distresses you, half a teaspoonful in half a glass of water will give quick relief. Makes digestion natural and easy.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, **FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT,** copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, **FREE OF CHARGE,** send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

"California Club" . . .
[BOURBON WHISKEY]
OAK VALLEY DISTILLING COMPANY

BRAUNSCHWEIGER & CO.,
5 and 7 Drumm St., S. F. Cal.

FREE ELECTRIC BELT OFFER

WITH TEN DAY'S FREE WEARING TRIAL in your own home, we furnish the genuine and only HEIDELBERG ALTERNATING CURRENT ELECTRIC BELTS to any reader of this paper. No money in advance; very low cost; positive guarantee. **COSTS ALMOST NOTHING** compared with most all other treatments. Cures when all other electric belts, appliances and remedies fail. **QUICK CURE** for more than 50 ailments. **ONLY SURE CURE** for all nervous diseases, weaknesses and disorders. For complete sealed confidential catalogue, cut this ad out and mail to us.
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

MUSICAL NOTES.

IT is an age of dollars and cents; and the white-robed gods of the beautiful see their children through a veil of shamed tears. The saddest—the most hopeless thing connected with the arts is the bitter consciousness that under the fair surface of canvas and marble and tone, the slavish dollar-sign is seared deep and humiliating. We are never allowed to forget that it is money that makes the mare go. The average person instinctively speculates on how much this or that cost, and what figures so and so gets per night. And in too many cases we are not left long in doubt, as many victims of the hospitable but misguided hosts can testify.

All this is apropos of nothing in particular, except that I was thinking that the people who can do beautiful things should be set apart from the common herd who can merely make money; and be surrounded with the beautiful adjuncts and influences that would keep them steeped in mental nectar, as it were. But then what would become of the geniuses in the garrets? The loss to literature and busybodies would be most unsettling. Or, if it is not money, it is fame or ambition. Art for art's sake is almost a dead letter, nowadays. But when you stumble on a big soul that is above personal clutchings, the experience is as refreshing as a summer shower.

They tell tales of Salassa, the grand-opera barytone, that would make him out to be such a one. He is said to be a man of absolute simplicity in thought, mode of life, and ideals; and indeed his manner and bearing on the stage, to say nothing of his singing, would impress the most indifferent with a sense of his large dignity and unaffectedness. I think we all will be glad to know that he is to be again with the Tivoli forces in their next grand-opera season. And with him will be an array of —ini's, —etto's —ari's, —nno's, —chi's, etc., etc., calculated to throw the working forces of the canneries at the foot of Powell street into a fascinating confusion. To think of the opportunities of reveling in ready-made evening dress bows with silk-worked corners, and and four-in-hand-scarfs with either the American flag or wondrous flowers done in colors; and for the gentler sex the high back-combs and the shawls, and the rush there will be on Diamond Dyes. But,—I would be willing to stake something of value on the claim that ten of these are more conversant with, and more competent to pass on the excellence of, the operas presented than one hundred of their "smart" neighbors. Many of the favorites return to us; notably Collamarini, Russo, Repetto, Polettini, Barbareschi, and Nicolini. More old favorites, but new to the Tivoli, will be Montanara and Agostini of the dear old Del Conte Company, and Signor Lada, who came out with Sembrich. It is more than likely that the Tivoli management is not here for its health, but the fact remains that San Francisco is the real gainer by the transaction, and the way the charming old institution is crowded during the season is solid testimony of our appreciation.

Speaking of health reminds you of of summer resorts and reminds me of the people who have untoward designs thereon. If I am not a bad prophet, there will be an avalanche of quartettes, and soloists, and glee clubs on the unoffending "resorts" that will shake the stoutest heart. Here are a few that I know of: The University Glee Club of Berkeley is to make a concert camping tour to the wilds of every county between here and any point within three hundred miles north. They are to travel in a six-horse wagon and give concerts wherever they can hire a hall. Glory be! Then Franklin Palmer of St. Dominick's Church has in hand a mixed quartette comprising J. F. Veaco, tenor; Miss Grace Davis, soprano; Miss Xena Roberts, contralto; and J. C. Hughes, basso. Mr. Roscoe W. Lucy is organizing one on similar lines; another is in the throes of formation for the same fell purpose, and will include probably Mrs. Grace Dickman, Diss Lilly Roeder, Mr. Algernon Aspland, and S. Homer Henley, with Jas. H. Howe to direct. Also the vested choir of Grace Cathedral are in the field, and are billed to appear in Livermore on June 26th, and in Los Gatos on July 2d.

The last two weeks' events in musicdom were few. At the wedding of the Devlin sisters Cimarosa's "Military Mass" was sung by special singers. Miss Roeder sang Bohm's "Still as the Night" beautifully, and a string quartette, led by Henry Heyman, played the "Traumerie" and a number by Thome. Miss Bumstead, the organist at St. Agnes' Church, had charge of the music. There was a pupil recital at Byron Mauzy's Hall, Mr. Jas. H. Howe being the "responsible paaarty". It was an occasion rich in quakings and congratulations, and the results were gratifying to every one concerned. Mr. Howe was "Assisted" by one professional. The Columbia Theatre has inaugurated an innovation that should find many imitators here. At the entre-act a pipe organ and chorus behind the curtain join the regular orchestra in rendering (not rending), a number from some grand opera. This week they have been doing the march-chorus from Tannhauser, under the capable and careful direction of Mr. E. E. Schmitz, the conductor of the Columbia Theatre orchestra. The idea is one that was first conceived and executed in the East, and has found deserved favor. And out of the East there is to come to us again one Rhys Thomas, who is primarily a tenor, and an unusually good one, but whose chief claim to fame's distinction is owing to Mr. H. M, Bosworth's having handed down the aforesaid Thomas's "beautiful legs" to posterity through the medium of the "Daily Examiner." I think the phrase used was "lovely underpinning," but the result was the same. Vive Rhys Thomas' legs! Long may they wave! Out of the East, too, more good is to come, I hope. Smith and De Koven are soon to bring out a "sequel" to Robin Hood. Anticipation is ever the keenest; but let, oh let us hope that it may be one-half so permanently delightful as its predecessor. The new opera will be called Maid Marian, and if it "makes good," will just as certainly as its consort be made the mangled victim of "—my friend Miss (or Mr,) Blank, who sings." S. HOMER HENLEY.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The original Swain's Bakery, 2135 Ste St stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for businessmen and ladies out shopping to lunch.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y.C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

ADAMS' RELIEF TABLETS.

Women Need the famous old DR. ADAMS' TABLETS prescribed for his life-long female patients. An efficient, trustworthy, agreeable home remedy for suffering caused by unnatural occurrence, suppression or irregularity of menstruation. Regularity restored. Send stamp and $1.00.
ADAMS' RELIEF TABLET CO.
145 La Salle St., Chicago.

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY
Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT **204-208 Sansome St., S.F.**
VOSS, Conard & Co.
General Agents.

EIGHT

EASTERN CITIES INVITE YOU

and the

Southern Pacific

offers those low round trip rates:

ON SALE		ROUND TRIP
June 30 July 1	Cincinnati,	$76.50
July 1-2	Detroit,	82.25
July 3-4	Chicago,	72.50
July 3-4 / August 22-23 / September 5-6	Buffalo,	87.00
July 8-9	Colorado Springs,	55.00
July 17-18	Milwaukee,	74.50
August 20-21	Louisville,	77.50
September 5-6	Cleveland,	82.50

These rates apply from California main-line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest — finest scenery — choice of routes — limited trains — personally conducted tourist excursions —

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

MONDAY

AND

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

THURSDAY

THE

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

CALIFORNIA LIMITED

ON

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained

SANTA FE

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S.S. Sonoma for **Honolulu. Samoa, Auckland,** and **Sydney.** Thursday June 20, 10 a.m.

S. S. Australia, for **Tahiti,** Wed. June 26, 10 a.m.

S.S. Zealandia for **HONOLULU only,** Saturday, June 20, 2. p. m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 643 MARKET STREET.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

MILTON J. GREEN, Attorney at Law. Referee in Bankruptcy in and for the City and County of San Francisco. Office, Room 94 Chronicle bldg.

Recent Verse.

THE BRONCHO "BUSTER."

BY MARK REEVES

Here's a slippery animal,
Watch him shiver—Jim, old Pal;
He's a gamey young cayuse,
Watch him when you turn him loose.
Mount him gently, quick and firm,
'Fore he gets a chance to squirm,
Grab the rag from off his eyes,
Put it to him—that's the size!

Buck, you devil, sun-fish too,
Twist and turn yourself askew.
Scrath him on the shoulders, Jim,
Sink the rowels into him.
Sit him straight now, don't you flinch
Don't give in—no, not an inch!
Right and left him with the quirt,
Lay it on, man—make it hurt.

He can't stand it long, old man,
Make the blood run if you can,
Dig him deep and dig him hard,
Break his spirit quick, old pard.
Rip him up man, make him smart.
What! he's quit—clean lost his heart;
Run him in the branding pen,
Here's a busted "slick-ear," men!

* * *

A WOMAN

God, when He made you, made a flower—
Exquisite, wonderful—and then
Gave you the highway for a bower
Crossed by the tramping feet of men.

The dust, the grime He hade you feel,
Yet let naught mark your purity;
He made you know the crushing heel
Yet bear no stains for men to see.

What wormwood dews were food for you
He knows, who bade you for a jest
Give of your poison to that true,
Poor fool who loved you best.

And so your eyes are like the eyes
Of one who sees some holy thing;
How could I guess them overwise
From sight of sin and suffering?

And so your mouth is like the rose
A child might lay at Mary's shrine;
How could I guess what dregs of woes
It tasted ere I made it mine?

John Winwood.

* * *

"FARMERS' SONS—MEN OF THE PEOPLE

Thou Prophet of the Proper Things!
Make thou obeisance to the Kings.

The beggar blind who sung a song
More lasting than the Parthenon—
Who has his father? Canst thou trace
On parchment roll his royal race?

And what of David? Crowned a King.
Master alike of song and sling,
Shepherd and outlaw, at his word
The tumbling main confessed The Lord.

The Miner's son—was his birth base?
His mother wept in market-place.
Dim grows the old Plantagenet
But Luther's song is with us yet.

And Will of Stratford! surely he
Could boast a goodly family-tree?
He marked his tree in moonlight clear
Aye! and beneath it, fell the deer.

Unto thy throat the sneer returns.
Man! Hast thou ever heard of Burns?
A thousand years of peasant blood
Brought us a master from the sod.

Whitman—thou scald! Where wast thou reared?
I see thee, laughing in thy beard.
Enough! Enough! Have done with fools—
Aye! Though they bear the stamp of schools.

N. Y. Sun.

* * *

A PENALTY.

The man who tells the simple truth,
Perhaps is doing right;
But all the world will censure him
For being impolite.

Washington Star.

GASTRONOMIC AND ECONOMIC

Statistics of the Treasury Department show that in the twelve months ending April 1, 1901, 3,873,420 bottles of champagne were imported into this country. At an average of $3.50 per bottle this would mean an expenditure of $13,606,970 for imported sparkling wines. Allowing for the lower price of wines bought by the case, the total would still be considerably in excess of $10,000,000. Out of the 20,608,251 bottles of champagne exported from France in the past twelve months, at least 3,000,000 bottles came to this country. It thus appears that close upon three-fourths of our imported champagnes come from France, and that about one-sixth of the entire French product of champagne finds a market in the United States. Add to this our consumption of French still wines, brandies, liqueurs, etc., and it will be seen that Americans are users of French beverages of the value of fully $12,000,000 a year.

This is a large sum of money to pay for foreign drink products that for the most part are of no better quality than those made in this country. The standard brands of American champagne, for example, are made after the French formula and process, and are in every respect equal to the French champagnes, though selling for only about half the price. It is probable that not one per cent. of American champagne drinkers have ever given a fair trial to the really fine champagnes of the leading American producers. Therefore it may be said that ignorance as well as prejudice is at the bottom of this folly of spending ten or fifteen million dollars a year for foreign wines that are no better than, often not as good as, the wines of American production. If Americans were better informed as to the real quality and merit of their domestic wines they would drink more of them and less of the imported wines. Keeping at home the $10,000,000 or more spent every year for champagnes would be of vast benefit to the growers of grapes and the laborers in vineyards and wine cellars. Alike as a gastronomic and an economic proposition there is much force in the plea for a larger consumption of domestic wines.

AMERICAN ECONOMIST.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE Tel. Main 199

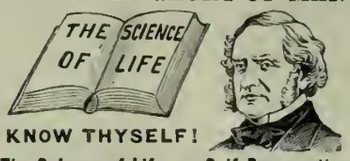
DEALERS IN Paper

55, 57, 59, 61 First Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co., Portland, Or.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m. June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. June 2, 7, 11, 16, 21, 26, July 1, 6.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles)—Steamer Queen, Wednesdays 9 a. m. steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.

For Los Angeles calling at Santa Cruz, Monteray, San Simeon Cayucos Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbarba, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro and *Newport. (*Corona only)—Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m. steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Th n Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personly Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and fromall points in Europe by all Trans Asiatic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Of the reading of historical novels there is no end and we have somewhat tired of them, but "The Helmet of Navarre" by Miss Bertha Runkle will be heartily welcomed, even by the most blaze novel readers.

It is generly all it is advertised to be and with possibly the exception of Miss Johnson's "To Have and to Hold" it is undoubtably the best of the romantic historical novels with which the publishers have recently insisted on flooding us.

The tale has all admirable qualities that are found on the publishers announcements of this volume and that.

It is a story that moves at the rate of sixty miles an hour, but is guided by a sure hand. It is vivid, captivating, fresh, romantic and the adventures do not seem forced or tiresome as is so often the case. It is hardly worth while to tell you what the story is about as sooner or later you will read it anyhow. The essential thing is to know that you will read it with pleasure and with a quickening pulse. (The Century Company $1. 50.)

* * *

A romance of St. Clair's defeat and Wayne's victory is "The Wilderness Road," by Joseph A. Altsheler which is one of the newest books of the news stands. In this book the author pictures the most thrilling of the scenes of the movement for expansion, when at the end of the eighteenth century the men of Kentucky and the old frontiers were pushing westward and northward to gain new territory. The hero of the romance, is a soldier with a romantic history who plays with St. Clair a part not unlike that which Washington acted with Braddock. A fascinating love story runs through the pages of the vivid scenes on the frontier and on wilderness. (D. Appleton and Company price $1.50.)

* * *

In "The Ways of the Service," Frederick Palmer has written a clever volume of short stories, that have already achieved wide popularity. They are stories of army life and army people; their scenes are laid in the Philippines and although they have more of tragedy about them they in a certain measure resemble in style the stories by Richard Harding Davis—superficial in the delineation of character, perhaps, but fresh, interesting and in an original vein.

Although the trouble in the Philippines has been exceedingly prolific as the inspiration for short stories, yet Mr. Palmer's book is the first one to date that approaches what we call literature. (Charles Scribner's Sons $1.50.)

* * *

"The Master Knot of Human Fate," by Ellis Merideth, is mildly interesting, but with an unsatisfactory ending. The author destroys the Earth by a second deluge, only leaving two people alive, a man and a woman. On the heads of this new Adam and Eve devolves the question, whether to repeople the earth or end their own lives. Devolving too deeply into the realms of psychology, the author finally gets beyond his depth and asks questions he is himself unable to answer. The question is passed up to the reader, who closes the book hoping for the best. (Little, Brown and Company $1.25.)

* * *

"Dwellers on the Hills," by Melville D. Post, is one of the new books that is attaining considerable attention. It is a story of a cattle deal in West Virginia and is well told. The story is exciting, the characters well drawn and through the pages of the book runs a spirit of lively adventure.

In depicting the fast disappearing life of the mountaineers of West Virginia, Mr. Post has done for his state what James Lane has done for neighboring Tennessee. In Mr. Post's books the mixture of philosophy and tradition of these mountaineers is amusing, and through the pages of the book runs the breezy freshness of pine clad mountain sides. (G. P. Putman's Sons $1.50.)

* * *

The story of a nation during a Century of Struggle upward out of the abyss into which despotism and bigotry had sunk it is "Modern Spain" by Martin A. S. Hume. The book deals sympathetically with Spanish history from 1788 to 1898 and is written by one specially qualified for his task. The volume is an important as well as an entertaining contribution to the literature of Spain's evolution. (G. P. Putman's stories $1.50.)

* * *

Max O'Rell writes from London that "The Seal of Silence" by A. R. Condor is the new English success. He says that the author has a genuine gift for comedy and achieved an astounding success in reconciling the reader to the marvelous. Like the author of "David Harum" the author did not live to see his book in print. (D. Appleton $1.00.)

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY CAL

THIS CHARMING RESORT

is wholly distinct and unique: There is no basis of comparison by which its attractions can be measured. None other in the world has such a climate; none is planned on such a vast and elaborate scale, none so absolutely exempt from every annoyance and inconvenience, nor so easily within the reach of those whose refinement of taste enables them to appreciate its charms.

x x x x

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

transplanted to the shores of the "Western Sea."

There is but one Hotel del Monte.

Send for Souvenirs and other information to

W. A. JUNKER, Manager,

Monterey, California

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and Eurapean Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City

FOR FIFTY CENTS

At the Maison L'Higlon

S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and MASON Sts.

Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot-blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramont St.

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

Borrowed Plums.

A SOLDIER'S DESCRIPTION OF THE PHILIPPINES.

The Philippines are a bunch of trouble, gathered upon the western horizon of civilization.

They are bounded on the west by hoodooism and smugglers, on the north by rocks and destruction, on the east by typhoons, and on the south by cannibals and earthquakes.

The climate is a deceptive combination of changes well adapted to raising Cain. It is pleasant for mosquitoes, ants, lizards, bats, snakes, tarantulas, roaches, scorpions, centipedes and alligators.

The inhabitants are very industrious. Their leading occupations are trench building and bolo manufacturing.

Their houses are made chiefly of bamboo and landscape.

Their principal amusements are cock-fighting and stealing.

The principal diets are fried rice, boiled rice stewed rice and rice rice.

The animal of burden is the caribou (water buffalo). Should a hundred-mile journey be undertaken with this animal, the driver would die of old age before reaching his destination.

Manila is the capital and principal city. It is noted for its large number of saloons and Chinamen.

The principal exports of the islands are rice, hemp, war bulletins and dead soldiers. The imports, arms, live soldiers and ammunition.

Communication has been established between the islands by substituting the mosquito for the carrier pigeon, the mosquito being larger and better able to stand the long journey.

Taking it all in all, it is a good place (to keep away from).

Life.

* * *

Had Sandy Guessing.—"Man Sandy, is that you?" exclaimed in surprise an old man in the street the other day. "Man, I thocht ye were deed. I heard ye were drooned!"

"Oh, no; it wasna me," returned Sandy, selemnly. "It was ma brither,"

"Dear me. dear me!" murmured the old man. "Whit a terrible pity!"

There was a somewhat thoughtful look on Sandy's face as he wandered away.

Tit Bits.

* * *

PRESERVING THE PROPRIETIES

"The idiotic, stupid man!"—
She stamped her dainty toe—
"He begged for just a single kiss
Just as he rose to go;
And naturally, then, of course,
I had to answer, 'No.'
It was not such a strenuous task—
Whatever made the idiot ask?"

* * *

Mamma—"Why, Susie, you've offered your butterscotch to everybody but little brother. Why didn't you hand it to him?" Susie (with innocent candor)—"Because, mamma, little brother always takes it."

Current Literature.

* * *

"Well, madam," said the doctor, bustling in, "how is our patient this morning?"

"His mind seems to be perfectly clear this morning, doctor," replied the tired watcher. "He refuses to touch any of the medicines."

Chicago Tribune.

* * *

"How nicely Mr. Jamaica dances the two step!" exclaimed Miss Flushing.

"Well, no wonder," responded the Cheerful Idiot, "he was taught by his two step-sisters."

Brooklyn Eagle

* * *

The woman—"Doctor, I have an awfully tired feeling."

The Doctor—"Ah! Let me see your tongue."

Brooklyn Life.

Famous for its Purity
SEATTLE, U. S. A.

Repsold Select Vintage Wines

FOR YOUR HOME DINNER

REPSOLD REGISTERED BRAND SELECT VINTAGE

This brand of Wine is served at all first-class clubs, hotels and restaurants

Office,
A. Repsold & Co.

416 Pine St.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

SHOES Made for Native Daughters by Native Sons . .

Ask Your Dealer for the

SIEBE SHOES

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-312 Post Street

SOHMER PIANO AGENCY

SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

California Northwestern R'y

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland, Guerneville, Schellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices 650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE VANITY

Vol.23. No. 5. SATURDAY JUNE 29, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

F. A. HEALY, Editor M. KOLLMANN, Business Manager

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—June 29, 1901.

As Others See Us.

Apropos of the visit of the New York Chamber of Commerce people to London, the "Saturday Review," which no one can accuse of too great admiration for America, says:

The representative of American commerce over here finds himself the object of European alarm, English adulation, and universal envy. . . . There is nothing ennobling in the sight of an American "doing" Westminster Abbey or edifying in his criticism of the tenth picture gallery he has traversed in one day. But get him on trade, and it is impossible not to feel, we can hardly say veneration, but certainly respect, blent with something even of awe. . . . Dismiss culture and tone, freedom, equality, and all such figments, and get down to a hard cash transaction and you see the American at his best. The production of wealth is the one thing to which the American people has really given its mind, and circumstances being at the same time entirely favorable, it has succeeded to its own huge admiration and the world's absolute dismay. No other nation has succeeded to the same extent in the same time, but no other nation has so entirely given itself over to the making of wealth as the whole duty of a people. Never has there been a people in which the discrepancy between their performance as traders and their achievements in every other capacity has been so great. In that respect the United States are a potent. . . . For you have in America the strange phenomenon of the best minds and the best characters systematically over a long period renouncing what the world had always regarded as the higher things . . . and passionately pursuing the things men had hitherto looked on as necessities which most were not so fortunate as to be able to avoid, but which all would escape from if they had the opportunity; necessities not in themselves degrading yet obstacles to the highest or at any rate the pleasantest things. . . . Whether as a philosophy of life, as national policy, as the training of individual character, their order is sound and will bear the test of time is one of the most interesting, as one of the most momentous, questions the world has yet to see answered. . . . In the department to which the Americans have chosen to consecrate themselves, they are ousting everyone else. That is the plain truth and the Continent is beginning to see it. So does everybody here see it, but because the Americans are what the Briton calls "Anglo-Saxons," he thinks he must not whisper of their hurting him and so lets loose all his volubility in scolding on the Germans, who in comparison are hardly damaging him at all.

It is a good thing to see ourselves occasionally as others see us, especially as those not particularly our friends may see us. What the "Saturday Review" says is true, and we are beginning to acknowledge it ourselves. At the same time there is a certain satisfaction in compelling the acknowledgment of our excellence in something, even if it is only in trade.

A Change for Us.

Nearly every American would like to see the United States bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean. The present boundary line between the two great English-speaking people on this continent is purely artificial, and it would have been broken down long since but for legislation, which has tended and had for its purpose to preserve and perpetuate it.

On the part of the Canadians there has been a feeling of loyalty to the old country. The grand idea if the empire has been kept industriously before them, and liberal concessions by the English to the selfish interest of their American colonies have kept alive a waving flame.

With the twentieth century the eyes of our northern neighbors have opened. They see the industrial studies of the United States on the one hand and the commencing commercial decadence of England on the other. The Spanish war and the Boer war have furnished them a comparison of methods, resources, and results. That there is beginning to be a change up there is evident from an editorial in the "Toronto World," thus quoted in the "New York Sun." "There may be warrings among the nations of Europe, but Pan-Americanism will assure the peace of the republics of North and South America. It works for the peace and advancement of the whole western hemisphere." To establish Pan-Americanism more firmly, "Canada ought to begin by setting its own house in order," and its "first duty is to relieve the mother country of the responsibility of governing the British West Indian Islands, that geographically form a part of this continent." It should at once take in Newfoundland, and the affairs of the British West Indies should be administered from Ottawa instead of from London." The "centralization at Ottawa of all the British possessions in North America" is the first step proper for Canada to take in adopting the principle of Pan-Americanism.

This should sound ominous in London. It is the beginning of a great change of feeling—and the forerunner of a great change in political geography. It is bound to come—the sooner with a little judicious but not ostentatious wooing on our part.

Expansion in some directions is popular with all parties.

Why Not Harlan?

Under the above caption Mr. Bryan suggests a possibility for the presidential race in 1904. He suggests that if a candidate is wanted who is not tainted with the Silver heresy, and who should command the support of the Gold Democrats, Harlan is the man. He says: "Mr. Harlan has not only placed himself on record against imperialism, but he also wrote a dissenting opinion in the income tax case, and opposed the position taken by the Supreme Court in the Sugar Trust case. He has a splendid record on three prominent questions. . . ."

Judge Harlan has undoubtedly views on public questions which would make him a strong candidate with either party. The policy of even considering a judge on the Supreme Bench as a presidential candidate is of doubtful wisdom. It should be our aim to sever the members of that court as much as possible from the temptations of political life. It is this feeling of many which raises a question as to Judge Harlan's availability.

Call It Off.

The machinists' strike is still on, causing the loss of thousands of dollars to the companies and causing the loss of thousands of dollars to the strikers. The companies will recoup their losses at the end of the strike in a large measure, because the orders which they should be filling are merely postponed. The workmen's losses will never be recouped, because they never can recover the back pay for the time lost in the strike.

This is a pity and a shame in these good times, with work abundant and wages good. No true sympathizer with the workman can help feeling this. All the country is now on the high tide of prosperity. The good times we have been longing for for eight years have come at last. No one can tell how long they will last. They may be just beginning and may last for a decade, or may be next year, we may suddenly find our markets glutted, and manufactures and commerce at a stand-still. The farmer who mortgaged his farm to buy his seed in the bad years, the merchant and the manufacturer who mortgaged their homes to keep their businesses alive during the long struggle, are hurrying to take advantage of the change, and with their prosperity has followed the prosperity of their workmen.

And now this trouble has begun—brought about, not by any complaint on the part of the workmen—but by the pernicious parasites that prey upon them, and draw fat salaries for making trouble.

Strikes have their uses as well as their abuses. Their usefulness, and indeed their necessity, under proper circumstances are unquestionable. Labor unions rightly organized and rightly managed may be and often are of inestimable value to the laborer in enabling him to obtain his fair share of the profit from his effort.

But great engines for good become great engines for evil, unless properly handled and directed. The powerful explosive, a necessity to man, becomes his destroyer in untutored or careless hands. And herein lies the danger in the present strike.

Labor organizations, like other governments, derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. And the consent must be free and voluntary. Will any laboring man contend that the powers of the present organizers and directors of the machinists' strike in San Francisco, are derived from the consent of the strikers? It is well known that the union is largely recruited by intimidation, and that men have joined against

their will while threats of injury have been against others to compel them into the union.

A laboring man who is out of the union has no less rights than one who belongs. He has the right to work, the right to compete, and the right to refuse to join the union if he wishes. His rights are as dear to him as anyone else's, and entitled to the same protection.

These are two charges in the indictment against the present strike:—

1st. That it is unnecessary.

2nd. That it is unvoluntary on the part of the strikers.

It is a safe prediction that if a secret ballot were had on the question of strike or no strike, and a fair vote had of all the machinists who are out at the present time, the overwhelming vote would be to call it off. If that is true it should be off.

Social Impertinence.

Good breeding is not always an absolutely necessary requisite for admission to our smart set. If it were there are a number of people now among the elect who would be herding, where they properly belong—with the goats.

These observations are prompted by the actions of a number of our belles at a recent tea, who gathered in a circle and, while partaking of the hospitality of their young hostess, passed the time away in making her the target for their sarcasm, criticism, and persiflage.

The young woman in question was put on the coals by her guests and roasted to a crisp. Her face, figure, manner, and education were subjected to a dissection which overlooked nothing. Her parents and her relatives to the third and fourth degree came in for their share of abuse, and there was hardly an individual of the entertainment which she provided for the occasion—and of which her critics were partaking without stint—which was not ridiculed and sneered at.

This particular instance is, unfortunately, not by any means an isolated case. In fact, to belittle everything and everybody is rather the rule than the exception in society, and it is indeed a fortunate host or hostess who can entertain without subsequently being made the target for a flight of epigrams and alleged witticisms, whose points are dipped in malice rather than in humor.

There are two things which are responsible for this. The lack of that delicacy of refinement upon which true gentility is builded and which cannot be bred in one generation, and the desire to gain the reputation of being a wit without the necessary brains or the ability to discriminate between rude personalities and objectionable impertinence and the real article.

We have a number of people of both sexes among our local four hundred or four thousand, or whatever figure it now takes to check off the number of our three star aristocrats, whose reputations for brightness have been constructed from nothing but rude, ill-bred mouthings, impudent criticisms, and coarse stories (generally termed daring), which, instead of making them welcome, should ostracize them from any society which is supposed to contain among its members only those who are gentlemen and gentlewomen.

A Dangerous Ferry Service.

If there is a law limiting the number of passengers to be carried by our different bay steamers it should be enforced. If there is no such law the sooner we have one the better. The necessity for placing some restriction on the carrying capacity of our ferry boats will be obvious to anyone who will make a trip from this city to Oakland during the hours that the thousands of employes of the different business houses are going to or returning from their work or to anyone who will travel across the bay to Tiburon or Sausalito on any pleasant Sunday.

The boats are all so overloaded that on many occasions it is not only impossible for a passenger to get a seat, but the man who can secure sufficent space in which to stand with any degree of freedom is a lucky individual indeed. From stem to stern, from main to hurricane deck the people are herded together, jammed one against another like cattle, unable to take a step either way without treading on each other's feet, and the slightest roughness of the water causes these overcrowded craft to list to one side like a seagoing vessel under a heavy press of canvas.

This discomfort is bad enough in itself but it could be put up with were it the only objection. The American traveling public has never received the accommodation it is entitled to nor is it likely it ever will. But another side to the question and a very serious one appears when one stops to consider what the results of this overcrowding would be should one of the boats meet with an accident, say an accident similar to that which recently occurred in New York when two ferry steamers crashed into each other.

New York bay, in those parts traversed by the ferries, is comparatively narrow and so crowded with tugs and shipping that it is impossible for an accident to happen without the disabled craft being at once surrounded by a flotilla of tugs and other small boats ready to render assistance. Here, however, the conditions are different. The distances are so great, the tides so strong and the means of offering succor so limited that should an accident take place it would almost to a certainty be attended with an appalling loss of life.

Because there have been few accidents on the bay it does not follow that there never will be one of great seriousness. The ill-fated Rio was lost practically within the harbor. The waters in which she went down were no rougher, no more treacherous or dangerous than those between Sausalito or Tiburon and the city. The terrible mortality that followed upon the sinking of that vessel may give some idea of what would result from the sinking of a ferry boat loaded with five or six times the same number of souls.

The transportation people are growing rich on the patronage which is given them and if they will not expend of their own volition, a little of their surplus in providing safe accommodation for their patrons, there should be some law framed which will compel them to do so.

Jessup, the dentist, who interfered to save Miss Agnes Adams a beating, is a chivalrous hero—but he's dead.

Foam.

Miss Irvine, who has been carrying on a spirited discussion on marital rights, has sailed for the Philippines, where she will be married.

MORNING PAPER.

Miss Irvine, who's been staying up late at nights,
Writing long lectures on marital rights,
For the far Philippines is now shaping her course,
Where she hopes to put all of her theories in force.
There's a man over there, by the government fed,
Who this charming young lady, on landing will wed.
Now all of the swim, from Milpitas to France,
Is waiting to hear on whose legs are the pants.

* * *

If one wants real, unadulterated wit, he should mix with one jeunesse dore. That's where he'll get the genuine thing in humor as can be seen from the following specimen which is absolutely authentic, having been taken down in shorthand by our special ambassador, who was present at the time.

FIRST SWELL: "There goes Everett Bee."

SECOND SWELL: "Everett Bee! Oh, yes. Brother to Bumble and Let It."

CHORUS OF SWELLS: "Ha! ha! That's good. Nat, old man, you should be on the Orpheum stage."

* * *

Louis Holst got drunk and his friends stowed him away on the steamer St. Paul. That was a joke. The captain of the St. Paul made Holst labor all the way from here to Seattle. That was no joke. Now Holst threatens to prosecute his friends for getting him something to do. And still some people say there's no chance for a young man nowadays.

* * *

The report of the Joint Commission on the Revision of the Canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church prohibits the girls of that faith from marying people of seventeen different classes. They should make the number of classes eighteen, and include the sons of ministers.

* * *

BARCLAY EAST, JUNE 24.

I have the honor to report another victory. We attacked a Boer patrol and succeeded in escaping with the loss of five officers and twenty-four men. We also lost our way.

KITCHNER.

* * *

King Edward has issued a fiat prohibiting his loyal subjects from kissing his royal mit. This is pretty hard on the aforesaid loyal subjects, but they can console themselves with the knowledge that they may do the other thing—kiss their own thumb.

* * *

William Britt, a prominent newspaper man of Nome, is in the city. Mr. Britt declines to voice his opinion on Nome's winter population. He says he is going to return.

* * *

A morning paper says Gage is worrying over the political outlook. Well, it may console him to know that there's a good, long rest coming to him.

On The Crest.

AT last, with the assistance of the Archbishop, and the press of California, Miss Mary Scott has become Mrs. Walter Martin. The fanfare of trumpters which heralded the historic event has in a measure subsided and the solar system has resumed business at the old stand.

The wedding was a complete success. The weather was propitious. The bride was sweet and modest. The groom was solicitous and dignified and stood the hot air that was blown at him without the quiver of an eyelid. The eight lovely bridesmaids were pretty and radiant as bridesmaids should be, and the eight stalwart groomsmen had an equal number of wooden soldiers backed clear off the board for correctness of deportment and thoroughness of accoutrement. The wedding breakfast was excellent, and the guests were "representative." Could anything more be desired?

The ceremony itself, which was performed by Archbishop Riordan, to the everlasting confusion of Bishop Nichols, took place upon a large flower-embowered platform, which had been erected in the grounds. Precisely at noon, as was advertised, the procession started to the music of Stark's orchestra. Miss Scott was attended by Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Georgie Hopkins, Miss Frances Hopkins, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Genevieve Harvey, and Miss Susanne Green. The bride's father, Henry T. T. Scott, escorted his daughter, whose path was strewn with flowers by two little girls.

With Mr. Martin was his brother, Peter, the real object of interest to all those present, and following came eight groomsmen, H. H. Scott, Prescott Scott, Lawrence L. Scott, Fred. McNear, Gerald Rathborne, Robert Eyre, Clement Tobin, and Philip Lydig.

The path to the platform was marked by an aisle of white ribbon, and was carpeted deep with the choicest blossoms of a state famed for its floral fecundity.

After the ceremony the young bride and groom entered the house where they received the congratulations of their three hundred and fifty friends who had gathered to wish them happiness in their new life.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin, after a short honeymoon spent in California, will go to New York, where they will join a party of friends, with whom they will explore the Sahara desert, where Mr. Martin expects to spend some time gathering oases, shooting Libyan lions, and collecting a string of polo camels which he will add to his Burlingame stable.

* * *

IT is a pity that some of our girls don't emulate the excellent example set by Peter Martin and do something to join the reigning houses of the East and the West. They will never have a better opportunity than at present when among the strangers within our gates there are no less than six scions of the leading families of the country.

This distinguished sextet of matrimonial prizes recently drifted in on the China from the Orient, being on a tour of the world. It consists of Stephen B. Elkins Jr. of West Virginia, Earle Alexander of New Jersey, J. W. Barney of New York, F. C. Havemeyer of New York, W. S. Wheeler of Philadelphia and S. Cobb Coleman of Chicago.

Elkins is the son of Senator Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia. Alexander's father is prominent in the Standard Oil Company. Havemeyer is a son of Theodore Havemeyer, the sugar trust magnate. Wheeler is the famous Princeton football player. All these young fellows are not only of the upper crust, but represent dough enough to make happy the most exacting luxuriously reared buds.

The party has been on the wing since July of last year and will only spend a few days here before proceeding on to their homes.

* * *

"BILLY" MACDONOUGH is going in for racing. All his Menlo Park youngsters are now being trained with the object of carrying his own colors instead of those of others, and the green and white will soon be familiar tints on the track.

It is a pity that more of our wealthy men on the Coast do not go in for this sort of thing. There is no sport that can compare with racing, and it should have the patronage and favor of society, and receive its backing from men who are in a position to pursue the sport, purely as a sport and pastime, and not as a means of livelihood.

* * *

MOUNT Holyoke College did a very proper and graceful thing at its recent commencement when it conferred on Mrs. Susan T. Mills the honorary degree of doctor of literature.

Mrs. Mills, herself, is a graduate of Holyoke College, having finished there in the class of '45. Since then she has seen many a girl start on the journey through life after being fitted to take her place by Mrs. Mills, who as president of Mills College has probably shaped the destinies of more girls than any other woman in California.

The courteous act of the Mount Holyoke College will gratify hundreds of homes whose daughters have received their diplomas from the hands of Mrs. Mills.

* * *

THE real personage at the Martin-Scott wedding was not the groom, but his brother and best man Peter. Peter has always been a social favorite and when his engagement to Miss Lillie Oelrichs was announced, society turned with eagerness from a surfeit of Walter to refresh itself with friendly gossip on the more important engagement of his elder brother.

Peter Martin has long been a fish for whom more than one fair bud has angled, but, one after another they failed to land him. Nor were others who attempted to make matches for him any more successful. Peter preferred to take care of his own love affairs and that he was correct in his estimate of his own ability is proven by the splendid match he has made.

Though Miss Oelrichs is not a great heiress, as heiresses go these days, yet she is a pronounced favorite in the absolutely most exclusive set in America. Moreover she is a girl of stunning style and figure, she is said to be over six feet in height, but so beautifully proportioned that her rather extreme stature is only noticeable for the dignity it lends, and beautiful enough to be the toast of Newport, the rendezvous of the most refined and charming women in America.

Miss Oelrichs is the neice of Mrs. Hovemeyer, wife of the sugar king, and another aunt is Mrs. Joys, whose husband is a life director of the Knickbocker Club and the head of one of the oldest families in America. A grandmother of Miss Oelrichs was a Miss May of Baltimore and through her the fiance of Peter Martin is connected with most of the leading families of that city as well as numbering among her relatives the most influential people of New York.

Such is the young lady who has promised to become the wife of a Californian and who says she is going to make her home among her husband's people.

* * *

BY the death of Mrs. E. Gwin San Francisco was deprived of a woman to whose influence it owes much of its history. A woman of splendid beauty, remarkable attainments and exquisite tact, she as the wife of the first United States Senator from California, became the leader of local society, a position to which she was entitled by her beauty, her wit, and her family connections, and which was endorsed by the most exclusive set of the Capital City where she received a like distinction.

Not only did the wife of Senator Gwin rule society, but her political prestige was equally great and her influence over the leading men of her day was a powerful factor in shaping the course of Californian events.

The surviving relatives of Mrs. Gwin are William M. Gwin, Jr., Mrs. E. J. Coleman and Miss Carrie Gwin. Mrs. Jim Follis is a descendant of the deceased, and inherits much of that beauty which made her grandmother the reigning toast of Washington, when California was first admitted to the Union of the states.

* * *

SAUSALITO may be the real thing in trousers, pipes, and accent, but it will have to climb a few pegs higher before it can hope to see its number up as a winner in the ancient and honorable game of golf.

Sausalito has now golf links of its own, and, inflated by its own importance, went over to Oakland to gather laurels with which to decorate its club house. The result was a walk over—for Oakland.

The following are the medal and match scores:

	Rounds					
	1st	2d	1st	2d	Oak.	Saus.
L. Chenery (Saus.)	51	51				
P. E. Bowles Jr. (Ok)	50	51		2 up	2 up	
A. R. Higgins (Oak)	48	47	2 up	2 up	4 up	
W. Ames (Saus)	48	52	tie			
C. H. Noble (Saus)	46	43	2 up			2 up
F. M. Kales (Oak)	50	57		tie		
R. W. Mason (Saus)	55	66	tie			
J. H. Ames (Oak)	54	58		6 up	6 up	
					12 up	2 up

The Del Monte Sports.

THE sixth annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Polo and Pony Racing Association will be held at the Hotel Del Monte from August 19th to the 24th.

The first four days, August 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd, will be devoted to polo tournaments, and the 23rd and 24th will be given over to pony racing and steeplechasing.

There will also be a series of golf tournaments in which the contestants will compete for the Del Monte Cup, and for the Women's Amateur Championship. As it is expected that there will be an unusually large number of entries for both the men's and the women's competition, the golf tournament will, while commencing at the same time as the polo tournament, be continued on through the following week.

The week devoted to these sports has always been the gala week at Monterey, and their event has marked the course of the season's gaiety. If half of those attend this year who say they are going, the large hostelry will hardly hold the crowd of fashionables who will congregate there.

* * *

A Sacramento Engagement.

UNWILLING to allow Oakland the exclusive right to matrimonial surprises, Sacramento comes to the front, and announces the engagement of its leading jurist and one of its fairest society buds. The young people who have decided to walk together along the rest of the pathway of life are Judge Peter J. Shields and Miss Carelie Wilsey.

Miss Wilsey is the daughter of Levi P. Wilsey, a Nevada capitalist and a pioneer of that state; she is one of Sacramento's most exclusive set, among the members of which her beauty and charming personality has made her extremely popular.

Judge Shields is on the superior bench at Sacramento, where he has served for some time after having served in a number of minor political offices with honor to himself and credit to those who secured him the appointments.

The marriage will take place in the near future, and the young people, after a short honeymoon trip, will return to reside in Sacramento.

* * *

Miss Huntington to Wed.

THE engagement is announced of Miss Clara Huntington to Gilbert Brook Perkins of New York.

Miss Huntington is the eldest daughter of H. E. Huntington, vice-president of the Southern Pacific Company and nephew of the late Collis P. Huntington, a great part of whose wealth he inherits.

Miss Huntington has been reported engaged a number of times, but on none of these occasions was the name of the really fortunate youth connected with her own, so the announcement comes as something entirely unexpected. The bride to be is one of the leaders of the younger set, and has enjoyed an extraordinary degree of popularity ever since she made her first bow some three years ago.

A charming hostess, a fearless horsewoman, and an expert musician, she adds to fortune and beauty a number of accomplishments, and is altogether a prize worth striving for, and one that has made the man who has succeeded in winning her the envied of his fellows.

Miss Huntington's fiance is the son of Judge Perkins of the Kentucky bench. He is in the bond department of the stock firm of McIntyre & Wardell of New York, and has for several years been a prominent figure in eastern and southern society.

The date of the wedding has not yet been definitely determined on, but rumor places the date at sometime in August or September.

* * *

The Tennis Tournament.

THE tennis tournament which will be held at the Hotel Rafael on the second, third, and fourth, promises to be one of the warmest contests which have taken place on that historic battle ground. All of the contestants are in fine fettle, and when society gathers to see the final struggle, it should witness some rattling fine work.

The round robin plan has been given up, and the tournament will be arranged on the sixths system. The two Whitneys and Sumner Hardy will constitute the championship class. Will Collier, Grant Smith, H. W. Crowell, Merle Johnson, and Ray Crowell are to make up the next class, and in the third class will be put the large number of those whose laurels are yet to win.

Already society is giving considerable attention to this meeting and from all appearances it is safe to say that a large number of the ultra-fashionable set will be present to lend encouragement to their different favorites.

* * *

Another Oakland Surprise.

OAKLAND is doing itself proud these days in the matter of engagements. Hardly a week passes without an important announcement in this line, and, as one girl recently said: "By the way people are doubling up, it looks as though we would soon be forced to recruit the ranks of society directly from the school room in order to keep the ball rolling."

The latest announcement is that of Hazel Lillian Curtiss to Lawson F. Adams, Jr. Miss Curtiss is the only daughter of G. L. Curtiss, the Madera capitalist and is a pronounced beauty as well as a ponounced heiress.

"Lawrie" Adams is the son of the senior partner of the wealthy firm of Adams, Booth & Co., in which concern he, himself, holds a large interest. He is prominent in club life, belonging to most of the leading social clubs as well as to several athletic and shooting organizations.

Though the young people have long been subjected to the kindly espionage of their friends, yet even their greatest intimates were unable to forecast the event with any certainty, as it was impossible to tell whether the affair was really serious or whether it was merely one of those crushes which time serves to do away with.

However, now that all doubt is removed, society on both sides of the bay is preparing a string of events in honor of the betrothal, which will make ample amends for its previous lack of faith.

* * *

Press Club Reception.

ON Thursday evening a reception to the visiting editors from Alabama was given in the rooms of the Press Club. The affair brought together all the representative journalists, artists, and musical people of the city who joined in entertaining the visitors from the southland, and succeeded in making the evening one which will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present.

Where They Are

Mayor Phelan is among those who have decided to take their vacation amid Del Monte's groves.

Charlie Gunn, Hugh Blackman and Tyndall Bishop have left for a tramping tour of the Yosemite.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of The University of California has returned home after an extended trip through the East.

Mrs. John I. Sabin and her daughter Miss Irene Sabin have gone to Chicago, but will return in time to eat their Xmas dinner here.

Miss O'Connor and Miss Maud O'Connor have gone to Vichy Springs. Their brother "Billy" O'Connor is enjoying life at Del Monte.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr., who are now in Paris, will return to Newport in July so as to be present at the Martin-Oelrichs wedding.

Miss Helen Dean, accompanied by a chaperone, has been passing several days at the Hotel Rafael. She is now in the city where she will pass most of the summer.

The news has been received that Arthur Tasheira has gone across the pond to England where he will spend his vacation, returning in time for the next term at Harvard.

Miss Fannie and Miss Josie Loughborough will spend the summer at Del Monte. George Loughborough, who at present is in delicate health, may take a trip further south.

A number of prominent society people have gone over to San Rafael to participate in the paper chase which takes place today. Mr. McAllister has the affair in charge.

San Francisco will be sorry to loose J. C. Stubbs as his going to Chicago means the disappearance from our midst of one of the most thoroughly good, refined and homelike homes that has ever grown together here.

The following Pacific Coast people left New York last Saturday, on the Cunard Line steamer "Umbria" for Liverpool:

Mr. V. L. H. Swete; Miss B. Oxland; Mr. J. H. Roche and Mrs. Samuel Rees of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Gus and Mrs. Will Taylor, Miss Georgie Hopkins and Miss Frances Hopkins will follow their usual programme and go up near Tahoe after the Fourth. Miss Caro Crockett generally accompanies them but this year her engagement may cause her to change her mind.

"Billy" Reid is doing himself proud. Not only was he chosen second marshal of his class at Harvard, one of the highest honors a student can receive, but he has also succeeded in capturing the heart of a lovely Boston heiress who is at present traveling in Italy.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the author of "Hugh Wynne," Quaker, recently paid us a flying visit. Dr. Mitchell arrived here on the last trip of the China from the Orient. He has been making a tour of the world accompanied by his wife and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. P. Schuyler of New Hampshire.

Concerning Celebrities

Took the Hoodoo Off.

Sam Leake, the managing editor of the "Call," has had so much experience with men and affairs, political and otherwise, that he has become something of a cynic. In fact about all the faith he has is centered in Joe Mansfield, the crack city editor of his paper, and prophetic signs. The other day he ran up against a combination of the two and the experience, though it lasted but a moment, came very nearly putting him out of business.

Leake and Mansfield were walking up Kearney street, and, as the sidewalk was crowded, they hiked along on the edge of the curb. All went well until they came to a hydrant which Mansfield passed on the outside. No sooner did Leake notice the little iron post between them than he turned white as a ghost and halting, said:

"Joe, for God's sake come back. No, not that way. Come back on the outside."

Mansfield, who places but little faith in spirits of the other world, did as he was bid, wondering what was the matter with the "old man."

"Now Joe, cross your fingers and say bread and butter."

Joe dutifully went through the formula. Leake heaved a sigh of relief and the twain proceeded on their course. Leake was very quiet, however. He seemed plunged in deep thought. Something appeared to weigh upon his mind. At last after they had proceeded for several blocks Sam turned to his side partner and said:

"Joe, when I told you to cross your fingers, which ones did you cross?"

"The two first fingers on my right hand."

"Good. The hoodoo is off. We'll win in a walk next November" and he smiled the same old smile.

Was a Little Premature.

Among our local coal commission men is one who, while the truest of husbands and the most affectionate of fathers, is not averse to once in a while taking a quiet spin with the boys and going over a few of the high sticks.

Being about due for a little run the other day, our sport first thought he would make things right with his wife. Writing out a telegram in which he explained that business had detained him at the office until he missed the last boat, he left it at the office with the proper instructions and then went out and putting plenty of sand on the sails proceeded to get up a little speed. He had an elegant time and spent the next day in a Turkish bath getting in proper condition for the family fireside.

Arriving at his home he met his wife but instead of the usual caress that matron had nothing warmer than the mackerel eye to give him. The husband and father stood the frost as long as possible and then, trying to find an opening into smoother waters said:

"What's the matter pet? Did you fail to receive the telegram I sent you telling you I had missed the last boat?"

For a minute or two there was a frigid silence. Then, accompanied by a glance of withering contempt, came the answer:

"I received the telegram you speak of. It got here at four o'clock in the afternoon.

High Ball in Sausalito.

At last Sausalito, the home of aristocratic impassiveness, is stirred to its very depths. The femininity that nestles amid the cool shades of its luxuriant foliage is all in a tremble of delightful anticipation and even the aborigines, those fierce hill people, have unbended far enough to permit themselves to become mildly interested.

The occasion of all this excitement is the forthcoming ball game between the nice young men who occupy the second floor of "The Abbey" and the other nice young men who hold down the first floor of that same exclusive hostlery. The proposed contest is the outcome of a heated discussion over basket-ball which took place a short time ago between two members of the different floors, who were experts at that game while attending a well-known finishing school in the East.

The two gentlemen in question, Joseph Thomas of Santa Rosa and Percy Williams of this city, ended their argument by agreeing to pick a couple of nines from their respective floors and play a match game of real base-ball for the championship of "The Abbey" and a thirty gallon keg of beer.

It was at first intended to pull the game off on our national holiday, but, as a delicate compliment to "Teddy" Greenfield, who always eats French toast for his breakfast, it was finally decided to have the great event take place on the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile.

In order that everything be perfectly fair two umpires have been chosen, one from the cellar and one from the roof, thus doing away with any possibilty of partisanship. The official scorer is a young man who suffers from writer's cramps and consequently will be unable to falsify the accounts. The refreshment and chewing gum privileges have been let to Julian Thorne, Noble Eaton, who has been imported from the East (of Belvedere) for the purpose, will spiel for the side shows. After the game—and the beer—there is liable to be a dance. Admission to this great aggregation of Olympian delights is placed at the modest figure of fifty cents and from those who may not have that sum in coin in their pockets, the box office is instructed to receive cigarettes, poker chips, playing cards or, in fact, most any old thing.

The following is a list of those eligible to serve on one side or the other.

DOWNSTAIRS.	UPSTAIRS.
W. A. Sherman	F. D. Stingham
A. R. Poet	Rev. M. Simms
"Teddy" Greenfield	G. Russell
Roy T. Reed	Lieut. Perry, U. S. A.
Major M. S. Meiggs	H. Sickals
Chester Smith	C. M. Schoonmaker
Joseph Thomas	Wilson Esmond
Louis Beedy	Percy Williams
Cy Beedy	William K. White
Beedy Beedy	Senator Luther Elkins
W. Robinson	Howard Veeder

Why He Dislikes Work.

Young Selfridge being the son of his father does not have to labor because he needs to. He works because he likes it, or rather he did work because he once liked it. All that is now changed. Selfridge says he has no use for labor and ain't never going to work no more. The reason of this determination on the part of the Selfridge is to be found in the following adventure:

Selfridge has just completed a tour of the world. Before leaving he was employed at the Union Iron Works where he went in order to learn how to build a ship. Upon his return he thought he would resume where he left off, and, attiring himself in a jumper and overalls proceeded to the works. On his way he met a number of strikers who accused him of being a scab. Selfridge denied the soft impeachment. When the strikers got through with him, Selfridge decided he was a scab—all over. Then he took the above recorded vow.

A Slight Inconsistency.

The Occidental Hotel has among its guests two budding celebrities in the little daughters of Judge Murphy, of St. Louis, aged respectively six and nine. These children recently constructed a play which was recently performed with great success before a select audience in one of the hotel parlors.

The principal character in the piece is that of an unfortunate hero, who, shipwrecked during the third act on a desert island, spends the next seven acts and eleven scenes in bewailing the unhappy fate which separates him from his faithful wife and his three lovely children.

The last act witnesses a reunion of hero, wife and family, the family however, is represented by no less than twelve dolls sitting all in a row on a big lounge. This scene is laid in Oakland.

News comes from Arizona telling us that Louis Carrigan, who recently went to that God-forsaken state in search of health, is progressing so rapidly that he may soon return home in fit condition to resume his old pastime tramping over the hills with a dog and a gun in search of any sort of game that might show itself.

Tales of Judge Cabaniss. No. 3.

John Gray, colored, was recently brought before Judge Cabaniss charged with stealing a quantity of wood, and while there was not much of a defense to offer Attorney Olin L. Berry, who knew him, volunteered to say a few words to the Court in his behalf. He began his talk, and warming up to his subject as he went along, finally succeeded in making quite a plea for leniency. The Judge, of course, found the prisoner guilty and let him off with a sentence of thirty days in the county jail. When the commitment had been made out it was discovered that there was no officer present, so the Judge said:

"John, you know where the jail is, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here's five cents and this paper. You take a car and go there and give 'em this paper and they'll let you in. Will you?"

"Sure!" John answered, and the funny part of it is he actually did.

Political.

The Mayoralty Fight.

THE most interest locally, of course, centers in the contest for Mayor. Things are beginning to take a little more definite shape. There is now no question that Phelan will not run, and the atmosphere is cleared of that cloud. Among the Democrats there are three leading candidates for the position, Hooper, Lane, and Creswell. Dodge is positively out of the fight, the design of his trainers being to keep him in line for the governorship.

The ghost of Lane still prowls about the scene and will not down. Lane still wants to make the race, and is not satisfied to be merely renominated for his present position. Lane has many elements of strength, and McNab is said to favor him personally, although his first choice is probably Hooper. There is no doubt that Hooper is in the field for something, as is seen from his recent action in the waiters' strike, when he came forward voluntarily and raised the wages of all his waiters at the Occidental Hotel, thereby endearing himself to the labor fraternity forever.

Creswell is the most formidable candidate of the anti-Phelanites. He is making a vigorous campaign to unite the anti-Phelan elements. If he succeeds he will have the support of Rainey, who supported Phelan last time, but who is fiercely against him now. The attempt now being made to take away the horseshoeing of the fire department from Eddie Graney, intensifies the feeling, and these elements together with the other disaffected ones, would rally to the support of Creswell.

There is also talk of reorganizing the Democracy with a new machine, having Jim O'Brien at the head, but it is not likely that any serious attempt will be made to put the talk into action, at least for some time to come. Phelan and McNab have the machine in pretty good shape, and it is doubtful if they can be dislodged this year. If Creswell's friends want to break into the convention, they have a deal of organizing to do, as they will have to win the battle at the primaries.

Governor Budd's appearance in politics here is a source of considerable interest. Of course, Budd is laying his line for the senatorship, say about the time Bard's term expires. Here he meets Phelan, and their lines of travel parallel. It is hardly likely that Budd will oppose the mayor actively this year, yet anything that would damage the latter's chances for the senatorship, would not be wholly disagreeable to the former.

The fact that Governor Budd is about to receive that $100,000 fee is a further point. A candidate for the United States senatorship must have an independent fortune even if only for legitimate purposes. The Democrats boasted that Senator White was a poor man, yet when he was elected he had an income of $20,000 a year, and so much more beside, that after serving several years with a salary of only $6,000 a year, he was able to leave a fortune of $125,000 at his death. When Budd picked out the attorneyship of the harbor commission, as the particular plum which should survive to himself, every one recognized his design to break into San Francisco. His position there gives him an admirable opportunity to handle the patronage of the water front of which he does not hesitate to avail himself.

As to the Chief-Justiceship, Garoutte has got his fight won beyond a question. The Democrats are not talking yet, but realize that they have to put up a strong man to beat him. Judge Garber, of course, or some other leader of the bar, would be a good candidate, but would probably not take it. Garret McEnerney would be a strong man. Although a young man, he has already made a fortune at the bar, and might be persuaded to take it and retire from active practice. Judge Maguire has probably had his fill of campaigning, and prefers the certainty of his present lucrative legal practice to the uncertainties of politics.

J. K. L.

Mr. Cleveland on Venezuela.

MR. CLEVELAND concludes in the "Century" for July his statement of "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy."

The fact must not be overlooked, he says, that, notwithstanding this treaty was promoted and negotiated by the officers of our government, the parties to it were Great Britain and Venezuela. This was a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as the work accomplished was thus saved from the risk of customary disfigurement at the hands of the United States Senate.

Thus, we have made a laborious and patient journey through the incidents of a long dispute, to find at last a peaceful rest. As we look back over the road we have traversed, and view again the incidents we have passed on our way, some may be surprised that this controversy was so long chronic, and yet, in the end, yielded so easily to pronounced treatment. I shall attempt no explanation of this condition. I know that occasionally some Americans of a certain sort, who were quite un-American when the difficulty was pending, have since been very fond of lauding the extreme forbearance and kindness of England toward us in our so-called belligerent and ill-advised assertion of American principle. Those to whom this is a satisfactory explanation are quite welcome to it.

My own surprise and disappointment have arisen more from the honest misunderstanding and the dishonest and insincere misrepresentation, on the part of many of our people, regarding the motives and purposes of the interference of the government of the United States in this affair. Some conceited and doggedly mistaken critics have said that it was dreadful for us to invite war for the sake of a people unworthy of our consideration, and for the purpose of protecting their possession of land not worth possessing. It is certainly strange that any intelligent citizen, professing information on public affairs, could fail to see that when we aggressively interposed in this controversy it was because it was necessary in order to assert and vindicate a principle distinctively American, and in the maintenance of which the people and government of the United States were profoundly concerned. It was because this principle was endangered, and because those charged with administrative responsibility would not abandon or neglect it, that our government interposed to prevent any further colonization of American soil by a European nation. In these circumstances neither the character of the people claiming the soil as against Great Britain, nor the value of the lands in dispute, was of the least consequence to us; nor did it in the least concern us which of the two contestants had the best title to any part of the disputed territory, so long as England did not possess and colonize more than belonged to her—however much or however little that might be. But we needed proof of the limits of her rights in order to determine our duty in defense of our Monroe Doctrine; and we sought to obtain such proof, and to secure peace, through arbitration.

An Ill-Timed Jest.

THE manner in which Depew's sugggestion of a third term for McKinley has been generally received by the leaders of his own party throughout the East, is shown by the following, which recently appeared in Harper's under the caption of "An Ill-Timed Jest:"

There can be no doubt about Senator Depew's position as the leading humorist of America, but it is respectfully suggested to him that he should time his jokes rather more carefully. There could be no worse time for the springing of his jest in the matter of a third term for President McKinley than the present, when the Anti-Imperialists, having lost their Aguinaldo, and been whacked hip and thigh by the Supreme Court, are looking about for a new battle-cry to carry them through the summer. Nor is it wise to begin to agitate a jest of this nature directly after a tour of the country by its chief victim, having some of the qualities of a triumphal march, has been brought to a close. At such a moment thousands of obtuse persons might be pardoned for thinking the Senator's remarks were made seriously, particularly since they were made before and not after dinner when the Senator is in his most fanciful mood. We would also remind the Senator that the best jokes are those which are not only funny but which have serious thinking behind them.

When the Senator flirts out the mirthful suggestion that Mr. McKinley will again succeed himself, we cannot but suspect him of not having been seriously thoughtful. We opine that when the President's second term ends, the American people will be too generously disposed toward him to deprive him of the rest from official cares to which his public service will have entitled him.

A Census Experiment.

THE July "Century" contains an open letter from John M. Eddy, on "The City of Stockton's Unique Census Experiment."

The federal census was supposed to have been taken June 1, 1900. The people of Stockton knew nothing of the result in their city and county until October 24, when Bulletin No. 10 was issued from the Census Office at Washington, and a summary of its contents was telegraphed back to California. The Chamber of Commerce census of Stockton and San Joaquin County, through eighty-six enumerators, could have been proclaimed the morning of May 11, the day following the date fixed by law for the reports of census marshals to be in the hands of the county superintendents.

Chief W. P. Sullivan.

Capt. Wittman.

SAN FRANCISCO may still be far behind some of her eastern sisters in many things, but in the personnel, equipment and discipline of her police force she certainly does lead the entire union. There is no municipality in or out of the United States, that possesses a finer constabulary than we have here, and every year new plans are being tried with the object of bettering that which is already nearly perfect.

The present force consists of one chief-of-police, five captains, six lieutenants, forty-three sergeants, thirteen corporals, fifteen detectives and 505 patrolmen. These men are divided among thirteen different stations and not only are they supposed to, but they do, keep in order nearly half a million people who make up the permanent and floating population of our cosmopolitan seaport, which has the reputation of being the rendezvous for the hardest cases from all over the world.

In their efforts to preserve order and to enforce the law these five hundred and eighty-eight men have arrested nearly 27,000 persons during the last fiscal year. These arrests embrace everything from murder down to the most trivial offense, under the splendid system that has been inaugurated the same careful attention that is given to the most sensational tragedy. Beside this there have been nearly two thousand homeless and indigent persons taken care of and supplied with medical treatment. The property reported lost to the department has amounted to nearly $90,000 and of this nearly 90 per cent has been recovered and restored to its owners. If beside thousands of letters and under the sun that are discovered and reported, private character which public, one may get some work performed by a dep plished that the rest of and peace and which seldo and ridicule at the han protects.

Should a murder or a offender be not apprehe Department is roasted f entertained of past servic thousands of cases wher the spot. The papers ar sensational and they pitch to the bluecoats hot and last be brought to book sistent work it is only nec who knows how to do a receive any amount of sy whom the police are end to retrive their own rep the department is prett which way the cat jump enough to make it worthy

For the cartoonist th of revenue and for the hu

The Central Clerical Force.

Booking Desk at the City Prison.

Our San Franc

The Chief in his Sanctum.

ne stops to consider the ms relating to everything l and answered, the fires dreds of odd details of a ended to and never made f the immense amount of t whose duties are accom- work and sleep in security es anything but contumely hose it watches over and

y be committed and the the instant, the Police inefficency; no thought is onsideration is given to the iminal has been taken on g material for something he department and give it Should the perpetrator at onths of patient and per- or him to engage a lawyer smooth work and he will as an innocent man upon to fasten a crime in order In nine cases out of ten to be hampered no matter case is only sensational nent by the daily press. " is a never failing source aragrapher he has become

a sort of a continuous meal ticket. The hungry wit has but to write a joke on a policeman and he is assured of coffee and a snail with which to tide over the next twelve or fifteen hours. The policeman of these amusing fancies is generally pictured as an illiterate, lazy, slobbery-looking brute; (always either Irish or Dutch) wheezy of breath, large of paunch, dull of intellect. Always to be found drinking in some corner saloon when not slumbering on his beat or chucking some servant girl under the chin as he gossips with her over some alley railing.

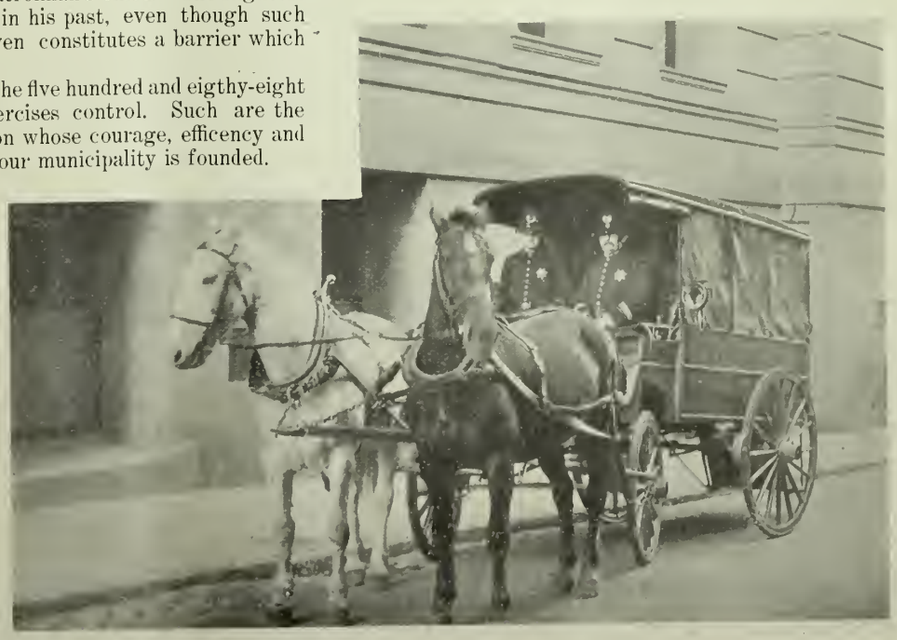
The best idea of the policeman as he really is, at least in San Francisco, is shown by the ordeal he is forced to pass through before he can become a member of the force. Physically he must be practically perfect. Under the civil service physical examination which has lately been adopted the applicant must not be under five feet nine inches nor over six feet four and his weight and general measurements must be in exact proportion. From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet he must be without blemish, and any organic weakness, constitutional malady, past or present or hereditary predisposition thereto, is sufficient to insure the candidate's rejection. The examination taken altogether is the most severe one to which any body of men in the United States is subjected, army recruits not excepted.

Educationally the man who would become a policeman has not only to pass such an examination as would fit him for admission to the high school, but he has also to show a good knowledge of the criminal code, municipal ordinances and must be thoroughly up on the manual of the department and the duties pertaining to the patrolman's office. The slightest suspicion of anything wrong in his past, even though such suspicion should not be proven constitutes a barrier which no pull can tear away.

Such a man is every one of the five hundred and eigthy-eight over whom Chief Sullivan exercises control. Such are the members of a department upon whose courage, efficency and integrity the entire fabric of our municipality is founded.

In the Toils.

ef of Detectives Seymour.



Our Municipal Carryall.

co Policemen.

The Painted Lady and the Boy.

By Harle Oren Cummins.

BUD PHILLIPS says The Boy is going to the devil, announced Stebbins, as he strolled into the smoking room at the Sherwood Club, after beating Perkins three games of billiards.

"Well, Bud is certainly in a position to be accurately informed on that subject," answered the Colonel, and the truth of his reply was so apparent that every one smiled.

Bud was night clerk at the Algonquin, the hotel where The Boy had a suite. So he had a chance to see at what hour and how the guest came home. He also knew just how many times a week The Boy's rooms were a rendezvous for the young subalterns from Fort Blair, who came into town every time they could get leave, to gamble away their month's scanty pay.

But as Bud Phillips also said, The Boy wasn't entirely to blame for he had never had a mother's care, and, though no one in Preston City, except the Colonel and I, knew the facts of his early life, everyone had a good word for him and was inclined to overlook many indiscretions on the part of popular Billy Richards, The Boy.

Colonel Wade and I could remember the day when Stewart Sloan shocked the good people back in Sioux City by bringing home for a wife La Petite Mabelle, skirt dancer from a vaudeville theatre in Des Moines. The predictions of the sewing club gossips were more than fulfilled, for La Petite Mabelle ran away one fine day, before the year was up, leaving Sloan with a two months old baby boy and a little note of farewell. La Petite Mabelle told him in melodramatic sentences covering two sheets of note paper, that the attractions of the old life with its cheap finery and grease paint were too strong for her. She could never remain in Sioux City, where nobody called on her. Stewart himself seemed ashamed of her, and where there was nothing going on. She said further, that he musn't think too badly of her and that he ought to try and forget her.

This Sloan had certainly tried hard enough to do. That fall he secured a divorce, and when the legislature convened in Des Moines next year, he had the name that La Petite Mabelle had disgraced changed to Richards, his mother's maiden name. So young William Richards, as Sloan re-christened the boy, grew up to manhood, never knowing the tragedy of his father's early life, and never having felt the softening influence of a mother's love.

His father died when the lad was twelve, naming as his son's guardian, Colonel Wade, who looked after him as well as an old bachelor of fifty, loaded down with business cares, could be expected to look after a growing and spirited youth.

When Billy attained his majority and had finished his college days, bluff old Colonel Wade took him aside as gently as a warm hearted old man could do, told him the story of his first appearance on the stage of life, turned over to him a property more than sufficient for every reasonable need and sent him out in the world which still called him The Boy, a nickname he had acquired in college. The Boy pondered over his early history for a few days, and then apparently forgot that any such unpleasant thing as history existed, concerning himself wholly with the present which may be history, though at the time not recognized as such.

Lately The Boy had been drinking and doing some other things more than was good for him, but when the Colonel remonstrated in a fatherly way, he promised to "take a brace" the same as he would have promised back in his college days when he was under the discipline of the old professors. Stebbins' remark, therefore, that The Boy was going to the devil, was rather a surprise to me for I knew that he usually kept his word.

"Did any of you see the fairy that came in on the express this afternoon," asked Perkins a little later, and as no one answered he proceeded to explain:

"I went down to the three o'clock to meet Kitty, who came in from Denver to-day, and the first person who stepped off the train was the d[illegible]st looking female you ever saw. She must have been forty-five, but she had locks as golden as a maid of fifteen, and, actually, I believe there was half a box of rouge on her cheeks. She had a little wooly dog in her arms so covered with ribbon[illegible] [illegible]'t believe it could walk [illegible] Kitty said she was flirting with the conductor all the way down from Butte, and someone on the train christened her 'The Painted Lady.'"

"Where's she stopping?" asked the Colonel, and I knew what was in his mind.

"She rode up to town on the same 'bus with Kitty and me, and got out at the Algonquin," answered Perkins. "You'd better look out for that protege of yours, Colonel, he may be doing something rash. The Boy appears to be partial to blonds."

The next day as I was coming down town I nearly upset a woman hurrying in the opposite direction. I picked up the parasol which I had knocked out of her hand, and as I glanced at her, I knew from Perkins' descriptions that it was The Painted Lady.

She probably wasn't more than thirty-seven or thirty-eight, but there were deep lines about her eyes and the corners of her mouth which ought not to be in the face of a woman of sixty. Her hair, under the stimulating influence of some peroxide, was a bright yellow, and her cheeks had on them the bloom usually found on buxom Irish lasses, or in small, round boxes in a drug store. At the end of a silver chain and covered with ribbons was a diminutive French poodle.

She was stylishly dressed and her figure, though making me wonder at the time (and strength) taken to produce it, was still quite pleasing to look upon in the final result. Her name, as I found out at the club that evening, was Madame Mabel Fortesque, and one of the evening papers stated that she was a young widow taking a western trip for her health. She had a suite at the Algonquin, and spent most of her time driving about the city, for she had sent to Denver for a showy turnout, and t was not long before it became a common sight to see her riding about with some one of the young officers from Fort Blair beside her.

Dame Rumor, never inclined to be delicate in her handling of young widows who travel about the country without chaperons, of course had a fling at Madame Fortesque, and if only half the stories which were circulated about her were true, she must have found Preston City a lively place.

The day of her arrival The Boy had had been called away to Chicago on important business, [illegible] I were relieved [illegible] mediate worry as to [illegible] [illegible]ce being established betw[illegible] and The Painted Lady, as nearly everyone in Preston City quickly came to call the widow.

The Boy came back two weeks later, however, and our worst fears were then realized, for he immediately became as attentive to Madame Fortesque as any of the young subalterns from the fort. Most of the men at the club talked it over good-naturedly, and, man-fashion, considered it a good joke, but the wives of these same club men regarded it differently; it was even rumored that old Mrs. Burton, the worst gossip in the city, had written to a girl in Boston to whom The Boy was engaged.

"If she were only some young thing and good-looking," groaned the Colonel, "it wouldn't be so bad, but what he can find in that fudged-up old woman is more than I can see. Why, man, she is old enough to be his mother."

He intended to speak to The Boy about it but never did, for he knew he could not talk to the young man when there was a woman in the case, the same as he could when it was merely a question of his gambling or drinking too much.

Things were going on badly enough, when one evening as I was seated in the reading room at the Sherwood looking over a paper, I heard Stebbins talking to a group in the next room.

"Yes, I've found out the whole history of The Painted Lady," he was saying, "she's all that Old Lady Burton says, and more. She's been living down at the Rapids for a year or two, and I saw Jack Denvers when I was down there last week, and he gave me the whole story. She was a skirt dancer among other things when she was young, and some way got her hooks onto a young fellow from Sioux City named Sloan. He came from a fine family, and his people were all broke up over the affair, for she proved a bad lot, I reckon. She ran away from him before they had been married a year, and has been going down the line ever since. Denvers says that if

Continued on Page 11.

No one needs to be told to try to cure a cough. But any one will be glad to be told of a means of cure which will be thorough and lasting. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a medicine which can be confidently relied on to cure diseases of the organs of respiration. It cures obstinate, deep-seated coughs, bronchitis and bleeding of the lungs. It cures when nothing else will cure, and the local physician says: "There is nothing more that we can do."

There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery," and it is absolutely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

The dealer, tempted by the little more profit paid by less meritorious medicines, will sometimes try aud sell a substitute when the "Discovery" is asked for. No substitute medicine will satisfy the sick like "Golden Medical Discovery." It always helps. It almost always cures.

"Two years ago a severe cough started on me and I was also bothered with catarrh," writes Mr. F. Skjod, of Danewood, Chisago Co., Minn. "I could not sleep nights, as the cough was worse at uight. I tried several cough medicines, but to no avail, until a year ago, when I got so bad I could not breathe through my nose at times. I then tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. After taking eight bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and at the same time using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, I am a well man. I can thank Dr. Pierce for my good health, and will recommeud his medicines to any one suffering from the same trouble."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For
Brain Workers.

Strengthens the exhausted and confused brain, relieves nervous headache, and induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Crilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Crilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Costa Rica Petroleum and Coal Co.'s Stock.

10c. is a snap at 10c.

It Will Make Fortunes for Investors. . . . .

•••••••••

A limited amount of Southern Belle Gold Mining Stock for sale at 10c per share; this is a gilt-edged investment; mine is situated in El Dorado county, near the Mt. Pleasant mine, which since 1857 produced over $22,000,000 bullion. Write or call for a prospectus.

We have other good investments bringing nice monthly incomes.

Money to Loan on Approved Security

•••••••••

Pacific States Mining and Investment Co.

324-226 Post Street, San Francisco

FREE ELECTRIC BELT OFFER

WITH TEN DAY'S FREE WEARING TRIAL in your own home, we furnish the genuine and only HEIDELBERG ALTERNATING CURRENT ELECTRIC BELTS to any reader of this paper. No money in advance; very low cost; positive guarantee. COSTS ALMOST NOTHING compared with most all other treatments. Cures when all other electric belts, appliances and remedies fail. QUICK CURE for more than 50 ailments. ONLY SURE CURE for all nervous diseases, weaknesses and disorders. For complete sealed confidential catalogue, cut this ad out and mail to us.
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

California At The Fair

The Los Angeles County exhibit showing part of California's products at the Pan-American Exposition was provided under the auspices of one thousand business men of Southern California comprising the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. This exhibit consists of citrus fruits, oranges, lemons, etc., tangerine and other fruit supplied by the Southern California Fruit Exchange while the olive oils, canned goods and crystalized fruits are supplied by the Board of Manufacture.

Nuts of various kinds; English walnuts, almonds, etc., are supplied by the Association of Growers formed for the purpose of disposing of their crop. Fruits in glass are represented by samples of every product raised in the state; they consist of grapes, some bunches weighing as much as twelve pounds and measuring one foot in length. Sweet potatoes, very white that measure sixteen inches in length that look like selected samples of over-grown carrots associate on equal terms with delicious peaches and oranges measuring from seven to nine inches in circumference and pears and quinces weighing two and one-half pounds each. Loquotsor (Japanese Plum) Kumquot (Japanese Orange) Monstera Deliciosa (Delicious Monster), and Papau are among the novelties in the fruit line that take the attention of the visitors as he passes through the exhibit.

Dried fruits in artistically arranged packages showing another method of preserving immense peaches, pears and clusters of raisins. In this line are exhibited two figures, a man and a woman made of all the various kinds of fruits that are ordinarily evaporated, representative of the Mexican native of California a hundred years ago. The exhibits are installed back of a facade made expressly to represent the old California adobe mission construction. Arch ways are lined with oranges and supported on pillars ornamented with Fan Palms, stems and California bamboo. Mounted on one of these arches is an elephant made entirely of English walnuts. This important industry of growing English walnuts was built up in the short space of fourteen years. The growers in this line have always kept the organization in their own hands with the result that the fruit is sold long before it is ripe.

The oranges used in the decorative features are replaced every day with fresh ones brought from the coast, as improved methods of propagation and cultivation now renders the crop continuous throughout the year. The total crop of oranges of Southern California last year was about 25,000 cars of which 17,000 cars only were shipped; leaving 8,000 cars of fruit to spoil because of insufficient transportation facilities.

There are on an average about 54,300 oranges to the car, sufficient to supply one dozen and one-half of oranges for each man, woman and child in the United States; if you failed to get your quota find fault with the railway companies.

While this exhibit is supposed to represent the horticultural products of the country, the displays of the fish products, have not been neglected as mounted specimens are exhibited showing fish that have been caught on the western coast weighing from ten to 450 pounds each. These are from the Island of Santa Catalina that is situated fifty miles from Los Angeles. Photographs of the homes, ranches, summer resorts, etc., are exhibited in large numbers.

The Painted Lady.

Continued from Page 10.

she stops up here the married women would better watch out. She's the woman that was mixed up in the Stanley divorce case down at the Rapids last year, and they say she got—Hello, what's the matter with Billy? Same old story?"

Alarmed, for I had not the slightest idea that The Boy was there, I turned and saw him staggering blindly from the room. He ran against a hat tree and some of the men laughed, but I saw his face and I knew that it was not the drink that made him look so ghastly.

I hurried up to the card room where the Colonel was playing his evening game of whist, and, whispering a word in his ear I got him into an alcove and told him what had just taken place.

"Good God, this is horrible," he muttered, "why, it's his own mother and he knows it."

We hastened from the club but there were no carriages in sight outside.

"The Boy just staggered out bareheaded, and drove off toward his hotel in the only cab here," said Perkins, who was coming up the steps. "What's the matter with him? I spoke to him but he didn't answer. Slewed again?"

We did not stop to satisfy his curiosity, but walked rapidly up to the Algonquin.

"He went up stairs about ten minutes ago," the clerk told us in answer to our question, and grinned knowingly.

The door of his room was not locked, and after knocking several times without getting any reply we went in, and found just what I had feared we should find, The Boy lying face downwards on the floor, one hand clasping a discharged revolver. I looked at the powder-stained cheek, and though I felt that it was absolutely hopeless, I left the Colonel kneeling by his side and hurried out in search of a doctor. As I stood by the front door hesitating which way to go, a trap was driven up under the electric lights, and a beardless youth in lieutenant's uniform helped a loudly-dressed woman to alight. They walked through the foyer and entered the elevator laughing and talking, while a little yellow dog covered with ribbons capered and barked in front of them.

It was The Painted Lady—and another boy.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

"Knox" Spring Styles now open
"KOHN" the Hatter, 726 Market Street

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus . . $2,263,599.17
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash . 1,000,000.00
Deposits, December 31, 1901 . . . . . 29,589,864.13

OFFICES

President . . . . . B. A. Becker
First Vice-President . . . . . Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President . . H. Horstmann
Cashier . . . . . A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier . . . . Wm. Hermann
Secretary . . . . . George Tourney
Assistant Secretary . . . . . A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

San Francisco Savings Union
535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, Jan. 1, 1900	$27,881,798
Reserve Fund	223,451
Paid Up Capital	1,000,000
Contingent Fund	464,847

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier, R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money. No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits $20.00
Pants 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

★TIVOLI★

THIS WEEK THE LAST!
DON'T MISS IT.
EVENINGS AT EIGHT
Every Child Gets a Toy—LAST SOUVENIR MATINEE SATURDAY, JUNE 29, at 2.

The Toy Maker

July 1, "Babes in the Wood."

POPULAR PRICES.....25c., 50c.
Telephone, Bush 9.

MOROSCO'S
GRAND OPERA HOUSE
MATINEES SATURDAY AND SUNDAY
Tonight and tomorrow night last nights of
MELBOURNE MacDOWELL supported by
FLORENCE STONE, in Sardou's strongest play

FEDORA

Next week The Frawley Company presents
THE ONLY WAY
Superb cast, including E. J. Morgan, Jack Mason, Theodore Roberts and Katherine Gray.
POPULAR PRICES—10c., 15c., 25c., 50c., 75c.
Branch Ticket Office—Emporium.

Orpheum

BEST BILL IN YEARS
Emily Lytton, Charles Bowser & Co., Ezra Kendall, Gardner and Vincent, Sisters Mahr, Odell, Williams & Co., Cole and De Lossee, The Biograph." And the last week of The Wonderful East India Pygmies, Fatma and Smaun
MATINEES WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY.
Reserved Seats, Parquet, 25c., Balcony, 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.
Fatma and Smaun, the Pygmies, will hold a reception on the stage to children after Wednesday matinee, and after all matinees during their engagement.

COLUMBIA
San Francisco's Leading Theatre
Matinees Saturday. Special Holiday Matinee July 4
Limited Engagement, beginning June 24th
Charles Frohman's Big Production

Under Two Flags

By arrangement with David Belasco
Paul M. Potter's Drama on Ouida's Famous Novel. The entire New York Scenery and 120 People. Including Blanche Bates as Cigarette.
Seat sale begins Thursday.

ALCAZAR
Only Matinee Saturday
Tonight and tomorrow night last nights of
FLORENCE ROBERTS
Supported by White Whittlesey in
SAPHO
Orchestra—First Six Rows, 75c.
—Reserved Seats Six Days in Advance!—
NEXT—"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

Central Theater
BELASCO & THALL'S
Market st., nr. Eighth. Opposite City Hall.
TONIGHT AND ALL THIS WEEK.
Matinees Saturday and Sunday.
Uncle Tom's Cabin
PRICES—Evenings, 10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c. Matinees, 10c., 15c., 25c.
Next Week—The Popular Actor James M. Brophy in
Davy Crockett

Things Theatrical.

Another California girl is soon to make her debut on the vaudeville stage under the auspices of Bean Morrisey. Ina Allen, a Chico lass, is the new aspirant for footlight honors, and, if the opinion of those who should know are to be relied upon, she will not aspire in vain.

Miss Allen has a splendid mezzo-soprano voice which made her a welcomed leader in the society of her native city. Her voice has also been heard at some of San Francisco's most select musical functions and it is on the advice of no less a person than Melba that she is taking the present step.

MISS INA ALLEN.

In addition to a beautiful voice Miss Allen is possessed of a magnificent figure of the Junoesque type and a face whose blonde loveliness is a fortune in itself.

Altogether the gods have been so generous to Miss Allen in the bestowal of talent and beauty that her initial performance on Saturday evening next may be considered as a coming triumph and one that will be well deserved.

James M. Brophy—"Our Jim" the melodramatic hero, the ideal of the matinee girl, idol of the gallery gods and popular with the sealskin clad occupants of the orchestra seats is again—or rather he has returned to San Francisco and has entered into a six weeks' engagement at the Central Theatre. He will step into the front and center of the stage on Monday night in "Davy Crockett" and if all that is said about "Our Jim's" performance in this part, by the eastern press be true, then we can expect something very much out of the ordinary—Brophy has been playing with the biggest of Eastern Combinations and is traveling the star route. He is said to have vastly improved upon his work previously done in this city. "Davy Crockett" gives him a splendid chance to show what he is made of. It is a stong role almost reaching to the heroics. It has that great scene in battling with the wolves, and the frontiersman does a daring piece of work in rescuing the girl he loves from being wedded to a man she abhors almost at the very time the marriage ceremony is to take place.

T. Daniel Frawley will begin a season of eight weeks at Morosco's Grand Opera House, on Monday evening, with the strongest company ever seen in San Francisco at popular prices. The organization, which is a large one, embraces the following names:—Mary Van Buren, Katherine Grey, Alice Johnson, Phosa McAllister, Christine Hill, Pearl Landers, Minnette Barrett, Lillian Stafford, Lillie Branscomb, Margaret Smith, T. Daniel Frawley, E. J. Morgan, John Mason, Theodore Roberts, Harrington Reynolds, J. R. Armory, H. S. Duffield, Wallace Shaw, Frank Mathieu, Herbert Ashton, Clarence Chase, Roy Stephenson, Reginald Travers, C. J. Reily, Elmer Ellsworth.

* * *

This week is the last of the hit of the season, "The Toy Maker," and those who have not had a glimpse of the pretty piece cannot pass a more enjoyable evening than at the Tivoli. Nothing that this house has offered has had such a vogue as this opera, the children especially being charmed with the play and the toys that have been dispensed on Saturday afternoons. Another lot of toys will be given to the little folks today and Sunday, June 30th, comes the midsummer extravaganza, "The Babes in the Wood."

The book has been arranged by Ferris Hartman and abounds with catchy dialogue and the latest songs. Several people who have been absent from the house for the last six weeks will re-appear in the new piece.

* * *

Next Week.

Grand Opera House.—The Frawley Company in "The Only Way."

Central.—"Davy Crockett."

Columbia—Blanche Bates in "Under Two Flags."

Orpheum.—Vaudeville.

Tivoli.—"Babes in the Wood."

Alcazar.—"Sapho."

FAT REDUCTION

Mrs. M. Dumar studied the reduction of human fat for over 20 years with the greatest specialists in Europe and America. Over 10,000 grateful patients attest her success. Her treatment is not "Banting," nor starvation diet. She protests against the "Free Trial Treatment" Fraud, so often advertised. Her's is no "Monthly Payment" scheme. Mrs. Dumar's treatment is endorsed by the Colleges of Physicians and by "The United States Health Report." Her total charge is $1, which pays for prescription, for medicine sold in all first-class drug stores, full instructions as to the treatment, and everything necessary to reduce one pound or more a day. No extra charges. No wrinkles and no injury to health.

FROM NEW PAPER EDITORIALS.

The patients of Mrs. Dumar are legion, and all of them are her friends.—Weekly Tribune and Star.

Twenty-odd years she has spent in serving her sister-sufferers and all have benefited by her treatment.—Family Physicians Magazine, N. Y.

For many years this successful specialist has been curing excessive fat, and we (acknowleged to be the highest American authority on all matters pertaining to health, sanitation, and hygiene) feel authorized to recommend this treatment.—United States Health Report.

If you find this treatment not based on common sense, and find it doesn't work, she will send your $1 back. If you question the value of this treatment, ask any proprietor of a first-class newspaper. They all know Mrs. Dumar and what she has done. She has not published a testimonial in years. She does not need to. Her work is too well known.

If you are interested in reducing flesh and believe that a sure, guaranteed reduction (as promised above) is worth $1 to you, mail that sum in bill, stamps or Money Order to

MRS. M. DUMAR, 15 West 28th St. New York.

BANK of California

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....$2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided
Profits, April 1, 1901,$3,611.096.80

. . . OFFICERS . . .

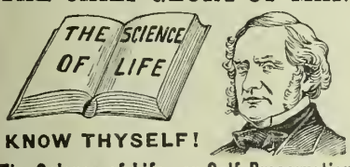
William Alvord, President, Charles R. Bishop, Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Assistant Cashier; Sam H. Daniels, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, First National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies; Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation, A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.

VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRED.

Engraving Department

Mysell Rollnis Co.

22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE Tel. Main 199

DEALERS IN *Paper*

55, 57, 59, 61 First Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

Blake, Moffitt & Towne Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co. Portland, Or.

MUSICAL NOTES.

"IF we all thought alike there would be no horse-racing."

A man "jumped" me this morning for saying that, in my opinion, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan was one of the greatest artists of the day; Mr. Henschel and Mr. Bispham not excepted. Here is a shining chance for an argument; but I loathe argument, and the chance can go glimmering. This page mirrors but one individual opinion; the comparative or utter worth or unworth of that opinion is again a matter of opinion. This is a free country. I am "free, white, and twenty-one;" and so long as the guileless editor submits, so long shall my proudly humble opinion soar defiant and unashamed. Which brings us pleasantly to where we started. "If we all thought alike, there would be no horse-racing." I will add, however, that I referred especially to Mr. O'Sullivan's interpretations and conceptions, and not to his voice. Now, be good.

The "event" in local happenings of the past week, is the announcement of the resignation of Mr. H. J. Stewart from his position as organist of Trinity Church, and his acceptance of a $3,000 holding in the city of brains, beans, and Back-Bay. His exit means a distinct loss to this city. Mr. Stewart is not alone a brilliant organist, but he is also a composer of high rank and a distinguished musician. The question of successorship is largely to the fore, as a matter of course; Trinity parish being a representative, as well as one of the wealthiest of our churchly divisions. And there will be a rustling flood of applications sufficient to paper a drawing-room. Names of tremulous incapables and confident owners of sublime mediocrity are boldly announced by their friends, and even by themselves, as sure winners. It is more than likely, though, that the position will be offered to Mr. W. A. Sabin, the present organist of St. Luke's church. Whether or not he will accept it is another matter, as he and the St. Luke's people are much attached to each other, and he is a young man of too much good sense to jump at such a proposition without careful thought. Flitting from pillar to post is no recommendation, and it is well to know where you are appreciated. In the event of Mr. Sabin declining the offer, it is said that the parish may send east, or even to England for a new man. That is a nasty blow at our American pride. Sending to England for organists when the country is full of young intelligences putting in their best licks at the study of the organ and organ literature. This state is full of young students; this city is swarming with them. And yet we have to draw on England for our supply. It is a humiliating commentary on either our brains or energy, or both. And the worst of it is, we let it go at that. We say, "yes indeed; it's perfectly disgraceful," and immediately forget all about it. Anglomania forever! and its liable to be.

For the same reason that you get four sevens in a four-card draw, or have days when you bump into three out of four people you pass in the street, you will find an inexplicable but general exodus to one place in the summer season. This year the objective point is the Yosemite. Everybody, nearly is going, or has been there. It is a matter for congratulation, too. The most wonderful part of our state, our star boast to the verdant easterner, is like unto the prophet without honor in his own country. We all promise ourselves a visit there "some day," and the polite fiction seldom becomes a truth. The half-hearted resolve rarely crystalizes into a railroad ticket. But this year, layman, artist, and musician alike wend their rejoicing way to the wondrous valley, where that sawed-off genius, Chris Jorgensen, plays a banjo in front of his cottage. Think of it if you can. A banjo in the Yosemite! Maybe it is not true, though, but I'm afraid of it. I know him. And Louis Von der Mehden is taking a green suit and a fancy vest there, that are enough to make the Cascades run up hill. And dear old "Charlie Parent" has returned, bringing with him the laughter of the falls, and bearing in his eyes the look of him who has felt the solemn touch of the "big hills." Just this side of the "Valley," Mrs. Martin Shultz is visiting friends in Carters, and a few miles from there, in Sonora, Miss Millie Flynn was the person responsible for that high B natural that sent satisfying chills up the backs of audiences at the Columbia Theatre, last week. The tenor was a Mr. M. Bruce of New York, and the other soprano was the same Laura Clement that prima-donna-ed it at the Tivoli for so long. At the latter house, the "Toy-maker" has about run down; and will be succeeded, on Monday next by the "Babes in the Woods," a farcico-musical extravaganza by a number of people. At least, that is the nearest I could get to accurate information. I asked who wrote it, and they said "everybody." So there you are.

Marysville is to receive a visitation

Continued on Page 14

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

"The best preparation for colds, coughs, and asthma."
MRS. S. A. WATSON, Temperance Lecturer.

"Pre-eminently the best."
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CALIMBERTI

Modes de Paris

240 POST ST., below Stockton

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Miss Calimberti has now on exhibition at her rooms original Model Hats selected by herself in Paris, and also copies of Parisian Patterns.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed — HORNLEIN & KRUMB — Phone Main 151

CAFE ROYAL

Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six tenths (3. 6-10) per cent. on term deposits, and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California street. For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eight (3⅛) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco 33 Post street. For the half-year ending June 30, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

Savings and Loan Society. 101 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter. The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1901, at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1901. Dividends not called for are added to, and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal, from and after January 1, 1901.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery streets. For the six months ending June 30, 1901, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent per annum; free of taxes and payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principle and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1901.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

Germea

THE IDEAL

BREAKFAST

DISH

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336

DON R. DUNBAR

Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes

N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

The Old Government the perfection of Whisky.

BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY

PURE-AGED-WHOLESOME.

Used in the Medical Departments of the U.S. ARMY & NAVY SERVICE

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO. DISTRIBUTORS.

Beware of Imitations or refilled Bottles

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen

For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powel.

Half-tones and Zincographs

The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.

Etchers and Engravers of

Printing Plates

24 Montgomery St., S. F.

Phone Bush 290

Recent Verse.

A SEASONABLE LAY.

It is upward and ever onward
That the path to happiness goes;
Though dim in the shrouding darkness
The beckoning beacon glows;
There is rest from the heat of battle
Where the breeze of success blows cool;
For so says the maid who is sweetly arrayed
In a fair, fetching gown of soft tulle.

There is always the hand of friendship
To grasp when the way is steep,
But we still must be toiling forward,
While our laggard comrades sleep;
We must found our castles firmly
On the staunch, unyielding rock;
We are told by the girl with the graceful curl
And the dotted Swiss muslin frock.

There's a goal in the misty future
That we all are striving for;
We must still sail on though the breakers
Beat loud on the rockbound shore;
By the compass of high ambition
We must steer when the stars are gone;
We can learn all this from the dainty miss
Who looks charming in Persian lawn.

We have gathered the rose of knowledge—
'Tis a bud with its petals furled—
But under our care 'twill open
And make fragrant all the world.
We must store away our blessings,
As honey is stored by the bee,
Or they'll all take wing, says the sweet young thing
In the filmy white organdie.

'Tis a beautiful thing is knowledge,
For it opens the rose-strewn way
To the rostrum that's bright with bunting
On the glad commencement day,
But besides its joyous beauty
'Tis of practical value, too.
Don't think it's not, for without it what
Would the dressmakers ever do?

—J. J. Montague in Portland Oregonian.

* * *

THE PASSING HOUR

Is the morning cold and gray?
Do you dread the grinding day?
Listen, hear the sages say,
"It will pass."
Is the night a hateful one,
Filled with pain from set of sun
As the hours their dark way run?
It will pass

Is your present hard to bear?
Do your neighbors coldly stare
At your face of heavy care?
It will pass.
Does the knife-like edge of want
Cut your heart,—your bosom haunt?
Do your foes your sorrows vaunt?
All will pass!

It will pass by, morning gray,
It will pass by, grinding day,
It will pass by, naught can stay,
All will pass!
It will pass by, hour of grief
It will pass—doubt—unbelief,
And life's fever find relief
'Neath the grass.

Ada Sweet.

* * *

A MEMORY.

BY HARLE OREN CUMMINS

Only a breath of perfume,
As I walked in a quiet street;
But it brought back a flood of memories
Of boyhood, and oh, how sweet!
Once more with a sweet maid beside me
I walked in a quiet lane;
And the blood beat hard in my pulses,
For I was a boy again.
Once more we laid plans for our future,
(How changed has this future shown)
Through life we would walk on together;
And there I stood all alone.
The crowd pushed and jostled about me,
The sun beat down hot from above,
But I was back 'neath the maples
With my first and my only love.

Musical.

Continued from Page 14.

from Alfred Roncovieri and a band of twenty-five, on the Fourth of July; and later, Eureka will re-engage the same gentleman and a band of thirty-five men for its big annual street-fair. Mr. Roncovieri avers that the country people, much more than their city relatives, know how to do things as they should be done. And he is right. They not only know how, but they do the things, and nearly always do them well. He is about to issue another march, which is to be known as the Pro Patria March. It will be gotten out in fine style with a special cover-design by Horen Patigan. I heard an especially good march at the Columbia Theatre last week. It is the work of E. E. Schmitz, the orchestra leader, and is full of dash and ginger; it is called "Hungary." (At Grace Cathedral there is to be a series of midweek recitals on stated afternoons by the organist, Mr. W. H. Holt. These are evidently to be in high favor, if one is to judge from the size of the turnout last Tuesday, at the initial function.) And the town dozes fitfully through the windy days; waking but to wipe the dust from its drowsy eyes, and dozing again until it be time to wake thoroughly, "wash for a low-necked dress," and deck itself for the minor and greater grand opera.

S. HOMER HENLEY.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The original Swain's Bakery 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

ADAMS' RELIEF TABLETS.

Women Need the famous old DR. ADAMS' TABLETS prescribed for his life-long female patients. An efficient, trustworthy, agreeable home remedy for suffering caused by unnatural occurrence, suppression or irregularity of menstruation. Regularity restored. Send stamp and $1.00.

ADAMS' RELIEF TABLET CO.
145 La Salle St., Chicago.

Thuringia Insurance Co.

OF ERFURT, GERMANY

Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248

PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S.F.

VOSS, Conard & Co.

General Agents.

BECAUSE

I am located on the 6th floor of the Academy of Science Building, is the very reason why I am able to

Save you 33⅓ per cent

on Eyeglasses and Spectacles.

Furthermore, my glasses are the best. I fit them correctly after careful examination, and my prices are positively the lowest in San Francisco.

No Charge for Eye Examination.

E. MAXWELL REFRACTING OPTICIAN

Room 42, Academy of Science Bld.

819 Market St., San Francisco

Buy Your FIREWORKS

Direct from the Manufacturer

CALIFORNIA FIREWORKS COMPANY

219 FRONT STREET

Open Evenings July 1st, 2nd, 3rd

ESTABLISHED 1823

WILSON WHISKY

THAT'S ALL!

Bielenberg & Weniger

Sole Distributors

101-103 POWELL ST.,

San Francisco, Cal.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

EIGHT

EASTERN CITIES INVITE YOU

and the

Southern Pacific

offers those low round trip rates:

ON SALE	ROUND TRIP
June 30–July 1.....Cincinnati,	$76.50
July 1–2.....Detroit,	82.25
July 3–4.....Chicago,	72.50
July 3–4, August 22–23, September 5–6 .....Buffalo,	87.00
July 8–9.....Colorado Springs,	55.00
July 17–18.....Milwaukee,	74.50
August 20–21.....Louisville,	77.50
September 5–6.....Cleveland,	82.50

These rates apply from California main-line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest — finest scenery — choice of routes — limited trains — personally conducted tourist excursions —

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

MONDAY

AND

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

THURSDAY

THE

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

CALIFORNIA LIMITED

ON

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained.

SANTA FE

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S.S. Sonoma for **Honolulu, Samoa, Auckland,** and **Sydney**. Thursday June 20, 10 a.m.

S. S. Australia, for **Tahi i**, Wed. June 26, 1a a.m.

S.S. Zealandia for **HONOLULU only**, Saturday, June 20, 2. p. m.

Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 643 MARKET STREET.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. BLANCO & BRUN, Proprietors.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A recent reviewer of "Days Like These," in the New York "Commercial Advertiser," who gives evidence that he has a very exact knowledge of New York life and conditions, states that Mr. Townsend has made a daring use of his experience as a newspaper man, and that he has taken as his originals people whose names and eccentricities are known wherever an American newspaper is read. The reviewer goes on to say that Mr. Townsend has described these personages with such unflattering fidelity that no vestige of doubt is left regarding their identity. It is hinted that some of these New York worthies will be scandalized by the appearance they make in his pages, and that Mr. Townsend is likely to hear of it. A writer in the "Churchman," who recalls very few novels of the past year that he has read with such sustained interest, goes further and declares that "among his masculine characters it does not take an adept to recognize Messrs. Platt and Croker, Morgan, Vanderbilt, Depew, and others." It would seem to be a good time for Mr. Townsend to secure a commission that should take him abroad for a few months until the commotion his novel is likely to make in certain circles has ceased!

* * *

Mrs. Henrietta Dana Skinner, whose new novel, "Heart and Soul," is in course of publication by Harper & Brothers, is the daughter of Richard Henry Dana, Jr., who wrote the famous "Two Years Before the Mast." Mrs. Skinner's grandfather was R. H. Dana, the elder, author of "The Buccaneer," and at one time editor of the North American Review, wherefore it may be inferred that this author is an example of hereditary genius. In 1878, Mrs. Skinner published her "Letters from a French Convent"; and it was with reference to this book that Oliver Wendell Holmes then wrote to her: "You have told one story so well that you may tell many, and it is quite clear that your pen belongs to the public." Mrs. Skinner's "Espiritu Santo" was most favorably received in 1899, and achieved a distinct literary success. The scenes of her latest book, "Heart and Soul," are laid in old Detroit, Cuba, and Paris, and it portrays diverse phases of life and character.

* * *

Among the many books that have of late been written in response to a growing popular demand for outdoor experiences, "A Journey to Nature" deserves serious mention, if only for the idyllic charm with which a new writer has invested some of the simplest and most familiar features of a voluntary exile to the woods with a boy and a yellow dog. When these papers were originally contributed to the New York "Evening Post" they attracted instant attention by their grace of diction and their large optimism. The author, professing to be a Wall street man, highly wrought upon and imperiled by the intense life of the house, is struck down by what he believes to be heart-failure and is packed off by his doctor for a year's rest and recuperation to the Hotchkiss woods, a hundred miles from New York. That a Wall street man should in this experience find Nature a benign and helpful nurse is not at all strange, but that he should see so clearly into the heart of the great Mother and convey so charmingly to the world the sympathies and the interpretation of an artist and a philosopher, is both a surprise and a delight.

* * *

One of the most sensational literary law suits has been commenced and is going to be fought out. Messrs. Pearson, when commencing their new periodical, The Ladies' Magazine, purchased at a cost of $10,000 the serial rights of Hall Caine's "The Eternal City." The story was not written at the time of the purchase, but Caine undertook to furnish it by installments.

At a certain point the Pearsons found themselves unable to publish the installments. There were negotiations, but the upshot has been that they have taken the unprecedented course of bringing the story to an end, and have also commenced action for damages against Caine, who intends to defend the action.

It will probably not come on until autumn. In the meantime his book is to be published in August by Heineman.

"The Land of Cockayne" is the land of luxury and idleness, of fond imagination, and aptly applies to Neapolitan life, which is the scene of Matilde Serao's novel of that name, which Messrs. Harper & Brothers promise to issue in June. It is a story of love and life, the issues of which are determined by the prevalent fever of gambling; indeed, "The Land of Cockayne" has been styled "the novel of the great lottery curse in Naples." Matilde Serao was born in 1856, at Patras, Greece. Her father was a Neapolitan political exile, and her mother a Greek princess, the survivor of an ancient noble family. Mr. Gosse describes her as "an idealist working in the school of realism." In temperament she is related to Daudet, but has "a finer passion, a truer ardor than Zola or De Maupassant." High praise indeed, and sufficiently forceful to arouse interest in this writer, who comes to us as a revelation of how an Italian woman can write novels.

* * *

The second edition of Winston Churchill's new novel "The Crisis" is on the press. The Macmillan Company state that the first edition of one hundred thousand copies was sold within six days of the date of publication.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25,30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m. June 5,10,15,20,25 30,July 5,and every fifth day thereafter. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. July 1,6, 11, 15, 20, 25, 30, Aug. 4.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles)—Steamer Queen, Wednesdays 9 a.m. steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a.m

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monteray, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbarba, Ventura, Hueneme, San Pedro and *Newport, (*Corona only)—Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a.m. steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a.m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO,, General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Than Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personly Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and fromall points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, **No. 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal.**

Up Stairs at Night your Silverware is reasonably secure from midnight dangers. The only absolute security against the daylight danger of scratching or wearing is by using

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

that insures the highest degree of brilliancy without the least detriment in any form.

Trial quantity for the asking.
Box, postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.
It's Sold Everywhere.
The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and MASON Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MAIN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes

for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramento St.

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

Borrowed Plums.

NOVELTY

Briggs—Tell me, old man, of some good place to spend my vacation.

Grims—What's the matter with the old place?

Briggs—Ah! But this year I want to get a new kind of tired.

* * *

"Mr. Binks," said the fond New York father to the youth who has just asked him for his daughter's hand. "I never can trust my daughter's happiness in the keeping of a man who wears a made-up tie."

The youth did not flinch.

"Well, you see," he remarked with an air of easy nonchalance, "I can't tie the old thing because my fingers are always so stiff from cutting off coupons from pa's copper stocks."

"She's yours, my boy," cried the happy father, "and never let me see you wear any other tie than a made-up one!"

That's the way it goes in New York.

Cleveland Plaindealer.

* * *

A BLUNDERER

She heard him rummaging around in the attic. Then his strident, raucous tones came drifting down the stairs.

"Where in thundcration," he growled, "is that last summer's fedora-shaped straw hat o' mine?"

"The time has come," she murmured, hoarsely to herself, and then she donned a fedora-shaped straw hat that was hidden behind the piano. It was wrapped around with liberty silk, and it looked bully on her fluffy hair.

"Here it is," she said, when she got to the top of the attic stairs. "I cleaned it with lemon juice and fixed it for myself. Saved you $17.35 for a spring hat. Like it?"

Then the man was unreasonable, and churlish enough to storm and to demand of her when she intended to begin wearing his shoes and smoking his pipes.

Few married men have sense enough to know when they've landed right.

Washington Post.

* * *

MORE THAN POSSIBLE

Tom—Why don't I get married? Huh! It isn't possible to live on love.

Dick—I expect to. My love has half a million in her own right.

Philadelphia Press.

* * *

SAME OLD STORY

Down from the upper air floated the strains of music, yet Neptune was visibly annoyed.

"What's gnawing at thy vitals, sire?" asked a mermaid.

"I wish in the name of Orpheus," said the sea-king, "that boating parties could sing something else besides 'A life on the Ocean Wave!'"

And forthwith he crawled into a cave and pulled the cave in after him.

Marine Journal.

* * *

"I understand Mr. Chipperly's second wife is the sister of his first."

"Yes; he said he wanted another wife, but couldn't stand another mother-in-law."

Brooklyn Life.

* * *

AS THE WORLD GOES ROUND

This is the way as the world goes round—
Not to be baffled, but do your best;
To answer still when the trumpets sound,
Nor ask for rest till the bells ring rest:
Whether the skies be blue or gray,
This the way, dear—this is the way!
This is the way as the world goes round—
Not to be baffled! . . The night is long
Strive till worthly rest be found—
Till the stars are singing the morning song!
For whether the skies be blue or gray,
This is the way, dear—this is the way!

F. L. S.

Famous for its Purity
SEATTLE, U. S. A.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

SHOES Made for Native Daughters by Native Sons . .

Ask Your Dealer for the
SIEBE SHOES

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
308-312 Post Street
SOHMER PIANO AGENCY
SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

California Northwestern R'y
Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.
The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland, Guerneville, Schellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices -650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

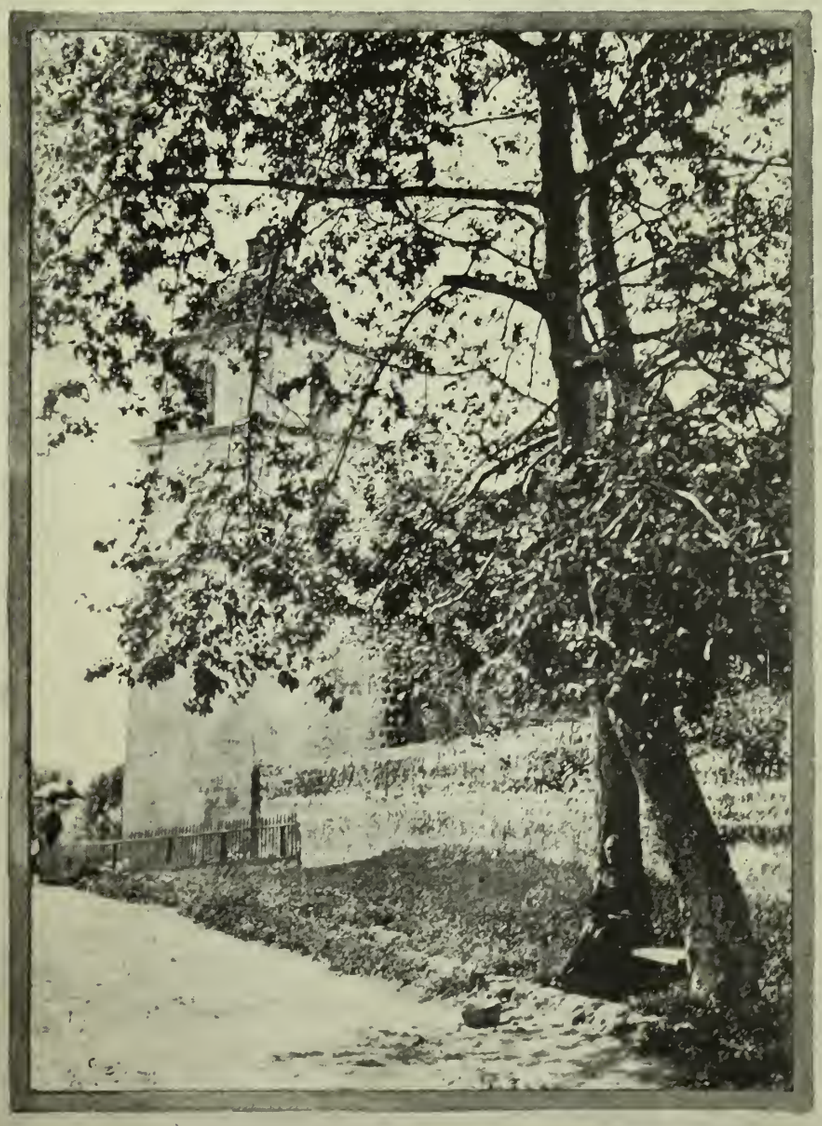
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

Lombardi's Restaurant
43 Stockton Street
Telephone Clay 491 San Francisco, Cal.
Try our 25c French Dinner the best in the city.

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER
THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal.

THE WAVE

Vol. 23. No. 6. SATURDAY JULY 6, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS



SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

F. A. HEALY, Editor M. KOLLMANN, Business Manager

TELEPHONE BUSH 421.

San Francisco—July 6, 1901.

Philadelphia's Disgrace.

If ever a man should stand disgraced in the eyes of his fellow men, that man is Samuel H. Ashbridge, Mayor of Philadelphia. He has betrayed the trust reposed in him by the people of his city in a manner that is without a parallel in the history of American municipalities.

The councils of Philadelphia had passed fourteen ordinances conferring upon certain corporations the right to construct surface roads, elevated roads and underground roads, upon, over and under certain highways of that city. These measures were rushed through the councils "with unprecedented and reckless speed," and nothing remained but for the mayor to sign the ordinances and make them laws.

At this juncture a popular protest was made. The franchises to be parted with were of immense value and the city was to receive no consideration. To emphasize the matter and leave no escape for the mayor by which he might avoid his plain duty, Mr. John Wanamaker addressed to him a letter, in which he said:

"Of course your Honor, in acting upon the ordinances before you, will have primarily in view the interests of the people of whose city you are the chosen executive.

"It is generally believed that the franchises granted and secured by the ordinances before you are of enormous money value. Those familiar with the subject consider them to embrace the most valuable gift of public privileges ever conferred at one time by the councils. So thoroughly convinced am I of their value and so anxious that they should not be made a free gift to any one, but that the people should derive some compensatory return for their property thus handed over to the use of private enterprise that I desire to make a business proposition through your Honor to the people of whose interests in this respect you are the chosen guardian.

"For the powers, rights and franchises granted and intended to be secured by the fourteen ordinances referred to, I will give to the city of Philadelphia the sum of $2,500,000, and as a guarantee of good faith in the matter I have this day deposited with the Real Estate Trust Company on account of this proposition ten per cent, or $250,000."

The letter in which the offer was made was taken to the mayor's office by L. H. Meyers, Mr. Wanamaker's private secretary.

The mayor was not in his office, so Mr. Meyers went up to the new Mint building, where the mayor was, and there delivered the letter. After receiving the letter the mayor pushed it aside, Mr. Meyers said, saying:

"This does not interest me."

A person standing near by picked up the envelope and opened it. The mayor was told what it contained and said:

"All right, if there are any bonds in it you may have them."

A duplicate copy of the letter was sent to the mayor's house and was receipted for.

Shortly afterwards Mayor Ashbridge signed the ordinances. When confronted with a request for an explanation of why he ignored Mr. Wanamaker's letter he said he had thrown it aside under an impression that it was from some other than Mr. Wanamaker.

Congressman Robert Foerderer, who was in the ring, then undertook to defend Mr. Ashbridge's action and characterized Mr. Wanamaker's as a bluff. Thereupon Mr. Wanamaker made a proposition to Mr. Foerderer and his accomplices to the following effect:

"I renew the offer which I made to the mayor, to pay, as therein stated, to the city of Philadelphia $2,500,000, and in addition thereto I will add $500,000 as a bonus to yourself and your associates personally for the conveyance of the grants and corporate privileges you now possess.

"When you and your associates assign to me the capital stock, ownership and control of the corporations you now possess, with the engineer's plans, I will pay to you the sum of $500,000, and I will pay to the city of Philadelphia the $2,500,000 under the conditions stated in my letter to the mayor.

"In addition to this I will agree on the surface roads, covered by your charters and the ordinances, that three-cent fares only shall be charged between the hours of 6 A. M. and 8 A. M., and 5 and 7 P. M., and not over five cents for the other hours, and I will further agree that any time within ten years the city of Philadelphia may resume the franchise upon the payment of the actual money expended and invested in the various enterprises covered by the charters and ordinances."

The offer was not accepted, needless to say. Comment is unnecessary upon this business—the facts clamor for themselves.

No state which tolerates such men as these can long exist as a free community. The moral certainty of the guilty motive of Mayor Ashbridge and his fellows is beyond doubt by any reasonable person. Such men should be socially ostracised. They should be outcasts among their fellow men. When men will refuse to shake the hand or speak or dine with men like these, when they are made to feel that this sort of thing shall bar them from the privilege of association with decent men, the American people will have gone a long way toward rendering impossible a repetition of this Philadelphia episode.

Admiral Dewey is now busy in the peaceful pursuit of getting in his hay crop upon his suburban place near Washington, but he finds time to say that although he hopes this country will never again be engaged in war, he thinks the nation ought at all times to be thoroughly prepared for it.

Put Them to the Test.

There is an unfortunate anomaly in respect to the war medals that England is distributing for service performed in the Transvaal. The army order granting the medal is so worded that a soldier who can get out to the Cape now, at the eleventh hour, and be employed in any capacity whatsoever will be entitled to a medal and three clasps—namely, those for "Cape Colony," "Orange River" and "Transvaal." That is because in his journey by rail to Pretoria he will actually pass through those districts within the time limit fixed by the war office. The peculiar irony of this order can be appreciated when it is remembered that in order to make the same railway journey possible, the line has to be guarded for hundreds of miles by British soldiers, who have been at the seat of war for some twenty months, but who in many cases are entitled to but one clasp.

This is in line with the manner in which rewards have been distributed among our own troops in the Philippines. In our case, however, the comedy assumes a serious aspect when it is remembered that commissions and not medals were the prizes drawn by our "heroes" who were fortunate enough to have a political pull.

In the early days of the Spanish-American war, and in fact all through that short struggle, and the Filipino difficulty which followed it, politics played such a part in controlling appointments and promotions that, as a distinctive mark of valor, executive ability, or any other military virtue, the shoulder straps were absolutely worthless.

Advancement from the ranks depended entirely on what a man's friends or relatives could do in Washington, not on what he did himself on the firing line. In many cases men who had never heard the ping of a hostile bullet were given the preference over those who had been spending a year in the trench, and, utterly devoid of the first rudiments of military knowledge themselves, were sent down to command others who had become veterans.

The evils which have arisen from this unfair system of distributing army plums have become too apparent to need any comment. It is to be hoped these evils are as thoroughly impressed on the officials in Washington as they are on the public, and that the examinations which the candidates for regular army positions must pass will be made real tests of merit and not farcical parts of a cut and dried program arranged for the distribution of political patronage.

British jealousy has recently attempted to backcap the American-made locomotive, but a different story comes from Sweden. Our consul general at Stockholm says that 30 American engines which have recently arrived there have given perfect satisfaction, and he predicts that more orders will soon be placed with American locomotive builders.

President Schwab, of the United States Steel Company, is said to be looking for about eight men for managers of manufacturing plants, to each of whom, if competent, he is willing to pay a salary of $25,000 a year. The right kind of men for this sort of job, however, are not found on every street corner.

Only Clean Stories.

The WAVE has lately received so many callers bent on article-suppressing expeditions that it thinks a few words on this subject will not be out of place, particularly as most of the stories which brought these visitors had to do with the alleged escapades of women of different degrees of respectability.

To those who may in the future be prompted to call at the office of this paper for the purpose of requesting a similar favor, we say stay at home. Any such errand is a waste of time. The WAVE is not being published for the purpose of catering to salacious taste nor will it attempt to climb up to popularity on the blasted reputations of women.

Occasionally a woman places herself in such a position that she becomes an object of public attention and the subject of general comment. Under such circumstances she has no one but herself to blame if she sees things printed of herself which may not be of a pleasant character. But this scandalous gossip concerning a woman's private life and affairs is another matter. The WAVE does not consider it the business of a paper, daily or weekly, to pry into homes and drag forth for the delectation of the malicious and evil minded, something that a family may have reason to be ashamed of, and which it may have exerted itself for years to keep hidden.

We know that one's friends love nothing so much as to hear evil of one, and we realize that nothing obtains so large and instant a circulation as a story concerning the sub rosa doings of some of the naughty members of the so-called smart set. Yet we fail to see how anyone is benefited by the narration of a woman's lack of chastity or a man's inebriety and we do not desire to either publish or hear any stories which have nothing but their viciousness to recommend them.

The tariff war, so-called, between Russia and the United States, is being utilized by Great Britain to regain a portion of her lost commercial prestige, but the losses we may sustain from this cause will be infinitesimal compared with those from the demoralization which would follow a radical disturbance of the tariff, under the leadership of the mugwumps who are exerting their customary between-campaign activity in this direction.

A Proper Acquittal.

The citizen who was lately arrested near Yonkers for violating the Sunday law by playing golf was found not guilty by a jury of his peers, who recommended that the Sunday law be amended. It seems a sensible verdict. It is absurd to arrest a man for playing golf on Sunday in a decent and unobtrusive manner. It may possibly be inexpedient in him to do it, but certainly it is still more inexpedient to prohibit any innocent and quiet Sunday amusement by law. If the Yonkers jury had criticised their fellow-citizen for wearing a red coat on the Lord's Day that would have been excusable, but they did well to acquit him.

Sunday is a very valuable day, about the use of which all sorts of people hold all sorts of opinions. The part of law in regulating Sunday occupations is to promote the welfare and happiness of the most people possible. The quiet of the day ought to be protected, because that is valuable. Baseball ought not to be played in a lot next to a church because that would bother the church goers, and they are as much entitled to protection in their use of Sunday as any one else. But the world is big enough to hold all the Sunday occupations that are worth preserving and to keep them so separated that they won't clash.

The Sunday laws in most States were devised when public opinion about the use of Sunday was less liberal than it is at present, and consequently most of the Sunday laws need revision. What keeps them from being intolerable is that juries won't enforce them in cases where strict enforcement seems inequitable.

Corporal Tanner says Mr. Hanna promised the Grand Army men that he would have Pension Commissioner Evans turned out, but Evans still holds on. Having been retired himself under similar circumstances, the corporal is perfectly justified in insisting that no favoritism be shown, but perhaps President McKinley is more tender-hearted than Harrison was.

Climatic Comfort.

By climatic comparison with some other parts of the state San Francisco may suffer a bit, yet, after reading the eastern weather reports of the last few days the resident of this city may with excellent reason sit back and thank his God that he is not as other men are.

We may have our afternoon winds and our occasional fogs but these are very trivial discomforts when compared with what the East is at present going through.

From New York comes the report of nearly ten score deaths from heat prostration, and this sad tale finds an echo in nearly every large city on the other side of the Rockies.

While our brothers of the Atlantic seaboard drop from exhaustion with the mercury at about a hundred in the shade, and with a humidity showing over 85 per cent moisture, we may wear either duck or woolen clothing, and be still comfortable though dressed in either extreme.

We have much to be thankful for, and whether these thanks be given in winter or in summer, the climate that has been vouchsafed our city that same old rainy, windy, foggy, dust-raising, cold-breeding climate—should not be the least among the gifts that excite our gratitude.

Representative Hepburn, of Iowa, expresses his belief, as the result of his observations in Cuba, that the Cubans are no more fit for self-government than so many unruly youngsters, and he predicts that if given complete independence they will be at each other's throats within twelve months. Representative Hepburn is not alone in this opinion.

At last the shirt waist has received the indorsement of the courts. A St. Louis judge gave the jury, attorneys and witnesses before him permission to remove their coats during a recent hot day. He was actually compelled to, for a judge can't inflict cruel and unusual punishment on anybody, and to wear a coat in St. Louis during the summer season certainly comes under that head.

Foam.

The following eloquent effusion has just been received from one of my fair contributors. It will be obvious to my readers that its excellence is my excuse for publishing it.

TO THE CORINTHIAN

A quart of chowder underneath the bow,
A loaf of bread, a jug of Scotch, and thou
Beside me smoking in the cockpit,
And yachting were a paradise enow.

WOW! WOW!! WOW!!!

* * *

That settles it Professor Barrett Wendell. You have incurred the displeasure of your pupils and you must go. You don't understand our ways. You have not been long enough at Berkeley to learn that no teacher is supposed to criticise the literary efforts of his scholars—particularly his young lady scholars. Your star has set, Mr. Barrett.

* * *

"Eastern Disaster and California Meteorological Immunity" is the title of a two thousand word editorial in the "Western Graphic." Anyone writing this title without a lisp and mailing the same to the WAVE will receive in return a beautiful crayon drawing of "Sally Sharp Outside the Gates of Burlingame."

* * *

Walter Kurtz has just returned from a prospecting tour through the country around Teller. During his trip Mr. Kurtz prospected in an Esquimo burial ground and succeeded in locating a rich lode of free milling Indian.

—Nome Chronicle.

* * *

An Eastern football player who had his back broken in three places during a game last fall, has had it successfully reset, and can hardly wait for the season to reopen. At least that is the story a Philadelphia paper tells.

* * *

A Denver savant claims to have discovered a serum or something of that sort which will change the complexion of a negro if injected into his veins. This will knock the spots off the old leopard theory.

* * *

There were nearly two hundred deaths from heat prostration in New York. The Hearst traveling prodigies were not included in the list of fatalities. Better luck next time.

* * *

Melvin B. Norton, a young man of Pacific Grove is reported to have gone wrong. Before judging Norton harshly we should remember that he lived in Pacific Grove.

* * *

The Fourth in the Philippines was not all that it might have been. Aguinaldo failed to read the Declaration of Independence in the native tongue.

* * *

So sorry, Mrs. Ida McKinley Morse that you can't be present.

* * *

Won't you run once more Mr. Phelan? Please do.

On The Crest.

WHEN the Archbishop pronounced the final benediction and the mother of the bride "wept softly" a perspiring public heaved a sigh of relief and settled itself to rest, fondly imagining that, for a time at least, the Scott-Martin episode had sunk into oblivion. The public was mistaken. This society Banquo will not down, and now, armed cap-a-pie, stalks with mailed feet through those same flower-strewn bowers where but a short time ago, clad in silken hose doublet, it tripped nimbly to the lascivious pleasings of a Stark.

The cause of this resuscitation is the belligerent attitude which Mrs. Ida McKinley Morse is said to have recently assumed.

Mrs. Morse, be it known, is, by the grace of God and the suffrage of the people of these United States, the niece of President McKinley. Now the niece of a President is no ordinary person. In any community a relative of the nation's chief executive is some potatoes. In a community such as this, far from the centers of aristocratic excellence, perched on the very edge of the Western world, and only just emerging, as it were, from the roughness of a heroic age, a niece of a President is not only some potatoes she is many potatoes and large ones at that.

Holding such a lofty station, a woman may look down benignantly on the joys, the sorrows and the pleasures of the common herd, but under no circumstances must she so far forget what is due her august relationship as to join in them.

Now the common herd is not always so conversant with the proprieties as it might be. Sometimes the possession of great wealth, flower-bedecked oaks, yards of white ribbon and newspaper notoriety makes a member of the common here a little presumptious, and a false step is the result.

This was the case with the Scotts. Having entertained the President in the'r home, they presumed on that to invite his niece to the marriage of their daughter to Colonel Walter S. Martin of the Army of the Philippines.

Their effrontery received the rebuke it merited in the cold declination which was returned in answer.

The Scotts and Martins, though of the people, are proud and powerful clans and the firey cross has gone from hill-top to hill-top, notifying retainers to gather for what may yet develop into a struggle that will split society to its very foundations.

AFTER an absence of four years spent in Mexico, Mrs. John Bradbury has returned to her Los Angeles home, and now it is reported that society is discussing the advisability of receiving her in its homes and returning her to the position she occupied before her escapade with her husband's English friend. It is said that those favoring the rehabilitation of Mrs. Bradbury call attention to her popularity among the swells of Mexico and Central America in support of their side of the case, and tell of her intimacy with the wives of Mexican governors and other officials as an evidence of her standing in the community in which she has resided ever since leaving Los Angeles.

This is all very nice. It is pleasant to hear that Mrs. Bradbury has made friends among our neighbors, but as far as the countenance of a Mexican official or his wife is concerned, when considered from the standpoint of the prestige it carries with it on this side of the line, it is not worth a rap. On the contrary, nine out of every ten Mexicans and Central Americans who come to this city never succeed in getting as near to the doors of society as the Peri did to the gates of Paradise. In fact, they are seldom heard of unless their names are printed in the columns of some daily which tells the story of their escapades with some woman of the tenderloin. These gentlemen are about the last persons on earth to whom one would turn for social or moral support.

So much for Mexican social sponsors. Now as to Mrs. Bradbury's own case. It is hard to condemn a woman to perpetual ostracism because of one sin she may have been guilty of, and, when the latitude that is allowed men is considered, it is unjust. Yet this is the convention that the women themselves have established for the treatment of women, and if they are unfairly discriminated against, they only suffer from a judgment pronounced on them by their own sex.

The habit of hitting a sister when she has fallen is so universal among the gentler (?) sex that it is a pleasure to observe even the slightest evidences of Christian charity, no matter how unworthy the object.

It is good to know that there are women in the world loyal enough in their friendships to other women to endeavor to lift them up and help them to regain what they have lost by their misdeeds.

If, however, there is any woman in the state who has less reason to expect mercy than Mrs. Bradbury she will be hard to find. There were no extenuating circumstances connected with the disgraceful event which wrecked one womnn's life, brought shame to innocent children, sent a man to his death and the wife of the Mexican mine owner into exile. If Mrs. Bradbury's friends refuse to recognize her, she will only be receiving that punishment which many another woman, often innocent, has been forced to accept on a mere suspicion.

THE passing of "Joe" Dieves of San Leandro which was chronicled this week in the daily papers will bring back old memories to many a man and to more than one matron of the four hundred.

Before electricity had connected San Leandro with Oakland a trip to Dieves place was one of the sub rosa pleasures and the suppers that topped off a moonlight spin along the old San Leandro road were events that lived long in the recollection of the finished gourmet.

"Joe" catered to the sporting element and his roadhouse was the rendezvous for the high rollers of the sporting fraternity, professionals and others, who were wont to congregate there to witness the feathers fly from a couple of game chickens or to watch a couple of aspiring pugilists maul each other with their naked fists.

It was on the pleasant, soft, moonlit evenings, however, that the real parties took place and though the guests at these little affairs often bore some of the most socially distinguished names in the state, yet, strange to say, they were never mentioned in the contemparaneous society reports.

These parties, though, are still remembered by those who participated in them, and one could mention several people who had old "Joe" Dieves to thank for keeping his mouth shut at times when it would have paid him well to open it a bit, thereby saving the reputations of some who now sit in judgment on others.

BLISS and Faville have just completed plans for a new "frat" house which will be built for the boys of the Chi Phi fraternity on Hearst avenue near the new house which is now being erected for President Wheeler.

On the ground floor there will be a large central hall, just the place for students to gather in the winter before the big open fireplace. On the left there will be a square living room with a small library in the rear, and on the right of the hall a dining-room with pantries and kitchen connecting in the rear. Upstairs there will be a study and a number of bedrooms, with two fine bathrooms. The house will be finished with shingles on the outside. Within, smooth-finished woods, with a minimum of saw work, will be the rule.

This new home of the Chi Phis will have a frontage of about seventy feet and will when completed be one of the prettiest buildings connected with the university. That it will be finished in the near future is the prayer of every maid who owns a friend among the bays of that particular fraternity. A housewarming extraordinary is promised when everything is completed and the girls are already figuring on what form the entertainment will take. The "frat" youths should put up something good as they can find enough talent among themselves to stock a vaudeville show or cast a drama.

THE poster dance, which took place last Saturday in the rooms of the San Francisco Yacht Club at Sausalito, was one of the most pleasant and successful events that has taken place this season. The guests came from San Francisco, Belvedere and San Rafael, and the result was a very gratifying increase of the reserve fund of the Sausalito Golf Club, for the benefit of which institution the affair was held.

The ballroom of the clubhouse was decorated with posters from floor to ceiling. No ordinary posters, but the real thing, touched with the artistic hand of the Parisian and vivid with the daring color effects that only such posters possess.

The music was good, the men were plentiful and the girls, every one of them, were as pretty as so many peaches.

While speaking of girls, it may not be amiss to say a few words in passing concerning the Sausalito variety.

California is noted the world over for the beauty of its maidens, but it is doubtful if any city or suburb in the state can show the same proportion of pretty girls as the little hill town across the bay. In every bunch of foliage in Sausalito there is hidden a house, and in every house one or more maids reside. Among them all there is not one who is really plain, and the great majority of them range from comparative to superlative beauties. And good looks are not their only charm. These girls are all of good families and have the breeding that is the birthright of gentility, joined to which is a naturalness of manner seldom the possession of their urban sisters, which contains a charm that is irresistable.

Miss Young's Engagement.

Among the weddings scheduled to take place in the near future is that of Miss Marjorie Young, the daughter os Major-General S. B. M. Young.

The happy man is Dr. J. H. Gibbon of Philadelphia, a wealthy physician and popular society and club man.

* * *

An Angwin Gossip.

ANGWIN, July 3, 1901.

DEAR WAVE:—

Angwin has this year blossomed forth as it never did before. What with swimming, riding, dancing, golf playing and a dozen other forms of recreation one has hardly time to either eat or sleep. You know the place is a portion of the Keyes estate, and it is the intention of those having that estate in charge, so I hear, to make the place a midsummer retreat wherein none but the elect may enter.

We who now are here form a sort of a big family, and we are having just that sort of unconventional good time that members of one household might be expected to enjoy. That is a household which is presided over by one whose unconventionality will never get further away from convention than will Mrs. Salisbury's.

Besides Mrs. Salisbury and myself, we have in our party Miss Sarah Dean, Mrs. S. L. Theeler and Miss Theeler; Miss Azalia Keyes, who is being chaperoned by Mrs. Salisbury; Miss Mollie Dutton, the Misses Lillienthal, and Ed McAfee. Ed has acquired a first-class case of poison oak, and sits on the porch, whence he swears he'll not move during the balance of his stay.

Mrs. Salisbury will remain here most of the summer, and when she returns to the city for the winter Miss Keyes will go with her. Tonight we expect some more men from the city, and they'll be welcome, I assure you.

We don't have a great deal to gossip about up here; but I'll wager there'll be some tall guessing as to my identity when a copy of this paper appears. However, I'll do as much guessing as the rest of them, so I am afraid the mystery will not be immediately cleared up.

Yours,

SADIE SALAMANDER.

* * *

The University Summer Session.

LOS GATOS, July 3, 1901.

EDITOR WAVE:—

On Thursday, June 27th, the six weeks' summer session of the University of California was formally opened. However, due to delays by registration, the majority of the classes could not be gotten regularly under way till Monday, July 1st. The registration far exceeds that of any preceding year, amounting fairly up to eight hundred students. In fact, it is even said that this is a larger attendance than has been known for any American University at a summer session. This increase is undoubtedly due to the extended courses and enlarged faculty.

Although the sciences are still those subjects more generally sought after, English and other languages are in advance of where they stood last year, and many new fields of study are now open to the summer student. The curriculum includes philosophy, education, history, politics, Semitic, Greek, Latin, English, the usual courses in mathematic and the experimental sciences, and "a short course for farmers." The last is for the purpose of applying the benefits of science to the prevailing agricultural methods.

This unusully large set of subjects is entrusted to the regular faculty, augmented by several temporary additions. Those from other universities who are to lecture are the prominent educators: John Dewey of Chicago, James E. Russell, dean of Columbia; H. Morse Stephens of Cornell, Barrett Wendell of Harvard, Ewald Hugel of Stanford, and S. H. Bailey of Cornell.

AUGUSTIN CARTER KEANE.

* * *

Marriage of Miss Chipman.

A wedding which is exciting more than ordinary interest because of the popularity among the younger set of the bride-to-be, is the Smith-Chipman affair, which will take place next Wednesday noon at the residence of the bride's parents, 2515 Laguna street. The marriage is to be quiet home fuction, and no invitations, other than verbal ones to a few of the family's most intimate friends, have been given out.

Miss Chipman is the daughter of General and Mrs. Chipman of Red Bluff. She is a very beautiful girl of the brunette type, and possesses a pair of eyes that played havoc with many a cotillion swain before they proved fatal to Mr. Smith.

Chester Smith, Miss Chipman's lucky fiance, is one of the best known of the younger men of the city. He has long been a familiar figure at all social happenings, and is a great favorite with the men and women of his set.

Both Mr. Smith and Miss Chipman are well provided with this world's goods. General Chipman is a capitalist and one of the largest land owners in the State. Mr. Smith, besides being the manager of the Blythe estate, is also quite wealthy in an independent way.

At the wedding, which will be performed by Rev. Macon of Trinity Church, Miss Florence Deming will be the bridesmaid, while the best man will be Mr. Julian Thorne.

After a short honeymoon spent in traveling through the southern part of the state, the young couple will return to this city, where they will make their home.

* * *

The Lewis-Sheppard Wedding.

A pretty wedding is promised for next week when Miss Evelyn Louise Sheppard, daughter of Eli T. Sheppard, formerly United States Consul at Hongkong, becomes the bride of Percival Lewis, a professor at the University of California.

The wedding will take place at the Sheppard residence, on the corner of Taylor and Vallejo streets, on Wednesday evening.

* * *

THE Press Club has been the scene of many a successful entertainment, but the one held in honor of the visiting editors from Alabama laid over everything that has taken place there for years. The singing was, as is always the case, excellent and the array of talent that appeared and furnished amusement for the guests was such as could be produced by no other organization in the entire city.

The direction of affairs was placed in many hands and Fred Myrtle, the club's president, had all the assistance he needed in making his guests feel thoroughly at home and in helping them to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

Where They Are

The following Pacific Coast people left New York last week for Liverpool on the Conard Line steamer "Lucania:" Mr. and Mrs. F. Baruch, and Mr. E. Firth, of San Francisco; and Cadet Thos. Cobbe, of St. Matthew's School, San Mateo.

W. W. Foote, accompanied by his two younger sons and his mother in law, Mrs. Taylor, has taken rooms at the Sea Beach at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodfellow have taken the Jarbore cottage at Santa Cruz for the summer.

Mrs. and Miss Denman are at Crockers with their son and brother, William.

Mr. A. A. Moore and his daughter are at their place at Sunol, where they have been entertaining a great deal. Among others to enjoy their hospitality have been Miss Edna Barry, Miss Marion Goodfellow, Jack Valentine and Allan Chickering.

Mrs. Maurice Casey gave a Tamalpais party a week ago Tuesday. Her guests were Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Davenport, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Mr. John Barrett, ex-minister to Siam, Mr. Charlie Field and Mr. Jack Field.

This summer the Newhalls are doing a great deal of entertaining on their yacht at Belvedere.

Mrs. Salisbury made a flying visit to town last week for the purpose of attending the wedding.

Miss Laura McKinstry will spend July at Mira Mar, Santa Barbara County.

Leiut. Rowland B. Ellis U. S. A. has returned home after three year's service in the Philippines.

Mrs. and Miss Kip are at Shasta Springs where they will be joined by Mr. Kip about the middle of the month.

General Shafter has taken a house on Jackson street where, around a well stocked table, he expects to tell his friends "how fields were won."

Mr. Horace G. Platt is absent on a business trip to Victoria. He expects to be gone for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman are visiting Mrs. Porteous at her Ross Valley home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Filimore, accompanied by their daughter are spending a portion of the summer at McCloud.

Among those at Lake Tahoe are Mrs. Winfield S. Davis and Miss Boole.

Mrs. George Lon Smith has left for the North after having passed a month in roughing it among the wilds of Napa County.

Mrs. Fred J. McWilliams, accompanied by her son Fred McWilliams Jr., is at Guerneville for the next sixty days.

Major George Franklin Shiels and his brother, Mr. William Shiels, have taken a house at Berkeley where they will pass most of the summer.

Mrs. Paul Jarbore has been in the city for the past week as the guest of Mrs. Diamond.

Concerning Celebrities

Our Doctor-Governor.

It is a common and somewhat childish fashion among those who cannot bend him to their own purposes in Cuba to refer to Governor Wood as Doctor-General Wood. These persons are too short-sighted to see that after all this epithet which they speak in contempt and derision is rather a high distinction than otherwise. Certainly Doctor-Major Gorgas need not hesitate to take such a designation as a tribute, nor should Surgeon-Major Havard feel unhappy to be so called. The hyphenation is merely a further distinction for them all, since it indicates that to their unquestioned fitness as men engaged in the pursuit of arduous military duties they have added to their equipment those qualities of mind, of character, and of usefulness in the service of mankind which belong to the recognized guardians of the health of man.

The Cubans have cause to be grateful to the United States government for having so happily placed these doctors where they may do the most good. Without them there might not have been so many Cubans left alive today to dream of the new republic.

Hard On The Coons.

Their chins were unshaven and their hair grew in greasy luxuriance down their necks until it disappeared below the soiled collars of their faded and spotted blouses. From the front of these same blouses the majority of the buttons had vanished leaving great gaps through which could be seen the sweat-begrimed undershirt beneath. Their trousers fitted them poorly and were warped and wrinkled as only trousers that have been slept in for some time can warp and wrinkle. Their shoes were dusty and unpolished. In fact they were three dirty, disgraceful, dilapidated, disreputable tramps. They were three white American volunteer soldiers. They were drunk and they didn't care a d n.

They sat all in a row on a stringer near the Washington street boat landing last Sunday afternoon and discoursed on their alledged adventures by flood and field to anyone who would listen to them. As the day was Sunday the Front had its usual number of idlers and a crowd of probably a dozen gathered around these veterans and listened to their yarns.

While they were speaking two colored soldiers passed. From the top of their kinky heads down to their highly polished shoes they were models of neatness and military correctness. They were both sober and were behaving themselves in a manner beyond criticism.

The spokesman of the three white loafers happened to catch sight of the darkies. He turned to his auditors:

"Youse guys may tink we ain't treated like 'er lot 'er dawgs. Youse prob'ly tink us fellers aint got nuttin ter kick fur. See does niggers goin' along here? Well in sogering dey's just as good as us."

A Fighting Photographer.

Hugh Douglass Wise, who was graduated at West Point in 1894, charged up San Juan Hill with a camera in one hand and a pistol in the other, and who was of great service to General Shafter at Santiago in photographing the positions of the enemy, has just been made captain in the Ninth Regulars, to the great gratification of himself and his friends. Having entered that regiment as a first lieutenant, young Wise—a grandson, by the way, of the famous war Governor of Virginia—was naturally anxious to continue identified with it; but as only one vacancy offered itself, and his colonel, ranking him, was naturally first in line for captaincy of regulars, young Wise' military ambition seem destined to develop elsewhere. He became senior major of the Forty-seventh, longing all the while for the old Ninth. Very recently Captain Dodds was promoted, and now the former senior major of the Forty-seventh is full captain in the Ninth Regulars. Lieutenant Wise' clever use of the military kite some years ago is well remembered, and his experiences in this line have been the admiration of the military authorities.

Dead to All Gratitude.

Some months ago a well known employe of a California firm who is something of a hypochondriac came to the conclusion that he was in a fair way to become a prominent member of the Tubercle Club. He decided to place himself in the hands of the mighty Hirschfelder and he did so and though the visits to that salt water specialist came high he stood the charges like a major and never whimpered when the monthly bills came in. Incidentally it may be remarked that if he did not whimper neither did he pay, and the account gradually mounted up until it nearly touched the $400 mark. This was about the time Hirschfelder's patient came to the conclusion he was cured and ceased his visits.

The doctor, who only knew the residence address of his patient, which was in Alameda, sent him several bills by mail and at last dispatched a collector to the address across the bay.

The collector, who did not know the ex-patient by sight, arrived at the house and was met by that individual in person.

"Does Mr. Blank live here?" he inquired.

"He did board here," replied Blank, "but he died from consumption about a month ago and his body was shipped East."

The collector returned and made his report to Hirschfelder.

"Dead!" exclaimed that gentleman. "That's too bad, and he never paid me a cent for building him up in the way I did. Some people have no sense of gratitude."

From Clerk to Criterion.

When Amos Breckenridge Corwine was consul at Panama, Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, congratulated him on his efficient discharge of consular duties at that perturbed port. His son, William R. Corwine, is the practical business authority in New York city on the affairs of Porto Rico, to which he has made three visits for the Merchant's Assseciation, studying the commercial conditions of the islands, and acting as secretary of the Central Porto-Rican Relief Committee. Mr. Corwine was also secretary of the Galveston Relief Fund. He began life in New York as a clerk, went into newspaper work, mastered the subject of transportation, and joined President King with the Merchants' Association in 1897.

A Modest Fellow, Indeed.

Some one has said that no man can claim to have really achieved greatness until his picture has gone the rounds of the press. Whatever there may be of truth in the saying, the fact remains that now and then there comes into prominence an individual who does not care for notoriety of this sort, and whose efforts are directed against such publicity. An example of this type of public men is to be found in William H. Newman, recently elected president of the New York Central Railroad. There was a great scurry for pictures of Mr. Newman when his election was announced. All sorts of pressure was brought to bear by the newspapers to secure a portrait, but it was all without avail, and the great newspaper reading public is left in complete ignorance of the personal appearance of the Central's new chief executive. It is said that Mr. Newman has never had but one portrait taken, and that he kept all the copies made from the negative, which he personally destroyed, that there might be no chance of making other prints from it.

Word has come from Honolulu informing us that the condition of President Dole is not as serious as has been reported. The distinguished leader of affairs in Honolulu is at present at one of his country places on the island of Hawaii where he is rapidly recovering from the slight indisposition which was the cause of his going there.

Tales of Judge Cabaniss, No. 4.

The other day a man was before the Judge charged with neglecting his family. The prisoner had been married two years. He had concluded to plead guilty on the understanding with the Prosecuting Attorney that his sentence would be imprisonment for the full term of one year. The Judge leaned over and said to the prisoner. "You understand the effect of your plea?"

"Yes, your Honor. Anything to get free."

Judge Cabaniss looked surprised. Just then his eye caught sight of a woman in black in the back of the courtroom. Then in his inimitable manner he said:

"I suppose there are some things beside which prison would be a relief. Any relative or friend of this defendant in court?"

The woman in black stood up on a bench and in a voice that sounded like a ripsaw in a knotty plank said:

"I'm his wife, Judge, y'r Honor."

Without change of voice the Judge went on: "Some things beside which jail would be a relief. You ought to be willing to take three years?"

The prisoner nodded his assent.

Then Judge Cabaniss looked over at the woman in black. He seemed to read her in a second. He turned once more to the man who had pleaded guilty and said:

"I will give you one year. You seem to have had the other two before they arrested you."

Political.

Signs of the Primaries.

FOR a warm political mix-up, the approaching primary promises to discount anything San Francisco has had for many a long day. There are factions and factions, and unless they all get together, which at the present outlook is improbable, the question of supremacy of numbers and of consequent local political supremacy will have to be brought out with the ballot.

The Republicans have lined up into three separate and distinct forces—the Ruefs, the Grand Hotel, and the Tilden people, and between these three there is a keen and fierce warfare.

So far as actual politics are concerned, the Tilden wing seem to have the best of it. They have the larger number of the active politicians, and the tendency seems to be towards them. The push who have been waiting to see which way the cat was going to jump are drifting into this organization. Burns, whom many have thought would be with the Grand Hotel people, has not declared himself as yet, but it can be positively stated that he will not be with them. As he will not under any circumstances have to do with Ruef, it follows that he must cast his lot with Tilden.

Whether the Grand Hotel people will cut as much figure or not, remains to be seen. There is no doubt that they will make some play to secure recognition, if only by compromise, before the primaries. Their principal demand is Lachmann for sheriff, and if this and one or two other nominations are conceded them in all likelihood they will be ready to pull out and leave the rest of the ticket to Ruef or Tilden, as the case may be.

Ruef goes into the campaign with the "Chronicle" and "Call" both at his back, and with this support alone would have considerable strength. A good deal of his strength, however, is apparent, rather than real. For instance, a canvas of the names on his published list shows a large number of dignified respectables who are willing to be attached to any reputable Republican organization, but who are no particular partisans of Ruef.

Ruef makes pretence of high moral motives, while the Tilden people make no such claim. They will go to the polls on the plain proposition of carrying the city for the Republicans and getting Republicans into office.

Ruef's anti-boss utterances are of course to be taken with a large grain of salt. Ruef is first and foremost a man of business, who is in politics for revenue. That is to say, that he looks to profit primarily, though not illegitimately, from politics. He is considered now to be worth about $100,000, but he is an ambitious man who takes advantage of every occasion to benefit himself. When the time comes, it is a question whether he will not find it more to his advantage to close with the others and by compromise secure something for himself with certainty rather than take a chance of losing everything.

The railroad is probably not out of politics, in spite of President Hay's declaration to the contrary, and, if it does go in, it will probably tie up with the Tilden wing.

Meanwhile, everything is bustle and confusion, with the din of warlike preparations resounding from every quarter. District clubs are forming in all the districts. In some there are as many as three, representing as many different parties. If the leaders do not come together, there will be war to the knife. Some suggestion of compromise has been made in the shape of proposed combination tickets by which the various factions should agree on certain names as satisfactory to all parties who should be nominated on all the tickets, and then leave the remainder to fight it among themselves. Whether or not that will go, can only be told later.

As to the Democrats, all is quiet along the Potomac. J. K. L.

The Leadership of America.

NO competent observer can doubt that in wealth, manufactures, material progress of all kinds, the United States, in a very few years, must hold the first place in the world without dispute. Its population will soon double that of any nation of western Europe. That population will have an education second only to that of Germany and Switzerland, and superior to that of any other European nation. The natural resources of their country exceed those of all Europe put together. Their energy exceeds that of the British; their intelligence is hardly second to that of Germany and France. And their social and political system is more favorable to material development than any other society ever devised by man. This extraordinary combination of national and social qualities with vast numbers and unbounded physical resources cannot fail to give America the undisputed lead in all material things. It is a curious instance of the power of national egotism that Europe fails to grasp this truth—that Germans, with their wretchedly poor country, narrow seaboard, and scanty rivers, ports, and minerals, still aspire to the first place; that Frenchmen fail to see how their passion for art, rest, and home has handicapped them in the race for supremacy in things material; that Britons, in their narrow island and comfortable traditions, will not recognize that the industrial prizes must ultimately go to numbers, national unity, physical resources, geographical opportunities, trained intelligence, and restless ambition.

Our Treaty-makers.

OUR present method of negotiating treaties is not ideal. The better position in a negotiation of any kind is held by the man who knows and appreciates both sides of the issue—his own and his adversary's. This position would be held, for example, by Lord Pauncefote today were it not for Mr. Hay's training in the diplomatic service and his own recent service as ambassador at London. But how many Secretaries of State have held diplomatic positions, or have had the advantages of diplomatic experience? Some of them have never been abroad. Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Bayard were sent to London after their careers in the State Department were at an end. Mr. Hay alone of our modern Secretaries has had a training in the diplomatic service abroad. He may perhaps negotiate a treaty with the present British ministry, with whose views he is familiar; but ought he or Minister Storer to be naturally the better man to make a treaty with Spain? Or ought we to expect a more comprehensive commercial treaty with France from him or from Ambassador Porter? The fact is that if the Secretary of State, with his one-sided knowledge, can do better by the country in a negotiation with a foreign minister, who may be presumed to know both our side and his own, than our representative at the court of the other party can do, there is no need of a diplomatic corps. If ambassadors and ministers are merely news-gatherers, a first-rate newspaper correspondent without credentials will serve the country better than the best-intentioned politician with credentials, but without any training for news-gathering, can possibly serve it.

Another reason for a trained service is that a diplomatic agent, like an army officer, should have no political future. It is often true that our own militia diplomatists have no political futures, but this is due to other people's inclinations and not to their own wishes. A diplomatic representative should have only his diplomatic career before him. He should be content with it, and with the knowledge that if he is skilful and loyal to every administration under which he serves, no matter of what party, he will rise in his profession.

Which is Which?

THE new party which was cooked to order in Kansas City last week was named, and is named still, if it can still be found, the Allied Third party. Not a specially impressive name. The Submerged Tenth or the Under Five would be more romantic and as full of meaning. The new party is not a third party. It may be the thirteenth or thirty-third. It is simply one of the numerous parties that are born without attracting notice and die with scant obituary. It is every American's privilege to have a party of his own, and the privilege is used by many impatient spirits. Exact statistics are not obtainable, but the birth rate of new parties must be very high. So is their death rate.

The combination or concatenation of thinkers that arose in its might at Kansas City and established the Allied Third party was rich and various. It included Middle-of-the-Road Populists, ordinary Populists, Silver Republicans, Single Taxers, Public-Ownership-of-Public-Utilities men, Socialists and "Bryan Democrats."

With the exception of the irreconcilable Middle-of-the-Roaders, there are Bryan Democrats in all these classes. Public ownership of municipal utilities is getting to be a favorite Democratic program. From that to the ownership of railroads, telegraphs and telephones is only a step.

James B. Weaver, Charles A. Towne, Tom Johnson, Carter Harrison, John P. Altgeld, William J. Bryan are all, or lately were, Bryan Democrats. The shades of crank opinion represented in the conference which brought forth the Allied Third are mere variations of Bryan Democracy. How is a Bryan Democrat to be told from a Populist, a Silver Republican, a public-ownership man, or a Socialist? The Allied Third is only a corollary and continuation of the Bryan Democracy.

Set of teeth without plate. Dr. H. G. Young, 1341 Polk St.

On the Way to Capture First Prize.

THERE is probably no other state in the union which possesses, within the same proximity to its principal city, such another unique feature of summer life as is presented by the colony of ark dwellers who bob up and down on the tides that wash the shores of Belvedere.

They are a curious race, these ark people. Yet, notwithstanding their unusual mode of life, which finds no counterpart save in the river population of Canton, they have many of the virtues and accomplishments of civilization and are not at all dangerous to the traveler who may wander among them, provided they find him thoroughly armed with a strong head and firm stomach. Though very hospitable, yet there is a certain latent treachery in their nature, and woe to the man whom they catch off his guard. He is almost certain to get all shot to pieces at the hands of those among these people whom he most fully trusted.

Between the ark dwellers and the wild hill tribes who infest the wooded slopes of the Belv hills there is a continual feud, which is carri without cessation during the summer month which is waged with particular fierceness or urday nights and on Sundays when the war on either side are not occupied in the more p ful pursuits of commercial or professional li

Who was the founder of these strange pe whence they came, by what steps they mig to the locality they at present inhabit, none say. Even the oldest patriarchs among th Bushnell, Hawks, Eaton, Knight and others throw no light on their origin. There is a t tion, however, that, ages and ages ago, a y man of San Francisco, becoming involved controversy with one Jake Rauer, built hims floating habitation in order to escape from emissaries of his enemy. From time to there gathered about him other individuals ing from similar persecution, and the result the formation of a semi-amphibious people.

Bushnell's Cuckoo.

Dean Boys

A Floating Drawing-room.

The Ne

THE BELVEDE

ple who take a little, very little, water in s.

h it must be confessed that this begin- s somewhat unpropitious, still time, which all things, has done wonders with this From a state of abject poverty the ark ave risen to the very heights of opulence, money spent in the decoration of their one represent a small fortune, while the ss of expenditure in hospitable entertain- at once the admiration of their guests despair of their urban tradespeople.

the crude one room, raft-like structure of inal settler, ark architecture has grown ing of beauty and expense. A modern s anywhere from five hundred to five l dollars, and in some cases the total out- figure up to nearly double that amount. eir fittings the arks are supplied with ng that luxury can suggest, art dictate e supply, and whether a fellow be keen for a night of revelry, wit and song, or hungry for a quiet evening spent in comfortable lounging away from the rush of city life and the noise of wheels crunching over "gritty paving stones," he can be sure that his longing will be satisfied if some friendly ark dweller will but take compassion on him and ask him over for a stay on the waters of Belvedere cove.

Among some of the most famous of the Belvedere arks are the La Fiesta, the home of Percy Buer; the Columbia, where Charlie Youngberg and Paul Kellogg do the honors; the Atlantis, peopled by Commodore Hawks, C. Y. C., and "Larry" Harris; the Lorita, owned by one "Billy" Swinnerton; the Bohemia, the owls of which are Jim Leventhaer and Stuart Andersonr La Boheme, where the cherub who sits up aloft is known as Capt. Lowell, and La Paloma, wherein are caged "Nobs" Eaton et al. Bushnell's Cuckoo, formerly one of the Belvedere fleet has moved to Greenbrae, where another colony is now springing up.

A Comfortable Corner.

and.

A Decorative and Patriotic Interior.

The Pollywog.

Photo's by Bushnell.

ARK COLONY.

WHEELS.

Ednah Robinson.

THERE was a luncheon first, and after that scores of teas and receptions. At noon they started out on the usual round, the courteous Chaperone and the Girl, who a few months before had been a queer little green thing with many sharp thorns. But anxious parents had pulled back the green sepals, the careful Chaperone had pruned off the thorns, and the little pink bud had bloomed.

She held her hostess hand a long minute at parting. "Dear Mme. Parvenue, your luncheon has been such a gorgeous success. And that glorious old silver! How nice it must be to have heir-looms! Are you going on later to the Newriches? Or the Clever DeWitts? So are we. Then this is hardly good-bye! We have had such a lovely time."

"Lovely time!" Lisped the courteous Chaperone.

"Were those fibs not well told?" asked the Girl as they drove away towards their next engagement. "You are pleased with me, dear Chaperone? Is this the house? How many cards? My dear Mrs. Newrich, so charmed! Is she not entrancing, dear Chaperone? That gown suits her perfectly! Not all of us can wear green. But what my chaperone said of you on our way here, is true. Shall I tell you? I am afraid she will be vexed at me for repeating it. Let me whisper it: 'Mrs. Newrich is the most tasteful women in town, as well as the most aristocratic. A real thorough-bred.' Don't tell her I told you! No, we really can't stay. We have to drop in at the Lastlegg's, just around the corner. Yes, a tea. In their case, the term is appropriate, for I wager that is all we will get. Poor things! I wonder how long they will keep up the farce! Good-bye. We have had such a lovely time!"

"Lovely time," echoed the Chaperone.

"Was I not tactful with her? Now hear me make a friend of Mrs. Lastleggs by slurring at Mrs. Newrich; they hate each other like death, Mrs. Lastleggs! It was so sweet of you to remember us. It is a compliment to be invited to your house, you are so exclusive. And you show such good taste. What a pity you can't hint to Mrs. Newrich how you do it. We have just come from there, and such show, such a spread! Confidentially, it was really almost vulgar. Poor things! It's not her fault that she's new! Bless me, Carrie. Tell me your secret. You don't grow a day older! Bessie, too! How well you look. Yellow is your color, without doubt. But we must go. We have staid much too long. Have had such a lovely time."

"Time," murmured the Chaperone courteously.

Several hours later the girl sank back in the carriage and pressed her hand to her forehead. "How thankful I am there is but one more place to go to. Have I been saying the wrong thing to the right people? I believe my head is going to burst! Just suppose I should make a mistake, and say what I thought! What would happen if one's thoughts spoke out loud?"

The courteous Chaperone comforted her. "She was doing beautifully. Was really the success of the season."

The girl looked at her doubtfully. "Are you thinking 'what a liar she is?' No, don't answer." She stepped out of the carriage, and looked around her in a dazed manner. I feel like a clock that has been wound up too tight. I know now how my little Swiss clock felt yesterday. I was thinking of something else as I wound it, and went on and on, until suddenly there came a crack, and those works whizzed and whizzed, until I thought it would explode. It ran down at the rate of six miles a minute. Wouldn't it be queer if I should ever run down?"

"Mrs. Clever de Witt! You thought we were not coming? Why, we always expect a surprise at your house, and all the world is here too! So Mrs. Hinote is to sing. How delightful! And Mr. Del Sarto's to speak. What a treat!"

The program had but just started when the Girl gave a frightened glance around the room. "Where is my Chaperone?" she gasped. "O, I'm going off!" There was a sound of whirring wheels. Several persons started towards her, but she waved them off.

"Don't come near me," she cried. "I've seen too much of you all. Don't yon see that you are killing me? I knew that I never could last through this wake. What have I ever done to Mrs. Clever de Witt that she should take such a fearful revenge? To trap us all here, and make us listen to things that the public won't buy! It's a money-making scheme, for she is paid for allowing Mrs. Hinote to give her own compositions, and Mr. Del Sorto his jingles. I don't wonder you look shocked, Mme. Parvenue. You should blush to think of that silver your husband rents from a bankrupt friend. Family silver? So it is, but not your family's. Do you think you fool anybody? Look at that yellow chrysanthemum coming in here. She believed me when I said yellow was her color. So it is,—of her face! And Carrie who never grows a day older. But she has forgotten to count her moon-light nights! O, I know. You all thought me green. But I've caught on pretty quick. I graduated today at Mrs. Newrich's shoddy spread, and got my diploma at the Lastlegg's bankrupt tea. Why do you all keep it up? Why do you persist in calling these things entertainments? I can't understand it. They are not entertaining. I shall not stop, Chaperone. It's all your own fault. You would drag me here."

The courteous Chaperone had a sudden flash of courage. She pulled the Girl through the room, past the awe-stricken guests. They did not care to look at each other. Society had for the first time heard the truth about itself spoken aloud, and the new sensation was embarrassing.

Outside the Girl pressed her cheek against the cool, marble pillar. She turned a scared face to her Chaperone.

I believe I am running down," she whispered in a scared tone.

"Change the voice," said the other, for the first time severe. "By this time, you are being run down!"

The Deed of Gift.

Dooley

State iv Noo York }
County iv Cook } ss.

Know all men by these prisints. To all magisthrates an' polis officers, greetin'. In re Sir Lipton again' th' Cup. Ordhered that if Sir Lipton shall secure said Cup fr'm aforesaid (which he won't) he must build a boat as follows: Wun hundherd an' twinty chest, fifty-four waist, hip an' side pockets, carryin' three hundherd an' sixty-three thousan' cubic feet iv canvas; th' basement iv th' boat to be papered in green with yellow flowered dado, open plumbin', steam heat throughout, th' tinant to pay f'r all repairs. Be means iv this infernal machine, if onable to kill off th' rile fam'ly, he will attimpt to cross th' stormy Atlantic, an' if successful, will arrive at th' risidence iv th' party iv th' first part, said John Doe. Wanst there, he will consnlt with the mimbers iv th' Noo York Bar Association, who will lead him to a firm iv competent expert accountants, who will give him his time, which is two minyits, measured be th' invarse ratio iv th' distance fr'm th' binnacle to th' cook-stove, an' fr'm th' cook-stove east be north to th' bowsprit. He will thin take his foolish boat down th' bay, an' if he keeps his health, he can rayturn to th' grocery business, for he's a jolly good fellow which nobody can deny.

Every golf player in the land will be interested in a portfolio of pictures by F. T. Richards about to be published by R. H. Russell, under the title of "The Royal Game of Golf." The portfolio will contain exquisite hand-colored prints of single figures in old time costumes, making a unique pictorial history of the royal and ancient game.

Mr. Richards has spent considerable time in searching records of the game; also in the study of costumes of the different periods and he has furnished exact reproductions of the dress of the reign of Mary Stuart, Charles The First, James The Second, Anne, George The Third and the early Victorian period.

The pictures are designed primarily for framing for wall decoration in dens, clubs and country houses and being of historical value, will also claim attention from those who are interested in historiography.

R. H. Russell, Publisher, 3 West 29th Street, New York City.

A Girl With Grit

Will "go" until she drops, and think she's doing rather a fine thing. Very often the future shows her that she was laying the foundation for years of unhappiness. When the back aches, when there is irregularity or any other womanly ill, then the first duty a woman owes to herself is to find a cure for her ailments.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in cases of womanly disease will insure a prompt restoration to sound health. It regulates the periods, stops unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free* of charge. All correspondence absolutely private and confidential. In his thirty years and over of medical practice Dr. Pierce, assisted by his staff of nearly a score of physicians, has treated and cured more than half a million women. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I will drop you a few lines to-day to let you know that I am feeling well now," writes Miss Annie Stephens, of Belleville, Wood Co., West Va. "I feel like a new woman. I took several bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have no headache now, and no more pain in my side; no bearing-down pain any more. I think that there is no medicine like Dr. Pierce's medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Germea

THE IDEAL

BREAKFAST

DISH

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336

DON R. DUNBAR

Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes

N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

The Old Government the perfection of Whisky.

BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY

PURE-AGED-WHOLESOME.

Used in the Medical Departments of the U.S. ARMY & NAVY SERVICE

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, DISTRIBUTORS.

Beware of Imitations or refilled Bottles

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen

For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powel

Half-tones and Zincographs

The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.

Etchers and Engravers of

Printing Plates

24 Montgomery St., S. F.

Phone Bush 290

MUSICAL NOTES.

NOWADAYS, the opera's the thing. Hysterical women may flurry briefly like a headless chicken over some briefly important pianist; billious-tinted journals may exude slick columns of their oily enthusiasm over a meteor-brilliant and meteor-brief violinist; earnest people with a discriminating taste for what is highest in sound-combination may add a few wrinkles around the eyes, and a few grey hairs to the temples in the effort to sustain, or make self-sustaining, a symphony orchestra; but opera, and grand opera at that, is, like the over-quoted poor, always with us. Even we, humble we, out here on the crumbly edge of things, have all, or nearly all, that the "old world" can boast. Indeed, I was told by a number of people who knew that the European productions of grand opera are very much less elaborate than those given here by the Grau company. This was particularly true of the casts. It is equally true that for a balance, we have such feasts but rarely; but the fame of our appreciation, of our intelligent approbation, of our dollars (aha! our dollars) has gone afield and abroad amd is scattered seductively under the appraising eye of the canny impressario, and we have but to hold ourselves and our dollars (aha! our dollars) in innocent readiness, and very presently we will have even all that is coming to us. Perhaps more. But we have trouble enough without borrowing from the future.

The last week in July will be the first week of the Tivoli season of grand opera, and it should be something very well worth while. Outside of the Grau company, there is said to be no organization in this country that gives as adequate performances of the master operas as do the forces marshaled by the Tivoli management during the summer season. However that may be, this theatre is certainly giving us much more than "our money's worth," and incidentally building in our savage breasts a temple of ethereal grace where our tired souls can find an atmosphere of uplifting and educational rest that is like to spread a nobler field for the next generation. The more than usual observer will see the spreading influence of grand opera on every hand. At the playhouses they interpolate selections from the greater works between the acts; they lug them bodily into the acts. In vaudeville we have many of the big singers who do the highest work. At the very cheapest concert halls, even the "admission free" places, they give you bits of grand opera. Broken bits, to be sure, and broken to bits very often, but none the less real grand opera.

Faint echoes of ex-Tivoli people come to us from time to time. Fannie Liddiard is a star in London; Helen Merrill is with the "Strollers" in New York; Carrie Roma is everywhere at once, and prominent at that; Tillie Sallinger is in San Jose, where her husband, Phil Branson, is manager of the St. James Hotel; Rhys Thomas is in New York; Frank Coffin is in Chicago—has two good church positions and is secretary of the Bohemian Club of that city; and Tom Greene is with the Boston Lyric Company, now playing in Memphis, Tenn. Tom says, in a letter to a friend here, that his company is to make an extended tour, and not improbably will visit this city in the autumn. He further says that their piece de resistance is "The Idol's Eye," and that he has some costumes that are too swell to be decent. Tom strikes twelve about twice an hour. The central figure in the local production of "The Idol's Eye," Mr. Alfred Wheelan, has recovered from his illness and is doing a part in the "Babes in the Woods."

At the Orpheum, Miss Ina Allen, a fine looking girl with a very good voice, has made a successful debut. She is from Chico and received her musical training here.

Apropos of musical training, "Bob" Aitken, the young sculptor who is to do the great memorial statue in Union square, is studying singing; and he is a sight to behold when a-doin' of it. In his own profession his ability cannot be questioned; but singing catches him outside of his balliwick, and he realizes this with ill-concealed anguish. But the desire to be a "man among men, rounded and complete before his fellows," spurs him on to efforts that cannot but be crowned with a glory of vocal fireworks. But it is funny, and I feel it my solemn duty to tell his friends and acquaintances so. Long live the Singing Sculptor! Heaven help his friends!

The Epworth League Convention, with characteristic delicacy, are sending out shrinking requests to local soloists to come and sing for them at their "Grand Concerts" for nothing. The "good it will do you" and the high honors to accrue are vaguely, but blandishingly, set forth in gilded phrase and adjective. I know of several of our best soloists who have received this nervy request, and their indignation at the boldness of it did credit to their feelings. It is high time for such organizations to realize that singers have had to pay for their education quite as much as had an architect or a lawyer; that they are human and have to eat, and that they must be paid for their services.

S. HOMER HENLEY.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat may result in an Incurable Throat Trouble or Consumption. For relief use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Nothing excels this simple remedy. Sold only in boxes.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material. kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610

609 Sacramento St.

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.

VISITING CARDS,

$1.00

HUNDRED.

Engraving Department

Mysell Rollins Co.

22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

At The Theatres Next Week.

Columbia—Blanche Bates has proved such a favorite that "Under Two Flags" will be continued through another week.

Orpheum—Vaudeville. Many new attractions are billed for the coming week and the show promises to be one of unusual excellence.

Grand Opera House—The Frawley Company has been doing a splendid business in "The Only Way." "Secret Service" comes on next week.

Tivoli—"Babes in the Wood" will continue until the Grand Opera season commences. The date of the Grand Opera has not been fixed.

Alcazar—Florence Roberts, supported by White Whittlesey in "The School for Scandal." Worth seeing.

Central—James M. Brophy in Gillette's "Held by the Enemy." Mr. Brophy promises a production of this great war drama which has never been equaled in this city.

THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formally of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

ADAMS' RELIEF TABLETS.
Women Need the famous old DR. ADAMS' TABLETS prescribed for his life-long female patients. An efficient, trustworthy, agreeable home remedy for suffering caused by unnatural occurrence, suppression or irregularity of menstruation. Regularity restored. Send stamp and $1.00.
ADAMS' RELIEF TABLET CO.
145 La Salle St., Chicago.

Thuringia Insurance Co.
OF ERFURT, GERMANY
Capital, $2,250,000 Assets, $10,984,248
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT 204-208 Sansome St., S.F.
VOSS, Conrad & Co.
General Agents.

Over 200 Banks on this Coast
USE

SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER
Hale Brothers use 14 of them. Baker & Hamilton use 5 of them. Heald's Business College uses 26 of them. Used exclusively in the Telegraph Department and Sunset Freight Department. Art Catalogue Free.
L. & M. ALEXANDER CO.
110 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
Branches: Portland, Los Angeles, Seattle.

Things Theatrical.

There's a jolly show on at the Tivoli this week. "The Babes in the Wood" has caught the fancy of the theatre-goers in search of light summer amusement and the little opera house is filled nightly. There is not enough plot in the piece to make anyone think, but there is a world of fresh fun, and enough clever songs for two shows. All the people in the cast have an opportunity for good work, and the entertainment goes with snap from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Several of the company who have been absent from the house come to the front again. Maude Williams sings a song or two in her usual sweet voice and Bernice Holmes figures as a fin de seicel woman. Alf Wheelan makes a good character part out of Lord Macasser, injecting a lot of unctiousness into the role. Annie Meyers and Edward Webb are the children and both score. Webb sings a patter song which is one of the hits of the piece and Miss Meyers shines in a specialty. Hartman and Cashman are the tramps who abduct the babes, but find themselves too tender hearted to carry ont the contract of making way with them. Both have a number of new songs and both do good specialties. Tom Guise is the school-director and sings a funny song with the male chorus.

The chorus girls wear some striking costumes, their figures being brought out in strong relief by the bathing dresses. They have a lot of pretty ballet figures and any amount of clever business. The scenic end of the production has been well taken care of, the transformation at the end of the show being very pretty. The Babes is undoubtedly good till the season of grand opera commences.

* * *

Today and tomorrow at the Grand Opera House will see the final four performances of T. Daniel Frawley's production of "The Only Way." Very large attendance has been the rule throughout the week. For the week beginning Monday night Mr. Frawley will present William Gillette's famous war play "Secret Service" which was given last season with such marked success. It has been said by competent critics that "Secret Service" is the best military drama ever written and also the most skilfully constructed play of any character ever turned out by any American author. Mr. Frawley's performance in the leading role of Gillette's stirring work is one which has been received with enthusiasm wherever seen. It suits his temperament and personality perfectly, and his admirable handling of parts calling for repressed and intense acting is here seen to the utmost advantage. The cast will be one of the most notable ever seen in the play. A feature will be the reappearance of Mary Van Buren who will rejoin the company in the character of Edith Varney, the opposite role to Captain Thorne, played by Mr. Frawley. E. J. Morgan will have the part of Benton Arresford, originated by Campbell Gollan. This is a characterization in which he should be thoroughly at home. Theodore Roberts will be the General Nelson Randolph which also should provide much congenial material for him. The remainder of the cast will be almost identical with that seen in Mr. Frawley's last production of the piece at the Grand. A complete scenic accoutrement will be provided.

* * *

Frank McKee has learned since he decided to call Augustus Thomas's new comedy, written for Peter F. Dailey, "Champagne Charlie," that he selected a very popular title. No less than thirty-one claims to this title have been filed with Mr. McKee since the announcement that he would use it. This brings to mind a scheme for making a few dollars that was very extensively worked before the copyright law was changed three or four years ago. Several persons made quite a business of copyrighting titles, sending them to the librarian of Congress in strings of fifty to one hundred at a time. As the cost was only fifty cents a title for copyright, the project proved quite profitable when one found he could make a producer buy from him a new play-name he had copyrighted without the remotest idea of ever actually using it. A man holding a public office profited by this expedient for years. Mr. McKee will produce Mr. Thomas's comedy under the title of "Champagne Charlie" and those who claim the name may learn something to their advantage if they go into the courts.

* * *

What with the production of a new play by Clyde Fitch, one by Lottie Blair Parker, "The Two Orphans" "Foxy Grandpa," Tour of the World in Eighty Days," a new play for Grace-George and his companies presenting "Way Down East," "Lovers' Lane" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Manager William A. Brady is apt to have his hands full.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

FAT REDUCTION
Mrs. M. Dumar studied the reduction of human fat for over 20 years, with the greatest specialists in Europe and America. Over 10,000 grateful patients attest her success. Her treatment is not "Banting," nor starvation diet. She protests against the "Free Trial Treatment" Fraud, so often advertised. Her's is no "Monthly Payment" scheme. Mrs. Dumar's treatment is endorsed by the Colleges of Physicians and by "The United States Health Report." Her total charge is $1, which pays for prescription, for medicine sold in all first-class drug stores, full instructions as to the treatment, and everything necessary to reduce one pound or more a day. No extra charges. No wrinkles and no injury to health.
FROM NEW PAPER EDITORIALS.
The patients of Mrs. Dumar are legion, and all of them are her friends. Weekly Tribune and Star.
Twenty-odd years she has spent in serving her sister-sufferers and all have benefited by her treatment.—Family Physicians Magazine, N. Y.
For many years this successful specialist has been curing excessive fat, and we (acknowleged to be the highest American authority on all matters pertaining to health, sanitation, and hygiene) feel authorized to recommend this treatment. United States Health Report.
If you find this treatment not based on common sense, and find it doesn't work, she will send your $1 back. If you question the value of this treatment, ask any proprietor of a first-class newspaper. They all know Mrs. Dumar and what she has done. She has not published a testimonial in years. She does not need to. Her work is too well known.
If you are interested in reducing flesh and believe that a sure, guaranteed reduction (as promised above) is worth $1 to you, mail that sum in bill, stamps or Money Order to
MRS. M. DUMAR, 15 West 28th St. New York.

BECAUSE
I am located on the 6th floor of the Academy of Science Building, is the very reason why I am able to
Save you 33⅓ per cent
on Eyeglasses and Spectacles.
Furthermore, my glasses are the best. I fit them correctly after careful examination, and my prices are positively the lowest in San Francisco.
No Charge for Eye Examination.
E. MAXWELL REFRACTING OPTICIAN
Room 42, Academy of Science Bld.
819 Market St, San Francisco

—ESTABLISHED 1823—
WILSON WHISKY
THAT'S ALL!
Bielenberg & Weniger
Sole Distributors
101-103 POWELL ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Cotton Sail Ducks
Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.
Murphy, Grant, Co.

A TONIC

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Half a teaspoon in half a glass of water, refreshes and invigorates the entire system. A wholesome tonic.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,

155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Costa Rica Petroleum and Coal Co.'s Stock.

10c. is a snap at 10c.

It Will Make Fortunes for Investors. . . . .

A limited amount of Southern Belle Gold Mining Stock for sale at 10c per share; this is a gilt-edged investment; mine is situated in El Dorado county, near the Mt. Pleasant mine, which since 1857 produced over $22,000,000 bullion. Write or call for a prospectus.

We have other good investments bringing nice monthly incomes.

Money to Loan on Approved Security

Pacific States Mining and Investment Co.

324-226 Post Street, San Francisco

FREE ELECTRIC BELT OFFER

WITH TEN DAY'S FREE WEARING TRIAL in your own home, we furnish the genuine and only HEIDELBERG ALTERNATING CURRENT ELECTRIC BELTS to any reader of this paper. No money in advance; very low cost; positive guarantee. COSTS ALMOST NOTHING compared with most all other treatments. Cures when all other electric belts, appliances and remedies fail. QUICK CURE for more than 50 ailments. ONLY SURE CURE for all nervous diseases, weaknesses and disorders. For complete sealed confidential catalogue, cut this ad out and mail to us.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

"Held by the Enemy" with James M. Brophy in the star role of Colonel Prescott U. S. A. and Miss Juliet Crosby, one of the most fascinating actresses on the stage, as Rachael goes on the boards at the Central Theatre, next week. "Held by the Enemy" is one of the most powerful of the romantic type of war plays. While its attractions are all of the dramatic order there is a pleasant view of comedy running through the plot which relieves the tension. In this play Mr. Brophy has achieved no little fame as it is suited to his disposition and character and in line with the work which he favors—Miss Crosby will make a superb Rachael as the part requires one of her sweet sympathetic character to give the role its full meaning. The mounting will be of the spectacular order and the cast is the very strongest that has yet appeared on the Central Theatre stage. "Michael Strogoff" will be rendered on the scale of an extravaganza during the week following "Held by the Enemy."

* * *

Next week promises to be the most interesting week of Miss Florence Roberts entire season at the Alcazar. She will make her first appearance as Lady Teazle in Sheridan's famous comedy, "The School for Scandal," a play which has not been seen here for some time. The merits of the comedy, which is a satire on society gossiping and gossipers, are too well-known to require discussion. It has ever been a favorite role of all the greatest stars since the eighteenth century, and will probably continue so. A great deal of interest is awakened among theatre goers in consequence of Miss Roberts essayal of the role of Lady Teazle, and her many admirers predict a brilliant success for her.

MISS JULIET CROSBY,
One of the Most Balanced Women on the Local Stage and a Favorite with Theatre Goers. Appears as Rachael in "Held by the Enemy" at the Central Theatre.

Barton Hill, who has directed this play for some of the most noted artists, has the presentation under his able supervision. He himself will pay his old character of Sir Peter Teazle. The costumes will be especially beautiful, having been made exclusively for this production. During the run of "Sapho" the scenic artist, Mr. Edward Williams, has had a splendid opportunity for prepairing some magnificent pictures of the homes of the eighteenth century aristocracy. The cast is an exceedingly strong one, including Barton Hill, George Webster, Carlyle Moore, Harry Rattenbury, Lucius Henderson, White Whittlesey, Frank Bacon, Paul Gerson, Edwin Emery, Walter Belasco, Jack Morris, Lillian Armsby, Marie Howe and Agnes Ranken.

* * *

The Orpheum will have a good bill next week made up of some of the cleverest people in vaudeville. Arras and Alice come directly from Europe with one of the best novelty acts of recent years. Gilbert and Goldie, who have been in San Francisco before are well known entertainers. Irving Jones, the writer of popular songs, knows something about singing and as a monologist stands in the front ranks. Clayton White and Marie Stuart, Emily Lytton and Chas. Bowser, will present new sketches. The biograph will be: — The Prosper Troupe, Bimm Bomm, Barr and La Moyne Brothers.

* * *

"The Bostonians" open their season at Atlantic City, August 26th. This organization will be larger than for several years and will number among its members very prominent artists. Later in the season they will present the new de Koven and Smith opera, "Maid Marian," a sequel to "Robin Hood." Rehearsals of this opera will begin in September and a most elaborate production will be made of it.

The original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits..... $20.00
Pants..... 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

BANK of California

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....$2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided
Profits, April 1, 1901,$3,611,096.80

. . . OFFICERS . . .

William Alvord, President; Charles R. Bishop, Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Assistant Cashier; Sam H. Daniels, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, First National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies; Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus. $2,290,159.05
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29,1901... ... .29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President..H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier... Wm. Herrmann
Secretary..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary .....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, Jan. 1, 1900...	....$27,881,798
Reserve Fund.....	223,451
Paid Up Capital...	1,000,000
Contingent Fund..	464,847

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier, R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money. No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE Tel. Main 199

DEALERS IN *Paper*

55, 57, 59, 61 First Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

Blake, Moffitt & Towne Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co. Portland, Or.

Recent Verse.

SENEX AD CHLOEN

AN IMITATION

There sings no nightingale to win you forth,
And I myself am old and cannot sing
But, see, the pear tree stands in bridal white:
Have pity on me, Chloe, it is spring.

I would not wrest you from the Thracian boy
Who loves you and whose vows of love you love
I ask but that you sit awhile with me
And let the blossom kiss you from above.

Give me your hand: long, long ago I sat
With Lalage beneath the flowering tree:
As you, she sat and mused, with love-lit eyes—
Ah! Chloe, weave a golden dream for me.

The nightingales are dumb, the blossom falls,
The hand I hold in mine is limp and cold,
The stars are dead that lived within your eyes,
Have pity on me, Chloe, I am old.

* * *

DAWN AT VENICE

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON

One burnished cloud first turned a jagged prow:
The conscious water nestled deep among
Her murky gondolas, that bow on how
Freighted with shadows at the molo swung.

Soon palace and canal paled into sight,
Fainting as watches whose long vigil wanes;
Till Dawn's approach across the waves of night
Flushed the rose blood in sleeping Venice's veins.

Then up the dazzling steps that lead to God,
One radiant sunbeam and a lone white dove
Santa Maria's holy threshold trod—
A shrine of morning lit by Light and Love!

Loud warned the chime to mass o'er quay and home—
Calling soft flocks of doves to meet the day
'Mid sculptured saints and angels round the dome,
While market women followed in to pray.

* * *

LIFE'S JOURNEY

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

As we speed out of youth's sunny station,
The track seems to shine in the light,
But it suddenly shoots over chasms
Or sinks into tunnels of night.

And the hearts that were brave in the morning
Are filled with repining and fears,
As they pause at the City of Sorrow
Or pass through the Valley of Tears.

But the road of this perilous journey
The hand of Master has made;
With all its discomforts and dangers,
We need not be sad or afraid.

Paths leading from light into darkness,
Ways plunging from gloom to despair,
Wind out through the tunnels of midnight
To fields that are blooming and fair.

Though the rocks and the shadows surround us,
Though we catch not one gleam of the day,
Above us fair cities are laughing,
And dipping white feet in some bay

And always, eternal, forever,
Down over the hills in the west,
The last final end of our journey,
There lies the Great Station of Rest.

'Tis the Grand Central point of all railways,
All roads unite here when they end;
'Tis the final resort of all tourists,
All rival lines meet here and blend.

All tickets, all mile-books, all passes,
If stolen, or begged for or bought,
On whatever road or division,
Will bring you at last to this spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble,
Or wait in the Valley of Tears,
Be patient, the train will move onward,
And rush down the track of the years

Whatever the place is you seek for,
Whatever your game or your quest,
You shall come at last with rejoicing,
To the beautiful City of Rest.

You shall store all your baggage of worries,
You shall feel perfect peace in this realm,
You shall sail with old friends on fair waters,
With joy and delight at the helm.

You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens,
With those who have loved you the best,
And the hopes that were lost in life's journey
You shall find in the City of Rest.

Talks to Nervous Women.

A treatise of some size might be written on how to go to sleep—and how to not go to sleep! As a rule, it is when one is over-fatigued, nervously, that the anxieties of the day torment one by night. A person troubled this way must make every effort to save fatigue. "But," they tell me, "how are we to know what will fatigue us? By the time we know we are tired, the mischief is done." A poor excuse, and one which should not be allowed to serve more than once. The second time the exertion must be well within the amount which before produced exhaustion. Moreover, every one, especially those who are not strong, should know how much he or she can do—and stop before the danger point is reached. What is the point where fatigue becomes undue, excessive, perhaps dangerous? There is one fairly exact measure of unwise exertion. If the sense of fatigue does not pass off quickly with reasonable rest—the amount of work performed has been too great. Such a limitation, of course, is not needed for persons in good health who seldom overstrain the system beyond a point which may be regained by a good night's refreshing sleep.

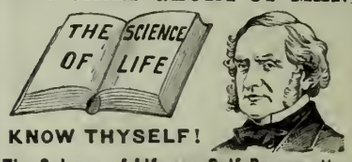
Over-anxiety about sleep hinders its coming, too—and makes one wakeful. Muscular relaxation and a mind emptied of thought are the preliminary requisites. It may be worth while to add that while we know very little of the physiology of sleep, it is pretty certain that the amount of blood in the brain is lessened during sleep, though whether this diminution in the blood supply is preliminary to or consequent upon sleep is unsure. The ordinary household remedies for wakefulness are founded on this fact—a hot foot-bath, a hot-water bag to the body, a warm drink, which draws blood to the stomach, all having more or less directly the effect of reducing the quantity of blood in the head. Almost all sleep-producing medicines act in the same manner, but these are undesirable for nervous people who too easily grow dependent upon them. The habit of their use is not so dangerous as the slavery to pain-suppressing drugs, the greatest reason against them being rather in their somewhat depressing nervous and physical after-effects. On the other hand, thought certainly increases the amount of blood in the head.—Dr. John Mitchell, in "Harper's Bazar."

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN.



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six tenths (3. 6-10) per cent. on term deposits, and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California street. For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eight (3⅛) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco 33 Post street. For the half-year ending June 30, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

Savings and Loan Society. 101 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter. The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1901, at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1901. Dividends not called for are added to, and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal, from and after January 1, 1901.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery streets. For the six months ending June 30, 1901, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent per annum; free of taxes and payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1901. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principle and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1901.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

Office of the **Hibernia Savings and Loan Society**, cor. Market, McAllister and Jones streets.

San Francisco, June 28, 1901.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1901, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1901.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

Security Savings Bank, 222 Montgomery St., Mills building. For the half year ending June 29, 1901, dividends on term deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum, free of taxes. Will be payable on and after July 1, 1901.

S. L. ABBOT JR., Secretary.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Booker T. Washington tells the story of Hampton school achievement in a handsomely illustrated article in the current World's Work. He believes in work as the salvation of the race.

"As a rule," he says, "the Negro is at his best in agricultural life in the country districts. He is at his worst in too many cases in large cities, and especially in the large cities of the North. The Negro must secure his foundation for citizenship very largely in agricultural pursuits. When he has grown strong in mind, purse and morals in agriculture he can gradually learn to hold his own in a larger degree in the large cities.

"Hampton kept in mind from the beginning the foundation in industry which slavery laid for the Negro. He kept in mind the fact that slavery taught the Negro such industries as agriculture, carpentry, cooking, laundering, etc., and that if as a free man he is to support himself and make himself valuable in his own community by keeping up with the latest and most progressive methods of industrial work he must be taught how to do things in the best way.

"The Negro's greatest and safest protection would come from his usefulness. I am almost ready to say that the whole question as to the future of the Negro in America hinges upon the question as to whether he can make himself so valuable to the community in which he lives that the community will feel that it cannot dispense with his presence. There is one test of what the Southern white man thinks of an intelligent, industrious, law-abiding, property-holding Negro that I have never seen fail. I have never seen a Negro whose word could be relied upon try to borrow money at the bank or from individual Southern white men who did not get the same kind of accommodations that a Southern white man would have got."

* * *

In the days of the Ku Klux Klan terrible stories came up from the South of the attempts of the southern whites to intimidate negro voters. The drastic outrages were given wide publicity,—but not so much so the subtler methods of suppressing black votes, although these were equally effective. In his recent novel "Henry Bourland," the writer has made a study of some of these means. One was very simple, yet doubly advantageous to the opposite party. The negroes, unable to read, had been instructed by their leaders to put their mark opposite Lincoln's nose, whose head was the emblem of their party. By trickery the opposite side got the ballots printed so that the head was reversed, and the negroes, unwittingly voted for the other candidate.

* * *

"The Tribulations of a Princess," the second book by the anonymous author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," was published last week, and, although three large additions were printed before publication, the demand has been so great that numerous re-orders are coming in every day. The public interest in this romantic autobiography of a princess is as strong and unmistakable as if the book were the latest work of a popular novelist. Indeed, the eagerness with which this book has been taken up is a striking evidence of the fact that fiction does not alone command the attention of readers, and that human interest and curiosity in the romance of real life is as great as in the romance of imaginary characters.

* * *

Sir Martin Conway, author of the long-promised book of mountain-climbing, "The Bolivian Andes" (Harpers), has recently been made Slade Professor at Cambridge University. An English correspondent thus refers to Sir Martin: "He is a many-sided man, being a painter and lecturer in art, an engraver, and, withal, a charming writer." One of the important chapters of "The Bolivian Andes" is that devoted to the rubber industry, and the publishers have received inquiries which indicate the general interest in this subject. The present demand for rubber is enormous and constantly increasing, and fortunes are still to be made in supplying it to the world's markets.

* * *

The author of Henry Bourland, the Passing of the Cavalier, while studying the history of Virginia during the Reconstruction period found an anecdote which is a humorous comment on the negroes' conception of law at the time of their Emancipation. One morning, when Virginia was still under the military rule of the northern army, a man, riding along the road, saw a poor old negro woman waiting by the wayside. On being questioned as to the cause of her sorrow she replied "my ole man has jest gone off. He say dat de civil law has done ceased and our marriage is derefor completed."

* * *

The Cup Races is the title of a superb collection of thirty-five wash drawings and sketches by the well-known artist, L. A. Shafer, reproduced in a splendid style, and which will be issued this week by R. H. Russell. These drawings show the most interesting features of the races for the America's Cup and include fine pictures of the new challenger, "Shamrock II" and of the defenders "Constitution" and "Independence."

Descriptive text accompanies each drawing.

The book is very attractively bound and will interest all lovers of aquatic sports.

R. H. Russell, Publisher, 3 West 29th Street, New York City.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S.S. Sonoma for **Honolulu Samoa, Auckland,** and **Sydney,** Thursday June 20, 10 a.m.
S. S. Australia, for **Tahiti,** Wed. June 26, 10 a.m.
S.S. Zealandia for **HONOLULU only,** Saturday, June 20, 2. p. m.
Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 643 MARKET STREET.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET STREET
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

LOW
SUMMER EXCURSION
RATES EAST

Southern Pacific

offers those low round trip rates:

ON SALE	ROUND TRIP
June 30-July 1.....Cincinnati,	$76.50
July 1-2.....Detroit,	82.25
July 3-4.....Chicago,	72.50
July 3-4, August 22-23, September 5-6 .....Buffalo,	87.00
July 8-9.....Colorado Springs,	55.00
July 17-18.....Milwaukee,	74.50
July 20-21.....Chicago,	72.50
August 20-21.....Louisville,	77.50
September 5-6.....Cleveland,	82.50

These rates apply from California main-line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of routes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions—

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROAD. way wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Aug 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m. July 5,10,15,20,25,30, Aug.4, and every fifth day thereafter. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 2 p. m. July 1,6, 11, 15, 20, 25, 30, Aug. 4, 9, 13, 18, 23, 28, Sept. 2.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles)—Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m., steamer Corona, Wednesdays 9 a.m.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbarba, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and *Newport, (*Coos Bay only)—Steamer Coos Bay, Saturdays, 9 a. m. steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Than Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans-Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal.

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MAIN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

Lombardi's Restaurant
43 Stockton Street
Telephone Clay 491 San Francisco, Cal.
Try our 25c French Dinner, the best in the city.

Borrowed Plums.

"What's the trouble, sonny?"
"Boo-hoo! I told me mudder a lie!"
"Ah, your conscience hurts?"
"Naw; she didn't hit me there."
—Minneapolis Trihune.

* * *

ROMANCE OF FATE

And when first they saw each other
'Twas the end of their whole career,
For the matchless man had met his match,
And the peerless girl her peer.

* * *

PROPER ENOUGH AND QUITE ENGLISH

Wickler—Beastly weather isn't it?
Stickler—Why will you insist upon using those idiotic expressions? How can the weather be heastly?
Wickler—Well, it's raining cats and dogs.
—Philadelphia Press.

* * *

A FACTOR

The Father—"How many detectives do you think will be enough to guard the wedding-presents?"
Chief—"Ahout how many guests will there be?"
—Harper's Bazar.

* * *

VERY QUEER

Downtrod—Talking ahout the freaks of fate, what do you think of the Sultan?
Benedick—What about bim?
Downtrod—Wby, he has several hundred wives and yet the Turkish clothes are buttonless.
—Kansas City Independent.

* * *

She stands by the uprigbt piano
And draws in a long hreath or two;
She's half a bead taller than Anna,
And a little bit slimmer than Sue

Lo, out of her mouth comes a screech
That is rasping and piercing and long,
And I softly approached her and reacb
Up and pick off a handful of song.

* * *

The Atlanta Constitution has discovered anoth r genuine darkey poet, Albery A. Whitman, born in slavery down in Georgia, and this sample verse from his work shows the real touch of an artist's hand.

"And Lena went—to his dear arms she flew.
A gust of joy—a thousand nothings said;
Heard all he told her—told him all she knew,
And like a hurst of sunshine round him played.
Ah! she was helpless, hut her heart was true;
And woman's heart when true, with earth arrayed .
Against her, conquers all, and ever will.
The gods are with a loving woman still."

And yet with talent of that sort right at home we rave over the mechanical and at times almost maudlin work of a Kipling, whom the Yokohama Gazette parodies thus stinglingly:

* * *

A FRENCH NOVEL

"A Leave of Absence," by J. C. Goddard.
Ion—"I adore her!"
Narcisse—"I idolize her!"
"Ha, then we are rivals!"
"Yes, hut still friends!"
"Aye, friends till death!"
"Let us tell her."
They tell her.
She says.
"Let us die."
They buy six centimes' worth of charcoal.
They ignite it.
They inbale it.
They all die.
Vive l'amour!
—Galveston Daily News.

Famous for its Purity
SEATTLE, U. S. A.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY
SHOES Made for Native Daughters by Native Sons . .
Ask Your Dealer for the
SIEBE SHOES

New Importations of Millinery
Being Constantly Received
Calimberti
MODES DE PARIS
240 Post Street below Stockton,
SAN FRANCISCO.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
308-312 Post Street
SOHMER PIANO AGENCY
SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

California Northwestern R'y
Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.
The Picturesque Route of California.
Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips
On SUNDAYS
HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip
From SAN FRANCISCO To
St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland, Guerneville, Schellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.
No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.
TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY
Ticket Offices—650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office—Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.
H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

A WISE PRECAUTION
BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

This Paper not to be taken from the Library ****

CALIFORNIA STATE

THE WAVE

Vol. 23. No. 7. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

A NATIVE OF CALIFORNIA.

By Permission of the Southern Pacific Company.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

F. A. HEALY, Editor · M. KOLLMANN, Business Manager

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—July 13, 1901.

Tyranny of Bossism.

And now there is threatened a general strike among the employes of the steel trust. If such a strike takes effect it will mean that thousands will be added to those already idle, that millions of dollars will be lost through the suspension of one of the greatest industries of the country, that the now prosperous homes of an army of mechanics will be brought to the verge of ruin, and that probably many lives will be lost by violence ere a final agreement is reached and things are allowed to settle down to their regular course.

What is all this for? What is the terrible abuse that requires so drastic a remedy? The strikers themselves cannot answer these questions, for the reason that no abuse existed which needed a remedy. The whole cause of the trouble lies in the ambitions of a few organizers, union presidents and the like who, drawing a salary for talking, find it necessary every once in a while to give evidence that they have been talking to some purpose. Therefore they drum up some excuse for calling off the men employed in the factories and founderies and keeping them drawn off until these labor bosses have succeeded in gaining such concession from the employers as shall demonstrate to their followers that they are doing something for their hire.

The present strike is not popular with the laborers themselves, and it did not have its origin among the men who work with their hands. It is purely the creation of the men who work with their tongues, and, like a flock of sheep following a bell-weather, they have laid aside the implements of their trade and now stand idly by, waiting until the masters who have risen from among themselves shall satisfactorily settle the dispute and issue the fiat which will permit them to go to work and once more provide for their wives and their children.

A labor organization is quite a proper thing. When there are real abuses to be corrected, it is quite right that the employed should stand shoulder to shoulder for their rights. But when thousands of hard working men entrust the entire control of their affairs to a few who have nothing but a shrewd glibness of tongue to recommend them, and when against their own reason and the dictates of ordinary common sense they blindly follow the orders of these bosses, who are merely using their constituents to further their own selfish ends, they place themselves under an arbitrary control such as no manufacturer would dare to exercise. They, in endeavoring to escape from the tyranny of capital, give themselves over to a far more unscrupulous tyranny, the selfishness of whose mandates could not possibly be better exemplified than in the present unfortunate situation.

Triste Vale.

Joseph Le Conte is dead and at the University of California there has been vacated a chair which will never again be filled in exactly the same way. Others may continue the work from the point at which the venerable scientist at the behest of the Master laid it down. New guides may appear to point out the path which their predecessor hewed through the wilderness of thought. Future educators may successfully strive for the honors which an admiring world bestows upon genius. Yet wherever the sons of the Argonauts may travel there will be told the tale of dear old "Professor Joe" and the ambitious achievements of the men of the present will be forgotten in listening to the perfect story of a perfect man of the past.

Among the many distinguished men whom California has delighted to honor, none occupied quite the same position as Professor Le Conte. Absolutely unselfish, laboring only for the benefit of others and the intrinsic joy of working, without the faintest strain of egotism in his make up "Professor Joe" asked for nothing, and yet to him were all things given. His genius command a world-wide reverence. He was honored for his mental attainments among the savants of all nations. And here at home, among his own people, where the fierce light of intimacy beat upon him, no flaw could be found in him and he was loved as no other man has ever been.

Aside from his wonderful mentality the distinguishing traits of Professor Le Conte's character were his modesty, his sympathy and his unselfishness. His scholars were to him as sons and daughters and the kindly old gentleman was wont to worry over their smallest troubles with a paternal solicitude that was charming to witness. And the students repaid him with an affection which has never been given to any of the other instructors who have ever taught in our great university.

From the president down, the professors of the U. C. have been from time to time sneered at, ridiculed and lampooned and many of the flings that have appeared in the college paper have been more than tinged with bitterness. But no matter how fiercely the war between student and faculty was waged "Professor Joe" was always allowed to pass unscathed and even amid the greatest turmoil the boys always found time to say or do some pleasant little thing in honor of the man whose requiem is now being sorrowfully echoed in thousands of desolated hearts.

The Panama hat is now cast into the shade by the Filipino hat, which has just been offered for sale in New York. One can be bought, if you are looking for bargains, for 75 or 80 cents, but the first-class price is $1.50. They are made of a light, closely plaited cane, and so constructed that the ventilating effects are complete. Thus do our new possessions show their value.

The Russian Tariff War.

That the prospect of a tariff war between this country and Russia is not causing serious apprehension in the East is shown by an editorial which appeared in the last issue of Harper's. In commenting on such a possibility, the editorial in question puts the blame for the commercial scare on one or two newspapers antagonistic to Secretary Gage. It said it is impossible to believe that the alleged tariff war between this country and Russia will ever advance beyond the conversational stage. It is being chiefly waged in one or two newspapers which have, and which always have had, little liking for Secretary Gage. At worst, up to this writing, it consists only of a misunderstanding, which an hour's frank talk should easily dispel. Statesmen unquestionably make mistakes, and no one claims that the gentlemen now in control at Washington are any less human in this respect than their less conspicuous brethren who hold no office; but they are neither children or fools, and no public servant would venture in this era of prosperity, by a narrow and bigoted construction of our laws, to involve us in a serious breach, commercial or otherwise, with another great nation with which we have always been upon most friendly terms. Even were such a thing possible, the matter would soon work itself out to a just and equitable conclusion, through which both parties would come into their own.

For the present, then, and especially through the heated season, we should not vex our minds with alarmist reports of trade or other wars, printed in opposition newspapers, but should, on the contrary, bear in mind the friendly observations of Count Cassini, the Russian minister, on his departure for Europe, to the effect that "the trouble over the tariff is a small and insignificant matter, and has in no wise affected the pleasant diplomatic relations of the two countries.

Mr. Nation, husband of the energetic Carrie, has announced that he solicits engagements as a temperance lecturer. He declares that he is just as enthusiastic a prohibitionist as his famous wife, but believes in less strenuous methods. His plan will be to persuade the erring to return to the paths of sobriety, and he will smash no saloons. Mr. Nation's power as a reformer has not been tested, but everybody will wish him all possible success. With the advertising he has received as Mrs. Nation's tamer half, he will surely be able to get in a few lecture engagements.

Concerning Our Girls.

In commenting on our California girls an eastern exchange deprecates the habit, "existant among all classes of Californians" of using paint and cosmetics "in thevain belief that their beauty is thereby enchanced." In publishing such an article the paper in question merely echoes the ignorance of its readers.

Throughont the entire East there is a well developed idea that all California girls paint and that most of them are a little fast. These ideas can be traced to two causes—the envy of our eastern sisters and the articles that appear from time to time in the eastern press, written by persons who have passed two or three days

among us and whose impressions of California womanhood have been obtained by association with ladies of the tenderloin and by mixing with the Saturday afternoon parade along the line.

There is but one standard of feminine refinement and it is the same the world over. The lady of New York will find her counterpart in the lady of any other part of the globe, as the gentleman of London will instantly recognize his fellow in the gentleman of Tahiti. There is but one set of conventions throughout the civilized world and the girls of San Faancisco differ in no respect from the belles of Newport, save in the superior purity of their natural complexions and in figures which need no padding to make them the models for the rest of the Union.

We would suggest that the next critic who drifts out this way comes armed with credentials which will open the doors of our best homes to to him. Then if he will spend his time among our ladies instead of among our street walkers and sporting women we will accept any honest comment he may see fit to make.

As for the eastern girls. When they decrease the size of their feet, increase the measurements of their busts, color with good healthy blood the sallowness of their complexions and exibit curves where they now show angles, we will listen to what they have to say in disparagement of our women without entertaining the suspieion that their remarks are prejudiced by envious malice.

The Derby sisters, liv'ng down at Round Hill, Conn., have promulgated the following social creed:

"Women can do lots of men's work as well as the men. Why shouldn't we paint our house, big as it is, if it keeps us from idleness? Women should not be ashamed to do any honest work. If women worked more and talked less, they would get along better."

Why not extend the membership of the order, especially as to the gossiping part?

North Dakota has taken a long step in this same direction in the passage of a law which makes it a misdemeanor to speak disparagingly of the character of any female person in the presence of others, and if it has no further effect than to compel the gossipers to go about talking to themselves the result will be good.

Christianity and the Boers

FREDERICK HARRISON.

Is religion more general, more effective? Is genuine belief in the creeds more definite and clear? Is Christianity more truly a civilizing, a moralizing force? Who will dare say so? By vital religion I mean not conventional phrases about getting to Heaven. I mean religion that can purify, direct and inspire man's life on earth. By genuine belief in the creeds, I mean literal acceptance of the three creeds in the Book of Common Prayer in their plain sense. When I ask if Christianity is a civilizing and moralizing force, I ask if it holds us back, as a people, from injustice and oppression, and as men and women from the pride of life and the lust of the flesh.

What were the British Churches doing and saying yesterday? Offering up from ten thousand alters prayers to God of Battle to bless our arms, i. e., that he might enable us to slaughter our enemies and possess their land. Not a voice comes from the official churches to raise a doubt as to the justice, good faith and Christian charity of those who have thrust our country into a wanton war of spoliation. Not a word is breathed from their pulpits of respect for the brave civilians who are defending their homes and their freedom. These Boer republicans, we are told, gather round their hearthstones, whole families together, father, son, grandson, kneeling down in prayer—they do sincerely believe in their God and his readiness to hear them—and then wives, sisters and daughters arm them for the front; and when they engage in battle, their camp rings with hymns of prayer and praise. At home our own preparation for war is sounded in slang from drinking saloons, which is echoed back in pale and conventional litanies from the altars of the State Church. This is how Christianity works out in practice at the close of the nineteenth century.

This State Church and the creeds, to the husk of which it still clings, never seem so hollow or so corrupt as in the part they play in some national crisis, such as an unjust war. Whilst sober men of all parties and opinions can feel some doubts, or even searchings of heart: whilst soldiers, statesmen and the public are open to remonstrance, the only order of men which is ever ready to supply the majority with hypocritic glossings is the official priesthood. It sinks till it becomes the mere domestic chaplain of the governing class—a sort of black police that has to stand by the Government—right or wrong. 'Theirs not to reason why,' as the poet says. It was an Archbishop who told us the other day that God himself 'made battles.' Improving upon the old Hebrew war songs about the God of Battles, we are told that the God of Mercy is the author of war as a means of grace toward a higher morality. Why! No medicine man, no witch-finder in Central Africa, hounding on a savage chief to exterminate a neighboring tribe could utter a more atrocious blasphemy.

"A church, a creed, which can chant such a requiem as this over the grave of the Nineteenth Century need trouble us no more. It is left henceforth to faith in humanity to do what it can to cure the passions of the strong who are thirsting to crush the weak; to teach what is the new glory of civilized men; to preach the Gospel of Peace which the apostate preachers of Christ have turned into a byword and have made a war cry. These high priests of the New Imperialism have foresworn their own religion and forgotten their own sacred books. Let them turn back in their Bibles to the story of Ahab and Naboth and reflect that it was the apostate priests who leaped upon the altar and called, from morning even until noon saying 'Oh, Baal, hear us.' But it was the task of the true priest to say to the King in his pride, 'Hast thou killed and also taken possession?'

Kuehne Beveridge the sculpturess, had to pay $105 in customs duties on a lot of new gowns she brought over from Europe recently, and now she vows she is "done with America." This will be better for America than to be constantly "done" by Kuehne.

Foam.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the London journalist, who has just made a flying visit to this country to complete the course in newspaper-making which journalist Harmsworth began, has left his impress on the literature of the country in the following "catches," which he says are all the rage in London literary circles just now:

Why did the dry goods box?
Because it saw the bargain counter.

Can the sardine box?
No, but the tomato can.

Why is Russell Sage?
Because he gives Henry Clews.

Why did the fly fly?
Because the spider spider.

When was the jugular vein?
When it saw the proud flesh.

It is significant, however that Mr. Pearson sailed for home before this handiwork of his saw the light.

* * *

A Chicago alderman went down to the lake shore where a lot of boys were standing around and wondering whether they dared venture into the water. The alderman—the redoubtable Alling—said, "Jump in, boys; I'll watch your clothes and see you through if there are any arrests." The boys had their swim and the alderman has another generation of voters in cold storage.

* * *

Richard Mansfield threatens to sue a former leading lady who charges him with having put too much realism in his hugging scenes with her. He ought not to care about a charge of that sort. If it had been the other way—that he failed to show enough vigor—Richard might consider it a reflection on his art.

* * *

They have a fly in Kansas that delights in jumping on a bicycle tire and puncturing it at one fell thrust. This statement would be important and alarming if they didn't have a few liars in Kansas who are sending stuff to the newspapers.

* * *

The Salvation Army sells ten pounds of ice for a cent in the tenement districts of New York. There's Christianity both militant and practical!

* * *

The Epworth Leaguers are coming. They say they are bound to have a good time if it costs them a quarter each day.

* * *

I respectfully suggest that the name of McGinty be added to the commission to investigate the sea lion trouble.

* * *

Barrett Wendell go to the foot of the class. You don't know one line of your lesson in etiquette.

* * *

Nothing is more fatal to infantile stomachs than a dose of Marin County Biters.

* * *

Wanted—Men looking for easy money, apply United States Mint.

On The Crest.

THE popularity of Coronado as a summer resort is increasing. Mrs. John Spreckels and her daughter Lily are there, also Miss Leontine Blakeman. There are any number of young eastern men and a few of the Spreckels sartellites.

Admiral Casey is in general disfavor with the girls of San Francisco. A few weeks ago there were three battleships and the "Philadelphia" in the bay. The young men were very popular. Now alas! the battleships are north with apparently no idea of returning. Last year both the "Iowa" and "Wisconsin" spent most of their time in southern waters. Many were the girls who longed for their return. It is true there is no real pleasure for the wives or sweethearts of army or navy men. Still brass buttons can come in and win where no other young man has a chance.

* * *

Where Audacity Won.

Rather an amusing incident happened at the last army and navy cotillion. A young girl came into the hall looking her best. She has beauty, wealth and a social position of some value. She saw a young navy man whom she admired. She turned to a girl standing next to her and said:

"You see that young fellow down there with the clean cut features and fine figure. I am going to get him."

She went to one of the patronesses and asked for an introduction. He seemed indifferent to her attentions at first, but she was rich and good-looking. They are now engaged. He is on his sea cruise, and upon his return will marry the girl.

* * *

Orrin Peck Home.

Orrin Peck is in town again. During his stay in New York Will Hearst gave him his rooms for an exhibition. He immediately received several orders for portraits, which he will return to execute after he has finished his work here. Orrin is one of the most genial of men and is a particular favorite, for he has a ready wit and a fund of stories unequalled by any Bohemian Club man, with the possible exception of Dr. Wilson Shiels.

* * *

Gossip of Blingum.

Since Police Commissioner George Newhall became President of the Burlingame Club, it has become necessary for the young dudes who belonged to pay their dues. This has made him a little unpopular with these ne'er-do-wells, who owed hundreds of dollars to this fashionable institution. It is now financially on a very different basis. Polo is an expensive game. At one time, it is said, there was an idea in this country club that horses were common property. Mr. Newhall hastened to change that state of affairs. He had the stables locked, and those who did not own horses did not ride.

* * *

San Mateo people complain a great deal of the number of exercising buggies that are always on the county road and render driving absolutely uninteresting. The truth of the matter is, the people of Burlingame and San Mateo have a very stupid time in their narrow little existences.

* * *

The best sport for some time was at the pony races in Burlingame on the Fourth. Walter Hobart did some excellent riding, and Willis Polk, in his easy, good-humored, artistic manner, caused amusement and consternation by riding and being thrown. The women turned out in their gayest clothes to watch the sport, and the drags and carriages looked most effective.

* * *

Denies he is Engaged.

Mr. Fred Greenwood has just returned from his long European trip. He has brought trunkfuls of curios from all sorts of queer places, and expects to furnish rooms in San Francisco, where he will spend the winter. He denies all rumors of an engagement. However, time will show. Time shows most things. In fact, it has shown so well down in Burlingame that there are only three girls there now who are not engaged. Those are the two Carolans and Miss Carrie Taylor. Dame Rumor connects Miss Taylor's name with a man from the east. Miss Genevieve Carolan received much attention from a good-looking young navy man at Coronado this winter. The Carolans spend a good deal of their time traveling, and are quite popular. Miss Georgie Hopkins also denies all rumors of an engagement. Her friends smile and say nothing.

* * *

San Rafael Echoes.

At San Rafael a tennis tournament was held. It was a very warm day, and the unfortunate participants worked hard for the honors. Whitney carried off the cup. The Hardy boys were missed by every one. They play a very graceful game, besides having a host of friends. There was no crowd on the courts, though the hotel was full of people.

Golf is the game at San Rafael. The links are unequaled by any on this coast. A contest took place on the Fourth, which will be finished next Saturday. R. Gilman Brown and Jack Crooks are the favorites of the men, and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Johnson of the women.

* * *

Smith-Chipman Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Chipman and Chester Smith was solemnized on Wednesday. It was an exceptionally pretty affair, the bride looking very well in her white gown. Miss Deming was very sstunning as maid of honor. She has a wonderful wealth of deep golden red hair, which she coils charmingly on her head. Miss Deming is an heiress, and one of the really sensible girls of the younger crowd. Her friends are found amongst the girls and young men who have some ambition.

The Chester Smiths anticipate a trip around the world before they settle down to life as it is.

* * *

From Del Monte.

Things were pretty quiet at Del Monte. There was not a great number of people, and those who are there complain of the cliques that always prevail at that place. At Del Monte one must take one's own crowd, otherwise there is no sport.

The Downey Harveys seem to enjoy life. They drive and swim and golf and attract general attention by their brightness and amiability. Mrs. Avery McCarthy and Miss Helen Wagner are among the favorites. Being in mourning, however, they do not participate in the general sports. The Folgers spend their time on the links. Mrs. Walter Martin did a great deal of swimming during her recent visit there.

* * *

Married at Dutch Harbor.

From our correspondent at Dutch Harbor, Alaska, comes the news of the first wedding to take place at that isolated little post on the frontiers of the Behring sea.

The happy people were Miss Minnie Rutley and William B. Ogden, who became man and wife on May 29th last. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ogden are well-known among the younger society set on both sides of the bay, and many a hearty wish for happiness and fortune will follow them to their cosy little home nestling among the rugged Unalaska foothills.

* * *

A Monster Catch.

Herman Oelrichs spent some time fishing at Monterey, and the best he caught was a severe cold in the head. Our front page illustration shows what a New York club friend of Mr. Oelrich succeeded in doing in half an hour at Catalina. How he did it, no one knows; but as the actual transfer of money was not witnessed, he should be given the benefit of the doubt and the bass accredited to his prowess with the rod and reel.

* * *

Trouble in Bohemia.

There is trouble in Bohemia. The perturbed owl flutters uneasily on its perch and looks askance at all who enter its domain. He is vainly endeavoring in his wisdom to decide which of his followers has been guilty of outraging the most sacred traditions of the order, and giving to the different journals for publication the sayings, wise and otherwise, of the bright men who sell good things during the daytime and buy for their less fortunate, though more talented, brethren during the glad hours of the night.

From time to time articles have appeared in the different papers giving, in their minute details, the happenings that have taken place in the club, and in many instances the news published has been that which only those conversant with the inside secrets of the institution could have given out. The result of this has been a good deal of kicking from those members who consider all that goes on inside their bachelor domicile as sacred from the prying eyes of the public.

This kicking finally became so strenuous that the club authorities were forced to take cognizance of it, and the result was that all the "newsys" who belong to the club were compelled to appear before its august board and solemnly aver that they were not the guilty one.

This quieted suspicion as far as newspaper men were concerned and now a still hunt for the guilty party is going on among the members of the laity.

Elizabeth's Letter.

DEAR MAMA:

I am very much astonished at the life I am at present leading, especially with the training I have had. There are so many things I cannot tell you. Things Mama, dear, that you should know. Well, I went down to Burlingame on Monday to stay with Auntie. She met me with her two stunning horses and we drove up to the house. On the way she confided to me how Uncle was spending many of his nights in San Francisco. It seemed to worry her. I assured her it did not really matter. You know you brought me up to be happy saying, "Elizabeth dear, never worry about life, or your husband when you have one; so long as you have what you need in life let the rest go."

I told Auntie—She exclaimed, "Exquisite philosophy"—and we do not mention Uncle's peculiarities now.

Well, Mama, we had a dinner the first evening. Uncle was a little silly. I think he must have been drinking. It was a warm day, so I hardly blamed him; but Mama, when he became surly with Auntie I could not help thinking how unfortunate it must be to be married. Florence Green was the other guest of honor. She is not the typical eastern girl. Just pale, but has not that wordly manner which was so attractive to us in the New York women we saw at the Waldorf last winter. Florence is agreeable to people of her own social status. But, pardon me, Mama, you said I must not be too critical of girls' manners. I always forget that well-bred people are rude to their inferiors. It will become second nature to me in time, for I am to spend a month with Auntie's friends. Frances Hopkins I quite like. She is the true Celt, fine white skin and blue-black queer eyes. She can talk entertainingly and says please, and thank you, all the time. Of course she has not been here long enough yet to be taught the style of thoroughbreds. Caro Crockett sat next to Laurence Scott. I think he will be a nice man and he always seems to be quite at his ease. I shall be glad when Caro marries him. She has always been at a great disadvantage, Mama, as all her friends have had so much more money than she has. She has had to sort of stand things from the Hopkins girls that sometimes hurt. Now it will be different and she seems to appreciate it. Georgie Hopkins is too thin. Mama dear, how happy I am I have so few faults. I can wear a low-necked gown or a high-necked gown and always show just sufficient embonpoint to be charming.

Carrie Taylor was the other girl. She was very nice to me, but is a moody sort. Next day at the links she was quite haughty. I can't imagine why, except perhaps, my golf skirt may not have been the correct cut for Burlingame. Well, Mama dear, the girls were really most delightful to me, but the men—I tried to talk to Fred McNear, but he had nothing to say. Then I smiled on Clement Tobin, but he only told me how devoted he was to Gertrude Hurley. I did not think it at all necessary, considering that I was not Gertrude Hurley. After dinner I had quite a nice walk with Gerald Rathbone, to whom I spoke French. He was educated in France, so I felt I was keeping up my language even if I was not learning anything of any great importance. Then there were two other men whom I only just met.

Next day Edna Hopkins Taylor gave me a luncheon. She has a dear house and a good cook. Her silver is very nice and she seems very happy. I fear I should not be very happy in Burlingame. One gets so tired of all the people. You know Mama, one only hears one's neighbors being "hammered" as they call it here, all the time. I really do not care what Mrs. Frank Carolan does, nor how few clothes Mrs. Hobart has, nor how absurd it is for Mrs. Pope to dress her little girl so beautifully nor that sort of thing. It is most tiresome. I like Mrs. Will Crocker. She is a woman of the world, and the others are just as small as Burlingame.

Auntie took me to Del Monte on Wednesday. She complained all the way there of the heat and discomfort of the cars. I must be very unsympathetic, Mama dear; I could neither agree with her nor feel sorry for her. The train was well ventilated and we had big easy chairs in which I almost fell asleep. Mama dear, just think how nearly I ruined my social chances. Fancy the horror of sleeping in a train! Just like a commercial traveler or a person not in the four hundred.

Del Monte is nice. I wore my pale yellow the first evening and as there was nothing to do but walk up and down the hall, I went upstairs and read "Dante's Inferno." It was such a relief to be doing something. Mama dear, California is only a health resort after all, from the social point of view. Next day a nice girl called Therese Morgan came to see me. She and some friends have taken a house belonging to that clever fellow who paints those stunning moonlights—Charles Rollo Peters. She paints and rides and swims and is really having a good time. I think she is clever, but she has a little too much independence of manner. She gives little teas, and had several artists the day I went, and we all laughed and talked about things. It was so queer no one was "hammered." I think perhaps they must have forgotten, for we mentioned several girls names.

I had to go back to town next day for Auntie promised to chaperone Mrs. Walter Martin's bridesmaids to have their photos taken. We went up to San Francisco, which was very tiresome and met the girls at Genthe's studio. They all seemed cross. Mama, I am glad you taught me only to show my feelings when they were pleasant. I felt sorry for the girls, Jennie Crocker and the Harvey children who seemed anxious to be sweet. Genevieve Harvey is vivacious and very attractive and I'd like to have her as one of my bridesmaids when I marry. No, Mama, a trip to California will never cure me of my love for dear old Jack. So far I have not met a fellow who can hold a candle to him. Mama dear, all the girls guy the men. Why, do you know they say, "Have you heard the latest engagement"—

"I say, "No, who is it?"

"Why Tom Brown to Will Jones"—

Then peals of laughter ensue.

One girl said to me: "Elizabeth, which fellow do you like best?"

I said, "Harry Simms."

"Oh, he is such a perfect lady"—she said, so Mama dear, you see what I say is generally about right.

We go to San Rafael next week. It is very quiet there, but I may enjoy the change.

Well, Mama dear, Good-bye.

Your loving daughter,
Elizabeth.

Don't tell Papa Auntie is so unhappy. He might want to ask her east for the winter and I fear she would get on your nerves, my sweet Mama.

* * *

Where They Are

Miss Sara Dean has returned from her visit to Napa County.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard is among those staying at Mt. Tamalpais.

Among the out of town events was the Fourth of July house party given by Mrs. Collier.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee Jr., are the guests of Mrs. Tobin at her summer home in Arcadia.

Miss Meta Thompson is now "doing" Europe with her father. She will not return home until late in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster of San Rafael have gone to their Mendocino ranch where they expect to remain for several months.

The many friends of Miss Florence Breckenridge, now in Paris, will learn with pleasure of her restoration to perfect health.

Dr. Guy L. Edie, U. S. A., has been ordered to Columbus barracks. This will take from our midst Mrs. Edie, who as Miss Kip was long one of our most popular belles.

Frank Owen, Jack Wilson and Beverley Letcher have taken a house in Mill Valley for the summer. There they have created a miniature Bohemian Club, with jinks all the time.

Fred Greenwood has returned to the home of his fathers and the girls may now look forward to a resumption of those lavish hospitalities which made this beau so popular in the past.

Miss Alice Rutherford, the daughter of Mrs. George Crocker, who is now at Newport, will return here about the middle of the month, but will only remain a few days, departing almost immediately for a tour of the Orient.

Dr. George Franklin Shiels has gone down to Burlingame for a couple of months. The doctor is at present staying at the club, but it is his intention to build in the near future and go in extensively for polo and other kindred sports.

Mrs. Heath is now lying at her home in a very critical condition. She was taken suddenly ill while visiting her daughter, Mrs. Nolan, at St. Helena and was at once hurried back to the city where proper medical assistance could be secured.

The following San Franciscans left New York Saturday, July 6th, for Liverpool on Cunard Line steamer "Etruria:" Mr. Edward Coleman, Miss Persus Coleman, Miss Alice Coleman, Mr. C. P. Freeland, Miss Lucille, Dr. J. Mac Fadyen, Mr. R. E. Humphrey, Mr. B. Keep and wife; and on the steamer "Ivernia" Mr. William Grove and Mrs. Anna Grove of Santa Rosa.

Concerning Celebrities

The Belvedere Disaster.

There is sadness on the water,
There is gloom upon the hill,
The sailor boys have quit their noise,
They've been through the valley mill.
Attributed to Kipling.

The lowest of low tides, the most minute search, or consistent digging, would fail utterly to disclose even a trace of what was once a Clam. So much so, that the very name of Chowder is never spoken of above a whisper, except by those few who really prefer to live in Blithedale,but are forced to linger in Belvedere on account of the low rents and economical ferry service.

The Little Neck Clams attired in spotless white and resembling muchly so many cream puffs, made a great spurt at the first, but were soon submerged by an incoming tide of ill luck, known among the bleachers as bad ball playing.

The Poison Oaks were first on the field in the most catching make-up, consisting principally of over-estimated clown suits and queerly buttoned character costumes and for fear of not having another chance, went first to the bat. When the dust had cleared away, it was found that they had broken out to the extent of two runs. Landry for the Clams got a hit to starboard and was followed by Pierson, who unintentionally let go his center board and was caught between bases. "Bones" Eaton rattled to first, leaving a wave of confidence in his wake, which was taken advantage of by a basket full of shell backs, until it was discovered that five of the Clams were safely anchored on the lee side of the home plate, when umpires Smith and Carrigan for reasons known only to themselves, declared the Clams out of season and ordered them back on the beach. Frank Owen of the Poison Oaks, made the ball look like a period by knocking it into the tall timbers, where the birds of the forest mistook the stitching for an angle worm, and did considerable damage before it was rescued by one of the yawl-rigged out-fielders.

Scorer Farquharson being crowded for room on the score card reminded Capt. Wilson that he had company and that it was contrary to Marin County hospitality to let the visitors do all the chasing, whereupon, the gallant Captain stationed his men out in the sun, selecting a place 'neath the shade of a sheltering oak for himself where he dreamed peacefully of short ton deliveries at long ton prices.

When the Poison Oaks again took the field it looked like the disrobing scene from the "Turtle." Everybody shed something and McMullen gave Duval a short talk on deportment entitled "Never grab for sky balls when the sun is in your eyes" and was promptly tendered a vote of thanks from the swell set, who were off on a picnic in the redwoods.

The last inning would rival Clark Russel's greatest book for shipwreck and disaster. Every Clam slipped his moorings and was dashed against the rocks of defeat by the merciless waves of the bounding Poison Oaks. In the language of a small boy near first base, "the Clams played ball like a scab dressmaker, working on a union suit, with a Singer machine out of tune."

Manager Sloan insists on a return match in the shape of an "eagle shoot," while Captain Harris is going to try and coach them into a game of water polo. Things are truly a navy blue in Belvedere.

LARRY WILKINSON.

A Much Rejected Book.

A short time since a young author whose book had just been accepted was talking to his publisher, and Mr. John Habberton, the genial author of "Helen's Babies," happened to be present. The publisher finally turned to the young writer, saying:

"Your book has one great element of weakness, which, however, I hope may not be fatal."

"What is that?" replied the startled youth, with almost a gasp of consternation.

"Well, it has not been rejected by enough publishers; it takes at least four or five rejections to make a phenomenally successful book."

The puzzled look of dismay on the young man's face gave way to a smile as his critic turned to the veteran author at his side and asked:

"Wasn't that the case with 'Helen's Babies?' "

Mr. Habberton, with the courtly bow which his friends know so well, and which is only one of his many charms, promptly responded:

"It was rejected twenty-one times."

Many Years a Teacher.

Miss Elizabeth Hogan, who has been teaching in the Philadelphia public schools for fifty-two years, resigned, recently, as a principal. Over six thousand pupils in the day schools, and twelve thousand men, women and children in the evening schools, were instructed by her. In an interview, she said: "From a child, I wanted to be a teacher. To this I attribute my success; for, to succeed in my line, one must love her work. My heart always went out to boys, because I like their character. To win a boy, a woman needs only to try to understand him. From babyhood, a child should be taught what honor means. I have never approved of monitors in schools. The system encourages spying and tale-bearing. I have been accustomed to say to my class: 'Children, what are you trying to acquire that is worth more than all the money in the world?' 'Honor!' has always been their prompt reply. I put them on their honor."

A Remarkable Progress.

Letson Balliet, the young man who is attracting remarkable attention in western financial circles, is preparing to erect the largest smelter in the world, in Baker City, Oregon. He will also manage a hundred mines, which will be connected with the smelter by a railroad. Ten thousand men, under Mr. Balliet's direction will have charge of the work. He is thirty-five years old, and is a son of Judge Stephen F. Balliet, of Iowa. Three years ago, he wandered into the mining districts of Oregon, to work for thirty-five dollars a month. His friends laughed at him, but he stuck to his claims, saved his money, and today, is a power in money circles.

Highest Mason in the World.

Hon. James D. Richardson, member of Congress from Tennessee, has the honor of holding the highest office in the gift of Masonry in the world. By the death of Thomas H. Caswell,of San Francisco,he becomes sovereign grand commander of the southern jurisdiction of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. He fills this position for life, and is practically a monarch in Masonry. In the "Holy House of the Temple," in Washington, are his apartments, which contain a throne elevated upon a dais. At the right and left are sub-thrones for the Grand Chancellor and Grand Minister, who occupy these seats at meetings of the order. Mr. Richardson occupies his elevated position in the fraternity by reason of the fact that the Scottish Rite, of which he is at the head, confers the highest Masonic degrees, while he presides over the supreme council of that order, which is the highest in the world. Consequently he is even above King Edward and President Diaz, of Mexico, who are respectively the Grand Patron and Grand Commander of Masonry in their countries.

Will Explore the Arctic.

Charles H. Murray, who has charge of the scientific department of the Shadyside Academy, Texas, although only twenty-nine years old, will represent Princeton University this year, in an expedition to the Arctic regions. He will join a party of twenty scientists representing the leading universities of the country. Professor Goodroe, of Harvard, will be in charge, and the explorers hope to reach the seventy-ninth parallel, the highest point reached by Peary. They will return in October.

An Inventive Schoolboy.

Samuel L.H.Morris,of Allegheny, Pennsylvania,a fourteen-year-old schoolboy, has just perfected and patented an ingenious and entirely practical electric street-car brake, the general adoption of which, it is claimed by the youthful inventor, will result in the saving of many lives. The new brake, according to young Morris, differs from the brake in use, in that all the power which is used to run the car may be concentrated on the brake when needed.

Tales of Judge Cabaniss, No. 5.

Michael Doherty was up before the judge and his honor, not quite satisfied with the manner in which the testimony was being given thought he would take a hand himself at cross examination.

"What did you say your name was?" was the first question.

"Michael Doherty."

"Michael Doherty, eh? Now Doherty, answer this question carefully. Are you a married man?"

"Oi think so. Oi was married."

"So you think because you got married that you are a married man, do you? Now, tell me whom you married."

"Who Oi married? Oi married a woman."

"Now, don't you know better than to trifle with the court? Of course you married a woman; did you ever hear of any one marrying a man?"

"Yes, moi sister did."

Political.

A Dark Horse Entered.

THE more the pot simmers and the more its seething contents clarifies, the plainer becomes it that the Tilden wing of the present Republican fight is the one which is going to have the support of the professionals in the coming primary campaign. That means a great deal, for it is on the primaries primarily that the workers count. In fact to a man up a tree it looks as though Tilden and his people had a cinch already notwithstanding Ruef and the "Chronicle."

More than local interest attaches to the coming struggle for party control, because it means that whichever faction wins this year will control next year when the State ticket and the senatorship are involved.

Although regarded as having his fight practically won Governor Gage is by no means certain of re-nomination even apart from the local opposition of Spreckels and De Young. There is a considerable power here that is anxious for some San Francisco man to take the nomination. They point out that it has been fourteen years since San Francisco had the Governorship and longer than that since a Republican from here had it. While Gage is in sympathy with the controlling element here, still a man's appointments naturally go to his friends and a San Francisco governor would be more likely to have his friends here than one from Southern California. A large proportion of Gage's appointments have been made from South of Tehachapi and the starters of the San Francisco dark horse call attention to this as the excuse for their action.

Who the dark horse will be, is still in doubt. But a guess at Judge Paterson would not be wild by any means. Judge Paterson's political ambitions have been known to his friends for a long time. It is recalled that he resigned from the Supreme Bench to go into partnership with Arthur Rodgers and settle up the Montgomery Estate. That and the Fair Estate have been settled up, practically, and this leaves the Judge considerably wealthier and with a large practice on his hands but still in the position of a man who has completed his principal task. In fact he is where he was when he resigned. A year and a half ago he was a candidate for U. S. Senator and while his candidacy was never formally announced there was always a strong under current at the capitol known and felt to be for him. It is no secret that the Judge would like to get back into political life and now that the Chief Justiceship is practically conceded to Garoutte, no one need be surprised to see him in the gubernatorial melee.

Another complication attending the Paterson candidacy would be the opposition which would undoubtedly be felt from Secretary of State Curry's quarter. It is generally the way that the community which receives the governorship gets all that is coming to it in the way of nominations, wherefore to nominate Paterson would be probably to turn down Curry. Curry is very strong here and would make a vigorous effort to prevent any such happening. In spite of everything it looks as though the same elements would be behind Gage as heretofore, which of course means his nomination.

Candidates for the high office of mayor are still being hunted for by both parties. The Republicans are worse off in this than the Democrats. It is more than probable that the nominee of the Republicans will be someone who has not been mentioned up to this time.

With the Democrats the situation is different. There bids fair to be little contest at the primaries except possibly in one or two out-lying districts. Elsewhere all is harmonious on the surface. The tide seems however to be setting toward Hooper as their nominee for mayor and unless a new and more formidable candidate appears it is likely that he will be nominated.

The announcement of Symmes and Dohrmann that they were out of it caused no surprise as they could not have been nominated by the elements at present in control of their party.

—J. K. L.

A Literary Boor.

A CERTAIN amount of eccentricity is supposed to attach itself to genius, and the man of great mentality is generally conceded a little more latitude than are his less fortunate fellows. This fact must be known to Professor Barrett Wendell, for it is the only explanation that can be advanced for his exceedingly unusual conduct since he has taken charge of the literature classes of the University of California.

Professor Wendell came to us from Harvard stamped with all the prestige that that famous old institution can confer. He was known to be a man of high literary attainments; as an educator his place was among the very foremost, and, giving him the same consideration that would go to any other occupying a like position, he was accepted as a gentleman without being required to show a certificate of good breeding.

Unfortunately, Professor Wendell has turned out to be the one solitary exception of the rule at the University of California. Instead of the polished, cultured gentleman, whom the students expected to welcome, they have found in Mr. Wendell a boor, whose grossness of speech and action cannot be atoned for by talents which it were flattery to place above mediocrity.

The manner in which this man has conducted himself since first assuming charge of his department at the university calls for nothing but condemnation, and if he attempts to carry into the parlor the same manner he exhibits in the classroom it will be but a very short time before he will possess the unique distinction of being the only college professor in the state whose presence is not welcomed where ladies and gentlemen congregate.

Professor Wendell is an Englishman, and seems to have come away from his native land carrying with him all those insular qualities which are the most notoriously objectionable in his countrymen. His treatment of those unfortunate enough to be placed under him at the summer school has been simply outrageous, and is not palliated by the masked apology that President Wheeler, a gentleman himself, has seen fit to make for this uncouth subordinate of his.

Among the students at the summer school are many grown men and women who know what courtesy is due them, and the treatment that has been accorded them by this wild man of literature has been such as to cause them to heartily endorse the caustic criticisms of Hubbard and other eastern writers who have in the past noticed the same lack of breeding in Professor Wendell that has become painfully manifest to us.

The Carnegie Gift.

ANDREW CARNEGIE has given three quarters of a million of dollars to San Francisco for the purpose of founding a library. The next thing is to consider what San Francisco will do with the gift. Many plans have already been suggested, not a few of which contain the carefully gilded brick. Some one plan will sooner or later have to be adopted, and when it is, every possible hindrance to its consummation will be placed in the way by those who will have been disappointed in making something for themselves out of the donation of the generous Scotchman.

However, this spirit is characteristic of San Francisco, and we must expect it. The thing to do now is to consider the best possible manner of expending the money and at the same time complying with the terms of the gift.

The best idea which has been advanced thus far is that of Trustee Healy. Mr. Healy has long been connected with library work and knows whereof he speaks. Mr. Healy's plan is to consolidate all the libraries of the city under one roof, utilizing the Carnegie gift money for the purpose of erecting the building which will house them.

This consolidation scheme strikes us as a good one. It would bring together under one roof the Mercantile, Mechanics, Public, Sutro and Bancroft libraries, and would, by placing them in one building, give to the city a thoroughly well-stocked library, whereas now the city possesses but the component parts of such an institution scattered here and there within its limits. Moreover, the erection of such a building would be to provide our city with another handsome and permanent architectural monument.

Enough of Ragtime.

THE question of summer music brings up the subject of so-called classic music. It seems that "rag-time" has about served its time, and something else must take its place. We shall now probably have a chance to hear a few of the old melodies of the popular operas; maybe it will be our good fortune to hear some of the arrangements from Il Trovatore and Zumpa. It has stamped one as way behind the times to ask for any of the older Verdi operas since German opera came in, but when the populace goes to concerts it wants melody, and if Verdi knew anything at all, he knew how to wake up sweet tones. "La Paloma" is all well enough for six evenings in the week, but on one evening of every week let us have an old-fashioned feast of light Italian opera. We have had enough of rag-time and it is high time we turned our attention to a combination of melody and culture.

Millionaire Thomas Constantine Healy, only son of Captain John J. Healy, died at the Ranier-Grand Hotel in Seattle last Saturday of consumption. He had been affected for the past two years, but not seriously until three weeks ago at Juneau, when he was attacked with a severe hemorrhage.

Mythology of th

Poses by Miss Helen Ha

Photos

DRAPED figures and statuographs are all
he caters to the select and artistic tra
good figure are willing to tempt critic
and if the photographer was given to telling ta
revelations would make the costume of Eve ove

"The Greek Slave," "Diana at the Batl
poses, with a few scattering "Venuses," and so
been designed for the sole purpose of display
causing the clock to hide its face.

The statue effect hides defects and gives a
figure. It is a favorite pose with women of ma
strong powdering well conceals wrinkles and fr

In the hands of a skillful camerist a subj
and there are so many models to copy from wh
and ancient sculpturing, as well as the familiar
and "Rebecca." Photographs of this kind bec
of the likeness has passed from memory and re

To be up to date, one must be classical, an

e Present Day

f the Central Theater
anell.

in photographs, and the camerist of today if be up in his mythological studies. Women of ir willingness to display well-rounded forms, of school, it is greatly to be feared that his

patra," "Psyche" and "Diana," are favorite can only be considered in the light of having uch bare flesh as it is possible to do without

ppearance to the most commonplace face and ars and gives them a youthful aspect, as the

draped and posed makes a beautiful picture, nsiders the wide range of Greek mythology igures of "Ruth," "Judith," "Mary Magdalan" ly-prized keepsakes, even though the original

tograph only reflects the condition of the age.

The Redemption of Riley.

By Howard James.

HAVE ye ere a chaw av 'Holdfast' 'bout ye're clothes, partner?" asked Riley of the man next him in the line.

"Luck out! The guy's on to us!" whispered the other cautiously out of the corner of his mouth, glancing covertly the while in the direction of the keeper.

"Come! Stow the chin music now, youse two mugs," called out that functionary sharply. "Phwat d—d mischief d'ye be afther hatchin' up annyway?" he added, with unconscious inconsistency.

In obedience to his command his query remained unanswered, and a grim silence settled down once more like a pall over the penitentiary gang trudging wearily back to their desolate quarters.

Among the vice-seamed and crime-calloused faces about him, Philpot Riley's honest eyes and frank features proclaimed him a fish out of water. A dull weight of despair lay upon his heart as he thought of his sick wife, alone and uncared for, in their poor bare lodgings in Rivington street, whom the doctor had said could not last the week out; not last the week out, and with a pang of bitterness he realized the six months at hard labor that stretched out before him. A wave of remorseful yearning swept over him, conjuring up memories of his courtship in old Roscommon, where he had wooed sweet Shiela Cassidy, the prettiest colleen in all Ballymaugh. He recalled their journey across seas, their hearts fired high with hope, to the land where so many of their compatriots had found fame and fortune. Alas! there had followed for them but dreary days when the romance of their honeymoon faded into the gray prose of life's struggle. Shiela's health had failed day by day in the new strange climate until none but the eyes of love would have known her for the merry lass who had charmed all hearts in the old days at Ballymaugh.

A change of climate, the doctor had said, might prolong her life, but how might he hope to procure the passage money back when his scant laborer's wage barely sufficed to meet their simple living expenses. With love's tragic despair he had harkened to her hacking cough, and watched the hollows grow deeper in the once rounded cheeks—then there had come to him the great temptation.

He had been at work on a trench, repairing a defective main, and just over his head was the open window of the gas company's disbursing office. During a pause in his work, his ear caught the jingle of coins, and a few moments later some devil's whisper prompted him to clamber out of the ditch and peer into the room. The clerk had stepped out for a moment, and on a table against the window his eyes dwelt upon high-piled stacks of greenbacks (secured against the breeze by paper weights) and rouleaux of gold and silver. His mind evolved a vision of Shiela, rejuvenated in health, the roses blooming again in her soft cheeks, the diamonds sparkling in her dark eyes, and pictured her tripping with the old-time buoyant step along the green lanes of Ballymaugh. His soul in that brief moment became a battleground where love and principle waged fierce conflict. He glanced about and noticed that his fellow workmen had gone around the corner of the building on some errand. Then his hand stole through the window and siezed upon a stack of gold pieces that lay before him.

* * * * *

Up the river from the bay a thick fog crept and settled down over the Island, transforming the grim walls of the penitentiary into the semblance of an enchanted castle and blurring the figures of the returning convicts into a wraith-like haziness of outline. Presently a disturbance among some of the men ahead claimed the keeper's attention, and, with a muttered oath, he hurried forward to quell it. With Celtic quickness in seeing and seizing an opportunity, Riley slipped out of the line and, speeding swiftly across the few yards of turf which separated the road from the western river wall, he dropped noiselessly into the water where he anchored himself by grasping a projecting edge of the enrockment.

Here he waited with bated breath until the receding footfalls no longer reached his ears; then, casting off his shoes, he struck out for the Manhattan side of the river. The icy water filled him with the fear of cramp, and from all sides through the heavy vapor there came to his apprehensive ears the dread sounds of fog whistles and paddle wheels. Strong swimmer that he was, the task was a more arduous one than he had bargained for, and once fairly caught in the intricate pattern of swift eddies and counter currents, it required his utmost efforts to keep his head above water. To his weakened senses it began to seem hours since he had left the Island, and each sound that echoed through the mist struck upon the tension of his nerves like the oar strokes of pursuers. Twisted about, buffeted, and sucked under many times by the miniature whirlpools, he felt his strength going. Then between him and the mist-blurred splashes of the city lights there intervened something—something that strove strenuously with the current to the throbbing rhythm of machinery, followed by a taut length of thick cable, and a huge black mass that wallowed heavily. The obscurity that might have been his undoing favored him, and summoning the last remnant of his endurance, he struck out madly for the passing scow, and just succeeded in getting a grip upon the rudder. Here, for a space, he rested, while the tug and her unwieldy consort made their slow way down stream. Having gained this respite, and shivering with dread and the contact of his wet garments, he was conscious of a sense of awed mystery, as one may feel who journeys through nocturnal forests; the wild screeching of sirens from invisible craft was as the cries of unseen predatory creatures, and the lights that feebly pierced the fog the red gleam of their searching eyeballs. Then, with quickened heartbeat, he sank down against his swaying perch as one of the wide-beamed boats of the Long Island ferry plunged out of gloom close at hand, and the flood of light from her cabin windows searched him out with pitiless betrayal.

At the same moment a sudden scuffle took place on the lower rear deck of the steamer. Amidst a verbal clash of imprecations and angry remonstrance, two figures swayed in perilous proximity to the rail. There was a short, sharp interchange of blows, then a dark bulk fell with a dull splash into the seething wake, and a woman's incisive shriek pierced through the turmoil of the paddle wheels.

"Oh, my God! My father, he will drown. Help! quick! for the love of heaven, someone!"

Once more the soul of Philpot Riley became a battleground, as he crouched, a shivering fugitive, upon the thick rudder of the "Tobias Kernochan." The opposing forces this time were more evenly matched, however, and the issue of even greater moment. Fate had given him an ethical puzzle to unravel as subtile in its nice balancing of duty as the hair-splitting distinctions of metaphysics. His love and solicitude for Shiela strongly cautioned concealment, and urged him to retain his hold upon the rudder. Meanwhile the ferryboat had reversed her engines and was growing phantom-like in the fog as the barge crawled slowly down stream. If he took a hand at rescue his prison garb would betray him, and then—

Again the girl's pitiful appeal fell upon his ears, and a touch of native chivalry (blent with the reckless courage of his race) awoke in his blood, and loosened his grip upon the rudder. A dozen yards astern of the barge, and drifting down stream with the rapid current, was something dark that moaned and gurgled, and settled slowly in the water, and, gathering impetus from a spring, a few overhand strokes brought Riley beside it.

"A hawser there, Larry! Be lively; there's two min here in the wather," cried a hoarse voice from the stern of the "Tobias Kernochan."

In the midst of his efforts to restrain the desperate struggles of the drowning man, Riley heard the words, and the ensuing swish of the rope as it struck the water beside him, and quickly securing it he made it fast about the body of the other.

"Reel in now, lads, an' be sharp; he's a limp wan," he called out faintly. Then as the line stretched taut and the body of the man he had saved from a grave in the river mud slipped from him through the water, there came a mighty buzzing in his ears; a merging of the myriad lights of land and river into one great pool of foggy yellow,

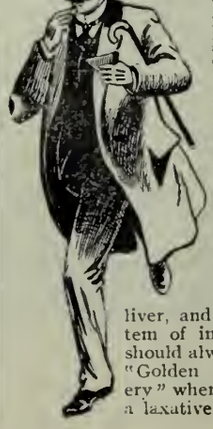
Set of teeth without plate. Dr. H. G. Young, 1341 Polk Street.

Eat and Run.

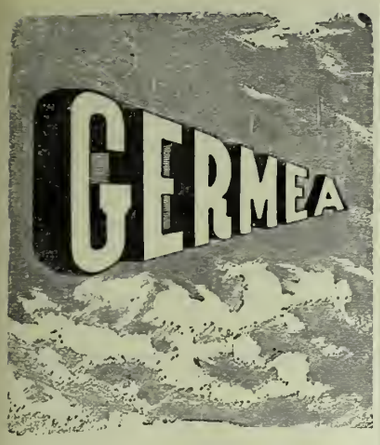
There isn't a man who would be seen running through the street munching a piece of pie. Why not? Because it would mean dyspepsia and stomach trouble? Not at all; but because it wouldn't look well. As a matter of fact many a business man snatches a lunch in such a hurry that he might as well take it on the run. That is one reason for the prevailing "stomach trouble" among men of business.

There is a certain remedy for diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It is Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The worst cases of dyspepsia and catarrh of the stomach have been cured by this medicine. It cures where all other means have failed to cure.

"I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for stomach trouble," writes Clarence Carues, Esq., of Taylorstown, Loudoun Co., Va. "It did me so much good that I didn't take any more. I can eat most anything now. I am so well pleased with it I hardly know how to thank you for your kind information. I tried a whole lot of things before I wrote to you. There was a gentleman told me about your medicine, and how it had cured his wife, I thought I would try a bottle of it. Am now glad I did, for I don't know what I would have done if it had not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."



Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness. They stimulate the sluggish liver, and cleanse the system of impurities. They should always be used with "Golden Medical Discovery" when there is need of a laxative.



Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits..... $20.00
Pants..... 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1119 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S. F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

Over 200 Banks on this Coast
USE

SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER

Hale Brothers use 14 of them. Baker & Hamilton use 5 of them. Heald's Business College uses 26 of them. Used exclusively in the Telegraph Department and Sunset Freight Department. Art Catalogue Free.

L. & M. ALEXANDER CO.
110 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
Branches: Portland, Los Angeles, Seattle.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powel

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

The Redemption of Riley.

Continued from Page 10.

then a pall of darkness, and a vague sense of dropping into depths abysma.

* * * * *

"That was the closest call I've seen in a long time, an' manny's the poor mug I've watched shave close to the croakin' point since I've been helper in this here 'ospital ward av the 'Pen.' Shure, ef it hadn't a-been fer the oxygen tanks at the Charity, thin"—

"Dry up and look sharp with the hot water bags fer his feet." broke in irritably the night orderly on duty. It lacked a half hour of his "relief," and he began to feel the strain of his nocturnal labors over the flickering spirit of Riley. He leaned down now and took the patient's pulse, observing that his breath was still somewhat stertorous.

Presently the day nurse came on duty, the doctor came and passed on his morning round, and at length the savory odors of cooking heralded the near approach of noon.

"Did ye see the 'count in the marnin' papyers?" asked Dennis Curran, the ward helper, as he passed along laden with patients' "extras." "Faith, 'tis a hayro they've made av number Twenty. He was afther goin' down fer the second time, it seems, whin the min frim the coal barge put aff in a small boat an' got 'im. An' be the same token, the guy wot he reskyered was no other than Tim McIllenny, the wealthy an' popler disthrict leadther. He was crassin' the ferry on the way to his home down in Himpstid whin some gun started in to do 'im up fer his ticker. The auld gint caught 'im in the ack, an' was fer turnin' im' over to the polis, so what did the gun do but shove 'im overhoard fer a flyer."

With the disdain of a paid employee for the eleemosynary worker, the day orderly turned sharply upon the gossip.

"Get to work, now," he cried, "and don't be a-hangin' round idle. Can't ye see the docther a-comin' an' a young lady along wid him?"

"Shure, an' a swell rag she is, too," replied Curran, as he shuffled down the ward with imperturbable good nature.

"Shiela, have a care; edge closer till me, darlint," murmured Riley in the low tones of delirium. "Shure, we'll soon be upon the steep turn in the road as we pass the bog jist this side av Callahan's, an' the aff mare do be flighty at times."

"Poor fellow, he's wandering," said the visitor, in tones of gentle compassion, as she stood beside the doctor, looking down at the unconscious figure before them. Then, with a touch of disappointment in her voice, she added, "And I wanted so much to ask him some questions."

"It is only the mild delirium of exhaustion, Miss McIllenny," replied the physician. "He will probably come out of it shortly."

"Luck! Shiela, luck! D'ye mind the auld church steeple shinin' through the mist down beyant? There'll be dancin' the night on the green over be the Pig an' Whistle. An' see! there goes Tirrince Rafferty (him thot I broke the head av at the Killenaugh pig fair) walkin' along as thick as peas wid little Katie Judd thot lives down on the Bantry road forninst Father Ryan's. Shure, the auld piper lately came frim Donegal'll be there an' it's a fine time we'll hane wanst more, dear, a threadin' a measure."

"Shiela," repeated Miss McIllenny, softly. "Likely 'tis his sweetheart of whom he is thinking."

"He is down on the prison register as married," put in the doctor, prosaically.

"Ah, his wife, then—poor fellow," and she laid her hand with light touch on his forehead.

Through the murk of his dreams that cool caress filtered and he blinked his eyes in vague wonder at the radiant vision beside him, as he struggled back once more to the land of the conscious.

"For the love av the Lord, Miss, where am I?" he asked, feebly. "Is it back to the Island they've brought me?"

"Hush!" she said gently, "not too fast. Now tell me who's Shiela?"

"'Tis my wife, Miss—my wife, an' my God, she's dyin', whilst I lay here idle and helpless."

"Not for long, Riley. Father's to see Judge Bishop for you to-morrow. In the meanwhile I shall take personal charge of your Shiela."

"What, you? May all the saints bless you, Miss, but—God forgive me—d'ye know I'm a thief, an'"—

"A hero, broke in the girl, earnestly, taking his rough hand in hers, and seating herself on the bedside. "You risked both life and liberty last evening to save my dear father from drowning, and no one ever yet had cause to call Timothy McIllenny ungrateful. First, we will see what renewed hope and nourishing food can do for your Shiela," she went on hurriedly, as she felt his hand shake with emotion, "after which, when your sentence expires, perhaps there may be a bit in the bank and a voyage."

The gates of paradise had opened suddenly, and its golden sunshine was too dazzling, as yet, for the eyes of him who had strayed in the shadows. He made a weak effort to stutter his thanks, but no sound came from his lips, and with a smile of ineffable joy that illumined his plain, freckled features, he sank back in a faint on the pillow.

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER

THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal.

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151

CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formally of Cliff House

Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336

DON R. DUNBAR
Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes
N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

The Old Government the perfection of Whisky.
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
PURE-AGED-WHOLESOME.
Used in the Medical Departments of the U.S. ARMY & NAVY SERVICE
WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, DISTRIBUTORS,
Beware of Imitations or refilled Bottles

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

At The Theatres Next Week.

Central Theater—"Michael Strogoff." A good show for those who have not seen it over a dozen times.

Orpheum—Vaudeville. The best bill that has been presented this season.

Columbia—More Blanche Bates as Cigarette in "Under Two Flags."

Alcazar—Florence Roberts in "The Country Girl." A very presentable play, well put on.

Grand Opera House—The Frawley Company in "The White Heather."

Tivoli—A continuation of "The Babes in the Woods."

HARRY NIEMANN

The Old "Tivoli" Favorite

Desires to Inform his Friends and the Public in general that his new

SHIRT FACTORY

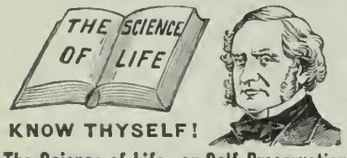
is now open and ready for business. Harry will be found at the store

719

Emma Spreckels Bldg.,

every day ready to receive his customers

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

Things Theatrical.

"Michael Strogoff" will be the feature for next week at the Central Theatre and the management promises that it will excel in spectacular extravagance any prior production ever given in this city. James M. Brophy appears in the title and will be supported by an exceptionally well selected cast made up a great part of the recent additions to the Central Theatre Company which has been completely reorganized. "Michael Strogoff" is always popular with theatre-goers and when enchanced with spectacular features it becomes one of the greatest costume and scenic plays known to the theatrical profession. In the forthcoming production there will be introduced a grand march of Amazons, battalions of troops and caravans of Bedouins. The scenery is to be of the most gorgeous and extravagant description and it has been in preparation for several months past. One set in particular, that portraying the palace, is a work of art. The costumes are of special design and from all accounts the forthcoming rendition will be fascinating and eclipse anything that has been seen on the stage of this city for many years past. Following "Michael Strogoff" Mr. Brophy will appear as "Svengali" in a mammoth production of "Trilby."

* * *

Florence Roberts, supported by White Whittlesey and the full strength of the Alcazar Stock Company, will usher in the eighth week of her brilliant season with a most praiseworthy presentation of "The Country Girl," a comedy in three acts adapted from the original of William Wycherley by Augustin Daly. Although it has been before the public for over two hundred years, having received its first presentation in London in 1675 at the famous Drury Lane Theatre, it continues to be regarded as one of the brightest comedies ever produced.

Miss Roberts scored such a tremendous success in this role last season in this city that little can be said in praise of her clever presentation of the bewitching character of Peggy that the average theatre-goer is not aware of. White Whittlesey, who supported Ada Rehan in her starring tour in this play, will play his orignal role of Dick Belville, who wins the innocent lass in spite of the machinations of the sour old guardian, who will be portrayed by that versatile actor, George Webster.

The play will receive the same beautiful production that proved to be a feature of last season's presentation. Like "The School for Scandal," "The Country Girl" is another comedy requiring the use of handsome costumes. The cast will include George Webster as Squire Moody, White Whittlesey as Dick Belville, Edwin Emery as Ned Harcourt, Lucius Henderson as Sparkish, Frank Bacon as Old Will, Agnes Rankin as Alithea, and Marie Howe as Lucy.

* * *

T. Daniel Frawley and his company at the Grand Opera House will give the four concluding performances of "Secret Service" today and tomorrow. A splendid cast and a fine production of William Gillett's best military play have served to draw crowds to the Grand which have heavily taxed the great capacity of this enormous theatre.

The attraction announced for the week commencing Monday evening is a production of "The White Heather," a spectacular scenic melodrama, by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, authors of "The Sporting Duchess," "The Price of Peace," "The Great Ruby," and other plays of a similar nature, all of which have scored tremendous successes. "The White Heather," like all of Raleigh and Hamilton's creations, received its first production at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, where it achieved an immediate triumph. It was shortly afterward brought out at the Academy of Music, in New York, under the management of Charles Frohman, where its London success was promptly duplicated. Mr. Frawley's presentation of the piece at the Grand promises to be fully equal in every respect to the London and New York productions. A complete scenic equipment has been provided for the play, which calls for a mounting of the most elaborate character. The cast will embrace the full strength of Mr. Frawley's remarkable company, including Harrington Reynolds, who will be seen for the first time this season.

* * *

Any amount of fresh fun is injected into the Tivoli now. The "Babes in the Woods," the mid-summer piece, is literally crammed with jolly songs and witty dialogue, and the business introduced for both principles and chorus makes the extravaganza go with refreshing snap. Everybody has a good bit to do, and the "Babes" and the tramps have several bits, all well received.

Hartman has a lot of good topicals to enunciate, and they all compel applause. Cashman does a funny specialty, and Webb is particularly happy in a patter song. Annie Myers' "Cabman's Ditty" takes well, and Cunningham in his song, "Will o' the Wisp," makes the vocal hit of the piece.

For those in search of light summer amusement, the "Babes" is just the show to spend an evening at. It will no doubt fill out the time before the grand operas are heard, for the house is taxed to its utmost capacity nearly every night. New songs will be heard during the vogue of the "Babes," and it will be further garnished with new jokes and topicals. The regular season of grand opera opens on Monday, July 29th. "Aida" and "Rigoletto" will be the first week's bill.

REFRESHING SLEEP.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

Southern Pacific

SIDE TRIPS

FROM

San Francisco

On Account of

International Convention Epworth League

JULY 18-21

Low Rates to all Points in California

for Epworth Leaguers and accompanying friends

For full information and free literature, call at

Southern Pacific Ticket Offices and Information Bureaus,

613 MARKET STREET and MECHANICS PAVILION

FAT REDUCTION

Mrs. M. Dumar studied the reduction of human fat for over 20 years, with the greatest specialists in Europe and America. Over 10,000 grateful patients attest her success. Her treatment is not "Banting," nor starvation diet. She protests against the "Free Trial Treatment" Fraud, so often advertised. Her's is no "Monthly Payment" scheme. Mrs. Dumar's treatment is endorsed by the Colleges of Physicians and by "The United States Health Report." Her total charge is $1, which pays for prescription, for medicine sold in all first-class drug stores, full instructions as to the treatment, and everything necessary to reduce one pound or more a day. No extra charges. No wrinkles and no injury to health.

FROM NEWSPAPER EDITORIALS.

The patients of Mrs. Dumar are legion, and all of them are her friends.—Weekly Tribune and Star.

Twenty-odd years she has spent in serving her sister-sufferers and all have benefited by her treatment.—Family Physicians Magazine, N. Y.

For many years this successful specialist has been curing excessive fat, and we (acknowleged to be the highest American authority on all matters pertaining to health, sanitation, and hygiene) feel authorized to recommend this treatment.—United States Health Report.

If you find this treatment not based on common sense, and find it doesn't work, she will send your $1 back. If you question the value of this treatment, ask any proprietor of a first-class newspaper. They all know Mrs. Dumar and what she has done. She has not published a testimonial in years. She does not need to. Her work is too well known.

If you are interested in reducing flesh and believe that a sure, guaranteed reduction (as promised above) is worth $1 to you, mail that sum in bill, stamps or Money Order to

MRS. M. DUMAR, 15 West 28th St. New York.

BECAUSE

I am located on the 6th floor of the Academy of Science Building, is the very reason why I am able to

Save you 33⅓ per cent

on Eyeglasses and Spectacles.

Furthermore, my glasses are the best. I fit them correctly after careful examination, and my prices are positively the lowest in San Francisco.

No Charge for Eye Examination.

E. MAXWELL REFRACTING OPTICIAN

Room 42, Academy of Science Bld.

819 Market St., San Francisco

—ESTABLISHED 1823—

WILSON WHISKY

THAT'S ALL!

Bielenberg & Weniger

Sole Distributors

101-103 POWELL ST.,

San Francisco, Cal.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

SONGS AND SINGERS.

THE glorious Fourth "has went;" and with it, mercifully, the "literary exercises" and their attendant musical horrors into that oblivion which gapes for all such. It is an anomalous commentary on our patriotism or sense of the eternal misfitness of things, that, with one exception, the bands that entertained a music-thirsty public on our natal day, boasted but two patriotic numbers on their programs; and some had but one. The shining exception was Cassasa's band. That organization played four. Under this head, I think the odds are about even between the questions of the causes of this state of affairs being a fatty apathy in patriotic energy, or a depressing dearth of national music that is worth anything from a musical standpoint. This latter is a matter that has been threshed at, (never out), for many years, by those interested: but the nation still awaits its representative peace-anthem and battle hymn. For a country whose watch words are "Liberty, Freedom and Independence," we lay ourselves open to the deserved ridicule of all the world for using the second-hand tune of a monarchy for our tocsin and "fireside companion." We might console ourselves with the hope that the occasion might raise up the needed genius and his product, were it not for the fact that "our boys" in the late comic-opera disturbance almost universally adopted that stirring, but unhappily inappropriate gem, "A Hot Time in the Old Town" for their rallying cry. But courage, courage. We are still very, very young and our epidermis is blissfully thick.

The exodus country-wards continues steadily. Everybody that is able and more than a few that are not, has flitted to where the street-car is not and the milk-wagon goes barefoot. The predicted avalanche of "entertainers" from the city has fulfilled its dire imminence and descended with bitter relentlessness on the hopeless vacationer. Orchestras, quartet concert companies, glee clubs, minstrels; they all are there. And they are making money, too. Speaking seriously, though, they are a real blessing to the outer: they sandwich in opportunely to break the dead monotony of vacation life. After the pleasurable toils of the hot day, the prospect of listening to good music in a cool hall for an hour or so, during the evening, is sufficiently inviting. Mr. Franklin Palmer's mixed quartet went to Stockton recently and did very well. Grace Church choir visited Livermore and Los Gatos, playing to big houses. In the former place, Mr. Alfred Metzger, the one-time music critic of "Town Talk" and the "Morning Call" of this city, is pleasently domiciled and filling an important business position. He tells me that he has in hand a series of articles on the history of music in America, and which have been accepted by the publishers of the "Munsey Magazine." These articles should have a permanent value to those interested, as Mr. Metzger states that he has been preparing himself for the task for a long period of months; and his writing certainly carry a graceful style and an original point of view. In San Jose I ran across Mr. H. L. Schemnel, who ran the music store of that city for so many years. He has received the appointment of vocal instructor in the State Normal School and enters upon his duties within the week. The oratorio of "Elijah" will be produced in Pacific Grove on the 28th inst., by the San Jose Oratoric Society, assisted by soloists from this city. A distinct loss to us here, is the exit of Herr John Marquart and his wife. He came to us with Herr Schell, as concert-master in the latter's band and has done valuable work in symphony and concert almost continuously since then. He goes to his home in Germany, via China.

They do say that the transferrence of the Grand Opera House from Mr. Morosco to the theatrical syndicate, means all kinds of good things for San Francisco in a musical way. Opera, you know. When Grau was here he told me personally that all the profit, such as it was, of the big grand opera season he gave us went to Mr. Morosco; that gentleman's earnings on the season being in the neighborhood of nine thousand dollars. With the syndicate Mr. Grau should do much better. They, in all probability, will not maintain a stock company, but will book attractions after the custom of the Columbia and California Theatres; and in this manner we are apt to fall into many windfalls of a musical nature. Not the least of these will be the yearly advent of the Grau company. Mr. Grau informed me that the lack of a suitable auditorium was all that prevented him from visiting us yearly; and now that Mr. Morosco has given up the ghost, I mean the lease, the way is clear. We can only trust that it may be so. We have the appreciation, the intelligent discrimination and . . . the money. Go to. Is there then a question? Marry, I trow not.

S. HOMER HENLEY.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Fifty years of success prove these troches the simplest and best remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, Bronchial and Lung Troubles.

In boxes—never sold in bulk.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,

155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Costa Rica Petroleum and Coal Co.'s Stock.

10c. is a snap at 10c.

It Will Make Fortunes for Investors. . . . .

A limited amount of Southern Belle Gold Mining Stock for sale at 10c per share; this is a gilt-edged investment; mine is situated in El Dorado county, near the Mt. Pleasant mine, which since 1857 produced over $22,000,000 bullion. Write or call for a prospectus.

We have other good investments bringing nice monthly incomes.

Money to Loan on Approved Security

Pacific States Mining and Investment Co.

324-226 Post Street, San Francisco

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.

VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRED.

Engraving Department

Mysell Rollins Co.

22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

BANK of California

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....$2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided
Profits, April 1, 1901,$3,611.096.80

. . . OFFICERS . . .

William Alvord, President; Charles R. Bishop, Vice-President; Thomas Brown, Cashier; Irving F. Moulton, Assistant Cashier; Sam H. Daniels, Second Assistant Cashier; Allen M. Clay, Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS

New York, Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., The Bank of New York, N. B. A.; Baltimore, The National Exchange Bank; Boston, The Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, First National Bank; Philadelphia, Philadelphia National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Bank; Virginia City, Nev., Agency of the Bank of California; London, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Paris, Messrs. De Rothschild Freres; Berlin, Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft; China, Japan and East Indies; Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; Australia and New Zealand, The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand.

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus. $2,290,159.05
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29, 1901.....29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President..H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, Jan. 1, 1900.....$27,881,798
Reserve Fund..... 223,451
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 464,847

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier, R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money. No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE Tel. Main 199

DEALERS IN *Paper*

55, 57, 59, 61 First Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

Blake, Moffitt & Towne Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co. Portland, Or.

Told in Rhyme

THE GIRL OF CALIFORNIA

BY E. R.

The girl of California, if I'm wrong just put me wise,
Of the whole bunch the peach is, on whom there are no flies.
She can "chew the rag" as well as any man today,
Is keen on "stunts" and "joshes," has a cool hand at the play.
You can "jolly" her, or "josh" her, or treat her to "hot air."
And if she's "up against it," she will never "turn a hair."
What would mutilate another girl, or "drive her to the trees,"
Doesn't "do a thing" to her, "rattle slats," or "swipe her ease."
But "wouldn't she keep you waiting," if you'd take her to the play,
If you're her "steady carfare," and "go out by the day!"
But if you're only "faking," and you are "the real thing,"
She'd work much over time to get you on her string.
She's nothing of a "knocker," so maybe it's a "slam,"
But they say when she gets angry, that she always says: "Oh—pshaw!"
But she's "all the eggs," this crushing queen, and so that "cuts no ice."
She's looking for a house and lot, the very largest slice
Of earth she wants, with a fence on Easy Street.
It's a lot she asks for, but she'll get it quick and neat,
For the man of California, if she'd "touch him for the dough,"
Would "tumble to the job," and she would not find him slow;
And he'd put up for her, if she'd put up with him,
For she's so trim, this sometimes slim,
Or buxom, Californian.

* * *

THE FLAG

BY THOMAS MCCLARY

Ye stars that shine in honny blue
O'er stripes of red and white,
The face of man is turned to you
With pleadings for your light.
To guide him through the tangled maze
To fields both broad and free
Where he may breathe the bracing air
Of long-sought liberty.

Shine, shine on, ye beauteous stars!
Shine out o'er land and sea.
And say to each who sees thy rays,
"There's liberty for thee.
My white means purity of life,
And sacrifice my red.
My blue the limitless expanse
For those my stars have led."

"From out the awful strife of war
Brave hands my colors bore
To wave in peace or land and sea
That wars may be no more."
We bow our heads, our hearts we lift,
And say to God this prayer:
Keep Thou our country ever safe
The object of Thy care.

* * *

INSTRUMENTS

BY CHARLES HAMILTON MUSGROVE

Today we are the fruits of Yesterday
And what Tomorrow shall of us demand
The helpless tools within the Master's hand
To do His will and never say Him nay.
He blends our souls with iron, fire or clay,
He shapes our doom according as He planned
The scheme of life, and who shall understand
The why He gives or why He takes away?
Somewhere the universal loom shall catch
These broken, flying threads like thee and me
And, twined with other broken threads to match,
As back and forth the year's swift shuttles flee,
So weave them all together one by one,
Till lo! the finished woof is brighter than the sun.

The Golden Mean of Fashion.

In writing for the "Saturday Evening Post" Robert Ellis Thompson expresses himself as follows, anent the philosophy of clothes:

In spite of Carlyle's labors in his Sartor Resartus, the philosophy of clothes is still in a chaotic condition, awaiting the advent of a master mind to bring order out of the chaos. The world is divided between those who embrace and follow every novelty of fashion with gusto, those who are passively dragged along by the changes which fashion demands, and those who resist fashion in the interests of simplicity or of religious principle.

There is much to be said for fashion as saving us from monotony and a dead uniformity. In clothes especially we must beware lest one good custom should corrupt the world. And so long as fashion acts with a decent regard for beauty of color and form, and the demands for usefulness, there is not much to be said against it. It ceases to command our respect, and it also ceases to deserve to exist, when the search for mere novelty makes its inventors indifferent to æsthetic or moral considerations, and also when the love of ostentation in the display of fine clothes and costly jewelry replaces the love of beauty.

The demand for simplicity and monotony as an antidote to the follies of fashion has been made in all ages, notably by the Society of Friends. The original Quaker dress was not invented by George Fox and his associates; it was simply the usual dress of the common people of England at the middle of the seventeenth century. The Friends merely refused to change with the changes of fashion, especially those which came in with the Restoration of 1660. Yet they also yielded to fashion in that century and every subsequent one. They denounced, and with reason, the fashion of wearing wigs in place of the natural hair. Yet George Fox and others of the Friends, at the instance of William Penn, it is said, adopted the "scratch" wig before the close of the century. During the nineteenth century the changes in the dress of women Friends were especially notable. Drab was not commonly worn at the opening of the century. White, green and other "natural colors" were in common use, but have been replaced by drab by insensible degrees, and drab, in its turn, is disappearing. So complete have been the transformations since 1650, that a primitive Friend appearing in the gallery of the most conservative Meeting would be regarded with painful surprise.

The Maker of our world does not seem to be of one mind with those who regard simplicity, in the sense of a colorless and almost shapeless mototony, as a desirable thing. He has clothed the flowers of the field and the birds of the air after a very different fashion. Variety, color, beautiful form seem to be objects He has sought in the creation, no less than use. And when He set man to clothe himself, it is to be presumed that He meant that this should be done in harmony with the methods taken in the clothing of the animate and inanimate world. The craze for change and the eagerness for ostentation are not sanctioned by Nature; but the desire for beauty and variety is in harmony with the spirit which prevades the world's life.

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

In the District Court of the United States, in and for the Northern District of California.

IN THE MATTER OF }
Louise A. Brown }

Take notice that Louise A. Brown, bankrupt, above named, have been duly adjudicated bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94 Chronicle building, San Francisco, California, on Saturday the 29th day of September, 1900, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated San Francisco, September 8th, 1900.

ELTON J. GREEN, Referee in Bankruptcy.
In and for the City and County of San Francisco?

The original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch.

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St., Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramento St.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

AMONG THE AUTHORS.

A new and revised edition of James Jeffrey Roche's "Story of the Filibusters," printed from new plates, has just been published by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company, under the new title "By Ways of War." This book was originally published in London in T. Fischer Unwin's Adventure Library, in the same volume with a reprint of Colonel David Crockett's autobiography, where it received the highest praise, not only as a most excellent contribution to a unique phase of history, but also for its charm as a piece of literature. For such a book there could hardly be a more competent critic than Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who not long since wrote to Mr. Roche in these words:—

"I don't know a book that I value more or one that has given me more pleasure in more different ways. Some of the lines and paragraphs are as vivid to me as the words on Shakespeare's tomb.

"The description of the Sonora expedition, and the skeletons and revolvers marking its retreat, is as wonderful as any story of Stevenson's. . . It filled me with awe and envy. It is romance, poetry and history combined as I do not find it in any other book."

Since Mr. Davis has recently had occasion to criticise the unauthorized publications of extracts from a private letter containing his opinions of a recently published work, the publishers desire to state that permission was obtained from Mr. Davis before these comments on Mr. Roche's volume were made public.

* * *

A story of a dog's devotion to its master is told in the July number of "Cassell's Little Folks." It is headed —"How a Dog saved its Master." In 1758, when Britain and France were at war with one another, an ill-fated landing was made at St. Cas, a few miles to the west of St. Malo. The British general required a poor Breton sheperd to act as guide, and the man led the invaders astray. Pephaps he ought not to have been expected to love his country better than her enemies. At any rate, he played the mis-guide, and the general swore he should hang for it. Whilst the soldiers were fastening the rope around his neck, it was pitiful to see the earnest efforts of his dog to prevent them. Even the general was touched. He reflected that the shepherd might have acted from patriotism. So he scolded him again, and also threatened to have his dog killed too. Then he bade the man go free and take his faithful tyke with him.

* * *

The midsummer fiction number of the July "Cosmopolitan" contains the best story Bert Harte has written in a long time. The well-known Jack Hamlin is the hero, and he will be eagerly welcomed back by the public. Desperado and gambler that he is, theoretically we ought not to like him, but he has that fine courage too rarely met with in real life or in fiction, and those who read "A Mercury of the Foothills" will probably lose sight of his faults in following the events which take place upon "that heaven-kissing hill." Katrina Trask's story in the same number should be read by every woman. It is one of those homely tragedies constantly going on in modern society. It is probably the cleverest piece of work Mrs. Trask has ever done. "R. K. Munkittrick's" quaint New England coast yarn has a breeziness about it that makes it really refreshing. The July installment of Egerton Castle's story begins to raise the curtain on the inevitable ruin which the Duke of Cluny's weakness must bring on those who love him.

* * *

Little, Brown & Company report that Mary W. Tileston's "Daily Strength for Daily Needs" has reached a total sale of over 200,000 copies. The book is made up of selections from the Scriptures and of passages from various ancient and modern authors that reinforce the Divine thought. "These words of the goodly fellowship of wise and holy men of many times," says the author, "it is hoped may help to strengthen the reader to perform the duties and to bear the burdens of each day with cheerfulness and courage." That the book has fulfilled its purpose is attested by the constant demand it has met with.

* * *

Twenty-five years ago, when "Elbow Room" and "Out of the Hurly-Burly" were the successes of the day, Max Adeler suddenly ceased writing. For a quarter of a century he was proof against the blandishments of editors, but within a few weeks he has completed a new series of humorous stories which show him at his best.

"Tales of Old Turley," which will appear in early numbers of The Saturday Evening Post, are wonderfully droll stories of the quaint characters in an old-fashioned country town before the war.

Local politics, school committee fights, church squabbles and women's clubs lend themselves admirably to Max Adeler's humorous touch, and form the basis of some of the cleverest stories that have been written for many a day.

* * *

"Ballantyne," a new novel by Helen Campbell, is a distinctly American story and the best thing in fiction that its talented author has yet given to the public.

As a story the book far surpasses any of its author's serious essays in fiction; as a plea for patriotism it presents but one universal argument, i. e., the real nobility of the American spirit as manifested by those who fought for their highest ideals in the civil war. As a view of certain choice phases of English and American life nothing could be better.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained.

OCEANIC Steamship Company

Hawaii
Samoa
New Zealand
Australia

S.S. Sonoma for **Honolulu Samoa, Auckland, and Sydney**, Thursday June 20, 10 a.m.
S. S. Australia, for **Tahi I**, Wed. June 26, 10 a.m.
S.S. Zealandia for **HONOLULU only**, Saturday, June 20, 2. p. m.
Line to Coolgardie, Australia, and Capetown, South Africa.

TICKET OFFICE, 643 MARKET STREET.
FREIGHT OFFICE, 327 MARKET S REET
J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS

LOW SUMMER EXCURSION RATES EAST

Southern Pacific

offers those low round trip rates:

ON SALE	ROUND TRIP
June 30-July 1.....Cincinnati,	$76.50
July 1-2.....Detroit,	82.25
July 3-4.....Chicago,	72.50
July 3-4, August 22-23, September 5-6 .....Buffalo,	87.00
July 8-9.....Colorado Springs,	55.00
July 17-18.....Milwaukee,	74.50
July 20-21.....Chicago,	72.50
August 20-21.....Louisville,	77.50
September 5-6.....Cleveland,	82.50

These rates apply from California main-line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest — finest scenery — choice of routes — limited trains — personally conducted tourist excursions —

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Aug 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m. July 5,10,15,20,25 30, Aug.4, and every fifth day thereafter. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m. July 1,6,11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Aug. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles)—Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m., steamer Corona, Wednesdays 9 a.m.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and *Newport, (*Coos Bay only)—Steamer Coos Bay, Saturdays, 9 a. m.

Steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Th n Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal.

Like a magic touch,
Lustre the greatest,
Labor the least,

ELECTRO
SILVER POLISH
SILICON

Never scratching,
Never wearing,
Never equalled.

Trial quantity for the asking.
Box, postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.
It's Sold Everywhere.

The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MAIN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

Lombardi's Restaurant
43 Stockton Street
Telephone Clay 491 San Francisco, Cal.
Try our 25c French Dinner, the best in the city.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

"Knox" Spring Styles now open
"KAHN" the Hatter, 726 Market Street

Borrowed Plums

A certain member of Parliament was walking through the city some time back when he perceived, just ahead of him, an acquaintance, whose handkerchief was sticking half out of his pocket.

Seized with a brilliant idea, he quickened his pace and, stepping up just behind his friend, withdrew the handkerchief altogether without the owner being in the least aware of what had taken place.

He was just about to address him and call his attention to what he had done when he felt a tap on the arm, and, half-turning confronted a quiet, gentleman-like looking man, who returned to the M. P. his own purse, handkerchief, and a bunch of keys, at the same time saying:

"I beg your pardon; I didn't know you were one of us!"—Exchange.

* * *

"I am satisfied now that I have made a professional blunder in your case," the physician said, noting the symptons of his patient.

"A blunder, doctor? Don't I seem to be improving fast enough?"

"You are improving too fast. Your malady had begun to interest me exceedingly, and I wanted to see what it would develop into if allowed to run, but I stupidly gave you a prescription that has knocked it entirely out of your system."—Chicago Tribune.

* * *

Rowell—There goes Withers on horseback. He is a living illustration of the saying, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

Snaffle—In what way?

Rowell—Don't you see? He lets his weight rest on the horse only once in a while; the most of the time he is in the air, going up or coming down.—Boston Transcript.

* * *

This is the Gay Southrette, you know
Who sings of Gay Par-ee;
She first saw light in Sixty-Two,
In Brooklyn by-the-sea.

She mashes all the gay Old Boys,
Who focus on the Stage;
She'd be too Pert for anything,
If 'twasn't for her Age.—N. Y. Dramatic Times.

* * *

First Hotelkeeper—Yes; I am going to have the sea-serpent attraction again this year.

Second Hotelkeeper—That is old. I am going to have a young woman wade out beyond her depth every hour. I have just ordered a few gross of medals, and each rescuer will be presented with one.—Philadelphia Record.

* * *

THE EXCEPTION

He found that verses didn't pay
He laid his pen and ink away.

THE RULE

He found no wealth, he found no fame
He kept on writing just the same.

* * *

"How did Spudkins get his appointment as brigadier-general? I never knew that he was connected with the army."

"Oh, yes, by marriage; his brother-in-law is a United States Senator."—Town and County.

* * *

Why does it seem so very wrong
When others "tell a whopper,"
And when you tell one of your own
Why does it seem so proper?
—Washington Star.

* * *

"Can your wife keep a secret?"

"Yes, if she has a dozen or so of her friends to help her."

Famous for its Purity
SEATTLE, U. S. A.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY
SHOES Made for
Native Daughters
v Native Sons . .
Ask Your Dealer for the
SIEBE SHOES

New Importations of Millinery
Being Constantly Received
Calimberti
MODES DE PARIS
240 Post Street below Stockton,
SAN FRANCISCO.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
308-312 Post Street
SOHMER PIANO AGENCY
SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.
California Northwestern R'y
The Picturesque Route of California.
Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips
On SUNDAYS
HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip
From SAN FRANCISCO To
St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland, Guerneville, Schellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.
No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.
TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY
Ticket Offices—650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.
H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

A WISE PRECAUTION
BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 8. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

NOW ON THEIR HONEYMOON.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

F. A. HEALY, Editor M. KOLLMANN, Business Manager

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—July 20, 1901.

Wendell was Modest.

In another part of this issue there is printed a communication from our university correspondent, wherein he touches lightly on the trouble following the appearance of Barrett Wendell at the University of California Summer School.

According to Mr. Keane the trouble apparently had its origin in the maidenly modesty of Professor Wendell, and the disinclination of that literary god to accept the incense that a number of fair devotees would fain have burned at his shrine. This sounds well, but it also sounds as though Mr. Keane, himself, was attempting to do a little something in the aromatic gum and spice line. If Professor Barrett Wendell has shown any signs of modesty since his arrival in California, it is merely another evidence of the wonders that can be worked by this really remarkable climate. In the East, Professor Wendell has, from time to time, been made the unhappy subject of uncomplimentary criticism. Modesty, however, has never been one of the failings attributed to him.

When Mr. Wendell, in a neatly bound volumne printed to sell, told an astonished world of letters that the three great requisites in correct writing are clearness, force and elegance, he became a marked man. The calcium, which is turned on literary as well as on political thrones, shone brightly about his leonine head. He was studied with an intense interest and, under the literary microscopes of his contemporaries he developed many peculiar and interesting traits. Self-abnegation, though, was not one of them. He was never accused of lacking clearness and force in impressing his unique personality on his students. The elegance of his methods, though, was sometimes called into question by the hypercritical.

If the "teachers and women" composing Professor Wendell's class at the Summer School took advantage of the opportunity afforded by the call for an original composition to compliment their tutor, the mistake was theirs and not Professor Wendell's. They should have sufficently acquainted themselves with the record of their preceptor to have known that anything in the nature of a compliment could not possibly be regarded otherwise than ironical. Had they gone into their class-room thus prepared, they would have been spared the guilt of a courtesy which was entirely uncalled for. Yes, the fault was all the student's.

It is to be hoped, however, that Professor Wendell, remembering that while humanity transgresses divinity forgives, will not be too hard on the "teachers and women." Show them a little mercy, professor. Do not fix them with that Antarctic stare with which you have been wont to congeal thought in the craniums of your luckless Harvard youngsters.

It Should Now End.

Since the commencement of the big strike among the steel workers of the East, those to whose interest it is to prolong the friction between the laboring man and his employer, namely, the labor bosses, have been sedulously circulating the report that the gigantic movement among the working men at Pittsburg and other manufacturing centers, was on a line with the strike movement here. It has also been stated that the eastern trouble would do much toward gaining for the San Francisco workingman what he has been contending for since last May.

Nothing could be further from the truth. There is not a union man in the city but who knows that the strike of the steel workers at Pittsburg was the outcome of a dispute as to the right to unionize certain plants belonging to the trust, and had no bearing whatever on hours and wages. The better informed among our local workers know the situation in the East since the resumption of work, at the old scale of hours and wages, by the men of Newport News, Cincinnati and other places, has become such as to make concession by the employers an absolute impossibility. They know that it has made their defeat certain here, and that it is now only a matter of time before they themselves will have to give in.

Under the most favorable circumstances, it is about all the manufacturers of the Pacific Coast can do to hold their own with their eastern brethren. Now, with the immense plants of their competitors running on a ten-hour basis, it would be simply suicidal for the manufacturers here to adopt a nine-hour schedule at a ten-hour wage.

This strike has, from the very beginning, been as unpopular with the general public as it has with the majority of the men it affected. Had the strikers contended for a nine-hour day, with a corresponding reduction in wages, they might have obtained some sympathy. The unjustness of their demands, however, and the very evident effort to press an already prosperous condition of things past the point of reasonableness cut them off at the start from any outside help. Their position was weak at the commencement, and the recent action of their co-laborers at Newport News places them in a situation where there is nothing left for them to do but to get back where many of them are longing to be—in the shops.

This statement of the case is a true and fair one, and will be endorsed by many of the men themselves. The committees alone are responsible for the continuance of the strike, even up to the present time. They should be made to see the situation as it is, and, if they will not so view it, new committees should be appointed who will consider the interests of the men they represent instead of attempting to use the power given them to further their own selfish ends.

Playing With Fire.

The Strong-Hope affair is to be regretted. It is to be regretted not because of the disgraceful notoriety it has brought to the principals in the scandal, but because of the evidence it has afforded of the general degeneracy of the people as evinced in the stories printed in the great dailies whose business it is to cater to the taste of the people.

An unfaithful wife and an army libertine engage in a liaison and immediately the papers commence to reek with all of the filthy details. The affair was nothing out of the ordinary. It held no element of humor, romance or tragedy to raise it above the vile level of the generality of such occurrences. It was merely a debauch such as happens every day of the three hundred and sixty-five, in which the actors discovered themselves by not taking the precautions that their previous experiences in the same line should have taught them were necessary.

As news items, Captain Strong and Lady Francis Hope were worth a few lines, and that is all they were worth in a community which supports papers because it wants the news and not because it wishes to revel in salaciousness.

Yet the stories printed ran from three columns to nearly a page in length and were continued through three or more issues. In other words the tale of the illicit passions of an abandoned actress and a young debauchee were given more space than would be accorded to most any event of less magnitude than a presidential visit or a prospective war.

It might be argued that publicity is the only cure for such evils, and the publication of their wrong doing was the chastisement of the guilty couple. This may be quite true, but one hundred words would have ruined Captain Strong as effectively as one hundred thousand, and Lady Hope could have been as completely ostracized by a paragraph as by a page. Moreover the manner in which the articles were written was hardly such as to impress on a young mind the gravity of such an offence. The style was light and frivolous, and the impression conveyed was that a couple of young people had been caught in something a little out of the way and the joke was on them. This way of treating such a scandal may make an article readable, interesting and amusing, but it will hardly be a recommendation to parents who wish to keep the minds of their growing daughters as pure and virgin as their bodies.

Yet, to reiterate, the papers themselves are not to blame. They give the people what the taste of the people demands, and that is the reason that boys and girls, still in their teens, speak together with appreciative relish of the humorous scrape of Captain Strong and Lady Francis Hope.

Two items from Butte under the same date are suggestive. One is to the effect that although gambling has been driven from the grassless, tasteless city of smelters, the railroad running to Anaconda, 26 miles away, has put on an hourly "Gambler's limited." The other one says that the head book-keeper for one of Butte's big business concerns is short $20,000—probably a gamblers' victim, "limited" only by the money in sight.

Our Epworth League Friends.

On Thursday last the Epworth League opened its international convention, and as a consequence San Francisco has over sixty thousand stranger guests within its gates.

Our city has entertained large concourses before now, but never one of such magnitude as this. Trains have been arriving every hour, day and night, for the last week, and the confluence of people from north, east and south has resulted in a perfect inundation.

Yet, when the visitors are of the character of the present assemblage, San Francisco is glad to have them, and does all it can to make their stay a pleasant one. The Epworth Leaguers have received from us every courtesy and accommodation. They have been given every opportunity to inspect our state, to view its wonderful resources and to experience the beneficial effects of its remarkable climate. This has been a good thing for the Epworth Leaguers, and it will be a good thing for us.

The people that the League has brought out here are people of intelligence, education and refinement. They are close observers, and they remember what they see. After the reception which has been accorded them, they cannot help but return to their homes strong partizans of the state which has received them so well, and the result will be that California will extend its commercial relations among people who pay their bills, and will add to its population from among the best classes in the Union.

The Bundesfest.

The next best thing to having a German as a host is to have him as a guest. The Teuton is one of the most companionable fellows on earth. He dearly loves a good time, and none know better how to get the most out of life than he. He is a generous spender and when enjoying himself, rather considers the necessity of getting what he wants, than what it will cost him to acquire it. He does nothing on a small scale, and never looks outside his own people for help in any of his festivals.

This is shown in the present bundesfest. These Germans come out here for a little sport with the rifle, and $100,000 is subscribed in prizes, while the Epworth League, with its thousands of members, can hardly raise one-fifth of that amount.

The shooting competition itself has brought together in our city some of the most noted marksmen in the world, and those interested in such sports now have an opportunity to witness exhibitions of skill such as has never before been shown in the history of the state.

The Anglo Saxon must retreat before the Slav. After a year in a Boston public school, a little Russian girl who could not speak a word of English when she entered, has completed the entire four years' course, and received her diploma. Is this a reflection upon anything connected with our routine work of school, or upon our nationality, or just upon Boston? The next question is what will the little Russian girl do with her stock of English culture? Will it be just the proverbial scratch upon the Russian?

A Prophecy.

By Wayne MacVeagh.

It seems to me quite too plain for dispute that no single member of a weaker race can be killed, no hut of such a race, however humble, can be burned, no one can be selected for especial honor for his part in such pitiful warfare without its helping to light the torch which starts the fire by which some hapless Negro is to be burned at the stake in our own country, not only in defiance but in contempt of law, and all such acts must be surely followed by greater insecurity for the surplus wealth which the contented class possesses.

Now, it is at least quite possible that in the not distant future, American politics may transform Mr. Webster's warning into history, for our electorate is already beginning to be divided and must, in obedience to the law of social evolution, continue more and more to be divided by that sharp cleavage which seperates those who are contented with their lot from those who are discontented with their lot.

Under whatever disguises, called by whatever names, inheriting or seizing whatever partisan organizations, the alignment of the two great political divisions of American voters who will sooner or later struggle against each other for the possession of the government will inevitably be upon the basis I have named. The party of the contented will be ranged under one banner, and the party of the discontented will be ranged under the other, and that alignment will steadily develop increasing sharpness of division until the party of the discontented, being the majority, has obtained the control of the government, to which, under our system, they are entitled, and then they will be sure to remodel the present system for the distribution of wealth, unless we have previously done so,upon bases wiser and more equitable than those now existing.

The one party will be, under whatever name, the party of capital, and the other party will be, under whatever name, the party of labor.

It is perhaps inevitable, but it is none the less to be regretted, that a distinct lowering of moral standards should follow a state of war, inducing us to cherish the delusion that if we talk loudly enough and boast foolishly enough of our physical prowess by sea and land, and give our time and thought only to warlike actions and preparations as we have been doing for the last three years, all serious moral and domestic questions will somehow settle themselves. Such a delusion is equally childish and cowardly, and it is only necessary to glance at such questions to discover that instead of settling themselves, they are daily growing in gravity, and how unwise it is, instead of facing them, to be actually running away from them.

It certainly would tend to make private property far more secure in America if the less fortunate majority of our population saw us of the more fortunate minority giving courage and time and thought to efforts to solve these problems and others like them, and thereby to lessen some of the evils which in many cases bear so heavily and so unjustly upon the poor.

Alice Neilson's "Fortune Teller" has gone out of business in London. Not enough silver crossed the palm of the man in the box office.

Foam.

The baby farm scandal will probably result in the Biter being bitten.

* * *

A shirt waist by any other name would look as sweet; it would not cause so much discussion, however.

* * *

Hunters will be pleased to learn that the season is now open and promises to be a good one for Buffalo.

* * *

Lord Pauncefote says he is hopeful of affecting an agreement on the Nicaragua Canal Treaty. This is optimism for you.

* * *

Mrs. Cordelia Botkin again appears on the scene. Why wont some one send this woman a box of candy and thereby keep her quiet?

* * *

Literary Note—Another edition of "Pleasures of Hope" has been issued in this city. It is edited by one Strong, late of the United States army.

* * *

Colonel Watterson calls Henry James a cad and William Dean Howells a prig. The Colonel should not write before having had his mornin's mornin'.

* * *

Ho Yow commends the work done by the Methodist Episcopal Missionaries among the Chinese in this country. It is now up to the Methodists to commend the Chinese for the work done among the missionaries in China.

* * *

A "divine healer" has been arrested for practicing medicine without a license. The Almighty may confer power on one of His followers, but that power has to be ratified by the Board of Health before it can be used.

* * *

Gath says President McKinley desires to choose his successor from his present cabinet. Well, he can take up the Gage of battle, make Hay while the sun shines, or grab a Root any old time, although it wouldn't be wise to be too Long about indicating his choice.

* * *

A Glasgow man wants Carnegie to pay eleven shillings loaned to the mother of the founder of libraries some fifty-three years ago. The Glasgow man seems to have overlooked the fact that the debt is now outlawed and that Carnegie is therefore safe from the financial embarrassment that its payment would entail.

* * *

Professor Dobbyn, the scholarly and modest editor of the "Progressive Age," complains that the fashions, both in woman's hair and man's wearing apparel, change so often that he can not keep up with them. Don't try to, Profesor. Just do your back hair up in an ordinary pug, get a switch to match, wear the front in a roll over a rat, attire yourself in a pair of pantalettes, a frock coat and a double-breasted red vest with pearl buttons and you'll be the real "Whoa,Doblyn!" wherever you go.

On The Crest.

MRS. POTTER nee Mamie McNutt has returned to San Francisco. A few months ago she went to Manila to be married to Lieutenant Potter. She is just as bright and sarcastic as of old. Her stories of Manila are very clever. Her advice to all of her friends is, "Do not go to Manila. It is no place for a woman, especially for a woman who has had all the comforts at home. The hotels are horrible. It is quite impossible to find a nice house and living is so expensive." Mrs. Martin Crimmins nee Margaret Cole is very happy there. She is very young and enthusiastic and has only been in Manila a few months.

* * *

The friends of Mrs. C. K. McIntosh will be very sorry to hear of her very severe indisposition. She is at present suffering from the most serious form of nervous prostration and cannot be seen by her most intimate friends. As Aileen Goad, Mrs. McIntosh was for many years the belle of San Francisco. She has a gentle, sweet disposition that makes her very dear to her friends. Genevieve Goad, now Mrs. Andrew Martin, is abroad with Mrs. S. G. Murphy and Miss Adeline Murphy. They expect to spend this summer in Switzerland and after a few months in Paris, winter in Cairo.

* * *

Some Married Rules.

It seems a remarkable state of affairs that San Francisco girls do not marry successfully out of their own state. Take the three belles who married in Washington: Kate Voohries, Mary Dooley and Ethel Murphy. They live in Washington no doubt, but are debarred from the gay social whirl owing to a lack of funds. Each of these girls has rich parents, but a husband with a small salary. Living in Washington is very expensive. The Catherwood girls made brilliant New York matches, but they were educated abroad. Helen Perrin married happily, but so far as social position and money are concerned, she could have done better in her own state. Tessie Fair married Herman Oelrichs. She prefers New York, he San Francisco. Virginia has married Willie K. Vanderbilt—he is very young and she an ambitious wife with a quick wit and able to grace the most brilliant circles in any part of the world.

The girls that marry and settle down in their own state seem to be the happiest.

* * *

A Musical Loss.

With the departure of H. J. Stewart, San Francisco loses its best all-round musician. He was a conductor of some value, an organist of a great deal of merit and a successful singing teacher. Better than all these, he was an enterprising man. There was no new music that he would not immediately teach to his pupils, and nothing in the way of criticism was beyond him. However, Madame Rosewald has returned to our midst. She has been in Europe the last few years engaged in hearing good music and endeavoring to find out the most successful training for the voice. Most of the finer voices of San Francisco owe their early training to Madame Rosewald.

* * *

The De Youngs Open House.

The De Youngs have arrived in San Rafael. Owing to Mrs. De Young's serious illness the advent of their coming to the country this year has been postponed. They have a large house which is generally filled with guests who live the sort of life people lived in the South in the old days. Lots of horses and carriages, picnics and evening entertainments are only half the enjoyments of Mrs. De Young's home.

* * *

A Thoroughbred Farm.

Supervisor Hotaling has built a large house a few miles beyond San Anselmo. It is situated on a large tract of land known as the Santa Margarita tract. He hopes to have the finest Holstein thoroughbred cattle this side of the Rockies and has imported some twenty-five steers from the famous Van Zagen farm near Amsterdam. Mr. Henry Crocker is the only other Californian who has imported thoroughbred cattle on this coast. His ranch is a few miles beyond Cloverdale. If a few more of the rich young men of San Francisco would indulge in an equally meretorious enterprise there would be less inclination to spend their time in French restaurants and poker games.

* * *

A Precious Native Son.

With the account in the daily papers of the poverty stricken condition of Bertram Murphy the word retribution comes quickly to one's mind. Sam Murphy, the name by which he was familiar to his San Francisco friends was the youngest of the sons of Marquis Murphy, of the firm of Murphy Grant. His first escapade was to become engaged to the daughter of a San Francisco dressmaker and then jilt her. She brought a breach of promise suit. Sam skipped the country. He went to England and tried to enter the English army. He could not pass the examinations, so his mother bought him a commission. He then eloped with the daughter of Sir Donald McKenzie and treated her shamefully. She eventually secured a divorce from him and the custody of her child. He stole the child. Later he sent a letter to the mother that she could have the child if she sent him a thousand pounds. The McKenzies were not rich, but they sent him the money. Then Murphy went to South Africa and made himself so unpopular in his regiment, he was soon ordered home. He has resigned and looks to his brothers and sisters to keep him out of the poor-house. Cards are his greatest weakness. Why is it that the sons of the successful men of San Francisco are for the most part degenerates?

* * *

A Berkeley Engagement.

Miss Ruth Lawrence Rising, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Willard B. Rising is to marry Signore Corrado Meniconti in October. Professor Rising will soon join his family in Paris, where the wedding will take place.

Signor Meniconti is a lawyer, practicing in Rome, and a great patron of the fine arts. Miss Rising is a graduate of the University of California and a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity.

She has been spending the last year abroad with her mother, her sister, Miss Alice Rising, and her brother, Mr. Lawrence Rising. After Miss Rising's marriage, the other members of the family will go to Berlin for the rest of the winter.

* * *

Houseworth-Kirk Wedding.

The event of the season in Sacramento society circles was the Houseworth-Kirk wedding, which was solemnized at high noon on Wednesday last. Rev. Meil officiated at the ceremony. There was but one bridesmaid, Miss Imogene Kirk, a sister of the bride. Mr. Houseworth was attended by F. J. McWilliams of this city.

Mrs. Houseworth is the daughter of Thomas J. Kirk, State Superintendent of Public Instruction. She is a demi-brunette of remarkable beauty of face and figure and has, among other accomplishments, a highly cultivated musical talent that has made her a welcome guest in artistic as well as in social gatherings.

Mr. Houseworth is the assistant manager of the San Francisco branch of the Pennsylvania Life Insurance Company and has long been identified with both the business and social life of this city. He has quite a record as an athlete and for a long time held the all-around championship belt of the Olympic.

After a month spent in Washington and British Columbia, Mr. and Mrs. Houseworth will return to San Francisco which place will be their permanent residence.

* * *

A new Depew Story.

Again Chauncey Depew appears in print protesting against the army of women who he alledges are making his life miserable with their vain attempts to marry him. The first time the Senator complained to the public of this pestering he has had to endure from love lorn females was last month when he was about to sail for London. This time the wail comes from the English side of the water, so it seems that, femininity being much the same in one part of the world as it is in the other, this after dinner Adonis is bound to suffer persecution at the hands of the fair, wherever he goes.

Many stories have been told by the Senator and some of them have been good ones. This last yarn, which unlike most of the others, is strictly original, is about the best of the lot, and the most exquisite touch of humor about it is the statement that all of these enraptured females are wealthy and desire to wed for love alone.

Senator Depew is an old man, his figure is of the ungainly type and his skin has that parchment-like appearance characteristic of the skin on the legs of an ostrich; which bird, by the bye, the gentleman from New York somewhat resembles in the wisdom he has manifested in his senatorial debates.

Taken all in all, the Senator's stories of his own amatory magnetism must be attributed to that fine and delicate sense of humor, which occasionally rises above the innate chivalry of the man.

Elizabeth's Letter.

DEAR MAMA:

I thought I was to go to San Rafael the afternoon of the day I wrote you, but did not arrive here until Saturday morning. Auntie and I were on the train going to San Francisco when we met a short stout man who was most effusive in his graciousness to Auntie. I wondered who he could be. Suddenly I heard Auntie say: "Well Greenway, if you really think it is so, Elizabeth will not go to San Rafael yet." So this was Mr. Edward M. Greenway. After we got out of the train, Auntie introduced him to me. Oh, Mama dear! I do wish he were not so stout. He told me I must return to Del Monte at once, that it was terribly gay there. I did not want to return, but Auntie seemed to think what he said counted for a good deal, so we all went by the afternoon train. He was very nice to me, so Auntie said. He certainly told me all about his family in Baltimore, and a lot about the girls out here. He does not "hammer" at all, That is one thing in his favor. But, he is so stout.

Well, Mama, I put on my white lace gown for dinner, and Auntie wore a really stunning gown of cream lace over dun colored chiffon. She looked beautiful. We went into the dining room —loads of girls in old ball gowns, Mama, dear, just a few men. The table was good. The buzz of women's voices made me cross. I can't abide this old California, with its continuous blue sky and great future. I want to go home. After dinner, Mr. Greenway walked up and down the long corridor with Auntie and me. A nice girl, called Parrot, introduced me to a Lord Somebody, who immediately told me he knew I was a somebody. He is certainly not like the lords one meets in England. The girls all treat him just as we did the Pope when we had a private audience last year in Rome. But, of course, the Pope is an individual. This unfortunate is laboring under the hallucination that he is, perhaps that is the reason for his staying in California. The Parrot girls are very charming. They have lived abroad a good deal, and have some manner. It quite reminded me of girls at home. But, Mama dear, girls here are simply going to seed. If a man is a little nice to a girl, she treats him so tenderly, and is so anxious to please, that I fear I should never be a favorite in San Francisco society. The Hurley girls are quite the rage. They have a brother whom they adore. I am so glad I have no brother. I might adore him. This is a nice young man, but he does not interest me. Oh! Mama, we play golf. No one really plays well. Then we all swim in any sort of a bathing suit. I just close my eyes, and think of the gay beaches at home. Then we luncheon and dine. Just one drive. That is seventeen miles long. Whenever you meet a girl she says: "Is it not gay?" Mama dear, can you remember whether Auntie invited me here for a good time, or for the rest cure?

Well, we remained in Del Monte until Friday, and then we came to San Rafael. It is a beautiful place. We drove up in the bus to a large veranda, on which sat one old lady. Auntie greeted her sweetly. Then we registered. Two pale bell boys sat in the office. A weary worn-out elevator took us up to the second floor. The rooms were nice and airy. Mama dear, the view was superb. I sat at the window of my room for an hour, and felt that I should like the place. It is on a hill, surrounded by hills, and this wonderful mountain Tamalpais looming up in the distance. It was soon time to dress for dinner. I put on a blue organdie and we went into a well filled dining room. Fathers and mothers and their children. I looked at Auntie. After dinner, we pretended that we were on a steamer, and walked up and down the veranda. I met this Miss Dillon, who I was told at Del Monte was the only girl at San Rafael. She seemed quite happy, and asked me to go to a picnic with her the following Thursday. I spoke to her about the dearth of men. She looked me up and down and said:

"You evidently have not met any of the San Francisco men; they are much too sensible to come here." "But don't you miss them?" I asked. "I only stay here a month, and play golf all the morning and drive in the afternoon, and I really like the quietness," she said. Helen Dean, a this winter's debutante is here too. She is a large girl, with a very affected manner. Katherine Dillon is large, too, but then everyone in San Rafael is large. It really is a terrible place, this California. Everyone runs to flesh, except the Hopkins girls.

On Saturday, forty people played golf. The links are so well planned—quite sporty. They play fairly well. A very sun-browned woman, a Mrs. Brown, plays a fine game. A pretty little dark-eyed woman, with a husband who seems to worship her, plays well, too. She is Mrs. Johnson, and has a charming house on a hill above the hotel. I like a Mrs. Green very much. She seemed the only person there who really cared whether I enjoyed myself. The people in the town I have met are the Smiths, Ponds and Buckbees. The Hazletons have the prettiest house here, on a hill everlooking the bay. The De Youngs also have a beautiful place, but Auntie does not like Mr. De Young. Mrs. De Young is a very clever and accomplished woman. Mama dear, I shall call on her. I know people she knows at home. It is so ridiculous for Auntie to bore me with people who do not interest me, and tell me when I mention a muchly travelled woman's name, "Elizabeth, I do not like her husband." Mama dear, I like most of the husbands much better than I do the wives. Mrs. Joe Grant I like, she is so sensible. Fred Greenwood is at San Rafael with his horses and traps. I have just met him, and he told me a lot about the Bohemian Club jinks. All the men in San Francisco go up to them, and have a wonderful entertainment. Fellows from the East come out just for the fun. This jinks is to take place the first week in August. Auntie will not allow Uncle to go. She says he drinks too much, and she has to put up with his bad humor and indigestion for a whole week afterwards. Poor Uncle! Fancy Papa not being allowed! There may be advantages and compensations in marrying a Californian after all.

Auntie told me a young fellow named Maddox would make me a good husband. He speaks three languages, and can drink any amount without becoming intoxicated. Mama dear, the army men here are not in society—not the society that Auntie knows, and only a few of those in the navy. Just fancy!

Well, Mama dear, I have lots to learn out in this western world, so I had better remain a little longer. 'Tis not because I am being entertained, but I am being amused. Good night, Mama dear.

Where They Are

The Downey Harveys are at Del Monte for the summer.

The Drowns and Prestons expect to return home in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Head expect to spend the month of August at Del Monte.

Miss Helen and Miss Bertha Smith will spend several months in the East.

Miss Berenice Landers is at Catalina where she has been joined by her mother.

Miss Stella Leon has returned from the East and is at her home in San Jose.

Among the successful dinners of last week was the birthday affair of Miss Caro Crockett.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs has returned from Paris and is entertaining extensively at Newport.

Mr. Silas Palmer, Mr. Mee and Mr. Oscar Cooper have gone for a short trip to Lake Tahoe.

Miss Marion Goodfellow and Mr. Henry Goodfellow are at Rowardennan for a short stay.

Mrs. Bowles, Miss Amy Bowles and Mr. Robert Bowles are among the guests at Independence Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Grange entertained a jolly crowd on the Fourth with a launching party about the bay.

Mr. Berry of San Rafael, who has been ill at the University Club, is now rapidly regaining his health.

Miss Fannie and Miss Josephine Loughborough are again at home after an extended visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. F. J. McWilliams has returned from Mendocino Country and is at her home on Pacific avenue.

Mr. Edward Sheldon is once more on his feet, having completely recovered from his attack of appendicitis.

Mrs. Henry Scott, Miss Green and Templeton Crocker are now on a pleasure jaunt through the Yosemite.

Mrs. Mayo Mewhall has left with her family for Europe. Mrs. Newhall expects to remain away until well into the winter.

Miss Alice Owen is passing the summer with her mother in their country place at Danville, Contra Costa County.

Mr. Marius Kast and Mr. George Folsom have forsaken the Cosmos Club for the summer. They are at the Miller home in Belvedere.

William Burke, one of our leading literateurs, has left for Alaska where he will attack fortune with the pick instead of the pencil.

Miss Ethel Patton is still in Europe with her mother. She spent a few weeks in June with the mother of her fiance. Ethel is quite as popular in Paris as she was in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels who have been in Paris for some time past are now on their way home accompanied by their little daughter. They will only remain here for the summer however, as it is their intention to return to Europe in the fall

Concerning Celebrities

The Joke Was Reactive.

Here is a newspaper joke which terminated in results that were not anticipated by its perpetrators:

Last Sunday evening a couple of Examiner "newsys" started out to celebrate the Fall of the Bastile. They celebrated here, they celebrated there, in fact, they celebrated most anywhere they found their credit good. At last, when the hours had pushed forward another day on the lagging heels of Night, they acquired an idea. It was a great idea nothing less than a trick whereby they might fool their enterprising rival the Call, and thus win for themselves the everlasting commendation of the young gentleman who sends other young gentlemen flying round the world.

With the customary promptitude they acted on the idea. They went to a telephone and one of them rang up the Call editorial rooms while the other stood by and giggled in anticipation. In another minute word was being received in the Call office of the suicide of Lady Francis Hope at Trocadero.

It was nearly time for the paper to go to press and Joe Mansfield, the Call's city editor, more than suspected that the report was a hoax. Yet the matter was too big to take any chances on and the presses were held while a man was dispatched to the road-house to investigate. In the meantime the Examiner and Chronicle were run off as usual. In due course of time the reporter reported in that the suicide story was a fake. During the interval of waiting, however, the Chutes murder took place and was duly reported. The Call was the only morning paper that had the story, as the tragedy occurred after the other two had gone to press. The Examiner men had only succeeded in providing a scoop for their rival.

The Luck of Barnes.

Captain "Billy" Barnes, he of the advordupois, has emerged from temporary retirement, and is again to be seen o' an afternoon along the line of march. Whereby it might be inferred that the Captain has been paid a fee of no mean proportions. The inference will be correct, and thereby hangs a tale.

It is a true story, simply told of how the wrathy Captain had his afternoon's beauty sleep disturbed by an uncultured Swede, and how the Barnes exchequer became greatly augmented in consequence thereof.

The hands of the clock were approaching four, and reverberating snores were issuing from the ex-district attorney's private office, when a timid knock sounded on the door. There was no answer, and the knock sounded again—a trifle louder this time. The snores ceased and a voice said "Come in!" The vistor entered and faced the lawyer's sleepy frown without a trace of fear. "Ay tank ay want some law," he said. Billy glanced at his visitor. He did not look prosperous. He thought of his interrupted nap and frowned again. "Well! what's the matter," he asked.

In voluable Swedish his visitor poured forth his woes. He was from Alaska—had married a Dawson vaudeville performer, who had already secured most of his property and threatened to get the rest. "So Ay tank Ay want law," he concluded. Barnes once more glanced at his visitor. He looked no more prosperous than before and the lawyer felt cross and sleepy. An idea: He would not refuse to take the case, but would frighten the Swede out by the size of his fee.

"If you want law," he announced, "it will cost you $3,500 for my services—payable in advance." And he settled back preparatory to resume his nap. The Swede did not move. "Ay tank that will be all right," he said imperturbably. "Will you bay here twanty minutes?"

"Why," asked Barnes.

"Bayent Ay to gat da money?" asked the would be client in surprise.

"Certainly" rejoined Barnes, and, as he glanced at his watch "I will wait here for you until five o'clock."

The Swede disappeared and Barnes still incredulous at having entertained an angel unawares, resumed his interrupted nap. Fifteen minutes later the Swede appeared. He deposited a sack in front of the astonished ex-district attorney. It contained the $3,500. Thereupon the lawyer became awake and a smile replaced the erstwhile frown on his face.

Refused to Resign.

Among other unhappy results of the unhappy war in South Africa have been the shadows it has cast over the military reputations of a number of British generals who had won distinction for brave and efficient service on other fields. So skilled and effective was the strategy of the Boers early in the struggle, and so unexpected the resistance they were able to make, that several of England's seasoned and veteran generals found themselves out-classed by the Boer leaders and were compelled to suffer the humiliation of defeat. Among those who received a serious set-back of this character was Sir Henry Edward Colville, who was relieved of his command after the disaster at Lindley to the yeomanry, whom, it is alleged, he ought to have supported. He was then ordered to resume his command at Gibraltar. But one of the first acts of the new English minister of war, recently appointed, was to reopen the question by directing Sir Henry to resign his post. This he refused to do, and came over to England to defend his reputation. He has published a statement since his arrival there to the effect that had he supported the yeomanry on that fateful day at Lindley he would have been late at Heilborn, where he was strictly enjoined to arrive on a certain hour. Sir Henry has many friends in England who believe that he has been very unjustly treated. Before his African experience Sir Henry had served with distinction in many fields, including Egypt and Burmah.

University Summer School News.

The addition of Barrett Wendell, of Harvard to the faculty of the U. C. Summer School caused his many admirers here to attend the English course given by him. And upon his first call for original composition, these—mostly teachers and women—found the occasion of expressing in carefully worded essays their unlimited devotion to the master. However, he seems hardly to approve of this form of hero-worship, as therein he found the occasion of expressing in terse, direct language—his unlimited aversion to the sycophant.

Perhaps, indeed, the offenders were not moved by the spirit of insincere adulation, but Professor Wendell treated them very much as though they had been.

As a result the student, or rather the women, were straightway up in arms. Does not Kipling say: "For love rejected turns to hate?" And certainly admiration reaching to devotion is a platonic symptom. For a time it seemed as though a break were imminent in the English class, but upon President Wheeler's giving his approval of Professor Wendell's stand the commotion generally subsided.

Otherwise the unusually large attendance at the summer session has been working quietly. And now President Wheeler is completing his preparations for the regular assembling of College on August 19. He evidently expects an unprecedented number of Freshmen for, by his request, the goverment has added 176 new rifles to the 600 now in the racks. This shows plainly what is looked for in the next term at Berkeley.

AUGUSTIN CARTER KEANE.

"The Democratic Chicago Chronicle" meanly insinuates that Gen. Corbin has taken his wedding trip at the government expense, while ostensibly going to the Philippines on official business; and yet there is no campaign on at this time to warrant such a slur.

Tales of Judge Cabaniss, No. 6.

"What is the charge, Walsh?" inquired Judge Cabaniss as he gazed down on the frayed remnant of humanity that drooped before him.

"Dhrunk, plain dhrunk, yer hanner," replied the sweet singer of the California street squad, who had made the arrest.

"Where was he when you found him?"

"Faith, he wuz out av his hid."

"Ah, I see. Wandering in the unexplored realms of speculative thought."

"No, yer hanner. He'd thot much av er load thot he wuz anchored in th' wan place. Shure he cudn't wandher at all. Whin Oi found him he wor sittin' wid his back agin' th' buildin', wid a paper av pins in his hand a-swearin' thot his name wor Morgan an' th' Stheel Thrust wor only wan av th' many tings he owned."

The Judge turned to the prisoner and sternly demanded what he had to say in extenuation.

"Nothin' sir. My wife had twins an' I got dhrunk celebratin'."

"Well," replied the Judge, "that is certainly some excuse. You are discharged. Let this be your last offense, as, I hope, it has been your first."

His pride touched to the quick, the discharged prisoner straightened his drooping figure to its full height, and, gathering his tattered coat about him with the dignity of a Caesar wrapping himself in his toga, replied:

"Me first offense. Sir, do I look liker amychuer?"

Political.

Todays Meeting.

NEVER was there a more interesting situation in local politics than is represented by the Republican Party today. The control of the municipal election hinges upon today's action for the State Central Committee, but in this action are bound up a governorship, the legislature, and the senatorship.

Last Monday, the Election Commissioners met to determine the apportionment of delegates to the next Municipal Convention. Two plans were presented, one by the Ruef organization, and the other by the Tilden. The apportionment asked for in each case represented such an allotment, according to precincts, as each faction thought most conducive to its own success. It was then for the Election Commissioners to determine which was the regular County Committee whose apportionment was authoritative.

The Election Commission refused to act, and postponed the determination of the question until Monday next. It has been rumored that a further postponement would take place, but no such thing will occur. The Election Commission will positively act upon Monday next.

This leaves the State Central Committee with the fate of the party in its hands. There has been talk that Col. George Stone would cause a postponement of the matter by the State Central Committee, but there is nothing in this. It is positive that the Tilden people will force action today, and there is no doubt as to what that action will be. The State Central Committee will recognize the Tilden organization as the Regular Republican County Committee here.

A different action could hardly be expected. The Republican State Central Committee was organized when Burns was in control of the party, and was organized with a view of perpetuating that control. Col. Stone, the President, and Senator Cutter, the Secretary, are both strong organization men, and it is undoubtedly on the cards that the endorsement of the Tilden organization is to be put through today.

If there should, by any possibility, be a slip on the part of the programers, a curious situation would result. On Monday, the Election Commissioners would meet and perhaps recognize the Ruef Committee, that would mean a control of the local situation by Spreckels, De Young and others in opposition to Burns, Gage and Herrin, and would ultimately result in a San Francisco delegation to the next Republican State Convention hostile to Gage. Yet it is not likely that such a delegation would be in favor of Senator Flint, who is now Gage's only active opponent. De Young is, as is well known, bitterly hostile to Senator Flint. In fact, up to two years ago, he would not allow the Senator's name to appear in his paper. This would be the opportunity for the dark horse referred to in my last letter, and he would, in all probability, be a San Francisco man, and probably Judge Paterson.

On the other side of the house, among the Democrats, it becomes plainer and plainer that there will be no contest. The regular ticket will undoubtedly go through at the primaries without opposition. All the signs of opposition which manifested themselves early in the season have dissolved into thin air.

It is a practical certainty that Major Hooper, of the Occidental, will be the nominee of the Convention for Mayor. No other candidate has been suggested who possesses such a large element of strength in all quarters as the Major. The only possibility which would change this would be a reconsideration by Mayor Phelan of his determination, and it is hard to see how he can do that without stultifying himself in view of his recent utterances.

J. K. L.

Fremont Club Receives.

THE Fremont Club, the new Republican organization, is at last comfortably housed, and on Friday, the twelfth, it opened its hospitable doors for the purpose of receiving its friends for the first time.

The club's quarters occupy the entire fourth floor of the History Building, at 723 Market street, and they have been arranged with a degree of comfort and elegance that speaks highly for the ability of those who supervised the arrangements.

Though the club is but in its babyhood, its infancy is a lusty one and already the membership has reached quite a respectable figure. It is intended that the organization shall be representative of the younger element of the Republican Party, and to that end, efforts are being made to enroll in its membership all the leading young business and professional men of the city of that political faith.

The success of the Fremont Club is largely due to the efforts of Attorney Luther Elkins who has worked unceasingly to get it on its feet, and is his energy and wide influence among the younger voters of the city that has started it on its career under such auspicious conditions.

Hereditary Legislators.

ENGLAND is not the only country in the world that is blessed or cursed, as people choose to regard it, with hereditary legislators. It is necessary to state this, as most of the references, not only in the American press, but likewise in the English papers, to the Lord Russell trial in the House of Lords seem to infer that it is only at Westminster that is to be found such a survival of medieval times as a body of legislators who are indebted for their seat and their vote in the national Parliament, not to election, nor yet to appointment by the crown or government, but to mere birth and inheritance.

Thus in Spain, one-third of the members of the Senate hold their places for life, independently of crown, government, or popular vote, and solely by right of birth. They must be grandees in their own right—that is to say, not through their wife—and must be able to prove that they are in possession of an annual income of at least $12,000. Many of them are untitled, but all of them are of blue blood. For, in order to belong to the Grandezza, which was founded by Emperor Charles V, it is necessary to have a certain number of patrician forbears on both the father's and mother's side, and to have one's ancestry, paternal as well as maternal, free from all plebeian strain for a number of generations. It is, in fact, the Grandezza, of which there are only about 300 male adults, who constitute the real hereditary aristocracy of the kingdom, and who enjoy legislative and official prerogatives, every grandee being ipso facto a chamberlain of the sovereign. The Dukes, Marquises, Counts and Barons are of no account as such in Spain. They are as plentiful as blackberries, but they have no privileges or prestige.

Hot Wave News.

The appalling force of the hot wave is being felt throughout the country. Correspondents from every section are wiring in the most distressing accounts of the sad effects of the intense heat. The heat is so general throughout the country that only accounts of the more remarkable phenomena produced by the burning rays can be noticed in the newspapers, the enthusiasm and energy of the correspondents have been intensified, and strange and remarkable happenings have been reported.

* * *

PAINTED POST, NEB.—The heat here for the last few days has been something tremendous. One peculiar result has been that all the hens in town are laying hard-boiled eggs. The thermometer is still rising. Y. U. KNOW.

* * *

FAIRY SPRINGS, ARK.—After vainly trying to find a cool place to sit in, Ben Grady, one of our best known citizens, finally crawled in the center of a brick kiln, which has been fired up for three days. After he had been in there for ten hours a small boy who witnessed the affair notified the town marshal and the kiln door was burst open. It was thought that nothing would be found of Ben, but he was hauled out looking much cooler than his rescuers. Ben says it was considerably pleasanter and cooler in the kiln than it was outside, and declares that he is going back there tomorrow. O. E. BURNS.

* * *

TWO DEERS, MINN.—The heat of the last two days has been something most intense. No stove has been in use in this thriving little city for the last thirty-six hours, as all cooking is now being done on the hot stones and rocks scattered about through the town. The courthouse steps have been in great demand, many families doing all their cooking there. Eggs fry readily when dropped on the pavement, but steaks and chops take much longer. While the hot wave causes considerable suffering, still the saving in fuel is so considerable that no one can be found to complain of the heat. A. O. LIERR.

* * *

HOG EYE, N. D.—A serious fire occurred here yesterday as the result of the heat. The sun's rays in falling through the large new plate glass front of Mayer's store were focused in the French mirror in the show window. The mirror reflected the focused rays into a load of hay on a wagon across the street. The hay was ignited and the flames, spreading to the nearby stores, caused a serious fire. T. H. TRUTH.

* * *

SIMMONS CORNERS, IA.—The great heat of the last few days has brought around some curious results. Bill Thompson's house was wrecked in a peculiar manner. In the top of his barn he had a large quantity of popcorn stored. The popcorn was held in bins of stout oak, and when the heat became so great that the corn started to popping, the oak beams held it until finally the force was so great that all of the bins exploded at once with a tremendous explosion and blew all the timbers of the barn against the house, completely wrecking the latter. A cow that had eaten a large quantity of the popcorn before it was popped also exploded after being out in the sun.

VERA YARNNEY.

REV. JOSHUA M. FROST.

PROF. R. S. COPELAND, M. D., Ann Arbor, Mich.

REV. E. E. SCOTT, Vancouver, B. C.

REV. APPLETON BASH, Ph. D., Beaver, Pa.

REV. C. T. SCOTT, B. A.

REV. JAS. L. BATTY, Halifax, Nova Scotia

The History of Mig

A DOZEN years ago the Epworth Leagu no regularly-organized Chapter. To has almost twenty-one thousand. T years ago it had a total membership of tw seven. Today it has a million and a half. T years ago the Junior League had scarcely dreamed of. Today it is the most prom division of the great Epworth army, havi membership of tens of thousands. Twelve ago a suggestion to establish a newspaper was looked upon as a most doubtful experi and predictions of failure were freely n Today the organization has an official jo whose circulation exceeds that of any ch weekly in the world, published at a financial p greater than that of all other official paper the Methodist Episcopal Church combined. Tw years ago the Epworth wheel was just begin to move in a slow and labored way. Its mot have been accelerated with each passing month, until now it is rolling with speed and triumph around the world. Young Methodism has been awakened to a vivid sense of its possibilities. The hosts of the League have been marshaled for systematic and aggressive Christian service

REV. J. C
Patrirch of G

The Epworth League is the most extraordinary movement in Methodism for a hundred years. Its real significance was not appreciated at first. It is only partially apprehended now. Twenty years from now the real meaning and bigness of the movement will be more manifest.

The first effort to provide a uniform organizatio was made in 1872. The General Conference that year was memorialized to give recognition t the Church Lyceum, a society which had alread gained considerable local influence in Philadelphia and vicinity. The memorial was formally co sidered in committee. But the close of the ses sion arrived, and the Lyceum report was amon the documents left upon the secretary's table. A the succeeding General Conference, that of 1876 the report which failed in 1872 was cordially adopted, and the Lyceum became a part of th organic life of the Methodist Episcopal Churc This organization, in turn, gave place to th Oxford League, a society which retained the idea of intellectual culture, for which the Lyceum had strongly stood, but provided, also, for greater activity in the social and spiritual life.

By the beginning of 1889 four other Methodist young people's societies had come into being. The Young People's Methodist Alliance was formed,

Mighty Movement.

on the Des Plaines Camp-ground, near Chicago, gust 25, 1883. The Young People's Christian ague was organized at Boston in October, 1887. e Methodist Young People's Union came into ing at Detroit, in December, 1887. Then fol- wed the Methodist Episcopal Alliance of the rth Ohio Conference in December, 1888.

Each of these five societies began pushing its rk with zeal. Some of them sought to operate on the same territory. Trouble threatened. at some step should be taken to centralize and rmonize the work was freely admitted. But just w to bring this about was a question not so sily answered. Correspondence between certain the leaders was carried on for several weeks. nally the Methodist Alliance proposed a confer- ce. In due time Dr. B. F. Dimmick, pastor of e Central Church of Cleveland, invited repre- ntatives of the societies to meet in that edifice. This invitation was accepted. On the morning of May 14, 1889, the leaders met. A memorable meeting it proved to be. Out of it came union. Out of it came the Epworth League.

ONS, D. D.,
ia Methodists.

The news of the union was flashed over the country. The Bishops were holding their semi-annual meeting at Delaware. A committee carried the intelligence to them, and asked their blessing. It was gladly given. The newspapers of the church cordially approved the scheme of union, and wished for the new Epworth League the wildest success. The Chapters of the Oxford eague were at once enrolled as Chapters of the pworth League. So were the local socities of ach of the four other general organizations.

Of course at first there was many difficulties to e contended with; there were many hard ob- tacles to overcome. But this remarkable society nly seemed to gain new vigor with increased pposition. In spite of the disadvantages it at irst labored under it flourished from the very be- ginning and added to its membership with a rapidity which was nothing short of marvelous. Today it stands at the very head of Protestant religious organizations, and wields a power that can hardly be over-estimated.

From time to time the League has held its conventions in different cities of the country. The attendance at the first of these conventions was something under five thousand. At every succeeding convention this number has been in- creased until now the number of Epworth Leag- uers in San Francisco attending the present meet- ing is estimated at from sixty to seventy thousand.

REV. M. C. HAWKS, D. D., Detroit, Mich.

GEO. E. DOUGHERTY, ESQ., Topeka, Kansas.

REV. W. ROPIEQUET, ESQ., Bellville, Ills.

REV. EDWARD, M. TAYLOR, D. D., Boston, Mass.

REV. J. W. CHURCHILL, Ph. B., Coldwater, Ont.

REV. R. A. CARTER, Colored Methodist.
Gen. Secretary Epworth League of M. E. Church in America.

In The Free Ward.

By Ednah Robinson.

I HAD just left the operating-room and was passing through the free wards, when a new face caught me. It was a strong face, with a keen eye. Its roving glance fell on me, and I went up to his bed and touched his wrist.

"Legs broke." He answered my query briefly.

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"I was up at Wild-Cat when the men went out. You remember the row?

"I had no wife or child to fight for like the rest. I might have had but for Jim Torrey, curse him." His eyes gleamed with reminiscent hate. "So when Jim went out with the rest, I staid in just because he had quit.

"It wasn't for the right of the thing; I didn't care. The owner of the mine was a cad, the manager a bully. They were a pack of liars and skin-flints, but Jim Torrey was on the other side, so I stuck by the mine. I'd make him hunger and thirst as he'd made me suffer. Curse him! Curse him, I say. What if she suffered too? All the torment of hell couldn't make up to me for what they'd done; stole my home, my faith in woman's goodness, or man's honor. Curse him!" I rose to go, but he caught my arm.

"I won't lose myself again, sir. I must not get excited! For myself—God!" He made a dreary gesture of contempt." You think I care? So as I said, I stuck by the ship. I had to lie pretty low, for stones and bullets were ready for scabs. By the bye, we got new men, and the work went on. The feeling grew worse. The women and children grew peaked, the men looked sullen and dangerous. They would stick to their rights, and the mine-owners would weaken!

"One day I was taken sick. I had bought fresh coffee from the store at Wild-Cat the day before, and it had a fine flavor of arsenic. I pulled through, and went back to the mine. While I was away, some one had been meddling with my things in the cabin, and I felt safer after that to take my meals with the rest of the men. But every day something queer happened, and it was beginning to get on my nerves. One morning there was a placard at my door. I was to be out of Wild-Cat the next morning,or a chance bullet would find me. I'm no coward. I'd ask nothing better than an open fight with the gang, but to be caught like a rat in a trap, and no one to suffer! If I could only make Jim Torrey meet me in open daylight, I'd go to hell laughing, knowing he'd be soon to follow. But the miners would do it slick, and stand in, and I'd be a goner, with no chance to strike back. It wasn't cowardice, but I cleared out that night. I wanted to live a little longer to get even with Jim Torrey, and he had made the account bigger. At Sacramento,I thought I'd stop,but the queer things kept happening. Some one was on my track; I was being followed. Twice my stomach was poisoned, and I lost some good time and money at the hospital. I chucked up my job, and came down to San Francisco. I never took more than one meal at the same place after the first week. One day I got a job, and so went home happy. I had a sure feeling all day that some one was shadowing me, so I packed up my traps, paid my bill, and went over south of Market street, to a crowded block of flat-faced, twin houses, so alike that you couldn't tell them apart. I chose the ninth because it was my lucky number, went in and took a room, overlooking the street. There I unpacked my leather bag, and then went out for my supper, stopping in at a dance-hall on my way home.

"I thought at first it was my mind doing me the trick, but steps were following me, so I shifted and crossed and recrossed streets and went through alleys, but they kept up close behind. I believed that the darkness would help me to get into my house without being seen, and was counting the numbers of stoops, when it rushed over me what a gull I had been. The ninth house, curse my lucky number,had a lamp-post just in front of the door. There was no help for it,for the steps were right behind me, so I bolted right in.

"I was soon in bed,and just dropping off to sleep,when I heard the sound of distant music. It was a slow kind of tune, and sounded mournful. Somehow it made the chills run up my spine. It was coming nearer, then they turned into my street,and the drums sounded like thunder. On they came,until they were in front of the house,and all of a sudden, the music went out like a snuffed candle. They had stopped just outside my window. In the hush that followed,I could hear the steps of many men on the sidewalk; they were opening the front door. My hair stood up stiff like bristles. Now I knew they were union men, come after me. All of a sudden,the room filled up, and the hall was thick with dark shapes. They moved slowly; they were carrying something,I couldn't tell what. One of them climbed up on my bureau,and tied a rope to the stump of gas-pipe which stuck out of the ceiling. I thought my time had come, and my tongue got thick. They worked noiselessly,swiftly and then turned,I supposed towards me, but they filed past my bed, each one muttering as he went out: 'Death to scabs.' I sat as if I was nailed there, while the steps grew fainter,and then drum beats began, the music burst out into a gay tune that carried them down the street, and away.

"I sat there,I don't know how long; my eyes nearly popped out of my head as they strained through the darkness, and the lamplight from the street helping me, I soon made out as it was a figure in a dark cloak, on which in big,white letters that I sensed slowly, was the word 'Scab!' I sat there looking at that horrid sight, it seemed hours, while I dared not, I could not, I did not even want to scream. Everything was quiet as death. No one had been aroused by the mnsic. And then, out of the stillness came a sound. It was music again. A dead march coming nearer. Why didn't the neighbors wake? Why didn't I call? I couldn't. They turned into my street,they came up, stopped, and the music went out. I could see the white word clearly now, gleaming like a leprous spot. 'Scab.' Death to scabs! The steps began to come quickly. They were not carrying anything this time! They were in the house, they were on the steps, they were at the door. Something burst the chain that held me, the awful thing before me spurring me on. I was out of my bed, I was past the thing! I was at the window, when the door opened, and I jumped."

"Jumped," I echoed.

He nodded eagerly. "Jumped. Two stories and a half. Split the bones of my legs I came down so hard, and then fell forward, I guess, on my hands,but I don't remember that. The next thing, I was here. How long? It seems a month. I don't know. Ask the nurse." He broke off suddenly with a morose, sullen look on his face as the nurse passed through the ward.

I waved my hand towards the bed I had just left. "How did they diagnose his case?"

"Delirium tremens," she said.

Herr Schmidt (who has picked up a brush mistaking it for a hand mirror)—"For pity's sake! but don't I need a shave!"—Der Dorfarbier.

Set of teeth without plate. Dr. H. G. Young, 1341 Polk Street.

IT'S AN ILL OMEN,

Thinks the wife, to have the wedding ring slip from the finger. "Something is going to happen."

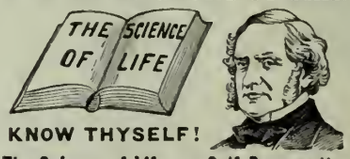
Something is *happening*. That ring could hardly be pulled from the finger when it was put there a few years ago. Now it slips off by its own weight. How thin the fingers have grown! And the fingers don't grow thin alone. How thin the face is and how thin the once plump form. Almost unconsciously the wife has been fading and wasting away. The strength given to children has never been regained. Drains which should have been stopped have been neglected.

That is a common experience with women, unless some friend has shared with them the secret of the strengthening and healing power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates the periods, dries the drains which undermine the strength, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes the baby's advent practically painless and gives vigor and vitality to nursing mothers.

"Words cannot tell how grateful I am for your kind advice and good medicines," writes Mrs. John Cooke, of Hastings, Northumberland Co., Ontario. "I have been in poor health for four years back and this spring got so bad I could not do my work. I went to the doctor and he said I had ulceration and falling of the internal organs, but thought I would try your 'Favorite Prescription.' I took five bottles and three of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and one vial of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, and I can safely say that I never felt better in my life."

A Ladies' Laxative—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One single, small pellet is a laxative dose.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN.



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence

1021½ Market St. S. F. Cal.

At The Theatres Next Week.

Columbia—Chauncey Olcott in "Garrett O'Magh." Mr. Olcott is said to be the best Irish comedian on the stage.

Orpheum—A good vaudeville show this week. There are new and interesting scenes for the biograph.

Central—"Trilby" follows Michael Strogoff next week. The theatre is being continually improved until now it is one of the safest and most comfortable in the city.

Grand Opera House—The Frawley Company in "Paul Kauvar." This is a good play and the company is the strongest Frawley has ever had.

Tivoli—"The Babes in the Wood" will continue until the 29th when grand opera opens.

Alcazar—Florence Roberts, who, by-the-bye is making a big hit, will appear in "The Country Girl." It is a play well worth seeing.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St., Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610

609 Sacramento St.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

Things Theatrical.

The modern scenes of "The White Heather" give place next week to the more picturesque and certainly more stirring events of the French Revolution as shown in Steele MacKaye's masterpiece, "Paul Kauvar" which will be the offering of the Frawley company at the Grand Opera House. The play is one of strong interest, which begins with the rise of the curtain and holds unflaggingly until its final fall. From a constructive viewpoint the play is a wonderful piece of mechanism and its literary quality is of the highest order. No period in the kaleidoscopic history of France combines the fascinating qualities of the picturesque and the stirring in so great a degree as that of the revolution and it is during this eventful time that the action of Paul Kauvar begins and ends. It is a somewhat difficult task to find humor and comedy in time of murder and mob rule and yet a play unrelieved by these touches is dreary in the extreme. Steele McKaye was a master in his part and in "Paul Kauvar" he has found space for dainty touches of comedy and light bits of humor which set off and intensify the strong dramatic scenes of this stirring play. The late Robert G. Ingersol, one of the keenest judges of stage craft of this century, said "Paul Kauvar" was the greatest modern play he has ever seen. An especially elaborate presentation of the play is promised from a scenic point of view for the sets are all being made from the original models used in the first production of the play by the late Augustin Daly. The cast will be made up from the full strength of this admirable company. E. J. Morgan will play the titular role, while Miss Van Buren will be given her first big opportunity of the present engagement in the part of Diane de Beaumont, the young aristocrat to whom Paul is secretly married. The character is one that calls for emotional work of a high order and is sure to find adequate and forceful interpretation in the hands of this clever young actress. The Duc de Beaumont will be played by Theodore Roberts, and Cource, the villian is sure to be forcefully set forth by Harrington Reynolds. John Mason will be the Gen. Delaroche.

* * *

On Monday evening, July 29th the regular season of grand opera opens at the Tivoli Opera House with the production of Verdi's great opera, "Aida." For the coming season the Tivoli management offers a larger list of artists than ever before, and some works new to the house will be produced. Singers of world wide reputation have been gathered together from the musical centre in Italy and this country, and the roster when complete will contain many names whose mention will arouse enthusiasm among our music lovers. Linda Montaniri, who sang with the Del Conte company at a local theatre, is the new soprano, and the memory of her singing and acting in "Boheme" and "Manon" is still treasured in the minds of those who saw her. Nice Barbaresohi is the dramatic soprano. She appeared here last season and created a fine impression. She will sing the title role of "Aida" the opening night. Vittoria Repetto, whose bird-like voice and wonderful execution provoked so much favorably comment last year, will handle the colaratura roles. Colamarini, the famous Carmen of last season is here again, and will be heard in this and other contralto parts. She essays the part of Amnaris in "Aida" the opening week, and the management predicts a surprise for the first nighters. Lia Politini will have charge of some of the other contralto parts. She has a large repertoire of standard operas, and her voice is a most useful one. The tenors are Agostini, Castelano and Russo. The first named was here in "Boheme," "Manon," and other operas and is possessed of one of the most pleasing voices now on the stage. He is also an actor of sterling quality, and is no doubt destined to be a great card at the Tivoli.

* * *

The Central Theatre will offer as its attraction for the coming week an elaborate revival of "Trilby" with James M. Brophy as Svengali and Miss Juliet Crosby in the title role. The cast is of an exceptional character and considering the standing of those who are named for the various characters the rendition of next week ought to the very finest from an artistic standpoint that has ever been presented in this city. Brophy has been a pleasing disappointment; as a melodramatic hero he has not posed as of the bloodletting man-eating kind as was predicted he would be, but has displayed an artistic appreciation of his characters that marks him as one the leading actors in that line of drama. It is said that his conception of the role of Svengali is particularly pleasing. Miss Juliet Crosby ought to render the part of Trilby to perfection. She is one of the sweetest emotional actresses on the stage and as Trilby her natural characteristics alone will make her rendering of the part more than satisfying.

* * *

The Orpheum offers one of the best and most varied bills in its history for the coming week. Hugh Stanton and Florence Modina in Mr. Stanton's successful one-act comedy, "For Reform" come highly praised by the eastern press, and Anita, a spectacular dancer who has been the latest sensation in the principal European theatres will make her first appearance here. Also new to the Pacific Coast are Will H. Murphy and Blanche Nicholls, whose skit, "The Bifurcated Girl," is said to be indescribably funny. People who are looking for something original in vaudeville will find it in this entertaining bit. The Three Brooklyns, eccentric musicians and novelty artists, come direct from the Alhambra, London. Ed. F. Reynard, a ventriloquist of renown will also make his initial bow here, introducing his famous moving figures. The holdovers are Chevalier Scognamillo, the great 'cellist, the Damm brothers, European acrobats and Charles Leonard Fletcher, the really original monologist. The Biograph will present new moving pictures.

* * *

Owing to the phenomenal success of Florence Roberts as Lady Teazle in the Alcazar's beautiful presentation of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," it was found necessary to postpone the production of "The Country Girl" the famous Wycherley comedy, to next week, when it will be given as lavish a presentation as has been this week's attraction. The cast will include Florence Roberts as Peggy, the country girl, Agnes Ranken as Alithea, Marie Howe as Lucy, White Whittlesey as Dick Belville, George Webster as Squire Moody, Edwin Emery as Ned Harcourt, Lucius Henderson as Sparkish and Frank Bacon as Old Will. The favorine drama, "Camille," is announced to follow.

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus . $2,290,159.05
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29, 1901 ....29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President..... .....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President..H. Horstmann
Cashier..... A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary .....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, Jan. 1, 1900	$27,881,798
Reserve Fund	223,451
Paid Up Capital	1,000,000
Contingent Fund	464,847

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier, R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money. No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock

A New Puddenhead.

"Success" has found and introduced a rival to Mark Twain's "Puddenhead Wilson." The following are a few of his maxims:

Don't work when you are tired, for a tired man is like a dull tool.

So far as I know, all dead men are honest.

Show me a man who has never made a mistake, and I will show you one who has never tried anything.

Ever since I knew of them, I have been wanting to employ Schwab, J. P. Morgan, and John Wanamaker, for there is no trouble in getting business—the trouble lies in getting men.

A bad pup often makes a good dog; and I would rather undertake to reverse the force of a bad man than loan my own to a weak one.

If we could get a shield from the fear of things that never happen, our troubles would be reduced ninety per cent.

Many practice humanity to get the under hold.

You can't escape criticism; for, if you save your money, you are a miser and a hog, and if you spend it, you are a spendthrift and a dog.

Set your stake, and, before you reach it, set it further ahead.

He that opposes us sharpens our wits and becomes our helper.

I can tolerate a man who fails to acquire an education, or one who never gets a dollar ahead, but I soon grow tired of a person who does not have sense enough to have a good time.

If you expect to make anything—expect to make mistakes.

No man who is succeeding gets tired doing a day's work.

All we have to do, to prove that half our disappointments are blessings, is to keep a record.

If I did not get what I thought I wanted, I got what I ought to have—that's better.

No one is half so good, no one is half so bad, half so poor, half so rich as he is believed to be.

There is more money giving people what they think they want than there is in giving them what they ought to have.

Any fool can give advice, and he is continually at it.

We Wonder.

Although these days and bright and long,
Will it be always "May?"
It's certain *he'll* be always "Strong"
Although these days are bright and long,
And popping corks speed hours along
And nights are turned to day!
But though these days are bright and long,
Will it be always "May?"

—R. H. R.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

HARRY NIEMANN

The Old "Tivoli" Favorite

Desires to Inform his Friends and the Public in general that his new

SHIRT FACTORY

is now open and ready for business. Harry will be found at the store

719

Emma Spreckels Bldg.,

every day ready to receive his customers .

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE Tel. Main 199

DEALERS IN *Paper*

55, 57, 59, 61 First Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

Blake, Moffitt & Towne Los Angeles — Blake, McFall Co. Portland, Or.

AT REDUCTION

Mrs. M. Dumar studied the reduction of human fat for over 20 years, with the greatest specialists in Europe and America. Over 10,000 grateful patients attest her success. Her treatment is not "Banting," nor starvation diet. She protests against the "Free Trial Treatment" Fraud, so often advertised. Her's is no "Monthly Payment" scheme. Mrs. Dumar's treatment is endorsed by the Colleges of Physicians and by "The United States Health Report." Her total charge is $1, which pays for prescription, for medicine sold in all first-class drug stores, full instructions as to the treatment, and everything necessary to reduce one pound or more a day. No extra charges. No wrinkles and no injury to health.

FROM NEW-PAPER EDITORIALS.

The patients of Mrs. Dumar are legion, and all of them are her friends.—Weekly Tribune and Star.

Twenty-odd years she has spent in serving her sister-sufferers and all have benefited by her treatment.—Family Physicians Magazine, N. Y.

For many years this successful specialist has been curing excessive fat, and we (acknowleged to be the highest American authority on all matters pertaining to health, sanitation, and hygiene) feel authorized to recommend this treatment.—United States Health Report.

If you find this treatment not based on common sense, and find it doesn't work, she will send your $1 back. If you question the value of this treatment, ask any proprietor of a first-class newspaper. They all know Mrs. Dumar and what she has done. She has not published a testimonial in years. She does not need to. Her work is too well known.

If you are interested in reducing flesh and believe that a sure, guaranteed reduction (as promised above) is worth $1 to you, mail that sum in bill, stamps or Money Order to

MRS. M. DUMAR, 15 West 28th St. New York.

BECAUSE

I am located on the 6th floor of the Academy of Science Building, is the very reason why I am able to

Save you 33⅓ per cent

on **Eyeglasses** and **Spectacles.**

Furthermore, my glasses are the best. I fit them correctly after careful examination, and my prices are positively the lowest in San Francisco.

No Charge for Eye Examination.

E. MAXWELL REFRACTING OPTICIAN

Room 42, Academy of Science Bld.

819 Market St., San Francisco

—ESTABLISHED 1823—

WILSON WHISKY

THAT'S ALL!

Bielenberg & Weniger

Sole Distributors

101-103 POWELL ST.,

San Francisco, Cal.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

SONGS AND SINGERS.

The 'aughty editor, with a fine disregard of everybody and everything save his own picturesque caprice, changed the heading of this page last week, from "Musical Notes" to "Songs and Singers." What it will be this week, God knows. And I don't care. Personally, I would be afraid that something terrifying, with blood and heavy blows upon it, would happen to me if I had the heart to father such brilliant inspirations.

There is an idea, though, in the second title, and it is this: each week I will give, in these columns, the names of two or three songs that are worth singing, worth listening to, and that have been tried in the fire of the public's scorching criticism. The songs shall all be at least comparatively new, and written by the newer composers. This should be a benefit to those in search of new, good songs, for the professional singer knows, through bitter experience, that songs that bear every quality that should please the public, fall flat at the last moment for lack of that indefinable essence we call "go." Commencing this week, I will put them under the heading of:—"Songs worth adding to your repertory or library."

"In my Garden." By Ellen Wright. Published by Boosey & Co., "Gae to Sleep." By Wm. Arms Fisher. Published by Oliver Ditson Co., "A Memory." By Edna R. Park. Published by Arthur Schmidt, "Cupid on the Clock." By Harry Farjeon. Published by Boosey & Co. Each of the foregoing songs, and all of those to follow, are worthy of a place on any concert program and each holds a peculiar opportunity for the singer. I am not paid for this. Nor is there anything "in it" for me. It simply gushes from the fulness of a generous heart.

A little paper issued by a local music house came to me the other day, and I found a painful interest in the perusal of a column devoted to musicians out of employment. It would seem, according to these "ads" that a musician must be at least a jack-o'-two-trades before the Pacific Coast can grant him a living. This may not obtain in San Francisco, but it certainly appears to do so in the interior, as witness the following. "Good opening for tailor, who is capable of instructing young band, to locate in Northern California. No tailor in town at present." Fancy that! Tailor and band-leader. Ice-cream and onions! Another:—"Musician who is first-class machinist and steam-engineer, wishes position in country to teach band, old or new. Plays and teaches all brass and stringed instruments and is an able arranger." Think of a man who can teach, as well as play, all brass and stringed instruments, having to run a steam-engine to piece out the cost of his existence. Here again:—"Band and orchestra leader, who is photographer by profession, can secure position with good salary directing Nevada State Military Band. Also good openings for musicians who are bartenders." Oh, my countrymen, wouldn't that "jar" you? Really, these quotations are, to me, much more than any abstract lecture on the Decadence of Music as a means of Livelihood, could be. Musician-bartenders! That is the last straw sufficient to drive any man to drink. There is "nothing doing," musically. The town is in a state of coma. Never a concert in sight. A thousand pardons! I forgot the Epworth Leaguers. They are to have several "Grand" Concerts, and (oh, ecstacy!) a "Bouquet of Soloists." They certainly should be a lovely bunch, with that name. Of Mr. Skeene, the solo organist from Los Angeles, I know nothing; but Mr. Will King, the organ accompanist, is a treasure to them, and I hope they appreciate him. Mr. King is one of the best organists on the coast, and will, I trust, get paid for his services. He will not, though, unless the League acts very differently with him, than it did with the singers. The Epworth League, as a body, commands my undivided respect and admiration; but their committee's method of obtaining professional singers, without even hinting at any sort of remuneration for their services, merits the severest and most undivided censure.

At the Tivoli, "Babes in the Wood" still toddle. Pretty good show. Everyone does a little whirl at something. Arthur Cunningham sings that good old descriptive stand-by, "The Will O' the Wisp." He sings it, too; and brings down the house every night. One of Mr. Cunningham's friends, Mr. Reginald Roberts of the New York Castle Square opera company, is visiting him here. The Tivoli promises these novelties for their grand opera season. They are:—Boito's "Mephistofele," and Giordano's "Fedora" and "Andre Chenier."

There is a 'cellist with an unpronounceable name at the Orpheum who is worth the "price of admission."

S. HOMER HENLEY.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

TRY THEM FOR Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.

Fac-Simile Signature of John Brown & Son on every box.

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits..... $20.00
Pants..... 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM

THE TAILOR

1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

Over 200 Banks on this Coast

USE

SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER

Hale Brothers use 14 of them. Baker & Hamilton use 5 of them. Heald's Business College uses 26 of them. Used exclusively in the Telegraph Department and Sunset Freight Department. Art Catalogue Free.

L. & M. ALEXANDER CO.

110 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Branches: Portland, Los Angeles, Seattle.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powel

Half-tones and Zincographs

The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.

Etchers and Engravers of

Printing Plates

24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.

RUBBER STAMPS

STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.

221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Costa Rica Petroleum and Coal Co.'s Stock.

10c. is a snap at 10c.

It Will Make Fortunes for Investors. . . . .

A limited amount of Southern Belle Gold Mining Stock for sale at 10c per share; this is a gilt-edged investment; mine is situated in El Dorado county, near the Mt. Pleasant mine, which since 1857 produced over $22,000,000 bullion. Write or call for a prospectus.

We have other good investments bringing nice monthly incomes.

Money to Loan on Approved Security

Pacific States Mining and Investment Co.

324-226 Post Street, San Francisco

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRED.
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Ca

Told in Rhyme

On a Garter.

To think that I would not have known her.

"'Twas at a dance. In vain I tried
To feel less like a social martyr.
When lying near the door I spied
A thing of yellow silk, a——."

I put a dash there, for 'tis said
To write it plainly out amiss is,
Yet England's motto may he read
Upon just such a thing as this is.

I stooped and hid it in my hand,
And wondered who might he the loser:
She could not ask me for the band—
How such a question would confuse her!

Returning with it to my place,
I wonder if my check were flushing,
In turn I scanned each lovely face,
Until I saw how you were blushing.

My own perception I had wronged
To think that I would not have known her
To whom this dainty hand belonged;
No one but you could be the owner.

So thus I send it back to you,
Around this bunch of blushing roses;
One found it whom you do not know,
Whose name no hint of mine discloses.

I would not have you guess 'twas I,
For that might put constraint upon you:
Perhaps you'll know me by and by,
Perhaps you'll love me—when I've won you.

I'd whisper that 'twas I who found
This clinging silken band of yellow:
We're strangers, still I will be bound
You, and no other, have its fellow.

And now may my respect for you
Plead pardon for these rhyming fancies;
For never motto was more true
Than *Honi soit qui mal y pense* is.

* * *

Americanized.

I love my transatlantic brother well,
I hate his foes infernally;
With conscious pride I feel my bosom swell
When he greets me fraternally.
Yet might it not, I sometimes ask, befall
That his loved presence might begin to pall?

His kodak on my privacy intrudes,
His beef fills to satiety,
His canned goods crowd what late were solitudes,
His heiresses, Society,
'Tis his—one drop of sweet in bitter cup—
'Tis his alarum wakes my servants up.

His oil my lamp, his corn my belly fills.
He builds me my machinery.
And hoards that tell the praises of his pills
Adorn my native scenery;
While in the Tube—so Yankeefied we are—
I ride perforce in his triumphal car.

He wins our races, teaches us to ride—
'Tis true, I'm very sure it is—
Our markets find all stocks are dull beside
His versatile securities;
And near at hand, I hear, the period is
When all our ships and shipyards shall be his.

He fills my cosmos, and I can but see,
As every Tom and Jerry can,
Soon I, my kin, race, clime and land may be
Essentially American,
And I my own, of comfort quite hereft,
That there is nothing really English left.

—London *Daily Chronicle.*

Why she quit the 'phone.

The young woman employed as a stenographer had a beau named Will, to whom she talked some twenty-five times a day. The lawyer who labored under the impression that he was paying for the stenographer's time was not pleased that Maggie should drop her work and rush frantically to the telephone every time the bell rang and stand there some fifteen or twenty minutes debating whether or not Will ought to have told Clara that secret which he knew well enough was none of Clara's business. One day the lawyer left his office and, going to another telephone in the building, called up his own office. Of course Maggie rushed frantically to the 'phone and answered.

"Hello," said the lawyer in a muffled voice. "This is a lineman testing the wire. Kindly stand one foot in front of the receiver and say hello."

Maggie obeyed.

"Thank you. Now stand two feet to one side and say hello."

Maggie complied.

"Thank you. Now stand two feet on the other side and say hello." It was done.

"Thank you. Now stand on your head and say hello."

Maggie seems to be somewhat backward in answering the telephone now.

Dreamers.

HE

If I were Pierpont Morgan
And you were Hetty Green
We'd corner all the bowers,
We'd make the sunshine ours
And I would crown you queen
Upon a throne of flowers,
If I were Pierpont Morgan
And you were Hetty Green.

SHE

If you were Pierpont Morgan
And I were Hetty Green,
In dismal days and sunny
We'd just keep making money
And stacking it between
Our happy selves, my honey,
If you were Pierpont Morgan
And I were Hetty Green.

—*Chicago Record Herald.*

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER
THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Next New Examiner Bld'g. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formally of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336
DON R. DUNBAR
Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes
N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood
"The Castle"
101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

The Old Government the perfection of Whisky.
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
PURE-AGED-WHOLESOME.
Used in the Medical Departments of the U.S. ARMY & NAVY SERVICE
WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, DISTRIBUTORS.
Beware of Imitations or refilled Bottles

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

The Continental Building and Loan Association
222 Sansome Street, San Francisco.
Has for the six months ending June 30, 1901, declared a dividend of five per cent. per annum on all deposits.
WM. CORBIN, Secretary.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

AMONG THE AUTHORS.

Undoubtedly "Richard Carvel" has the largest circulation; four hundred thousand to date. If these volumes were placed in a row end to end they would reach from San Francisco to Hong Kong and if the pages of them were spread out separately they would cover the entire state of Texas. Who can resist such a literary treat?

And if one's stomach for historical novels is not already worn out by Carvel's, "To Haves" and "Merediths" there are a whole new batch of them for the asking. They lie on my desk tempting once, but unopened now—all good, so the publishers say and other reviewers with uncloyed historical appetites corrobrate. "The Wilderness Road," a romance of St. Clair's defeat and Wayne's victory; "The Mills of God" with George IV, Napoleon, Goethe, Tom Moore and Sheridan among the dramatis personae; "The Curious Courtship of Kate Poins"—a diverting romance of the rakish days of the Prince Regent and Annie Nathan Meyer's "Robert Annys: Poor Priest" which has been fortunate enough to win the approval of the Dean of Ely. I run over the list of names for the benefit of those who don't want a change.

Any one who wants to hang a new chain around his or her neck to be added to link by link will be pleased to learn that the Appletons announce rich, subscription editions of the works of Dr. A. Conan Doyle and Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. In the case of Dr. Doyle the set will number twelve volumes, and in that of Mr. Hawkins, thirteen; both sets to be increased as new books are written. The attractive feature of buying complete sets of the works of a living author is the length to which the author if diligent can drag out the set and the regularity with which the subscriber must come down in order to keep his set good.

Speaking of complete sets, it might be a good idea for Appletons or some other holder of copyrights of Prof. Joe Le Conte's books to get out a complete edition of his works. We can guarantee a good sale on this Coast. Prof. Joe is our greatest western scientist and his studies and work have endeared him and popularized him with the people of California who would appreciate such a monument to his memory. Not only as a scientist but as a philosopher was he believed in here and the number of his admirers was legion.

The last copy of the "International" lies before me and I cannot help expressing a wonder that such a magazine as the "International" should not have been thought of before. The man and woman of culture who take broad views of many subjects, who like science, politics, books, history and philosophy enough to be scientific and not "popular" and yet not so technical as to be abstruse find here just the thing, a sort of a judicious combination of "Forum," "Popular Science" and "Atlantic." The contents for July is really appetizing to one with more than a fictional intellect.

LURTON.

* * *

Unwonted activity in the publishing world is the order of the day. Never before have such rapid strides been made in this most interesting field of efforts and triumphs. The newer and younger houses are forging to the front as the result of unceasing activity and alertness. The latest announcement recording progress of this kind is that of the consolidation of the well-known publishing and printing business of Robert G. Cooke and Frederick H. Hitchcock. The consolidated organization has just been incorporated, under the laws of the State of New York, as "The Grafton Press." Publishing books for authors and bringing out all kinds of what are known as "privately printed" books are important features of the work of "The Grafton Press."

* * *

According to the London correspondent of the "New York Herald" England is on the eve of a great Dickens revival. "One can hardly take up a magazine now," says the writer, "without finding something in it about Dickens."

* * *

According to the returns received by the New York State Library, in response to letters of inquiry addressed to libraries through the country, the following titles, with the votes received, appear as the best six books of the year 1900, in a preferred list of fifty:

"Biography of a Grizzly," by Ernest Seton-Thompson (The Century Co.), 131 votes

"To Have and To Hold," by Mary Johnston (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), 130 votes.

"Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller (Lathrop Pub. Co.), 127 votes.

"An American Anthology," by E. C. Stedman (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), 126 votes.

"Alice of Old Vincennes," by Maurice Thompson (Bowen-Merrill Co.), 121 votes.

"Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphry Ward (Harper & Brothers), 108 votes.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD,(N. Y.C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Gives
Good Digestion.

If your dinner distresses you, half a teaspoonful in half a glass of water will give quick relief. Makes digestion natural and easy.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained.

LOW SUMMER EXCURSION RATES EAST

Southern Pacific

offers those low round trip rates:

ON SALE	ROUND TRIP
June 30–July 1.....Cincinnati,	$76.50
July 1–2.....Detroit,	82.25
July 3–4.....Chicago,	72.50
July 3–4, August 22–23, September 5–6 .....Buffalo,	87.00
July 8–9.....Colorado Springs,	55.00
July 17–18.....Milwaukee,	74.50
July 20-21.....Chicago,	72.50
August 20–21.....Louisville,	77.50
September 5–6.....Cleveland,	82.50

These rates apply from California mainline points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest — finest scenery — choice of routes — limited trains — personally conducted tourist excursions —

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Aug 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m. July 5,10,15,20,25.30, Aug.4, and every fifth day thereafter. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m. July 1,6,11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Aug. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles)—Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m., steamer Corona, Wednesdays 9 a.m.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and *Newport, (*Coos Bay only)—Steamer Coos Bay, Saturdays, 9 a. m.

Steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Than Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans-Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal.

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

Lombardi's Restaurant

43 Stockton Street

Telephone Clay 491 San Francisco, Cal.

Try our 25c French Dinner, the best in the city.

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MAIN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

Borrowed Plums

Its Reformatory Effect.

The sudden shower had driven the people into doorways and under awnings for shelter.

A group had gathered in a covered alley-way between two sections of a big down-town dry goods store, and one of the men was talking.

"I played a joke on the girls in my shop which I guess they found out on their way home last evening," he said. "You know there's about a dozen of them."

"Yes."

"Well, they are the greatest gum chewers you ever saw, and I got tired of seeing them wag their jaws. I had noticed that nearly every one of them had some particular place for sticking her gum, and just before quitting time yesterday afternoon I managed to go around and pick off the wads, one by one, mix a little Scotch snuff with each, and stick them all back in their places without being seen at it."

"Don't you suppose it made them sick?" asked some one.

"Not sick enough to hurt, I guess, but I rather think it'll stop their—"

At this point an excited man forced his way into the center of the group.

"I'm mighty glad to see you sir!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad to hear you talk!"

"You have the advantage of me. I—"

"You bet I have! When it comes to a show down I'm several points to the good, as far as you are concerned. For the last week or so I've been crawling around on my hands and knees, except when I have been standing up to kick myself. A man caught me the other day emptying my ashes into his garbage box. He told me I was the meanest man in Chicago, and I guess I was. I felt like it, anyway. He gave me a medal on the strength of it, and I've carried it for a whole week, waiting and watching for a meaner man. By the great horn spoon, I've found him! Before I'd do such a thing as you've bragged of doing I'd drown myself in a sewer. I would fly, by jove! You're the Meanest Man in Chicago. The medal's yours."

Hereupon he thrust inside the waistcoat of the other a flat, round piece of galvanized iron, elbowed his way out, and went forth into the pelting rain, with his head held well up.

* * *

Raynor—"How did you ever get such a snap job as yours?"

Shine—"O, I just rubbered around a little."

* * *

Nurse—"O, dear! Whatever's baby crying so for, Master Gussy?"

Gus—"O, he's mad at me for trying to make him smile with the glove-stretcher."—Ally Sloper.

* * *

The Wanderer—"An' is my wife still alive?"

The Village Loafer—"She is—an' married again this six years past."

The Wanderer—"Now, 'eaven be praised!—this is the first stroke o' luck I've 'ad for twenty years!"—Pick-Me-Up.

* * *

"And while you were engaged to her she made you give up drinking, smoking, billiards, cricket and golf. Anything else?"

"No; but I gave something else up on my own account."

"What was that?"

"The girl."

* * *

"I wonder," said the stranger, taking his first look at "Bubbly Creek," "what this horribly stagnant pool is here for."

"I think," ventured the man who had come in with a load of cattle, "the idea is to make the public believe this is where the smell comes from, instead of the stock pens."

Famous for its Purity
SEATTLE, U. S. A.

New Importations of Millinery
Being Constantly Received

Calimberti
MODES DE PARIS
240 Post Street below Stockton,
SAN FRANCISCO.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
308-312 Post Street
SOHMER PIANO AGENCY
SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

California Northwestern R'y

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland, Guerneville, Schellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices—650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office—Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .
115 GEARY STREET
Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

CHRONIC AND OTHER DISEASES CURED

Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application. Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST, near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 9. SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

ON THE ROAD TO THE GEYSERS.

By Permission of the California Northwestern Railway.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

F. A. HEALY, Editor M. KOLLMANN, Business Manager

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—July 27, 1901.

A Slipshod Ferry Service.

In a recent editorial THE WAVE called attention to the dangerous manner in which the local ferry boats, particularly those plying between the city and Sausalito, are overcrowded, and suggested that the proper authorities take steps to so regulate the passenger traffic on that line so as to do away with the possibility of some appalling disaster being suddenly sprung on the community.

Last Saturday the Sausalito on her 6:55 trip from San Francisco, met with an accident which sent her wheel pounding on through her paddle box and smashed the timbers on one side of the vessel until her upper works presented the appearance of a Spanish man-'o-war after an American victory. Immediately after the accident an attempt was made to anchor the boat. This was found to be an impossibility, owing to the fact that the anchor chain was broken into pieces. So the boat with her panic-stricken passengers drifted about like a huge gull with one wing broken, making her slip with the greatest difficulty some time later. Had the same occurred on Sunday, when the boat would have been loaded with four or five times her carrying capacity of human freight, it is almost certain that in the stampede which would surely have ensued life would have been lost.

The ship-shod way in which the boats and trains of the North Pacific Coast road are run is the subject of innumerable complaints. Under the most favorable circumstances the boats get away from their slips so late and irregularly that no dependence can be placed upon them, and the carelessness with which both boats and trains are operated are such as to make the history of the road a continuous tale of minor accidents. Some day the big accident will take place and, as in the Rio affair, official excuse will be the only consolation vouchsaved to those homes desolated by incompetency, carelessness and neglect.

A Little Inconsistent.

Consistency is a jewel which the Epworth Leaguers seem to have overlooked when their crown of righteousness was in process of construction. These good people, while bitterly opposed to the liquor traffic as an abstract proposition are, like other good people we have heard of, not above sharing the profits obtained by means they publicly condemn.

Among the resolutions adopted at the recent convention was the following:

"Temperance—That we are as unalterably as ever opposed to the open saloon, the liquor traffic and allied vices, and we mean to keep up our war upon this wicked business until our whole continent is freed from the dreadful curse. That we greatly rejoiced at the abolition of the 'canteen' in our army, and deplore the fact that a persistent effort is being made to have it restored. Especially is this distressing to us when we note that Russia is protesting against the canteen, and that even France has prohibited it in her army camps. We earnestly hope that wiser counsels will prevail in free, Christian America; and to this end we will ever pray and fight."

This certainly is a strong, uncompromising statement and would, no doubt, carry much weight with those advocates of temperance whose loyalty to the cause (as far as the canteen is concerned) has not been impaired by their own breadth of view and common sense, were it not for the fact that every prominent saloon man in the city received two copies of a letter, signed by I. J. Truman, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Epworth League, of which the following is an excerpt:

"You can now realize the vast importance of this great gathering of people; the immense sum of money they will leave among us. We have only three days (inclusive) to collect the amount of our shortage, and hence are compelled to call on all who have already subscribed to make an additional subscription, and if you have not subscribed, please send us immediately a donation to help us lift the heavy clouds now hanging over our financial condition."

The sentence in which the attention of the saloon men is called to the "immense sum of money they will leave among us" speaks volumes for the faith the Epworth Leaguers have in the efficacy of their own movement.

There are two possible explanations of this letter. The Epworth people wanted money and did not care from what source it came so long as they got it; or, following out "the hair of the dog that bit you" theory, they were desirous of fighting the devil with munitions of war obtained from his own arsenals.

American Athletes Abroad.

Sporting America has nothing to be ashamed of in the records made abroad during the last two years. Our American athletes and boxers have swept the little British Isles clean, and the American jockeys have come pretty close to it. What Yale and Harvard will do to Cambridge and Oxford when those teams meet in September is problematical, but it looks as if Yale and Harvard will win. If they do not there is no doubt that we have athletes hereabouts who can more than hold their own with any team all England can produce. The more recent victories of W.C. Whitney's leased colt Volodyovski in the English Derby and James R. Keene's victory with his American-bred filly Cap and Bells are particularly pleasing to the followers of the horse in this country. There was a time when the average English turf expert sneered at American horseflesh and our methods, but that time has passed. Pierre Lorillard helped to disturb this feeling of superiority many years ago with his gallant old campaigner Parole, and he shocked them perceptibly when he carried off the Derby with Iroquois. Mr. Keene, however, has the satisfaction of being the only American who has captured the Oaks with a filly bred in this country, and a right smart little beauty she is, too. Fred Archer rode Iroquois, and a friend of ours made his first wager on the horse at odds of seven to one. It started him to bankruptcy, for he has followed the horses ever since, and his wealth has vanished. It is always so; the beginner in any gamble invariably wins, generally to his utter demoralization later on.

The Sea Lion Evil.

Ever since the horrid head of the sea lion raised itself to fright the slumbers of Alex. Vogelsang the Fish Commission has been harping on the distruction wrought among the small fry by the industrious manner with which these Cliff House attractions collect their daily provender. Mr. Vogelsang is no longer of the commission but the legacy he bequeathed is still an active force, and every once in a while we are told the sea lions must be done away with that the other fish may live.

There is no question, but that the finny supply is thinning out with a rapidity which is alarming and which promises an early and complete extinction of certain species. But the fault lies not with the sea lions. They have been here from times so ancient that the memory of man runs not to the contrary, and though they have no doubt, devoured a few hundreds of thousands of their weaker friends in that time, yet they took no more than was necessary for their own sustinance and their apetites were held in check by those immutable laws of nature which provide so well for all creatures not endowed with reason whereby they may misgovern themselves.

The real fault lies with the Greek fishermen who, with their immense drag nets and their complete disregard for everything, but the few dollars they may earn, slaughter more fish in a month than all the sea lions combined could devour in a year.

The nets used by these men, while gathering in marketable fish, also gather in thousands of other food fish which are too small for eating purposes and whose distruction is the thing over which our commissioners spend so much time in worrying themselves.

If the commission wishes to protect its salt water food fish, let it take steps to restrict the wholesale spoilation that is now being practiced by the fishermen and not waste its time in devising means for the slaughter of the innocent sea lion, whose only crime is that it has assisted in making the proprietors of various beach resorts richer men than they should be.

In a Louisana town the other day an officer attempted to arrest a negro because he did not like the black man's looks. The colored fellow resisted and several shots were exchanged without any one being hurt. Then a mob gathered and promptly hanged the negro in the courthouse yard. After acquainting ourselves with these occurrences we are struck by two things—the fact that the officer still remains an officer, and a live one at that, and the trouble we occasionally get ourselves into by our attempts to reform the heathen of faraway Cathay.

The Latest Social Combine From an English Standpoint.

The following is an extract from an article which appeared in "Saturday Night" relative to a scheme which has been gotten up in the Old Country, for the purpose of putting the proper introductions of traveling Americans on a business basis and exchanging with them social prestige for good coin.

We have received the prospectus of "The Atlantic Union." The idea is that with the funds of the Union English houses are to be opened to Americans in London, dinners given "once a month;" with receptions and "at homes," with "personal conduct of parties to places of interest" from time to time. The Board will also "arrange for the introduction of visitors to members." At first sight the scheme looks like a vast "combine" of private hotels; and in fact that is what it is; but it would never do to call it so. In other words, to "run" people socially, obtaining the entree to "good houses" for cash, cards for smart functions, and so on is quite a recognized West End industry. The preamble insists on the pity of it that Americans and Colonials come and go without entering English homes. (British Colonials are here and there thrown in as a sort of make-weight to the Yankees, but plainly they are very little in these prospectors' minds compared with our "cousins across the sea"). "They (Americans) stay at hotels" we are told; (few that have ever stayed at a London hotel and have ears to hear can doubt it); "they go to places of amusement;" (no one that does not live absolutely a hermit's life can doubt that either); "they drive through streets and squares where every door is closed to them;" that American ladies do so drive is also not an obscure fact: it is not their habit to wear as a head-dress the "tarnhelm." But that "every door is closed to them" is so obviously false as to make the lie mere drivel. As a fact if he be not poor, (and if he were poor he would not be here) there is hardly a door in the West End he cannot force by the knocking. Where a friendless English man or woman might knock and ring and thump in vain, to the American the door will open, as it were automatically, to receive him. The prospectus, if weak in grammar, shows considerable acuteness. It is pointed out that "it is essential the English members" (future shareholders) "shall themselves belong to the class of those who make and lead public opinion in this country." "Ergo," the promoters naturally only appeal to such; so that every person who receives a prospectus must necessarily assume that he is a maker and leader of public opinion. To flatter a man's vanity is often a very good way to get at his pocket. You are not inclined to be too critical of the character and capacity of anyone who tells you you are a fine fellow. You don't watch the direction of his hands so closely as you would if he said you were just what you are, an absolutely ordinary person. We think it quite likely that a good many will take shares in this concern in the glow of conscious pride at the appeal made to them as leaders of opinion. We confess we felt a certain elation ourselves at being included amongst the elect, but our satisfaction cooled when we read the definition of "makers and leaders of public opinion." It runs thus. "Statesmen, clergymen, men of science, art and literature, journalists, artists, actors, architects, professors, lecturers, teachers, and, in a word, all professional men, together with leaders in the world of finance and commerce." At that rate it was very difficult to see who was "not" a maker of public opinion, and the distinction of receiving the invitation to join the Union did not seem to come to much. Apparently the only person not of the elect is the ordinary business man, which is hard, seeing that he is the only person who really knows the American mind. But he also knows something else, and our promoters know that he does. He would see through this bogus scheme; while the clergyman, the artist, the "literary man" the "professor" (an odd classification) and the teacher are just the persons who would not.

Vessels are commencing to return from Nome and, if the reports they bring back are to be believed, the conditions in the Alaska mining camp are but little changed from those of last year. According to these reports all the good claims are taken up. In fact, each claim has so many different owners that the chances for wholesale murder are excellent. The business opportunities seem to be all controlled by the four big companies that have formed of themselves a sort of an Acrtic trust. The towns are said to be filled with gangs of thugs, the crimes averaging about fifteen or twenty a day. The principal industry in the settlements, we are informed, is whisky-drinking and gambling. Considering everything it looks as though the wise Alaska explorer is the one who stayed at home.

* * *

The Third National Bundes Shooting Festival has ended and the highest honor has been won by Adolph Strecker, a resident of San Francisco. Strecker's principal rewards were the national king medal, and the state prize for the championship, a silver and gold leaflet crown. The three prizes shown on our middle pages went as follows: Dr. F. Schumacher of San Jose, the Hearst vase; E. Schmid of Sacramento, the James D. Phelan cup; Chris Meyer of this city, the Spreckels prize.

The officers and directors of the Bundesfest are greatly pleased with the financial success attending the ten days festival. It is now an assured fact that the National Bund will be enriched some $5000 through the festival. The receipts from the gate, the sale of tickets to contestants, and the precentage of bar receipts are more than $25,000. The expenses will hardly reach $20,000 thus resulting in a profit of a sum approximated at $5000.

Through the Week

Mr. Maclay has written a history of our war with Spain in which he accuses an admiral of the United States navy with being a coward and deliberately running away from an inferior force. The accused officer does not desire an investigation because he fears the jury will be packed and he will not be given an impartial hearing. The other naval gentlemen interested in the controversy are energetically engaged in making liars out of one another. Whether Schley is a coward or whether he is not the Navy Department should order an investigation, or do something else to make its heroes shut their mouths and discontinue their efforts to make the service they belong to a scandal for the rest of the world to scoff at.

* * *

Hardly a rich man dies but that a scandal follows ere the funeral meats are cold. It is now Mrs. Pierre Lorillard who appears in print, promising to contest her husband's will and to fight to the bitter end the claims of "the shameless mistress of my husband." Mrs. Lorillard also deplores the notoriety which has come to her, seeming to overlook the fact that she has increased it ten-fold by the talking she has done herself. The trouble has arisen over a clause in the will of the dead millionaire by which the celebrated Rancocas stock farm is left to Mrs. Lillian Barnes Allien, for whom Lorillard is said to have possessed more than a platonic affection. It is a good thing that Mrs. Lorillard is a good woman; but it would be a much better thing for both her and her family if she were a discreet woman who properly appreciated the value of silence.

Though rich in heavenly rewards, many of the Epworth Leaguers are a little shy on the goods of this world, and consequently are often forced to make a little go a long way. This fact accounts for a new wrinkle being sprung during convention week on the management of the Palace Hotel. Upon leaving their homes every party of Epworth people supplied themselves with baskets of lunch so as to avoid the expense of patronizing the eating houses en route. Upon arriving here many of them found that they still had considerable food left over. Did they throw it away? Not they, at least the ones who went to the Palace did not. They carefully preserved what remained of the good things, and each day at noon the other guests of the holstery received a lesson in practical economy, through witnessing numerous little lunch parties gathered round the plush settees in the corridors, which were utilized as tables by our visitors from the East.

Mr. Dooley on Christian Science

Christyan Science is wan way iv gettin' th' money. If it wasn't f'r medical pro-gress, I'd be sure th' Christyan Scientists was wrong. If th' Christyan Scientists had some science, an' th' doctors more christyanity, it wudden't make anny diff'rence which ye ealled in if ye had a good nurse. The diff'rence bechune Christyan Scientists an' doctors is that Christyan Scientists thinks they're no such thing as disease, an' doctors thinks there ain't annything else. If th' doctors knew less about pizen an' more about gruel, an' opened fewer patients an' more windows, they'd not be so many Christyan Scientists. The're findin' new things th' matther wid ye ivry day, an' ol' things that have to be taken out, ontil th' time is commin' whin not more thin half iv us'll be rale an' th' rest'll be rubber.

Persons, Places and Events.

Grayson was Wise.

The death of Robert R. Grayson, or "Bob" as he was familiarly known among his intimates was a severe blow to clubdom, following as it did hard on the passing of Hugh Tevis. Among the younger set of club men no one was better known or better liked than "Bob" Grayson, and his unexpected end has caused a sincere sorrow in circles where, as a rule, cynicism kills all the more humane and kindly sentiments.

For years Grayson had been attentive to Miss Jennie Dumphy and it was well-known that some day he expected to make her his wife, though it was only a few months ago that their engagement was formally announced. Miss Dumphy is a strict Catholic and in order to please his fiancee and to remove any possible obstacle to their union, Grayson became a member of that church. This accounts for the funeral services being conducted by a Catholic priest though the Grayson family is of another faith.

"Bob" Grayson was a Yale man. When he returned here after finishing his course at the eastern university the Murphy poker episode was still fresh, and those who profit by teaching the young idea how to shoot received him with open arms, imagining that they had another bird whom they might pluck with ease and profit.

A little game was proposed and Grayson was invited to sit in. The limit was gradually raised until it had reached a very stiff figure, and "Bob" had won right along. Finally a hand was dealt round and four queens fell to Grayson. He looked at them for a moment, studied the faces of his opponents, then quietly passed out, cashed in his chips, and, calling for his coat and hat, left remarking as he vanished: "Gentlemen, there are more things taught at Yale, than were ever dreamt of in your philosophy."

That was the last time that Grayson was ever marked out for slaughter.

Peters as An Author.

We are told that every man, no matter how great the fame he may have achieved in his chosen profession, way down deep in his heart, nurses some pet ambition, has the secret consciousness of some remarkable talent which he perfects for his own gratification, some hobby which is the pet of his lonely moments and which is never discovered to others save in those rare intivals when, half unconsciously, the soul lays bare its hidden treasures. Charles Rollo Peters is no exception to the rule; his hobby is literature and he has written a number of short stories on student life in Paris which are his joy and pride.

Not long ago Peters had a friend visiting him and as a special treat he decided to read to his guest some of his best efforts. They both seated themselves comfortably on the porch of Peters' house, the guest to listen and Peters to read. At about the third chapter of the first effort the enthusiastic author was interrupted by an unusual sound, something between a grunt and a cough, and looking up beheld his listener fast asleep. Since then no one has been fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of or hear an extract from the little artist's effusions.

The Gratitude of Lunning.

Speaking of Peters recalls an episode of the past in which Jack Lunning figured as anything but the son of his father—the not-lamented Nick.

As everyone knows the quarrels between the elder and younger Lunning were frequent and bitter and when these rows took place it was the young man who went to the wall. Many times during these estrangements the son of the millionaire was hard pressed for money, and finally, the old man shutting off on him entirely, he was reduced to a condition of poverty akin to that of a tramp.

It was one evening during this period of Lunning's career that Peters, coming along the street, found the young fellow leaning against a lamp post, so weak from want of food that he could hardly stand up. The artist's store was small enough at that time, but he took Lunning to his room and divided up what he had.

Lunning never forgot the kindness. Some years later his father died and he found himself possessed of more money than he could get rid of. One of his first acts upon coming into his inheritance was to draw ten thousand dollars from the bank and give it to Peters, telling the artist to go to Paris and spend it as he saw fit. The use to which Peters put the money is shown by his present reputation.

Mean Trick On Mascagni.

A story of a "joke" played in Vienna upon Mascagni, the composer, who is soon to visit the United States, is going the rounds of the newspapers in Italy, where it has created an extremely bad impression, says the New York Times.

The distinguished Italian was the guest of honor at a soiree given by the theatrical artists of the Austrian capital, and expressed regret that he was unable either to speak or understand German, whereupon an actor of comic parts arose and addressed him very solemnly, saying:

"Most illustrious maestro, you have given to the world 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' which is a musical freak."

At this point Mascagni also arose and warmly shook the orator's hand.

"You have no other talent than that of self-advertisement."

Another effusion on the part of the composer.

"In a word, you are merely a genial sausage."

Prolonged applause, at which Mascagni could scarcely master his emotion.

Paderewski's fame as a pianist seems so secure that one could hardly imagine the possibility of his eclipsing it in other lines. Yet this seems less remote since the production of "Manon," for public approval is not less pronounced in favor of the opera after a run of several weeks than it was the day after the opening performance.

Don't get excited over the headlines which say another hot wave is coming, but keep cool by comparing the temperature here at home with that of every other city in the country.

The University Jubilee in Glasgow.

By Augustin Carter Keane.

It was Professor A. E. Lange, Dean of the College of Letters, who represented the University of California at the 450th anniversary of the University of Glasgow. This was the ninth jubilee in commemoration of the founding of the Scotch College in 1451. The University of Glasgow is one famous in history as among the few founded at the close of the middle ages. Today it has, perhaps, changed less than any of the old schools, retaining its college character. That is it has not been influenced by the German idea of schools of specific learning.

However, according to Prof. Lange, the University of Glasgow has been a great factor in the development of Scotch life. Indeed, no great names in literature are connected with the college and its scientists are few—the greatest name being James Watts. Yet the life is more advanced than in any of the great English universities. Margaret's College of Glasgow University was one of the first open to women. In fact, co-education has probably a firmer footing there than elsewhere. This with other college freedom has helped expand the national clanishness.

Naturally the celebration of the inaguration of such a university attracted the educational world. Almost every hall of higher learning sent its delegation with congratulations. The Finnish University of Helsinfores—one little known here but of great good work—was represented; as were the Russian universities and the universities of Tokio, beside more famous institutions. The French had the largest and most resplendent delegation present—the former close relationship between France and Scotland being remembered.

The jubilee began with divine service in the great cathedral. The cathedral is one of the most solemn places of worship, having been denuded of all adornment in the "great reform." And Prof. Lange said that as he sat there in the great, gaunt, gloomy structure, the thought recurred to him of how the early reformists might look upon the assembled delegates in their splendid robes and gowns. He spoke of service as "picturesquely simple and dignified, and exceedingly impressive." On the following day there were adresses by prominent college men in Butle Hall.

Then on Friday afternoon came the presentation of the congratulatory addresses. The procession of delegates to Butle Hall was most gorgeous. All wore the customary gown and mortar board, but beside these were the rich-colored doctors' hoods and different degrees and orders. The colleges were arrayed alphabetically—European first, next the American, then the British colonial followed by those of the United Kingdom. The faculty, alumni, and undergraduates of the University of Glasgow closed the procession. Of these latter some wear scarlet robes.

The addreses were generally in Latin. That from the University of Tokio was encased in a lacquered casket. In many cases graduates from Glasgow presented the congratulations, notably Professor Gregory of Leipsic, and Professor Wenley of Michigan. Some few read their addresses.

The jubilee closed with receptions by the University and Margaret's College, and a banquet by the Corporation of Glasgow.

Grand Opera.

By S. Homer Henley.

Next Monday evening, the twenty-ninth, will witness the initial performance of the Tivoli's present season of grand opera. The management maintain that it will be the best season from an artistic stand-point, that the buxom little opera house has ever presented; and, from the list of artists and operas advertised, there seems to be no adequate reason why this should not be. At the last moment, too, a surprise of a not too pleasing complexion has been sprung; namely, the advancing of the prices in certain quarters of the house. The first twelve rows of the orchestra "circle" will be seventy-five cents, instead of fifty cents as formerly; and the centre front row, and the two first rows on the sides of the balcony, will also be seventy-five cents. The object of the raise in prices is, of course, to bring in more money; and the reason given out is that the salary list is of such alarming dimensions, that this move became imperative. Well and good. Now comes the disagreeable but inevitable question: will we get our money's worth at these prices? If my opinion is worth anything, I say most emphatically, yes. From all I can learn, there is no place in this country, where you can hear the selection of operas rendered by such artists, at the prices that prevail at the Tivoli. My informant was in a position to speak authoratively—it was M. Pol Plancon; and he expressed the greatest surprise and interest in the situation. Beside the artists, whose facial presentments appear on another page of this issue, there will be Linda Montanari of the Del Conte Company, Signor Dado who was here with Sembrich, Russo, Repetto, Ferrari, Barbareschi, and Lia Politini; all of whom have appeared at this house before. We are promised a fine chorus; and oh, let us hope that it may be so: for there have been times—. The orchestra is a strong point on the Tivoli's credit side. It is a great orchestra, and one that is to be absolutely depended upon all of the time. The leader? Well, we know what Mr. Steindorff can do in light opera; he is almost inimitable there: and I have heard so many gracious and enthusiastic encomiums on his ability to conduct grand opera, from musicians

Estafanin Callamarini.

of every grade, that I think we may set our minds at rest on that score.

It appears to me that very few among us have taken thought on what the Tivoli has been doing, and is now doing for us. They have given San Francisco twenty-three consecutive years of opera, that in itself is a record and recomdation of superlative proportions. It has, for some years, given us grand opera that was far above the level of mediocrity; all this, we will admit, not for its health, but the fact remains that it has been done, and San Francisco is the debtor, and most certainly is under the heaviest of obligations to the Tivoli management. The influence, also, of these presentations, cannot be wide-spread, increasing, and of the very highest order. We may not see the immediate results, but the musical germ finds ground unfailingly, and in its good time the result will appear. Music is growing very, very slowly in San Francisco,—but it IS growing. Take a trip round to all the cheap theatres, and see. For it is the people, the middle-class people who are the real barometers of progress. Take a few evening walks, and where you hear a piano, stop and listen to the class of music being rendered. I guarantee that you will be surprised. It is all in the line of advancement; very, very gradual, but sure. And so with the Tivoli: all sorts and conditions go there; and, if you can get them there once or twice, the rest will come of itself. We are to have, beside the old standbys, Verdi's "Falstaff," Giordano's "Fedora" and and "Andre Chenier," and Boito's "Mephistofele." "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser" will also be given. Signor Dado's interpretation of the title role in Boito's "Mephistofele" is said to be the greatest in the history of that opera.

Of the coming Grau season, all that we know, thus far, is that he and his company will open at the Grand Opera House on November the eleventh, and that the latter will include (positively), Mme. Sembrich and Calve. The season will be shorter than that of last year. There is a rumor afoot to the effect that M. Grau may retire from the head of his company, and be replaced by Walter Damrosch. I think this doubtful, however.

Political.

NEVER was there a more bitter fight than is now taking place in the Republican Party, and never was there a more anomalous condition than is presented by that fight. With San Francisco in the throes of a municipal campaign, a primary election is about to be held in which the municipal campaign has become a mere secondary feature. It is a State fight, and not a local one which is on.

All of the fighters are here from all over this State. The Flint men have headquarters at the "Grand", and while Senator Bard is not here, his influence is being felt through his allies.

Nevertheless it is very doubtful whether the effort to down the Governor will be successful. The entire party machinery, state and local, is with him, and he will have behind him, at the Primaries, the most powerful machine that has ever been gotten together in this State.

The adoption by the Board of Election Commissioners of the Tilden Committee's apportionment ought to turn the tide in favor of that ticket at the primary. Under the apportionment adopted, the Convention will consist of three hundred and fifty delegates instead of three hundred and one, as desired by Reuf. The additional forty nine delegates all come from precincts, which the Tilden people are certain to carry.

The contest is one of press against party machinery in a large measure, and will afford an opportunity to test the strength of the power of the press in a fair fight. The inglorious defeat of the Primary League last Saturday, as foreshadowed in my letter, has caused the enthusiasm of the Chronicle to subside to a measurable degree. The attitude of De Young is quite different from that of Spreckels. If the machine ticket wins out the 13th, De Young, it may be predicted, will immediately quit his opposition, that is, if he goes along the lines followed by in the past. With the Call, it is probable that its antagonism before the primaries, will continue down to the next State Convention.

De Young has followed a consistent course in the progress toward his one goal—the Senatorship. In order to reach that end, he is willing to march with those he considers his enemies, rather than injure himself by revenging himself. He will keep in the middle of the road at all hazards. It is the unwritten law of politics that anyone might fight as bitterly as he choose before a primary, but, after the decision of the voter has been registered at the primary, it is the duty of all good politicians to acquiesce. After the last national campaign, notwithstanding the large drain upon himself, and the costly fight which he made for the Republican ticket, De Young refused to take a cent in payment from the Committee, but donated the services of his paper. It is not likely that one, who has made such sacrifices to gain a party standing, and preserved his right to the party's support; will take any chance to sacrifice it by fighting the Republican ticket after the primaries.

It is not with any feeling of sorrow that the Democrats are watching this warfare of their rivals. On the contrary, they are doing nothing to discourage the quarrel, and look upon it as a favorable omen, presaging larger probabilities of victory in the fall. They know that San Francisco in time past has been reckoned a Democratic City in local matters. Whether this has been due to the superior personnel of the Democratic ticket, or to the liking of the people for the name Democratic, does not matter; the fact is, that San Francisco has usually gone Democratic on local matters, and the majority of local fights have been and are Democratic.

While the Republicans are not bothering about the Mayor, still there are two aspirants, who are not to be overlooked—Charlie Patton and ex-sheriff Laumeister. Patton has the backing of Martin Kelly so it is said, but there is the objection to him that he is a beaten man, and many are averse to nominating a man, who has been beaten once.

A large cloud has been removed from the Democratic sky by the open declaration of Sam Rainey, that he is no longer a Democrat. Some of his party followers have gone with him into the Republican camp. In fact, a great deal of the Democratic push has gone over. Conspicuous are Ned Lanigan and Ed. Rock. It is said that at a meeting of his followers, a number of them declared to Rainey that they would not follow him into the Republican camp, but would stay with the Democrats and support the organization.

There is no doubt that Assessor Dodge would make the strongest candidate the Democrats could nominate, but he is out of it, and is training for the fight for Governor. Phelan also is finally and conclusively out of it. There are only two other names that are suggested, those for Creswell and Hooper. It is not clear how Creswell expects to be nominated, as he has no organization backing him, and practically a clear field is left for Hooper.

J. K. L.

On The Crest.

Engagement of Miss Ada White.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ada White and Captain Joseph Castner of the Fourth Infantry U. S. A.

Miss White is one of the most attractive of the season's debutantes. A tall willowy blonde, she is noted among her large circle of friends for her accomplishments as a linguist and musician.

The engagement is the denoument of a romance, suggestive in many respects of the impulsive wooing of General, then Colonel Fred Funston.

Captain Castner, first met his bride to be, early in the summer of 1898. He was then under orders to proceed to Alaska and endeavor to find an all American route to Circle City and but a few days was allowed him in San Francisco.

His quest for an all American route was successful, but only after privations, such as few men have endured and lived. More than once starvation stared him and his escort of two priate soldiers in the face. Once the party were compelled to kill their pack mules for food and for the balance of the trip the little party were compelled to subsist largely on the roots and herbs of the inhospitable country through which they were making their way.

On his return to San Francisco, Captain Castner was met by orders to proceed immediately to the Philippines and rejoin his regiment. On his arrival there he organized the first company of Talagog scouts for the efficency of which he was highly complimented by Generals Lawton, Schwaun and Young. A few months ago he was ordered back to Washington to take charge of the Bureau of Information of the Army, but is again under orders to proceed to the Philippines.

He will sail for Manila on September 1st and has secured Miss White's promise to accompany him as his wife. The marriage will take place on August 3d at the home of Mr. Geo. D. Bliss, the bride's uncle, at 1581 Pacific street.

* * *

Concerning Lieutenant Blue.

Lieutenant Victor Blue, who acquired fame and honor for his gallantry during the Santiago campaign, has been assigned to duty at Mare Island. Lieutenant Blue was stationed here on the Coast some years ago and it was then generally believed that he was engaged to one of our local belles. For some reason or other the engagement was broken off and Blue will now return to find the girl to whom he lost his heart in other days, the wife of a brother officer, who is also on duty out here.

This merely goes to prove that there is a wide difference between deserving and getting the fair.

* * *

Gossip from Tahoe.

From Tahoe comes much interesting gossip some of which it would be a little premature to repeat. The place is full of people, who either are engaged and won't tell or who are going to be and don't know it. Beatrice Sachs and her fiance Julius Ach are there. So until this week, were Florence Neustadter, and Walter Stettheimer. And a certain dark-haired and dark-eyed young woman is proving so attractive to some one that it will not be long before the announcement is out.

* * *

Miss Ethel Hager Better.

Miss Ethel Hager is on the list of convalescents. She was taken with a severe heart attack after a visit to the country, and for several weeks her life was in danger. Ethel is the member of the Hager family who most resembles her mother. She has the exuberance of spirits, ready wit and desire to have bright poeple about her that made her mother so popular as an entertainer during her life. Ethel will soon celebrate her twenty-first birthday. She is at present residing with her sisters and nurses at the Palace Hotel.

* * *

Hotel Rafael Paper Chase.

Saturday last the Hotel Rafael was quite gay. There was a paper chase. About twelve men and three girls started out over the hills, Miss Bradshaw, Miss Jeffeys and Mrs. Fransworth. Being a professional Mrs. Farnsworth was debarred from the prize, which was won by Miss Bradshaw. The men were some of those who rode several years ago, Mr. Frank Johnson and his son Frank, Dr. Howitt, Frank Glass, who came in first, Sam Boardman and Everett W. Bee. It was a long run over the hills for about ten miles and ending in one of the Hotaling fields. This run is one of the most dangerous of any this club has taken and quite the most sporty.

* * *

The Greenway Dinner.

The dinner given by Mr. Greenway last week at Del Monte was really a brilliant affair. He had the small dining room beautifully decorated. His guests were seated at a large round table and included all those who are really in it at Del Monte. The two girls who looked particularly well were Therese Morgan and Gertrude Hurley. Mr. Greenway cannot be surpassed in entertaining. He knows so well how to place people and how to procure the most delicious dainties in the market.

* * *

Yosemite Valley News.

The Yosemite Valley is quite gay. There are a number of army officers stationed there who are most gallant to the young girls visiting. Miss Charlotte Ellinwood seems to be the most popular. There is no trail she has not ascended, and in her mountain costume she is certainly bewitching. Mrs. Scott, with Miss Edith McBean and Templeton Crocker, arrived last week. Miss McBean is an all-round athlete, but is at her best on a horse. It is there her willowy, graceful figure appears to greatest advantage. Templeton Crocker is a nice unspoiled boy with perfect manners. Lloyd Breckenridge, however, carries the palm for being the best bred young boy in San Francisco.

Our Oakland Friends

Very little has been heard from Oakland this summer. Where do the Oakland people go? The Athearn Folgers have taken the De Guigne house in San Mateo, the Ernest Folgers pass their time at Del Monte, but where are all the others? The only answer seems to be, in Oakland. Certainly the golf links are being well patronized, and the interest in the game is quite as great as ever, The Hubbard boys, Robert Fitzgerald and Ernest Folger seem to keep the best scores between them. They are now practicing for the great golf tournament, to take place at Del Monte in August.

* * *

Del Monte Doings.

People may go here this season and there the season following, but the people who are the people are pretty sure to see something of Del Monte before the summer closes. Of all the resorts on the Coast none has held the constancy of the fashionable throng so long as this famous watering place, and, notwithstanding the attractions offered by the new places that are continually springing up, Del Monte is as hot a favorite to-day as it was in the days when California's swell summer hostelries could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Tennis, golf, swimming and fishing are, as usual, the order of the day, while the nights are given to dancing, dining and sometimes a little filirtation.

Hermann Oelrichs is still there and, though Miss Lily Oelrichs is his favorite, it is doubtful if he will be able to tear himself away from the fascinations of his present life long enough to be present at her wedding in Newport when she becomes the bride of Peter Martin.

Among those who either have been or now are at Del Monte are the Downey Harveys, Mrs. Martin, Mayor Phelan, the Parrotts, Captain Payson, Mrs. Lloyd Breckinridge, Major Rathborne, Mr. and Mrs. Head and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Tobin. Society, however, will gather in greatest force on the nineteenth of next month when the meeting of the Polo and Pony Racing Association will bring together the Burlingame crowd and all of the Burlingame people's friends.

* * *

A Yachting Story.

James V. Coleman has again taken up yachting and is now engaged in fitting up and provisioning the "Aggie" for a long cruise along the coast. He will probably go as far south as the Mexican line before returning and will take in all the different summer resorts before going about and standing back for home.

It is now some years since Mr. Coleman has taken an active interest in this pastime. In the old days, though, he was one of our local cracks and could handle either a schooner or sloop with the best of them, and those who know say he still retains enough of his cunning to insure his guests a safe as well as a pleasant trip.

One of the best known signals among yachts-men is seven bells, it means that all hands take a drink. Some years ago Mr. Coleman had a party of friends on a cruise with him and the signal came so frequently that it was found necessary to station a man at the rope. There came a time when a call for seven bells brought no response.

"What's the matter," cried Coleman to the man for'ard, "are you asleep?"

"No, sir," came the answer, "but th' bell rope's worn through an' I'm tryin' to splice it."

Elizabeth's Letter.

DEAR MAMA:

We did not remain long in San Rafael, for Truxton Beale came over, and insisted upon our being shown San Francisco by him. He is a splendid conversationalist, and we did have fun. I have met a number of new people too, about whom I shall tell you later.

You remember Mr. McCaleb, mama, whom we met at Newport two years ago. He is here. Poor fellow, he told me,he was so enamored with California,he could not feel happy anywhere else. He is nice to me, and wants to "rush" me. That is a great thing out here. A girl gets some fellow to "rush" her, and that makes other men want to know her. They think she must be worth while. But mama dear, your daughter could never resort to that.

Auntie's house is closed, so when we are in San Francisco we stay at the Palace Hotel. I think it an odious place. Auntie says "the rooms are good and large." "Goodand large," is a colloquialism, I never heard it at home. People here are so slangy. I think it is because most girls and men spend all their theatre time at the Orpheum. (That is a music hall.) Oh,mama dear,I wish you could see it. It is full of smoke and uncomfortable chairs, but the very best artists of the whole world go there. Theatre parties during the season go just as we do to the opera. You see so few artists, except vaudeville, ever get so far West as California. Yet people are happy here. I do not think I have ever seen happier faces anywhere than one sees in the streets of this town. The girls, even those in stores, have fine complexions, no pale faces, one need never feel any pity for any one. Auntie says "There is no such thing as a call in vain when one is collecting for charity."

Now mama, I must tell you what I have been doing, and the few people I have met. A Mrs. Salisbury was very kind to me; she asked me to stay a day or so with her. She is a bright versatile woman with a ready wit and quick repartee. How I enjoyed being with her. She has two daughters; one is married. She is quiet and sedate. Her husband is many years her senior, but he talks well, and must be quite an interesting companion. Margaret, is the younger, and the more attractive. She made her debut two years ago, but is as youthful and full of enthusiasms as a school girl. I quite fell in love with her eyes. They are so bright and brown. She is supposed to be engaged, but auntie did not know to whom; merely said when I asked her, "He must be of a good family, or rich, otherwise he cannot have a Salisbury girl."

Then I met a girl called Keyes. She is a great traveller, has been to the Orient several times. The girls say, she is interested in a man, either there, or on the way. She amused me by her innocent prattle, but mama she wears her hair so badly. That is inexcusable I think—at least you always taught me to think so.

One afternoon I had tea with Mrs. Tevis. Oh, mama dear! Auntie told me, she would be very sad, so I must expect not to be amused. It seems her son has just died leaving a young widow. She is so pretty, I mean the widow, and she and I took a walk, as Mrs. Tevis and auntie wanted to talk. Fancy, mama dear, only married six weeks. She told me what a glorious trip she had to Japan, where they went to pick up beautiful Oriental things for a house he had built in Monterey. She wants to sell it now, but no one is particularly anxious to buy. She does not wear an odious bonnet, but a dashing black hat with a veil. "She just can't wear a bonnet," she told me. Auntie says,Mrs. Tevis would prefer it, if she did, and as auntie says "Cornelia is very foolish for Mrs. Tevis has the money, and Hugh left any amount of debts." She seems so worldly too. I do not understand why she is not more than anxious to please her mother-in-law. This Cornelia is very keen, and the sort of girl of whom one reads in books. I do not think even this terrible shock and sorrow in losing her husband will make any great inroad into her life. Yet I like her very much, and will get to know her more intimately. She is not very popular in the Tevis household. Auntie says,"Florence Breckenbridge, the handsome granddaughter, will not return while Cornelia is there." I should not choose her as a daughter, had I a son. However, mama dear, as you know mothers are seldom the choosers of their son's wives. What a happy world it would be, if they were.

Another girl I met was Lucy King. She sings coon songs, plays rag-time music, and is a general favorite in San Francisco. Mama, dear, she had nothing in common with me, and is not pretty enough for me to cultivate her.

The most attractive young married woman I think is a Mollie Thomas McMullin. She is a beauty, mama. Really a beauty, not particularly brilliant, but very refined and gentle. She has only been married a short time to a young fellow, who has very little to say, and does not seem to me to be of an aggressively amiable turn of mind. She is a girl, who could have made an infinitely better match, had she only gone East. Mama,dear, I should have been satisfied to have had you chaperone her. She has a married sister, who really sings exceedingly well. She could have made a success on the operatic stage, for she has a good appearance and plenty of aplomb.

There are any number of the girls I have yet to meet. You see some are out of town and in California people go a great distance to pass the summer. I spent Sunday, mama, with Mrs. Nuttall at San Jose. In the afternoon she drove Elena Robinson and me way up in the mountains to Congress Springs. It is a beautiful drive through a country of fruit ranches, prunes and peaches and apricots until I could hardly believe my eyes. We had a fine dinner at this hotel and a most enjoyable afternoon. Mrs. Nuttall I think I should like, if she liked me, but I could not make the advance in affection. You know her type, mama dear, one meets a great many of them in Philadelphia. Elena Robinson is charming. She too is stout with rosy cheeks, and a delightful smile. I believe she was educated to a great extent in France and Italy. I have asked her to come to stay with me when I return to Del Monte, I know I shall find her most companionable, and shall give her lots of ideas on how to dress; the girls here need that. I am really beginning to be interested in them. I am so anxious to meet Phil. Tompkins and Bert Cadwalader. Both have won the affections of nice girls, so I am really anxious to see them, for I know the girls.

Now mama, dear, that is all for this week.

Where They Are

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Smith have returned from their honeymoon trip to Redlands, and are now staying temporarily at the Bella Vista.

The Garbers have gone to Tahoe with the intention of remaining several weeks.

Mrs. Fisher Ames is at Napa Soda Springs where she will remain until the fall.

Mr. Edward Sheldon is at the Lane Hospital where he is rapidly recovering from a severe operation which was recently preformed on him, and which resulted in the successful removal of a dangerous cancer.

Mrs. Edward Hopkins who has been quite ill for some time past is now rapidly recovering her accustomed good health.

Mrs. James Keeney has returned to the city after several weeks spent at Shasta.

Elmer De Pue has taken to the woods where he will remain until the conclusion of the Bohemian Club jinks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip, and their daughter, Miss Kip, have returned to the city after a month spent at Shasta.

Mrs. Spreckels and Miss Lillie Spreckels have returned to their home in this city after an extended visit in the East.

Mr. Claus Spreckels is at Tahoe for a few days.

The Misses O'Connor are at Coronado where they will remaian until the latter part of next month.

Miss Sophia Pierce has gone to Tahoe to join Miss Susan Blanding.

Colonel Chamberlin, accompanied by his wife, has left for a tour of inspection of our ports in the vecinity of Seattle.

Miss Dillon has been the guest of Mrs. Cushing at the Hotel Rafael during the past week.

Mrs. James Follis has been visiting Miss Tompkins at San Anselmo.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Ward Eaton will spend part of the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eaton at Redwood.

Mr. Baldwin Wood has left the Hotel Rafael and gone to Tahoe for a couple of weeks.

San Mateo society is looking forward to the return from the East of the Borels; they are expected back sometime next month.

Mrs. Lillie Coit is now on her way to Paris. Her stay in the French Capital will be indefiinite.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chapman are back again in the city after visiting Mrs. Porteous at her home in Ross Valley.

The Drowns will not return to San Francisco until some time in December.

Mrs. William Borrowe and her daughter, Miss Constance Borrowe will, soon leave for a short visit to Pacific Grove.

Mr. F. J. McWilliams and a party of friends will soon leave on the yacht "Ramona" for a cruise to Monterey, Catalina and Coronado.

Rowardennan seems to have struck the fancy of the Oakland contingent. Among the later arrivals are Mrs. John Stanley, Mrs. Thomas Coghill and Miss Bessie Coghill.

Epworth Leaguers at an Open Air Meeting. *Call Photo.*

WHILE the Epworth League convention was in session in this city it was the custom of the more devout among the leaguers to hold little impromptu meetings whenever the Spirit so moved them. Time and place cut no figure in these gatherings, and if a regularly ordained minister was not of the party, one of the brothers would arise and deliver a short sermon which would be attentively listened to by the others. Many of these meetings took place in the open air and the congregations sometimes numbered several hundreds. The accompaning illustration is a characteristic group caught while listening to the impassioned exhortations of one of the Canadian members.

Bundesfest Prize Pr

Gaudenzio Salassa.

NO singer who has appeared among us has the magnetic drawing power of Gaudenzio Salassa. His resonant barytone voice, blended with his wonderful ability as an actor, leaves nothing more to be desired in an operatic artist. For two seasons he has appeared at the Tivoli, and the enquiries for his appearance this year are more numerous than ever before. Everything he does is masterly, scholarly. He reminds one of Booth in "Iago," and sings like one inspired. Both his acting and singing are full of purpose. A story is told of Salassa, that at the school in Milan they wanted to educate him for a bass. He objected strongly, saying that he would be a barytone or nothing, and as he could not bring them to his way of thinking he left the school. He was sent for later on, and trained for barytone work. After his first stage appearance, he was embraced by the master who said, "Salassa, nature indeed intended you for a barytone, and you are a noble one."

German Marksmen Count

Bundesfest Prize Presented by W. R. Hearst.

Order of Red Men in Bundesfest Procession. *Pho*

aus Spreckels.

THE church militant certainly has reason to be proud of the League of the Cross Cadets. Since the corps was first organized it has been steadily improving in every way and its progress upward in military circles has been such as to place it among the foremost of the semi-militia societies of the state. In fact it compares so favorably with the regular militia requirements that its movements obtain the same recognition given to a state encampment. In drill the League of the Cross Cadets need not fear to compete with any other body of men in or out of the state. The accompanying photograph was taken at Camp Power and shows a group of the young Catholic soldiers resting after an early morning drill.

League of the Cross Cadets at Camp Power. *Call Photo.*

t New City Hall Park.

GIUSEPPI AGOSTINI is today one of the finest tenors on the operatic stage. He is a native of Venice, and had for his master the celebrated Barbacini. His first appearance was made in his home city, and his success was instantaneous. In the newer operas especially he became immensely popular, and had sung but a short time in Italy when he was engaged for an extended tour in America in the same company with Montaniri. He appeared in Mexico, and later on in San Francisco, and gained popular favor in the same operas as the prima donna. At the end of the American tour, he and Montaniri were married, though on their arrival in Italy they played in different companies. He visited South America, where he sang in the large cities always with success. Last year he sang in Puceini's "La Tosca" in Italy. He is a favorite of the celebrated composer, who agreed to the production of his opera only on condition that Agostini should sing in it. At Nice last season, he was the only one in the cast of "Andrea Chenier" and "Boheme" who was allowed to sing in Italian,

Giuseppi Agostini.

es Weidner. Bundesfest Procession Marching Down Market Street.

Bundesfest Prize Presented by Mayor James D. Phelan.

MR. POLTROON

A Delayed Solution of the Mystery of the Rue Marbeuf.

By Charles Stokes Wayne.

THE name of the fellow first attracted my attention. I cannot recall now who it was that spoke the words of introduction, but on the instant my curiosity was aroused by the appellation, "Mr. Poltroon."

It was fully a month after our first meeting that I ran across him again, in the same place. It was, I remember, a very warm evening in August, and after we had vainly endeavored to cool off with several well-iced brandies and sodas, Poltroon himself suggested that we might find a pleasanter atmosphere at the Jardin de Paris. I accepted the proposition gladly, and hailing a "fiacre," we were soon on our way to that gay resort in the shadow of the Palais de l'Industrie.

The concert was more in the nature of what we in America call a variety show. A woman in short skirts and a bonnet twice the size of her body was warbling a song of the most indelicate type. In the course of the song there occurred a bit of French slang with which I was not familiar, and when I turned to Poltroon to ask the meaning I found him so absorbed in watching someone a little further front, and just across the aisle from us, that he did not hear my question.

To the fellow's credit I must add that he seemed very much annoyed at this, for while I had not engaged him in his official capacity as guide, I had paid for the "fiacre" and I had also paid a franc for his admission to the garden, and he seemed to fell that he was under certain obligations to me for these reasons. After a moment of hesitation he pointed out the woman at whom I fancied he had been gazing, and remarked sotto voce that he wished me to observe her closely.

She was not a young woman. I should say she was at least thirty-five, perhaps forty. Her hair, of which she possessed an abundance, was a natural Titian red, and her complexion, at the distance, appeared about as nearly perfect as one could imagine. It was, however, her figure that I remarked most. There was something about it that was particularly stirring to the senses. She was tall and slender,and yet I do not remember ever to have seen more alluring lines. She reminded me of the Venus de' Medici clad in purple and fine linen. Through a flimsy white stuff the flesh tints of her back, shoulders and arms showed clearly, and there was an indefinable charm in the way the bright copper-color of her hair coquetted with the dazzling milk-white of her perfect neck.

Poltroon and I strolled about the garden together for a while after the performance ended, and he suggested that we sit down at one of the many little tables under the trees and have something to drink. Up to this moment he had seemed preoccupied and reticent.

We each ordered a brandy and soda, and as Poltroon sipped the drink that was brought him his reserve gradually melted, and after a few preliminary observations on the curious temperament of women in general, he came to speak of the woman who at that moment occupied the thoughts of us both.

"She is an American, and she has a history," he added, "a most interesting history, I believe, though I have never heard all of it. However, I know enough to make an interesting little story, and it may interest you more than that business over there," wagging his head in the direction of the music and the dancers, from which shouts of merriment now reached us.

"What I know of her happened in Monte Carlo three years ago. There was a young American there with a nurse. We'll call the American Robinson—though that was not his name—and the nurse—well, his name doesn't matter. She was known then as Mrs. Rickshaw, and she was a damn sight more beautiful than she is now—she has aged a good deal in the last three years. Well, Robinson was a consumptive, a young fellow, sent to the Riviera for his health. He was worth a pot of money, and he carried a letter of credit for fifty thousand dollars. I think he knew Mrs Rickshaw in the States, and I rather fancy she followed him out there. At all events, they were together at Monte Carlo, and the nurse, who wasn't half as strict as he should have been, winked at it all, and —what do you suppose? Why, the next thing he knew he was head over ears in love with Mrs. Rickshaw himself. Robinson was supposed to be at Mentone. There he drew his money and from there all his letters were posted home, but he was living at the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo all the time, and spending his days at the Casino, with that woman for his companion. I never saw such luck as the fellow had at the tables. He won day after day, and the excitement kept him going. I don't think he had drawn a franc for months, and he had in ready cash something like four hundred thousand francs hidden away in his room, as the result of his gaming."

"The nurse," he continued, "was a poor man, as nurses usually are; and he began to fancy, after a while, that this woman, Mrs. Rickshaw, would prefer him if he had the money, and if Robinson were poor. Why, he asked himself, should she care for an invalid in preference to a hale, hearty fellow like himself, unless it was for the luxuries that the invalid could shower upon her? As time went on his passion grew. My God! what a terrible thing it is to get that bug in your brain! You can't think straight. You make yourself believe impossibilities. And—have you ever thought how much an invalid is in the power of his nurse?"

I told him that I had never considered the subject.

"I have," he added; "and what surprises me is that we don't hear of more instances of misplaced confidence in that direction. Why, it was the easiest thing in the world for that nurse to ——"

He hesitated, and then, for the first time, I began to suspect something.

"Oh, yes, he went on; "I beg your pardon, but my thoughts were wandering. There's not very much more of it. The nurse—that is to say, Robinson was found dead in his bed one morning. He had died of hemorrhage in the night. And the nurse—well, the nurse was not looking for a new birth just then. On the contrary, he was following Mrs. Rickshaw,who had instantly disappeared. He found her, I believe, in Lucerne, and if I know the story, he made violent love to her. The nurse was well provided with funds. He gave her very handsome presents. And then—Mrs. Rickshaw suspected. She not only suspected, but she accused, and she not only accused, but she wheedled out a confession. Even then she was not satisfied. She asked proofs; and when she had proofs—oh, the rest of the story is easy. She simply wished that miserable nurse to buy her silence. The nurse bought it, and when he had paid the price Mrs. Rickshaw was worth twelve thousand pounds sterling and the nurse was a pauper."

"Mrs. Rickshaw disappeared the next day. He tried to follow her,but he lost all trace, and from that time until—until one night he happened to see her here in the Jardin de Paris, he never set eyes on her."

"And what did he do then?" I asked, with as much nonchalance as I could assume.

"What did he do?" he repeated at last, with a determined ring in his voice. "What did he do? He followed her to her home and——" he caught his breath suddenly, and the last two words were hissed through his teeth—"killed her!"

"Killed her!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean? I saw her, and you saw her, not half an hour ago, with old Rosenbaum, the Vienna banker."

He laughed with a wild, weird, ghastly merriment.

"She is a dead woman, I tell you," he went on; "dead as the Pharaohs."

And then draining his glass, he rose to his feet.

All Paris was ringing next day with what the newspapers chose to style "The Mystery of the Rue Marbeuf."

A certain "Madame Reecksha," as they put it, had been strangled in her apartments at dawn, supposedly by a burglar, of whom the authorities had been able to discover no trace whatever.

Set of teeth without plate. Dr. H. G. Young, 1341 Polk Street.

Training

Is indispensable to athletic success. In training, much stress is laid upon diet; careful attention to the quantity and quality of the food eaten, with regularity of meals. That is the secret of strength for every man. No man can be stronger than his stomach. The careless and irregular eating, of business men, causes disease of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. There can be no sound health until these diseases are cured.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and enables the body to be built up into vigorous health by the assimilation of the nutrition extracted from food.

"I was taken with the grippe, which resulted in heart and stomach trouble," writes Mr. T. R. Candill, of Montland, Alleghany Co., N. C. "I was unable to do anything a good part of the time. I wrote to Dr. Pierce about my condition, having full confidence in his medicine. He advised me to take his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which I did. Before I had finished the second bottle I began to feel better. I have used nearly six bottles. I feel thankful to God for the benefit I have received from Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I can highly recommend it to all persons as a good and safe medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence

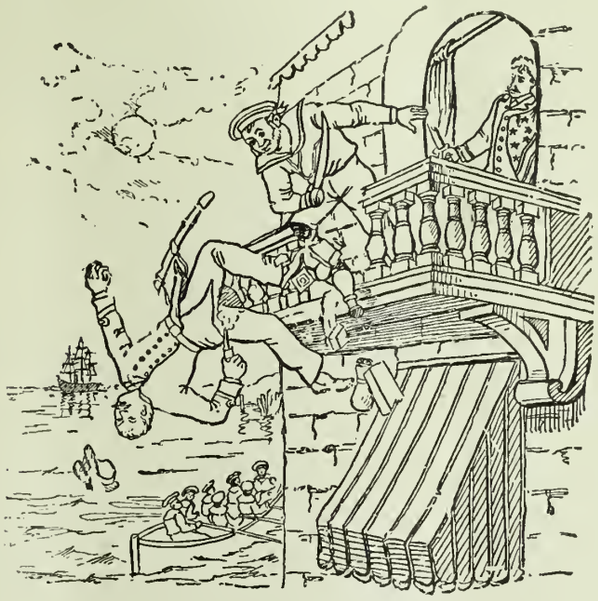
1021½ Market St. S. F. Cal.

Things Theatrical.

Vaudeville at its best will be offered at the Orpheum this coming week and the programme will include no less than four of Europe's greatest acts. The Molasso-Salvoggi troupe of Parisian dancers, the most renowned of their kind ever coming from the French capital, will make their first appearance here in the dances which have universally been the acme of all that is graceful, beautiful and bewildering. They will undoubtedly create a furore in this city. Alexandra Dagmar, who on her former visit to this country was pronounced the most stunning woman in vaudeville, comes direct from London with the latest and smartest costumes imaginable. Her statuesque figure and splendid voice are pleasantly and well remembered. Arras and Alice, the great European novelty team, who created such a sensation here a short time ago, will return for one week only. Their act is one of the most wonderful before the public, their rifle shooting being particularly fine it seemingly making little difference whether they are standing on their heads or feet—their marksmanship in either case is perfect. Hugh Stanton and Florence Modena, the eminent farceurs, will present Mr. Stanton's latest and brightest satire, "A Bargain Fiend," and Will H. Murphy and Blanche Nicholls will by request continue their hilarious absurdity, "The Bifurcated Girl." Ameta, the charming young spectacular dancer, will contribute new surprises and novel light effects, Ed. F. Reynard, the unequalled ventriloquist, will put new songs and quips into the mouths of his moving figures and the three Brooklyns will vary their musical drolleries. Among the many new pictures produced by the Biograph will be one showing the launching of the Shamrock II.

* * *

Wm. Haworth's great naval drama, "The Ensign" will be given an extravagant scenic revival at the Central Theatre next week. It will be the most elaborate production of this play ever given in San Francisco and the cast is an all star combination. James M. Brophy appears in his favorite role as the Ensign and will be supported by such stalwarts of the stage as Howard Scott, Wellard Blackmore, Frank McGidn, James Corrigan and others of equal standing Miss Juliet Crosby will be Alice Green and such favorite and popular actresses as Georgie Woodthrope, Blanche Douglass, and Georgie Cooper fill out the female roles. The scenic features are strong and picturesque and as there is always something about, a naval drama that fascinates theatre goers, it can be anticipated that the fifth week of the Brophy engagement will be marked by well-filled houses.



A SCENE FROM "THE ENSIGN."

* * *

Estafania Callamarini is a dramatic contralto of the very first rank. Not only does she posess a voice of magnificent range and power, but as an actress she has few equals in opera. Born in Ancona Italy, she made her professional debut when but seventeen years old, certainly a tender age to begin the arduous labor of an operatic artist. She is one of the few singers we have in this country who has stood the test of La Scala. She sang in this world renowned theatre in an opera composed for her by Mascagni, entitled, "Zanetto," a one act piece, in which she scored a triumph. She has also been a favorite with Massenet, the great French composer, and he taught her an opera of his composition, "Manon's Portrait." She has appeared in the principal Italian towns and in France,and her first visit to this continent was with Lombardi, touring the cities of Chile and Peru. With another company she went to Mexico, where her "Carmen, "the opera that made her famous in San Francisco, was received with cheers by the Mexicans. With the possible exception of Calve, her portrait of Carmen is unrivalled, and unless we are mistaken this artist will score another wonderful success when she appears at the Tivoli in the role of Amnaris in "Aida."

* * *

The Frawley Company, at the Grand Opera House, will give the last performance of Steele MacKaye's Paul Kauvar tomorrow (Sunday) evening. Enormous attendance has been in evidence at each performance of this stirring drama of the French Revolution. Mr. Frawley's next offering is to be "The Senator," the most successful of all comedies of American life and character. This delightful work is by David Lloyd and Sydney Rosenfeld. It will hold the stage for the week beginning Monday night. Mr. Frawley will himself appear in role which first brought him into prominence, that of Lieutenant George Schuyler, U. S. N., the simple minded, stuttering young sailor, whose almost every utterance is the signal for an outburst of laughter from the audience.

* * *

The secret of the speedy return of James K. Hackett to this country after he had been abroad less than a week on a trip planned for the larger part of the summer lay in Manager Charles Frohman's announcement that William Faversham was to present the play, "A Royal Rival," a week ahead of Mr.Hackett's "Don Cæsar's Return." Don Cæsar de Bazan is the hero of both plays. Mr. Hackett returned for fear that other moves were to be directed against him by the head of the syndicate. The young actor announced several months ago the opening date of his first production as an actor-manager, and from every standpoint but that of an overly crafty theatrical manager was entitled to an unhampered effort for success. Mr. Frohman, however, thought otherwise. Perhaps he did not like the idea that an actor should dare to be his own manager. His actions, at any rate, have bespoken a desire to crush Mr. Hackett, though the knowledge of his enmity is the best aid to popularity the actor could have. It may be,also, that the intended blow will fly backwards and hit Mr. Frohman's fledgeling star.

At The Theatres Next Week.

Columbia—Chauncey Olcott in Garrett O'Magh will be continued for another six days. Those who enjoy sweet singing should not fail to take this in.

Tivoli—On Monday night the season of grand opera will open. The first week will be given over to "Aida" and Rigaloletto.

Grand Opera House—Frawley and his company will put on "The Senator." This is Frawley's strong play; the one piece in which he made a ten strike.

Central—"The Ensign" is the next of the popular melodrama in which Mr. Brophy will appear. It is a good strong play and should make a hit with the public.

California—After having been closed for several weeks the California will open on Monday night with James Neill and his company in "The Case of Rebellious Susan." Mr. Neill is here for a seven weeks engagement.

Orpheum—Vaudeville. The bill this week is a good one and has the merit of being almost entirely new.

Alcazar—Florence Roberts in "The Adventures of Nell Gwynne." In the character of Nell, Miss Roberts is said to appear at her very best.

Mechanics Pavilion

Dr. H. J. Stewart

Will give two Farwell
Organ Recitals on the
STANFORD MEMORIAL ORGAN

Saturday Afternoon
July 27th, at 3

Monday Evening,
July 29th, at 8:15

Tickets 25c.

No Reserved Seats.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-312 Post Street

SOHMER SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR
PIANO AGENCY

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER

THE PRESS

Open all Night

—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—

Steam and Lager on draught

15 THIRD STREET

Next New Examiner Bld. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed

HORNLEIN & KRUMB

Phone Main 151

CAFE ROYAL

Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster

Formerly of Cliff House

Grand Hotel Cafe

New Montgomery St.

Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336

DON R. DUNBAR

Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes

N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood

"The Castle"

101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

The Old Government the perfection of Whisky.

BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY

PURE-AGED-WHOLESOME.

Used in the Medical Departments of the U.S. ARMY & NAVY SERVICE

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO. DISTRIBUTORS.

Beware of Imitations or refilled Bottles

—ESTABLISHED 1823—

WILSON WHISKY

—THAT'S ALL!

Bielenberg & Weniger

Sole Distributors

101-103 POWELL ST.,

San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

Femininity's Foibles.

Gowns and Gaming Tables

A whole week the Kentucky girl goes the Saratoga pace, including a visit to the Saratoga Club. A table was engaged three days ahead, in order that they might sit where the ladies could look into the gambling hall—for only men are allowed at the tables. Any well-dressed man, of seeming respectability, can come in and play. As in Monte Carlo, however, natives of the town, no matter how well-to-do, are not allowed to risk their money.

The scene that meets our friend's eye is as brilliant as a fashionable social gathering in Saratoga ought to be, and as a progressive euche party. She had expected to see wild-eyed young men tearing their hair and trying to shoot themselves—but instead, as she looks into the gambling hall from her seat in the dining-room, she beholds groups of silent men gathered around various tables, smoking and apparently not at all bothered by the money at stake. The dining-room is finished in green, mirrors on the walls, shaded lights, everything to make a perfect setting for gowns. Here women wear their very best and latest frocks, to be seen and to see. Thus they dawdle over champagne and chicken till three o'clock A. M. Here is the grande dame from New York, and the most famous beauty of the demi-monde—all here with their diamonds on their necks and their dollars on the gambling tables in yonder room, the money being placed for them by the men. The games are confined to roulette and faro. A few years ago the powers closed this and all other shady houses. Then the money-spending element fell off fifty per cent. The big hotels were half empty. The liverymen had to go out of business. The tradesmen closed their shops. The natives, in shutting up the wicked places, had cut off their sources of livelihood.

* * *

Women's University Club.

It cannot be doubted that college education makes women readier to organize and carry out enterprises on their own hook. For years there has been talk of a women's club in New York, and attempts have been made to start one, but without permanent success. It is gratifying that at last New York is to have a real club for women, with a real club-house, restaurant, library, bed-rooms, and everything that a woman's club ought to have, and the people who are going to start it and manage it are college-bred women. It is to be a Women's University Club, and the "Sun" says it has 482 members promised already. To be eligible to membership a woman must be a graduate of one of the colleges included in the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ. That association includes Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Bryn-Mawr, Radcliffe, Barnard, Cornell, Oberlin, Wesleyan, Syracuse, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Leland Stanford, Northwestern, Western Reserve, and the universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, and Chicago. The papers say the annual dues of this club are to be ten dollars for resident members, and five for non-resident members, and that members who join at the start will have no initiation fees to pay. But you cannot make bricks without straw, and you cannot—at least men cannot—run much of a club in New York on ten dollars a year. However, if the college women start their club, they will probably adapt the dues to the needs of their institution.

* * *

Society Life Made Easy.

Formal calls between women have always been considered more or less of a farce, even among the most rigid adherents to the practice. The task of making anywhere from a score to a hundred of these very brief visits per week, even when the "call" consists only of leaving a card at the door, is not to be lightly considered. London society people are patronizing a "social bureau" which advertises in certain society papers that it is "prepared to send out visiting-cards—the work undertaken by experienced ladies with accuracy and despatch—by coupe if desired."

The extent to which this enterprise may be developed affords opportunity for much cheerful conjecture. If "experienced ladies" can be engaged to send out visiting-cards, why may they not also be employed to attend dinners and balls and other social functions; to ride in the Park of spring afternoons; to shop; and even to attend church?

There seems really no limit to the scope of the work.

* * *

To Plead For Peace.

A recent cablegram from Cape Town, South Africa, says that Mrs. Louis Botha, wife of the well-known and successful Boer general of that name, is now on her way to Europe to plead with ex-President Kruger of the Transvaal to declare peace in England, and thus end the cruel and hopeless struggle which has already cost such a vast amount of blood and treasure.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate For Brain Workers.

Strengthens the exhausted and confused brain, relieves nervous headache, and induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,200,129.05
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29, 1901..... ...29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President... .Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President..H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.... .Wm. Herrmann
Secretary..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary .....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, Jan. 1, 1900.....$27,881,798
Reserve Fund..... 223,451
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 464,847

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier, R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

Loans upon San Francisco and Oakland Real Estate and Farms and Farming Lands in the country.

Receives deposits. Country remittances may be made in checks payable in San Francisco, Postoffice or Wells, Fargo & Co's Money Orders, or coin by Express, but the responsibility of this bank commences only with the receipt of the money. No charge is made for pass books or entrance fee.

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and Saturday evenings, for receipt of deposits only, 6:30 to 8 o'clock

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

The Continental Building and Loan Association

222 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Has for the six months ending June 30, 1901 declared a dividend of five per cent. per annum on all deposits.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary.

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stable

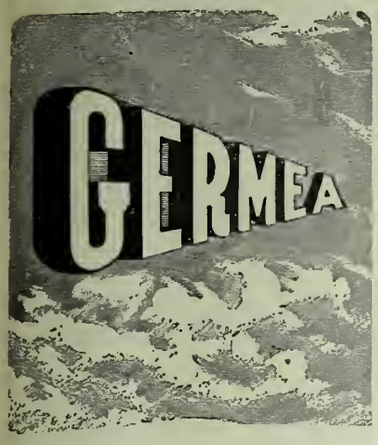
W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St., Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Deals in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 104



Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits..... $20.00
Pants..... 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

Over 200 Banks on this Coast

USE
SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER

Hale Brothers use 14 of them. Baker & Hamilton use 5 of them. Heald's Business College uses 26 of them. Used exclusively in the Telegraph Department and Sunset Freight Department. Art Catalogue Free.

L. & M. ALEXANDER CO.
110 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
Branches: Portland, Los Angeles, Seattle.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powel

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

RUMORS are queer things. They spring up out of thin air, as it were, and take on a seemingly concrete semblance that is only to be shaken by confronting the insidious importors with unpleasant, disconcerting facts. The past week has been "rumor week"; much as one would say "bargain week in gent's furnishings", or "red-letter week in foulards",or "premium week in kitchen specials".

This week's bargain list in rumors is very much to the sensational. The most important one, probably, is the report that Mr. Frederick Zech is to organize, conduct, and stand sponsor, financially, for a symphony orchestra which is to give the biggest symphonies a series of presentations in the most adequate manner, and covering a period of some months. This is a good hearing, as the Indians say. The history of symphonic San Francisco has ever been embodied in one word —failure. Financially, of course. Artistically, there have been productions here that we may point to with conscious pride. And there have been others. But that is another story. Back to our preface. We hope that the affair will go through; (not fall through,) San Francisco needs a symphony orchestra; it is the hall-mark of a metropolitan city, and without it, we ARE a jay town, indeed. We had Schell, and had not gumption enough to keep him; and now Philadelphia has appropriated twenty thousand dollars for an orchestra under his baton. Dear me! The next rumor is delightfully vague. If we may believe in it, "Mr." Brugiere, (which one, no one knows,) is to found and endow an institution to be known, approximately, as a School of Music. That is all that is known. Who is to conduct it, manage it, or instruct in it, is left to uneasy conjecture. Here is another gaping receptacle for our spare hopes. Hoping is cheap and public-spirited no end, if you do it audibly; so let us hope vociferously and long, and much good may it do us.

"They say" that Elmer de Pue is returning to take in the Bohemian Club Jinks, and, incidentally, sing again for us. I shall never forget the concert he gave when he returned from his first trip East. Of course all his friends in the smart set were there, and Elmer was out to create the impression of his life. His appearance was "the signal for a storm of applause" (as the other weeklies say,) and after a graceful compromise between a friendly nod to his friends and a formal bow to the rest of the money, he struck a fascinating attitude between the piano and a chair which an instrumentalist had inadvertently left there, and proceeded to sing. After a few bars he was so carried away by his fervor of interpretation, that the chair was tipped over and fell clattering to the stage. Fatal accident! He reached wildly for it, and sent it bumping a few yards further. Another dash, and he seized the unoffending chair and set it on its legs with a resounding and indignant bang. That settled it. The audience was in tears of hysterical enjoyment from that moment, and greeted each subsequent appearance of the unhappy Elmer with audible titters.

And now, R. Fletcher Tilton is married. Congratulations, Fletcher; and to your wife, congratulations. Everybody knows and likes R. Fletcher Tilton. He is a most entertaining companion, a thorough musician, and, without exception, the best accompanist for singers that this city has ever boasted. His wife was a Miss Edith Anderson. Good-bye Fletcher old man; good-bye to the famous old evenings the "gang" were wont to spend in the Dutch Room of the Press Club. We shall miss you, but we will never forget you. (Sounds as if you were dead, doesn't it?)—Lo, now is the bitter, bitter day when the willing and indefatigable "Johnnie" finds a beauteous quarry snatched from beneath his very eyes in the very commencement of a noble chase. In other words, a certain beauty of the Tivoli feminine forces, and who has lately assumed a part of some importance, has ruthlessly dashed the hopes of the ever sanguine "Johnny", by taking up, exclusively, with a certain prominent male of the species who was the bright particular star of a resent production, there. The quarry was one of such unusual attractiveness, that the blow was all the more prostrating. It is even whispered that orange-blossoms will not be wanting to crown the humiliation. I will not mention any names; those interested will know to whom I refer, all to quickly. Before his departure eastward, Mr. H. J. Stewart will give two organ recitals on the Stanford organ in the Mechanics Pavillion. The date is Saturday the twenty-seventh; afternoon and evening, and the admission is but twenty-five cents. Mr. Stewart is too much of an artist for any one to neglect this opportunity, (the last), of hearing him. Boston's gain is our loss.—I have just finished reading "Ten Lessons in Singing" by Madame Marchesi; and I warn everybody "so dispoged" not to buy it. It is two hundred pages of the crassest stupidity and most arrant flub-dub. There is not sufficient instruction in it for one two-minute lesson. It is a solid mass of mushy, simpering self-praise. "At such an age, my dear, dear pupils, I was this; on such an occasion, my darling little disciples, I was indeed "It" and carry seven. All that is necessary for you, is to buy ALL my books, and you cannot fail to become "It", and carry (at least) five." So why be a fish forever?

Songs worth adding to your repertory or library:—"The Thought of You" by Charles Dennee. Published by Arthur P. Schmidt. "The Song of Sir Giles" by Charles Willeby. Published by The John Church Co.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Fifty years of success prove these troches the simplest and best remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, Bronchial and Lung Troubles.
In boxes—never sold in bulk.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

BECAUSE
I am located on the 6th floor of the Academy of Science Building, is the very reason why I am able to
Save you 33⅓ per cent
on Eyeglasses and Spectacles.
Furthermore, my glasses are the best. I fit them correctly after careful examination, and my prices are positively the lowest in San Francisco.
No Charge for Eye Examination.
E. MAXWELL REFRACTING OPTICIAN
Room 42, Academy of Science Bld.
819 Market St., San Francisco

Telephone Green 248
Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .
115 GEARY STREET
Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome materials kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

Cotton Sail Ducks
Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.
Murphy, Grant, Co.

Among the Authors.

OF PUBLISHING—Nowadays no one need write a book and have it go without a publisher—if he has the wherewithal. Every author his own publisher is the motto of the Grafton Press, whose reorganization was noticed in these columns last week. This house is making a specialty of this style of publishing and particularly of works for private circulation. The work they turn out is really beautiful, so if publishers object or editors find unavaible, send the treasured M. S. with a suitable check to the Grafton—note the name—Press, care of The Wave, and it will be printed and marketed for you regardless.

* * *

OF HERALDRY—"Heraldry has played a large part in confirming and perpetuating the history of a man's descent, and the quarterings of the Herald are still, as in the past, used to record his ancestry in unmistakeable terms. In a large majority of cases it will be found that American families have "borne arms" and that there are means of establishing the right to bear arms, though this right, through the vicissitudes of fortune or the restless ambition of ancestors, may have been lost sight of."

So reads the announcement of "Matthews' American Armory and Blue Book" which we are told has upwards of seven hundred coats of arms of Americans entitled thereto. There may be some who regard the matter of coats of arms and crests as of a piece with the fictitious titles of nobility current among us, but heraldry has always this in its favor, that it has an independent historical value. Whatever else may be said of the American Armory, it will appeal to the curious.

* * *

CALVERLEY—McMillans announce a complete edition of Calverley's works. The first volume has just come to my desk. The Oxford poet is one of those who will always be admired by a certain cult. His cleverness as a versifier of society verse makes him as readable today as when his rhymes first appeared.

LURTON.

* * * * *

"The Bunkum Book." An oblong 4to. volume of drawings in color with funny verses by Aubrey Hopwood. The illustrations by Maud Trelawny.

* * *

"Gobbo Bobo: the two-eyed Griffin." A new book of fairy tales by Herbert E. Inman, author of "The One-eyed Griffin," "The Owl King," etc. Introduces the legendary and historic characters of old and new London, who come to life when "Big Ben" strikes thirteen. A delightful mix-up.

* * *

"Nonsense Songs," by Edward Lear, author of "The Book of Nonsense." An entirely new edition with very clever drawings, in color and in black and white, by L. Leslie Brooke, who is fast becoming recognized as a very able delineator of humor for children.

* * *

"Prince Cherry Heart." A new story for children by Norley Chester.

* * *

The Magazines.

Scribner's.

The August Fiction Number of "Scribner's" will exhibit at their best the remarkable artists who have been developed and encouraged to do their best work by this magazine. Walter Appleton Clark, Howard Chandler Christy, F. C. Yohn, Maxfield Parrish, Everett Shinn, W. Glackens and Henry McCarter are among the artists represented in this issue. There is also a beautiful colored cover by Albert Herter.

* * *

Leslie's.

Readers who remember with pleasure "The Sky Pilot," "Red Pottage," "The Amatuer Cracksman," and "Hosts of the Lord," will be interested to know that "Leslie's Monthly for August contains stories by the authors of all these volumes. The August number opens with a novelette of remarkable power and originality, entitled "Miss Sylvester's Marriage," written by Cecil Charles. Miss Sylvester, the neice of a society leader in New York, has some of the wild blood of the South American Spaniard in her veins, and she is fascinated by Count Geraldina, a daring adventurer, who claims to be worth millions as the beneficiary of a pearl fishery concession.

The highly diverting history of a social struggler is related in "Ghosts in Naumkeag," by W. B. Cohen, and other stories are "The Price of Admission," by Felicia Goddard; "The Sunflower Girl," by Justus Miles Forman; "Orchids or Arbutus?" by Katrina Trask; "In the Matter of a Watchman," by Guy Somerville; "Taken at the Flood," a $100 prize story, by Beulah Downey Hanks.

Americanizing Foreigners

The Colonial Dames of Illinois have appropriated fifteen hundred dollars to establish in the University of Chicago a five-year scholarship in American history. The students who are to be the beneficiaries are to be selected from the Freshman and Sophomore classes, and are to pledge themselves to do certain patriotic work among the foreign population in a designated district. This is in direct line with similar effort of other patriotic societies, notably that of New York State D. A. R. To Americanize the foreigners within our borders is work of the highest patriotism.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y.C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON In each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

LOW SUMMER EXCURSION RATES EAST

Southern Pacific

offers those low round trip rates:

ON SALE		ROUND TRIP
August 20–21	Louisville,	77.50
August 22–23, September 5–6	Buffalo,	87.00
September 5–6	Cleveland,	82.50

These rates apply from California main-line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of routes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions—

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Aug 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m. July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 30, Aug. 4, and every fifth day thereafter. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m. July 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Aug. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles)

Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m., steamer State of California Wednesday s 9a. m.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and *Newport, (*Corona only)—Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.

Steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Th n Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

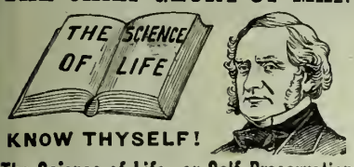
Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Fran cisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, **FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT,** copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, **FREE OF CHARGE,** send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRED.
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

Telephone Private Exchange 14

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS
DEALERS IN *Paper*
416-436 Sansome St, 419-421 Clay St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

TEL. GREEN 12.
CHAS. P. DROLLA
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal.
All legal business promptly attended to
Practices in all State and U. S. Courts

Told in Rhyme

Dawn at Venice.

One hurnished cloud first turned a jagged prow—
The conscious water nestled deep among
Her murky gondolas, that, how on how,
Freighted with shadows, at the molo swung.

Soon palace and canal paled into sight,
Fainting as watchers whose long vigil wanes;
Till Dawn's approach across the waves of night
Flushed the rose hlood in sleeping Venice's veins.

Then up the dazzling steps that lead to God,
One radiant sunheam and a lone white dove
Santa Maria's holy threshold trod—
A shrine of morning lit hy Light and Love!

Loud warned the chime to mass o'er quay and home—
Calling soft flocks of doves to meet the day
'Mid sculptured saints and angels round the dome,
While market women followed in to pray.
—Martha Gilbert Dickinson in Scrihner's.

* * *

Accepted.

BY ROY FARRELL GREENE.

There's a flush on her cheek and the light in her eye
Gleams triumph, her hands shows a deep agitation,
You could not guess whether a laugh or a cry
Would first hring her heart to its normal pulsation.
He left her a moment ago, and 'tis plain
A-something he said brought this flurry ahout,
Left joyful tears sparkling her lashes like rain,
And something called all of those sweet hlushes out.

Another proposal! ah, fortunate maid
To thus in your hand for a moments' hrief span
Hold that which too often's the hasis of trade,
The future, amhitions and hopes of a man!—
But this as a love-scene was never designed,
'Twas a business deal not a pledging of hearts,
Her theatrical manager called, and she signed
A three-months engagement in vaudeville parts.

* * *

"Up with the Blue!"

BY WALLACE BRUCE.

Down with the Crimson, and up with the Blue.
Lads of the Diamond, the Gridiron and Crew!
Jolly dehaters of logic and lore,
Jollier trainers of hrawn at the oar,
Up with the colors of Old Elihu,
Give to the breezes the hanner of Blue!

Io triumphe! Hurrah for the boys,
Solid in grit and avoirdupois!
Yale to the front for muscle and brain;
Shake out your hanner, Old Eli, again!
Hark to the echo on river and shore,
Look to your laurels and bend to the oar!

Here's to the hlend of the Old and the New,
All the world over is turning to you;
Brothers afar on sea and on shore,
Watching to catch the gleam of your oar;
Quick to the signal! Swing to it, boys!
Furnish the muscle! We'll furnish the noise.

Pull to the rhythm of swift-beating hearts,
Pull to the cheering that courage imparts,
Pull for the fair eyelids that moisten with dew,
Pull for the girls that are praying for you!
Fling wide the hanner of Old Elihu,
Down with the Crimson, and up with the Blue!

* * *

Appreciation.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Soon the rose, full-hlown and gay,
From the hough will fade away;
But it tosses, brightly glowing,
Brimming with the joy of knowing
That it hlows and hlooms—today.

Frenchman Wanted *The* Poker Chips.

A young Frenchman, recently arrived in this country, found himself a pleasant boarding place in East Blank street, where most of the boarders were of long residence and were well acquainted—almost as members of a family. The Frenchman was a bright, intelligent, gentlemanly fellow, and was taken into full fellowship very soon. One night a little poker game was started—a "penny ante" game, or something of the kind. The Frenchman took to it very quickly and found it very fascinating. The next day he determined to purchase for himself a poker outfit to take back with him to France when he should return. So he went to a large department store down Sixth avenue and asked if they had some "sheeps."

"Upstairs," said the polite clerk, "in the toy department."

The young man went up two floors, and again asked for "sheeps."

"Over in the far corner," said the floor-walker.

When he reached the counter to which he had been directed a young woman to whom he made his wants known showed him a number of wooden sheep, with wool fastened on them.

"Pardon; eet ees not zase I want, I weesh 'sheeps.'"

"Well, these are certainly sheep," said the young woman, "and they are very good sheep." Then a new idea came to her, and she added: "Of course, if you want something cheaper, you will find some tin animals over at that other counter," pointing across the room.

"But it is not 'sheeps' I want, but 'sheeps.' I want not 'sheeps' ze animals, but 'sheeps.' to play wiz.

"My dear, sir, these are 'sheep to play with!'"

The poor man was growing distressed, when a second girl came to the rescue. "I know what you want," she said. "Come with me."

He went with her, and she piloted him over to a counter on which were piled miniature ships, yachts and so forth.

"There you are!" she exclaimed, triumphantly.

"But it is no, not zis! It is 'sheeps' zat I want."

By this time it began to be the general impression on the floor that the man was crazy, and this was strengthened by his explanation that he wanted the 'sheeps' for his 'aunties!'

"They must keep a boarding house," whispered one girl to another, "and he has mistaken this for a grocery."

But the sophisticated man overheard the Frenchman's last remark, and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I think I understand what you want—poker chips, isn't it?"

"Surelee! Sheeps for pokeair! Zat ees eet!"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original.) *Sample free.* GERHARD MENNEN Co., Newark, N. J.

HARRY NIEMANN

The Old "Tivoli" Favorite

Desires to Inform his Friends and the Public in general that his new

SHIRT FACTORY

is now open and ready for business. Harry will be found at the store

719

Emma Spreckels Bldg.,

every day ready to receive his customers

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, bootblacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramento St.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions** of **mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

TABLE TOOLS
and all other Household Silverware when polished with

have the greatest brilliancy and retains that brilliancy longest. Scratching or wearing impossible.
Grocers and Druggists.
Trial quantity post-paid for the asking.
THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., NEW YORK

Occidental Hotel
For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas
Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.
American and European Plan
Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

Lombardi's Restaurant
43 Stockton Street
Telephone Clay 491 San Francisco, Cal.
Try our 25c French Dinner, the best in the city.

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MAIN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC
AND OTHER DISEASES
CURED
Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application. Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST. near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

Borrowed Plums

Clearly an Impostor.

"I am indeed glad to learn," remarked the stranger, who had secured a night's lodging at the home of the whole-souled Methodist farmer on the ground of being a member of the same church, "I am glad to learn, I repeat, that the parish in this settlement is in so prosperous a condition, temporally and spiritually."

"John Wesley," called out the farmer to his eldest son, "saddle the stranger's horse. He's talking about a Methodist 'parish.' Good-by, sir. I've got no ill-will agin you, but you're a fraud."

* * *

Back Action Philosophy.

When I muse on Pierpont Morgon,
And his trust,
I reflect that, after all, he's
Made of dust,
And will turn to dust again—
Which is natural, but then
I should like to be Pierp. Morgan
With his dust.

When I think of Albert Edward
With his throne,
To comment upon his worries
I am prone;
And I cite the restless bed,
And uneasy royal head,
But—I'd like to lose some slumber
On a throne.

It is easy, very easy,
To observe.
How one's philosophic notions
Strike a curve.
Gold and glory are not all,
But we listen for their call.
To decline such things we haven't
Got the nerve.
—Baltimore *American.*

* * *

Going Against the Grain.

"But don't you see," observed the argumentative person, "you are setting up a man of straw, and—"

"Not at all, sir," broke in the disputatious individual, whose fervor of contradition was greatly heightened by the circumstance that he had never heard of a man of straw before, "the man I had in mind was Secretary Hay."

* * *

A Street Scene.

Child: "Oh, mother, stop; I want tolook at that man just run over by the car."

"Come along, do! There will be another presently, a little further on."

* * *

The Current Discussion.

Dr. Yungun—"No, sir; I do not approve of admitting others than the physician to the sick room. If the physician understands his business, he can prepare the patient for the hereafter."—Baltimore *American.*

* * *

Makes a Difference.

Tommy (surprised)—"Why, papa, I thought that one spoonful of sugar was always enough for my coffee?"

Tommy's Papa—"This is a restaurant, my son; take all the sugar you want."

* * *

"Many are opposed to the sexes studying together, but there goes a man who has made a success of joint education."

"Who is he?"

"One of our leading dancing masters."—*Philadelphia Times.*

* * *

He—"I have been lucky in love three times."

She—"How?"

He—"My first sweetheart became a nun, my second married another man, and my third became my wife."—*Heitere Welt.*

PALACE HOTEL
Every feature connected with the management of this hotel was introduced for the purpose of adding to the comfort, convenience and entertainment of guests.
The policy of providing luxuries such as we have made the Palace famous will continue in force, and innovations, calculated to still further increase its popularity, will be introduced.
Desirable location, courteous attaches, unsurpassed cuisine, and spacious apartments are the attributes that have made the Palace the ideal place for tourists and travelers who visit San Francisco.
American plan. European plan.

New Importations of Millinery
Being Constantly Received
Calimberti
MODES DE PARIS
240 Post Street below Stockton,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.
California Northwestern R'y
The Picturesque Route of California.
Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips
On SUNDAYS
HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip
From SAN FRANCISCO To
St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland, Guerneville, Schellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.
No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.
TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY
Ticket Offices—650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.
H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

A WISE PRECAUTION
BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

CALIFORNIA STATE
The Library

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 10. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

A BREAK-DOWN.

An Incident of the Teamsters' Strike.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—August 3, 1901.

The Strike Epidemic.

Regarded in one light, the strike epidemic now rampart in San Francisco is an unpleasant neccessity. It had to come. The trial of strength between the capitalist and the laborer occured in the East long ago. Both sides fought the question out through disastrous walk-outs and lock-outs and riots and conflicts until they found what a terrible thing a strike can be when it comes close to home and how much it costs both the parties involved and the innocent community. Here, the easy, happy-go-lucky business method has hitherto prevented any real clash. The railroad strike of 1893 was no exception, since it did not have its beginning here. Now we are involved in a complex fight which is taxing the resources on both sides. Our infant industries are having their measles.

Nevertheless, it came at a most unfortunate time. It strikes just when city and coast are awakening to the new commerce which followed in the wake of our war with the Philippines, just when all classes should be working together to put San Francisco in the way of becoming the commercial mistress of the Pacific, just when an active and enterprising rival at the North is waiting to take advantage of any slip on our part. So long as it affected only the general prosperty of the city, it had not achieved the worst result, but now it has tied up the biggest ship-building plant in California, blocked all the shipping along the water-front and impeded the handling of California's chiefest export—fruit. That, too, in the height of our short fruit season and at a time when a bad season in the East has given our growers the best prices and demand current for years. In most strikes, the capitalists rely on power and resource and the laborers on solid or-organization, but in this one the capitalist party has also an organization as strong and stubborn as the most closely amalgamated labor union.

It matters little who is to blame. It matters little who caused it. Every day lost at such a period in the city's growth means the loss of millions to the industries of the city that is to be. And whoever is to blame in the first instance, both sides are now to blame for the stubborn attitude which prevents a peaceable solution.

* * *

The burden of responsibility weighs heavily upon one man. This is Jefferson Davis Pierce, national organizer of the American Federation, sent to the coast early in the year with the avowed purpose of "unionizing San Francisco." He is not a heavy figure in the present situation, the movement having gone too far to be handled by a man of his caliber, but he started the small disturbances which called the attention of other labor agitators to their opportunities in San Francisco, got the laboring classes into a striking mood, and were back of that close federation of employers which renders the existing situation so hard and fast and so difficult of solution. The trades of the city were ready for trouble, needed just such a demagogue as but it Pierce to set it going. In none of the strikes which he inspired was any real grievance the question at stake. The "union principle" the "union card "was the point at which the unions, under his advice and guidance, stuck to the very last. By holding to that point, the first two strikes, those of the cooks and waiters and the butchers, were completely lost, union card and all, and the strikers sent back to work under worse conditions than prevailed before Pierce came upon the scene. In the meantime, the employers of the city, seeing the Pierce danger looming up before them, formed the close federation known as the Employers' Association and, made confident of the easy victory in two fights, repaid double the insolence of the uuion. Hence the paralysis of all San Fransco's shipping industry and the tie-up of business in city and section.

Pierce may be an honest man, although some of his monthly expense bills to the American Federation would indicate that he is not; he may be sincere, although the difference between the high-mined exposition of union principles in his published statements and the "kill the scab" hooliganism of his speeches in the closed union meetings point strongly to the contrary. But reformer or demagogue, honest man or scoundrel, he has done more to injure the city, present and future, than any other one man since Dennis Kearney.

A Just Verdict.

If the Naval Court of Inquiry now convening at Washington had power and authority to punish the newspapers and "historians" keeping up the controversy over the bravery of Admirals Sampson and Schley, they might render a verdict in accordance with the equity and justice of the case. Stripped to the bald facts, here is the situation:

A brave and efficient admiral plans a naval battle. He absents himself on neccessary business at a time when there seems but slight chance that the fight will be brought to a head. The hostile fleet suddenly joins battle. His subordinate, also a brave and efficient officer, takes command, and wins a complete and overwhelming victory. One planned; the other executed. Both plan and execution succeeded.

Then the naval "knockers" animated by that beautiful esprit de corps which brought the Dreyfus scandal on France, got to work. The yellow newspaper syndicate, seeing a chance for an indirect slam at the administration, joined in on the side of the subordinate, and the sensationalists on the other side took up the side of the admiral. Some one discovered that the subordinate made a false turn in the course of the battle. It was laid forthwith to cowardice. Some one evolved the theory that the commander need not have absented himself on the comparatively unimportant mission of conferring with the commander of the army concerning the co-operation of both arms of the service. This was laid to incompetence.

Both sides were right. The warring admirals were both cowards when, through moral fear that they might be called cowards, they permitted their sensational political followers to drag them into the controversy. Let the naval board find the admirals guilty of moral cowardice and the yellow newspapers guilty of treason. It would be an unsusual verdict, but one in accordance with the best sentiment and interest of the American people.

Education a Peace Promoter.

"Education is a greater promoter of peace than all the business in the world," says "Frank Leslie's" in a recent editorial, quoting from a speech of Ambassabor Jules Cambon delivered at Chicago, and the saying is eminently wise, timely and true.

"America's magnificent public school system and its host of well-equipped and richly endowed colleges and seminaries are the best guarantees the nation possesses, or can possess, of its future peace and stability. More than its inexhaustible mines of gold and iron, more than its vast and ever-increasing number of manufactories and railway systems, its agricultural resources, and other wealth-producing agencies, do these public schools and other institutions of learning stand for the things that promise strength, perpetuity, and tranquility to the American republic. The teacher is, after all, the greatest of peacemakers. Breadth of view, refined sensibilities, enlarged sympathy, lofty and ennobling sentiment, a higher range of thought and feeling—all these and other things developed by a true educational process count against a resort to the cruelties and barbarities of war. As a people rise in the scale of a genuine intellectual development, so must they as surely grow less and less inclined to the ways of blood and carnage. Because of this, our Carnegies and Rockefellers, our Morgans, Pratts, Stanfords and Coopers, with their munificent benefactions for libraries and schools, are building even better than they know. They may deservedly rank among the great emancipators and apostles of peace. Trade relations and business exigencies, as M. Cambon says, will not prevent future wars among civilized nations. But the spread of education, of enlightenment, can and will bring about a day when war shall be no more. As America leads all the world in the excellence and popularity of her educational system, so this nation is destined to be the leading factor in the solution of international disputes and the promotion of universal peace."

General manager Kruttschnitt of the Southern Pacific says that that the ferry-boat bar must go, the Wholesale Liquor Dealer's Association says, it must not, President Hays, to whom the matter has been referred, refuses to say anything, and meanwhile the passengers of the Oakland boats, who have not been consulted in the matter, are saying "when."

The British Society for Correcting the Abuses of Public Advertising, known abroard as "Scapa" for short, is directing a movement toward this country. The leaders, in looking over the field, have discovered that America, in spite of her bad reputation, has no greater area of unsightly advertising signs than Great Britain. The thing that makes the "Scapa" hold up their hands in horror is the irreverent choice of subjects for brands and trade-marks.

The usual objection urged at home to our bill-board advertising is that it disfigures our cities. That according to the "Scapa," is only half of the evil; the other half and more is the degradation and cheaping of what we are supposed to hold in most reverence. The advertising fiend appeals to our attention by picturing things which we respect. Thus a chewing gum shrieks for public notice by portraying a lad and his bonnie lass clashed in each other's arms in all the ecstacies of first love, their ill-drawn goo-goo eyes popping out at each other. To compete with this horror a rival gum exhibits the features of its imbecile inventor in dimensions differing from the size of a thumb-nail to the size of a house. Cigars being a somewhat heavier disippation than chewing gum, go a few better. Chauncey Depew in the act of making an after-dinner speech may be had for the sum of five cents. The great Napolean does perennial sentenel duty for another " good after-dinner smoke." Now medicines have adopted this outrageous custom of christening themselves after good men and great. The sad face of the Martyr President beams reproachfully down from the poster of a remedy guaranteed to tone the system to concert pitch.

How long will it be ere the whole Heavenly Host is pressed into similiar service?

* * *

The murder of Jew Do Hong at the hands of Jew Lin Ong, in Chinatown last week, throws a sidelight on the Chinese attitude toward white man's justice. The case in itself is a dramatic one. The victim, a fifteen-year-old boy, was the son of a man who had beaten the murderer at law. Lin Ong was fresh from China, where the fancied wrong was committed, and had crossed the ocean in order to take the life of his enemy's son.

Usually, no Chinaman, be he the closest friend of the victim, can be forced to testify against a Chinese murderer. The brother of the dead will lay for the criminal and hatchet him at his earliest opportunity, meanwhile swearing before the courts to the innocence of the accused. But in this case every Chinaman who saw the crime hastened to tell all he knew. The boy's uncle, Wah Kit, interpreter at the Jackson-street Theater and a Chinese of the Chinese, was the first to volunteer the information which led to the arrest of the munderer at Napa. No Caucasian would have been more ready to act with the authorities.

In the fact that the offender was just two weeks from China lies the difference between this and other Chinese cases. He had not yet found a place in the politics of Chinatown, and committed his crime while outside of a tong. Fear of vengeance from friend, tong-brother and clan, and not prejudice against our law, is the thing which ties the tongues of Chinese in the presence of our courts.

Through the Week

The Police Department comes out of the Teamsters' strike with a record worth mentioning. At the beginning of hostilities the times were ripe for rioting and general trouble. Three months of petty quarreling between the two economic classes and of little, disagreeable strikes had paved the way for trouble in the big general strike along the waterfront and business district. The hoodlum element, which finds opportunity in just such disturbances, was ripe for trouble. The end of last week was marked by a dozen small disturbances, any one of which might have developed into serious outbreaks of mob violence but for the determined action of the police. The least show of violence was met by a fearless use of fists and clubs, and this in spite of the fact that the police force in general sympathizes with the strikers rather than with the persons whose property they are supposed to be protecting. To check these small riots by going alone into the mob and punishing the leaders is a thing which takes courage, seeing that no one knows better than a policeman the uncertain mind of the mob. When this courage is not backed by conviction, it is doubly creditable.

The whole face of the wholesale district has been changed by the strike; the curbing usually crowded with teams has been almost vacant, while the sidewalks have been piled high with accumulated freight. The police, afoot and mounted, have been everywhere, keeping watch over the storm centers, guarding non-union men at work, escorting those drivers considered in especial danger. One truck has attracted more than passing attention. It is driven by a ten-year-old boy, who has been pressed into service in the struggle for drivers. Beside him, on all his rounds, sits a six-foot policeman taking care of the rig. He never takes the reins, as that would be against the ethics of the profession, but he has been observed, on a pinch, to give his fatherly advice to the small teamster.

* * *

The lower end of California street is one of the hot-beds of the strike, and is pretty closely watched by the police. In spite of their vigilance, strikers sometimes get through the lines and make trouble. On the second day of the disturbance, a colored non-union teamster driving a large dray left his team for a moment. When he returned he found three burly strikers on the front seat of his rig. He ordered them off. They refused, whereupon he drew his watch and said:

"I give you three minutes to come down."

The strikers made no move to obey, and promptly on time the negro whipped out two six-shooters and brought them to the business level. It is needless to say that the men in front of the guns jumped down and scattered.

As the teamster was about to drive away a bystander said to him:

"It's a wonder you're not afraid to take risks on a gun play."

"Afraid!" said the negro. "Why, boss, I handed a gun two years in the Philippines for $15.60 a month, so why should I be afraid for $5 a day?"

We are not the only people who are divided in opinion upon our war heroes. Mr. Balfour, the Government leader in the English House of Commons, in a recent speech eulogized Lord Roberts and proposed a resolution granting the Field Marshal £100,000 for his services in South Africa. The Opposition speakers in replying declared that "Bobs" conducted his campaign with cruelty, that the continuance of the war is the sure mark of his failure, and generally proved him to be ignorant of his trade. Now when the Sampson-Schley controversy is mentioned, we need no longer blush alone.

* * *

American athletes have won so often from our British cousins of late years, that all but the most extravagantly patriotic should be willing to concede them superiority in their one point of undoubted supremacy, rowing. Under those circumstances, this statement in the "Saturday Review" of the British view on the late Henley regatta must be taken as fair, impartial, and giving to our oarsmen their just due:

A necessary element in all athletic contests is that the competition should be a fair one, and if the English oarsmen find that their possession of the Grand Challenge Cup is seriously to be threatened, as it was last week, they will be driven—however distateful it may be—to take steps to place themselves in a position to compete on even terms with a crew such as that of the Pennsylvania University. The Pennsylvania crew, or at any rate six of them, had been rowing together for nearly four years. By this means they had attained a high degree of uniformity, and had abnormally developed the muscles of the legs and arms, the only muscles upon which the American style of rowing apparently relies. In these circumstances they resolved to attempt to upset the hitherto unvanquished supremacy of British oarsmanship at Henley. With this object in view they underwent, for six months or more, a special preparation for this one event and arrived at the post in a condition fit to propel their boat as fast as a boat can be propelled by the "leg piston" stroke to which American coaches cling with such tenacity.

Who were the opponents they had to meet and what was the preparation they had undergone? Let us take first the crews of the Metropolitan clubs. Their members are men who are engaged in business in London, and who devote their leisure in the evenings to the recreation of rowing. In the spring of each year crews are made up of the best available oarsmen in the club to compete for the Grand and Stewards Challenge Cups at Henley, and several men row both in the Eight and the Four. These crews practice in the evenings after long days at office desks, and it is sometimes as late as seven o'clock before they are afloat. Ten days or a fortnight before the regatta they take a holiday and devote their whole time to getting into condition.

We owe our victory to the painstaking determination which enabled the Leander men to shake more or less together in the last few days and to the fact that the crew consisted of eight strong, good-plucked Englishmen who by rowing in proper style were able to use every ounce of their weight and strength as opposed to a crew which was a perfectly regulated machine working on unscientific principles; but the race was in no sense a fair trial of strength between English and American rowing.

Persons, Places and Events.

Stevenson's First Sponsor.

The sudden and probably fatal illness of Count Leof Tolstoi, dean of letters in Russia and the world, will be a heavy disappointment to the literary world of London. He was expecting to make an autumn visit, with a possible view of remainining until a change in the political complexion of affairs at home should give him the opportunity to carry on his work, cut off by the action of the Russian Synod in excommunicating him. This exercise of arbitrary power has had the effect of binding closer together his friends and followers. Further, it has resulted in the production of a somewhat remarkable book, the "Letters" of his devoted wife, hitherto not regarded as partaking of her husband's genius.

English men of letters have almost forgotten that Tolstoi discovered for the British public one of the three greatest English men of letters of the past decade. Before it had been out a month, Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" found its way to Tolstoi's shelves. He recognized its quality and recommended it warmly to his friends. It was at a time when Tolstoi was being heavily advertised throughout the world. His recommendation was quoted in England, made the most of by publishers, and became the foundation of Stevenson's first success.

A Royal Clean-Up.

King Edward is said to have been considerably annoyed by the report that his late determination to sell great quantities of curios, furniture and odds and ends accumulated in the royal palaces during the lifetime of his mother was caused by pecuniary embarrassment. It is whispered that the speedy denial entered by the London newspapers and the correspondents of the American dailies was the result of a quiet little tip from court. The fact is that King Edward's taste is fortunately better than that of Victoria. A woman whose favorite novelist was Marie Correlli could not be expected to have high taste in paintings or in furnishings. As a consequence, the palaces and cottages of the late sovereign became loaded with expensive, but hideous bric-a-brac and furnishings and with paintings whose only claim to notice was their price. Edward, on the other hand, has excellent taste and artistic appreciation. He has ordered inventories made of all paintings and furnishings in the royal residences and is daily going over the list striking out those which he desires to be sold. Paintings in especial are falling under the ban, causing joy among the painters and art dealers of Great Britain, who realize that these will have to be replaced and that if the substitution is made according to the king's taste it will cost him hundreds of thousands of pounds.

A Distinguished Iroquois.

The statement that Frederick Starr, professor of anthropology in the University of Chicago, is an Iroquois Indian, will doubtless be received with a shrug of incredulity as another Chicago-professor newspaper canard.

The explanation is found in the fact that Professor Starr is only an Iroquois by adoption, and not by birth, having been taken into the tribe with due ceremony a few months ago. This signal honor was conferred upon the professor because of the ardent affection entertained for him by the Iroquois, with whom he has spent months at a time studying their history, laws, language and customs. Professor Starr is an enthusiast in his chosen field of study and research—that of anthropology—and when he wants to understand an alien race he adopts the simple mothod of going among them and adopting their life for a period, so far as he can do so. A year ago he went among the Iroquois on their reservation near Syracuse, N. Y., and not only learned much of their curious and romantic history, but formed a strong attachment for these industrious and intelligent descendants of a tribe famed in American history for their strength, bravery and prowess. When adopted by the tribe Professor Starr was given the name of Hai-ye-sat-ha, which, being interpreted, means "The wisest speaker in the council." He was assigned as a member of the Turtle clan. The professor intends to spend several weeks this fall with his fellow tribesmen, learning still more of what it means to be an Indian.

Lincoln and the Actor.

In some published reminiscenes of the stage, Frank Mordaunt says: The young actor of the present day who complains of a long part and of hard work does not appeal to me. Whenever one of this sort comes to me and begins to recite his troubles I tell him some of the things which happened to the old-time stock company actor. When I am through, my young friend is generally much better satisfied with his lot.

In the old stock companies there was no such thing as long runs. When I played in the old McVicker Theater stock company here, we used to change the bill nearly every night. It was rehearsal every day, play every night, and then go home and study a new part. After a while the actor became familiar with most of the standard plays, but for the novice it meant hard work and plenty of it. At McVicker's we gave nearly every one of the best known Shakespearean plays, and in this way I got an experience which was invaluable. The leading parts always were taken by some great actor or actress who traveled around the county, receiving support from the stock companies in different towns.

This experience was particularly useful to me when I came to play with Edwin Booth, a number of years after I left the stock companies. Booth was a kindly man, easy to get along with, but exacting when it came to matters touching his profession. Silent, reserved and dignified, the members of his company never grew to be on intimate terms with him. You often hear an actor say that he enjoys playing a certain part. Much of that joy is assumed for interviewing purposes, for a part becomes wearisome after it has been played repeatedly. But there was one part of which I never tired, and that was Othello, when I was playing it opposite Booth's Iago. I think he preferred Iago to Othello as a playing part. I used to play to Booth instead of to the audience.

For all the hard work of the stock companies, the average actor got a salary of from $8 to $12 a week. In those times they were not the fashion plates that the actors of today are. When I was in a Washington stock company in 1864 and 1865 my favorite street costume consisted of a linen duster, a big straw hat and linen trousers. I was wearing the same garb in Philadelphia one day while I was watching a parade given in honor of President Lincoln. He was fond of the theatre, and during my stay in Washington I had become acquainted with him.

When he saw me in my old duster, he leaned out of the carriage and waved his hand in salute. My commonplace appearance made no difference to him.

King of the Newsboys.

Mose Jacobs, king of the newsboys, has taken a royal consort in Omaha and has returned with her to his home in Des Moines. His bride is Elizabeth Byoir, and the marriage is the climax of a courtship lasting over a dozen years. Mose is now 31 years old and has grown to manhood on the streets of the Iowa capital.

During the last twenty-five years he has gained the friendship of every politician of note in the West. Upon the occasion of his marriage, Mose received congratulatory telegrams from Senators Allison and Dolliver, Governor Shaw, Speaker Henderson and a score of others widely known in national politics.

Mose's principal business asset is a voice of bell-like clearness and remarkable penetration. His cart contains every paper of note in the country, and the proprietor does more business than an ordinary news store.

Early in his career Mose invested his savings in Des Moines real estate, and sold out promptly when his holdings had doubled or tripled in value. In one way or another Mose had become possessed of a fortune of $75,000, but did not hesitate on that account to cry his papers until the day before his marriage.

A Society Medicine Dance.

Sometimes a position on the upper crust of society is a thing of fearful responsibility. Last Saturday evening, there was to have been a dance on unique lines at Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont's country home in Newport. It was described as a Patent Medicine Dance. The guests were supposed to come in costumes illustrative of some of the cure-all nostrums now on the market.

It was voted a clever idea, and costumes were planned at once. But someone was so incautious as to let the secret leak out; of course, it crept into the newspapers. Then every patent medicine concern in the country saw the chance to advertise. The mail of every cottager at Newport was tripled by wild propositions to furnish complete costumes advertising "our standard remedy," some of them with offers of a lump sum of money. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is said to have had four hundred such offers. Her best proposition was $1,000 cold cash and a costume embroidered in the roots from which "our great vegetable remedy" is extracted.

The commercial side of the entertainment was called to Mrs. Belmont's attention and the dance was called off. But the offers are still coming at the rate of hundreds a day.

Political.

As the primaries approach, it becomes more and more certain that the Grand Hotel faction, in spite of its apparent weakness, will nominate a ticket for the Republican County Convention to be voted for in nearly all districts. So, of course, will both the Burns-Tilden faction and the Primary League. This brings three sets of delegates before the party in nearly every district.

The Grand Hotel people have no hopes of general victory. They are simply trying for a few delegates in districts where they are the strongest, hoping that they may possibly hold the balance of power in the convention and pull out a few plums for themselves. At this time of observation, however, it seems almost certain that there will be no balance of power. Affairs are so shaping themselves that the machine looks to win by a sweeping majority. Indeed, the leaders of the Burns-Tilden faction are boasting that Reuf cannot win in any district. They concede a certain number of delegates to the Grand Hotel faction. They are making a special effort to defeat Reuf in his own district, hoping to discredit him in his strongholds and discourage any further aspirations on his part.

North of Market, the primary League has a fighting chance; south of the slot, the machine has the situation all in hand. Here, their strength is augmented by a number of former Democrats, so-called "bosses," who are at outs with the Phelan machine and are throwing in their influence with the Republican faction now apparently in power.

Strangely little has been said about candidates. Usually, at this near approach to the Primaries, the woods are full of them. Now, if there are any active aspirants, they are keeping it to themselves. This is to be a "boss" convention; work among individual delegates would be of no avail against the rulings of those who run the machine.

Without doubt, Burns and his closest followers have their slate, but they are not talking now. There is small change that they will discuss the subject before the primaries. To pick favorites just now would be to court concentrated opposition from the disappointed. The number of vague rumors concerning prospective candidates is reduced by one through the definite withdrawal of Laumeister.

Less is heard from the Democratic side of the fence. There, the machine is working like a charm and without noise. The expected opposition failed to appear. The talk of the "Cabinet" getting out an organization in opposition came to nothing. They could not muster enough strength; even the accession of Governor Budd availed them nothing.

Indeed, the Democratic leaders are doing all in their power to encourage this state of quiet, hoping thereby to shine by contrast with the warring factions across the fence and to attract those Republicans who, disgusted with the dissension in their own party, will vote the Democratic ticket in November. There are those who confidently look forward to an entire split in the Republican ranks. The week's gossip has it that Reginald Webster, now superintendent of schools, is to be backed for the place. He is the strongest possibility that has yet appeared. He is one of the cleverest politicians in the local party, a consummate diplomat, has the leaders under obligations to him and is in greater favor with the people from whom nominations come than any other yet mentioned. He has a lead just now, and is a strong probability. Judge Slack is mentioned as a man upon whom all parties might agree, and is favored especially by those party leaders who are keeping out of the present fight, reserving their energies for uniting the party after the trouble is over.

It can be definitely announced that Phelan is out of the mayoralty fight for good and all. He has so expressed himself to his nearest friends. Wisely, he prefers to retire on the record of three good terms rather than to take chances of a defeat in a fourth nomination.

In the State fight, Senator Flint and his friends are expending all their energies in stirring up antagonism to Gage, tearing down the governor's influence in preference to building up their own. They are back of the anti-Gage flurries at Sacramento, Los Angeles, and, in fact, all through the State. The attitude of Judge 'Lige Hart in coming out for opposition surprised many, since he is known to be a programmer. Now, he is bucking Gage and threatens an anti-Gage movement at Sacramento.

Since a recent meeting of the Board of Directors, Norman B. Hall has ceased to be president of the Fremont Club. When he was elevated to that dizzy honor three weeks ago, Hall was fully conscious of the dignity involved in his position. His first official act was to have cards printed with "President, Fremont Club" conspicuous in a lower corner; then he began "representing" the club whenever opportunity came. The climax was when he had an unauthorized interview with President Ruef of the City Republican League, and next day the Republican press of the city had an item to the effect that "a delegation from the Fremont Club" had held an important conference with Ruef. The directors handled the matter as easily and diplomatically as possible. With the tacit consent of the club they changed the constitution and by-laws to provide for an entire new set of officers. And when the nominating committee handed in the new slate, there was only one change. At the top of the list the name of Norman B. Hall had been replaced by that of Percy Long. The new board of officers carried unanimously.

J. K. L.

"Push" Rule in Australia

A system of political trickery and gang-rule which involves murder, robbery and terrorism has been revealed through the investigation of certain British statesmen into the political conditions of New South Wales. For a half century past, organized felons known as "Larrikin pushes" have held the balance of political power over a large part of the colony, and have used it to insure for their members immunity from the authorities. In the small cities, they have been the absolute masters, and they have occasionaly gained control of city politics. No American municipality, however boss-ridden, has ever been obliged to cope with such a state of affairs, and the condition of New York and Chicago during the worst days of gang-rule was as nothing to this

There is in many of the Australian cities a survival of the old, bitter convict spirit, and the first of these "pushes," which began to assert themselves before the middle of the nineteenth century, were founded by ex-convicts, desperate characters who occupied positions of heroic eminence amongst their fellows. To this day, descent from these kings of old is a title to prominence among the "Larrikins." The convict system was swept away in 1840; the relics of the convict population married and changed their names, but the spirit of rebellion against authority was left in their descendants and in the community. This element formed in groups, like the gangs of boys familiar to the police of our American cities, except that these gangs were composed mainly of young men of voting age.

At present, these organizations are veritable clubs. Any male over seventeen years of age and residing in a "push" district is eligible, by paying a fee of ten shillings and being voted in by a show of hands. The fee goes to the king, a functionary whose rule is absolute. Once entered, the neophyte is made jointly responsible for all the deeds of the organization. This is insured in a peculiar manner. Each "push" keeps a book containing the confession of all the deeds committed by the members. Every member signs this. They suppose that it insures safety by distributing responsibility among a number; in reality, it is one of the means left open for the detection of their crimes.

The laws of the "push" are absolute. The first and most stringent is obedience to the king. The first disobedience is punished with the "sock;" the second with death. The "sock" consists in beating the bare body of the victim with socks full of wet sand until the raw flesh is exposed. Then he is treated to a bath of brine and kept hidden until he recovers. The proceeding is carried out with the greatest gravity, as is the death penalty, which, strangely enough, is more often visiten upon outsiders who have incurred the enmity of the push than upon the actual members.

The victims are literally kicked to death. The king chooses for executioners a score of his subjects, taking by preference new members. After decoying the doomed man to a secluded spot, they throw him to the ground and each and all of the members silently kick him, continuing the process until life is extinct. Here again, the system of divided responsibility is supposed to be a safeguard; no one man is responsible over the others; all are equally guilty before the law. The victim usually makes a complete disappearance, as the push sees to it that his body is effectually disposed of. Those who are in a position to know assert that there are few "Larrakins" who do not bear the brand of Cain, the hall-mark of the gang.

This is the type of machine which used to dominate the politics of New South Wales and still continues to exercise considerable control in the new United Australia. It was hardly ten years ago when the police of Sydney were defeated in a pitched battle with a "push" over the arrest of three of these organized criminals. This called attention to the evil and was the cause of repressive measures. Hampered by the political "pull" of the members, the police have persisted and have succeded in driving Larrikinism under cover. Secretly, it still flourishes, forming one of the great social problems facing the New Australia.

On The Crest.

The Trip that Failed

Pendleton of Belvidere, the social success of the season across the bay, closed his long series of triumphs last week by a launch party unique in the annals of Marin county. In some respects, it was the most startling function that ever took place in the land of arks.

Pendleton planned a little exclusive affair in honor of Miss Harrison. He was to do the entertaining, and she the inviting. Forty or fifty guests were bidden, the bulk from Sausalito and Belvidere, and a few from San Francisco. The affair was set for eight o'clock, and Pendleton was to give a little dinner previous to that time to the Belvidere contingent.

The dinner came off as per schedule. It was a merry affair, and host and guests lost track of the time. Meanwhile, the Sausalito contingent arrived in a special launch, Miss Harrison and her mother leading the expedition. They found the Pendleton launch, but no Pendleton. They did find Noble Eaton and company sitting on the edge of the wharf beguiling the time by singing out of tune: "Oh, Give Us a Drink, Bartender.' Mrs. Harrison took one look, gathered together her party and returned to Sausalito. And when Pendleton appeared with the Belvidere contingent at half past nine, they found themselve alone on a wide, wide sea.

Pendleton is not so popular with Miss Harrison as he used to be.

* * *

A Prize for Tail-Enders.

Things are seeming to assume a little gayer appearance in San Rafael. Last week there were seven card parties given. Mrs. Pomeroy, Mrs. Sonntag, Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Pond, Mrs. Foote and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, who lives in one of the cottages near the hotel, were the hostesses. Seven-handed euchre is the game that is played and the prizes are generally very pretty.

There has been a bowling contest for the hotel guests and their friends, who seem to take quite as much interest in bowling as though they were residents at the hotel.

The Benedicts' cup, presented by Mr. and Mrs. John Crooks for the smallest score at a tournament, occasioned much merriment at the Golf Club. Some of the wives of the good players hardly knew how to hold a golf stick. The driving from the first "tee" was witnessed by about forty people, and it was altogether the gayest day of the season at the Links. Mr. and Mrs. Will Gerstle won the cup. The Pomeroys and Hazletons following closely with excellent scores. Graham Babcock has presented a cup to the smallest scorer for next tournament.

* * *

Passing of Ed Sheldon.

It is a strange coincidence that the two prominent club men who have died within the past fortnight should have both left behind an old, long love affair which came to nothing. The affair between Robert Grayson and Jennie Dunphy, and the question of a secret marriage between them has had its airing. It is not so well known that there was an understanding of many years between Ed Sheldon and Jennie Flood. In the Grayson-Dunphy affair there was a real and visible barrier. Between the other couple there was no apparent obstacle, yet they waited on, year after year, and somehow the engagement was never announced.

No man will be more missed in his set than Ed Sheldon. He was one of those rare men who have the art of doing little things well. Little courtesies, little attentions, the little detail in which women alone are supposed to be expert—all these he had mastered. He alone was responsible for the furnishings of his bachelor home, and he did the work with a perfection of detail which equalled that of the cleverest woman. He knew to a nicety the correct appointments for a dinner, since for table service he had quite a woman's eye. Not that Ed Sheldon was in the least effeminate, but he had studied the fine art of being a bachelor.

It is said that no man outside the priesthood was ever the keeper of more confidences. People came to him naturally with their troubles, and the secrets which he acquired in this way he kept inviolate.

His affair with Jennie Flood came rather late in the life of both, and always seemed just about to be consummated. Plainly, he preferred her to any other woman and she preferred him to any other man, yet for reasons best known to themselves it never came to be anything nearer. In the last months of his life, some one asked Sheldon why he did not marry Jennie Flood, seeing that he had singled her out and the lady seemed willing.

"I would rather be an old friend than a rejected suitor," he answered.

* * *

The Men of "The Hutch."

Nowhere will Sheldon be more missed than in "the Hutch," the country home in which he was a part. The men of "the Hutch" were a jolly crowd who understood the art of living. They were not selfish. Quite as many dinners and breakfasts were given to the girls as to the men. Jerry Hamilton, Reddick Dupew, Gus Costigan and Harry Holbrook are the others who live there. Before Charley McIntosh was married he was one of the Hutch men, and another of those of a few years ago was E. T. Judd. He will always be remembered in San Francisco for his generosity. He never accepted an invitation to dinner without sending flowers to the hostess.

* * *

To Wed at Napa.

The marriage of Mrs. A. F. Fry and William Rogers will take place in Napa early in August at the home of her mother, Mrs. Grant. Mrs. Fry has just completed a charming home in Fresno, where Mr. Rogers is interested in business. Mrs. Fry will be remembered by all her old friends as one of the hostesses who really knew how to give a house party. That was some years ago. Since her divorce, however, she has lived very quietly in the country and with Mrs. Colonel Fry, on Jackson street.

Small Talk.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels are spending a few weeks at Monterey.

Mrs. Frank Johnston has returned to San Rafael after a week at Del Monte.

Mrs. Parrott, accompanied by her two daughters, leave for St. Louis on the 3rd of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Badcock and their daughter Doris returned to Coronado the early part of next week.

The Caseys, both the W. J. Caseys and the Maurice Caseys, returned from San Rafael to San Francisco this week.

The Misses Hanley and Mr. Tom Hanley are at Coronado. They will spend a few days at Catalina before they return to their home in the East.

The Rev. Dr. Clampett of Trinity Church, Bush and Gough streets, has recently returned from his trip through Europe. He will occupy his pulpit to-morrow.

Miss Harriet Griswold has returned from New York and will reside with her aunt, Mrs. W. O. Gould, until her marriage with John A. Faull of Portland, which takes place in September.

Mrs. Bent and Miss Emma Butler spent part of last week with Mrs. Edward Pond at San Rafael. The Ponds took some of the people from the hotel and their guests up to Bolinas Ridge on Wednesday for a picnic.

Mrs. Harry Babcock had a small dinner last week at her home in San Rafael. The table was set for eight and beautifully decorated with roses from the Babcock place, which is one of the most charming in Marin county.

Mr. Ward McAllister celebrated his birthday Saturday by a quiet dinner at Pastori's. Pastori's this year has missed its usual gay dinners. Every day of so a party go out there for luncheon, but the crowds of a year ago are greatly missed.

Mrs. Foster and her two sons will leave for Manila on August 16th. Mrs. Charles Burt and her small daughter will be passengers on the same steamer. They are all going to join their husbands, who expect to be stationed there for about two years.

Miss Florence Deming and Charles K. Harley, whose engagement was announced during the week, are to marry in October at the home of the prospective bride's brother, William H. Deming. This is the happy culmination of an attachment formed while Miss Deming, who is, by the way, an heiress of the Deming flour mill property, was only a school girl.

The friends of Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels will be sorry to learn of her severe illness. She has quite a serious attack of brain fever. She is at present at her country home. Mrs. Spreckels is one of the few younger women in San Francisco, who, notwithstanding her being married, has entertained and endeavored to give the young people about her a happy time. A little over a year ago her mother died and that, with the illness and death of her little son, completely prostrated her. This illness is the result.

Elizabeth's Letter.

DEAR MAMA:

If it were not for the sorrows of aunties' friends I might have had a very good time this last week. I have been down at Del Monte, chaperoned by Mrs. Parrott. She is a really cultured woman with a number of children. I really do not think I have seen them all yet. You know mama, having inherited your dislike for children, I never come in contact with them if I can help it. But these young Parrots are so well brought up that they have not troubled me. There are five of them, grown boys and girls, who dine with us, and yet, mama dear, they are so quiet and unobtrusive I can hardly say I know them. Mrs. Parrot was a Miss Donohue, a banker's daughter. She is a fine musician and thoroughly conversant with the best in music and literature. Mr. Parrot is a fine father, he bicycles, and drives, and rides and swims with his children. They swim just at the time when I am enjoying my best sleep. I can't understand why people make such a labor of their enjoyment. I never rise before noon in the summer, and even then find the day pretty long. But these girls and men must have breakfast at nine or before, and then work hard until luncheon.

With the departure of the Henley girls and Tom half the fun of Del Monte is over. Those girls—now, mama, this is gossip, but I must tell it to you—were gay and bright and full of fun. They could dance and sing and give different sorts of stunts, and lived in that wonderful irresponsible way that girls generally do who live in college towns, or are in the navy. No man is ever taken seriously, each one just to fill up an hour or so of the day. They are attractive, and being attractive were naturally criticised. I fell in with their critics, mama dear, but fail to find fault except the greatest of all, that they were too popular.

I met Mr. Elkins and liked him. He gave me a "rarebit" party and afterward we all bowled. I like Mr. Hasermeyer, too, but he went away in the early part of my visit, so I had not an opportunity of cultivating him. Of course, I should have, mama dear, for he is an excellent match. Mr. Alexander, a friend of his, was rather nice to me, but as he was only to be here a short time I did not try to be very captivating. The Parrot girls, not those who are my chaperons, but cousins, are very well liked, they are so pretty, and as they and the Henleys and Therese Morgan are virtually the only ones here, you can see I have not so much to tell you about any others.

Saturday night a crowd of us, driven by Mr. Downey Harvey, went out to Charles Rollo Peters' camp on the Sargent ranch, about ten miles from the hotel. We had a great drive over a very bad road. When we arrived there I was surprised at the scene. It is quite near the ocean and most wonderfully situated. The place was a mass of brilliant Chinese lanterns and a big bonfire blazed. We had a clambake on the beach, and a jolly time singing and telling stories. Really, mama, this is the first treat I have had in California. Mr. Peters is an artist who paints moonlights awfully well, auntie says, and has this camp just for the pleasure he can give his friends.

I went all over the Tevis house at New Monterey; it is quite large and is being completed for Mrs. Tevis. Her family will come out to spend the winter here with her. She has asked me down for a week, and I am considering the matter favorably.

Auntie telephoned for me on Thursday to return to town at once. She was in great distress about the death of Lloyd Breckenbridge. You know, mama dear, I met him, and was particularly impressed with his manners. The poor boy was simply crazy about music. He practiced too much and brought on that paralysis of the wrist for which there is no cure. There seemed nothing else for him in life, though he really had everything to make him happy. The poor boy brooded and this death is the end. I feel so sorry for his grandmother, with whom he has lived since he was five years old. Then, too, auntie has lost another good friend, Mr. Ed Sheldon. So, you see, mama dear, this can hardly be a jolly letter.

However, I have met Phil Tompkins. No; he is not a bit disappointing, I really quite like him. I spent a day at the Tompkins place in San Anselmo. A very stunning looking young married woman was there, a Mrs. Jim Follis. She is a beauty and very jolly. Her husband is a nice fellow, too, but I particularly admired his eyes and nose, they are beautiful. This is a wonderful place for handsome girls. The Tompkins are a very musical family, so I heard a good deal of it. They seem to know how to live and have lots of horses and carriages. I really enjoyed my day there. Another girl I think very pretty is May Denman. Her coloring and eyes are really superb. She is to be a debutante this winter. I can just imagine her taking the hearts of the young men by storm. Another debutante is Genevieve King. Her people have just built a stunning house on the corner of Octavia and Broadway, and expect to entertain a great deal this winter. Genevieve is a clever girl, with a true knowledge of entertaining. I shall tell you about the other debutantes next week, for mama dear, I am tired.

For the next two weeks Del Monte will be the polo center of the country. Up to August 19, when the fall tournament comes off, the Coast cracks and their ponies will get into condition on the grounds of the southern resort. Last week three carloads of ponies were shipped from San Francisco and Burlingame, Hobart and Carolyn sending practically their entire strings. From now on there will be two exhibition games each week.

From present indications this year's tournament should bring out the highest class of play and the keenest horses yet seen on the Coast. The talk of an Eastern trip to meet the Rockaway and the other crack Atlantic teams is being revived, and should this season prove up to expectation this sporting pilgrimage is not by any means out of the question.

The craze for bridge whist, which swept over the women of New York society last winter and even agitated the lower strata, continues unabated at the summer resorts. It is becoming more and more a gambling proposition. Veranda bridge parties, lasting all day and interspersed with an out-of-door luncheon form the favorite way of whiling away the time between Monday and Saturday.

The Doom of the Side-Saddle.

After neglecting him or paying him but perfunctory homage for a decade, society is coming back to the saddlehorse, and equestrianism, it is confidently predicted, will be the craze next summer. Of course, the cult of the horse never died out in the country clubs, but elsewhere the bicycle, before it became too common, and after the automobile and golf and yachting, supplanted the worship of the lord of brutes. A sure sign is the reopening of riding schools everywhere and the increased demand for high-class saddlehorses, which is greater than at any time during the past ten years.

The popularity of the horse, it is pointed out by his friends, rests on a substantial basis, while the bicycle and the automobile as a means of conveyance are but fads of the moment. He is not an instrument or a machine, but a living thing, a companion as well as a servant, and equestrianism has that personal element which belongs to all true sport. Therefore, after each chase for things strange and new, man comes back to the noble and faithful beast.

The horse craze of next year is likely to bring out one startling new feature. The fashion of women riding astride has, unless all signs fail, come to stay. A society woman of New York, who knows her world, said recently that the change of riding astride will undoubtedly come in vogue in the very near future, and if a conventional costume had been definitely decided upon, this summer would have seen the radical departure. Opinions so far are rather at variance—not about the ultimate outcome of the discussion, for that seems a foregone conclusion, but as to what dress will finally be adopted by the fashionable set. Smart women are decidedly opposed to the divided skirt, which they say makes one ridiculous.

"It reminds me of my aunt, when I was a little girl," said a matronly woman. "She was altogether too genteel to say legs; she called them limbs. To have long, flopping ends to hang over our limbs seems to me absurd," she continued. "Either do the thing sensibly, or not at all, says I"

The costume which obtains the most favors, and which will probably ultimately be adopted, is a long coat, cut like a man's covert coat, coming to just below the knees, the legs being incased in the regulation riding boots. When mounted the coat, which, like men's coats, has a slit in the back, hangs only a little shorter than the fashionable riding skirt of to-day, and when the fair esquestrienne dismounts is nearly as long as a short golf skirt. Nothing could be more modest or suitable for those who, for safety and comfort's sake, have elected to defy prejudice and ride like men. As time goes on the long mooted dress reform movement seems in the fashionable world at least, to resolve itself into a question of suitability. And the next decade will undoubtedly see recognized dresses for every occasion. A woman shopping or walking in the street will wear, as she does for bicycling or golf, a short, scant skirt. In the evening and for carriage visits she will never give up the trailing, beautiful gowns that she loves. The side saddle in the next generation bids fair to become obsolete as the corset is becoming already, as it should be a comfortable support, not an instrument of torture. In short, women will be sensible when it is necessary, but will indemnify themselves by dressing more gorgeously and fancifully than ever for functions that call for fine raiment. And why should they not? A woman who does not love clothes can be hardly womanly.

THE GOETHE-SCHILLER MONUMENT.

THE GROUP AT WEIMAR.

A DAY toward which the German colony has been looking for seven years, an event toward which some of their leaders have bent their energies for a like period, occurs on August 11, in the unveiling of the Goethe-Schiller monument in Golden Gate Park. This heroic bronze group, a replica of the original monument at Weimar, is the gift of the German population of the state and city to the park, and will be dedicated with impressive ceremonies. Professors Goebel and Flugel of Stanford University, Professor Schilling, about to take the chair of German at the State University, and Professor Putzker, who was one of the originators of the movement, are to be among the speakers.

The monument is in bronze on a base of brown Missouri granite. The figures are eleven feet in height, and the base and pedestal 14 feet. The group, by Reitschel, has been rated one of the greatest portrait statues in the world. The sculptor, who also made the Luther monument at Worms, a copy of which stands in the Capitol at Washington, was the greatest of his time in Germany. The Goethe-Schiller monument was erected in the first half of the present century, and the figures are real portraits, the sculptor having known both the poets in their lifetime.

The history of the movement for an expression of German loyalty in San Francisco begins with the German Day at the Midwinter Fair, June 18, 1894. On that day, some 90,000 Germans, resident and transient, visited the grounds and took part in a tremendous demonstration of national feeling. At that time was discussed the erection in the park of some statue which would commemorate the day and be an expression of the loyalty of the exiled Germans to the race and the land of their birth. A motion to that effect was carried through a meeting called for the purpose, and a committee appointed. Charles Bundscuh, who had all along been one of the enthusiasts, was appointed the chairman of this committee and M. Greenblatt and Professor Albert Putzker were vice-presidents.

Even before the matter of the question of funds, came the decision as the nature of the memorial. The Goethe-Schiller statue was a favorite from the first, and was carried as the choice of the committee when James D. Phelan, at that time President of the Art Association, entered an appeal for a native artist. This was the beginning of a fierce dicussion, in which the Reitschel statue won. It was pointed out that the memorial was not simply a decoration for the park, it was intended also as a reminder of home. This, one of the most famous statues of Germany, as well as one of the best, has exactly this significance to every true German. It stands in Weimar, the city where the two great poet friends passed the latter part of their lives together and where they both died; it commemorates not only the two greatest names in modern German literature, but also the period of letters and thought that is back of all the greatness that has succeded. To the born German, it recalls Weimar and all that Weimar has been.

The decision made, it was found that the statue could be duplicated in bronze, transported to this city and set up for about $15,000. To raise this sum there was held the great German festival of the autumn of 1895. This was a week's celebration in Mechanics' Pavilion. Goethe and Schiller were the invisible patrons of the whole affair. Scenes from their works, passages and tableaux from their dramas, were presented with an elaborate setting that made this the greatest event in the history of the Germany colony on the Coast. In fact, the setting was entirely too elaborate, for when the receipts were counted it was found that, although $27,000 had been taken in, the expense was so great that there remained only $5,000, the rest having gone for expenses.

With only one-third of the required sum in hand, the Committee set about to raise the remainder by private subscription. Two years ago, there was enough to justify an order for casting the statue. Professor Seimiring of Berlin, an authority on the casting of art bronzes, was placed in charge, and under his direction a cast was taken. Fortunately, the origin models of the sculptor were preserved in Dresden. Special permission was obtained from the King of Saxony to use these in making the copy. A year ago the work was reported as nearing a satisfactory conclusion.

FRONT VIEW OF THE LOCAL GROUP.

The next matter for consideration was the pedestal, for which funds were still lacking, the casting having swallowed up all the money in sight. A special appeal to the wealthier German residents had its effect. Claus Spreckels headed a new list with $1,000 and the cash was coming in fast when still another emergency arose. The Park Commissioners, to whom the plans were submitted, objected to the use of white marble, suggesting a material that would not be corroded by the rust from the bronze. That, involving a more costly material, was an additional expense and was met from the pockets of the individual committeemen. Nothing remained but transportation across the Atlantic and the Continent, and that was supplied by the Southern Pacific, which arranged to have the statue removed from Hamburg to San Francisco free of charge.

The position is a most commanding one. It is to stand in the most frequented part of the park between the museum and the band stand.

IN A MEXICAN CONVENT.

SNAP SHOTS AT THE TEAMSTERS' STRIKE.

STARTING A TEAM ON FIRST STREET

HOLDING DOWN HIS JOB.

A CONGESTION AT THE WHARVES.

THE CZAR OF THE WHOLESALE DISTRICT.

ON GUARD AT A STORM CENTER.

A BREAK-DOWN.

The Dishonest Grasshopper

"DID you ever hear of a grasshopper helping a man to steal?" said an old street railway conductor, "well, I remember in Denver several years ago there was a street car driver who learned the trick.

"In those days bobtail cars were used, in which every passenger deposited his own fare in the cash box at the front. This driver or conductor, in trying to pull out coins with wire and other things, had but little success. One day he was fooling with a grasshopper and noticed the fierce clutch of its front feet when he tried to lift it by its hind legs. The thought struck him that he could use the insect to rob the cash box. He held the hind legs of the bug and pushed it head foremost down through the coin slot. Mr. Grasshopper flung his front feet around wildly, feeling for anything to clutch, until he reached the little pile of coins and grasped the first one he reached so firmly that the bug and money could both be withdrawn.

"This conductor worked his money box so hard with grasshoppers that he was cautioned about the small receipts of his car. Then he decided that his opportunities as a driver were too limited and he resigned. He caught a lot of the biggest hoppers and even trained them. He found that a little practice in picking up nickels, dimes and quarters made the bugs much more intelligent and they worked faster. Then he interviewed the street-car drivers all over the city and offered to provide them with a supply of grasshoppers warranted to pull a coin at every attempt, for a certain amount daily. In a few weeks the receipts of the Denver railroads fell off about 30 per cent, and the officials were nearly crazy.

"Why, that old fellow got so much wrapped up in his scheme that he claimed he could pick out big grasshoppers with large, intelligent, though rather protruding eyes and bulby heads, and after a course of severe training could educate them to a height of efficiency which made them pick up quarters instead of nickels or dimes. He charged extra for these post-graduate bugs. They would begin on the nickels next, however, and leave the dimes till the last, because in spite of their education, they could not tell that the smaller dime was worth more than the larger nickel.

"The great pet of the grasshopper trainer was one big bug, which could 'spit tobacco' like a canal boat captain, and looked as if it could swear as hard if it wanted to. That old man said that he had taught this 'hopper that a dime was worth more than a nickel. One day, the prize bug would not promptly reach for the nearest dime and grip it in its strong forefeet. The old man was horrified to see it apparently about to return to the paths of ignorance, but he waited and watched. He told me that his pet bug deliberately pushed away nickels and scraped together dimes until it had three right under it, and then it put its toes under the bottom one, and, hugging the three coins to its breast, looked around as if to say, 'All right, pull away.'

"It surely was a great scheme, but it was too good to last. The officials knew there was something wrong, but they could not locate the leak. A driver with a really good bug could lift a couple of dollars out of the cash box in two or three minutes.

"All the spotters the company put on could not discover how the robberies were committed. It did look pretty bad to see drivers beginning to wear silk hats, red neckties, and buttonhole bouquets while on their cars, but there was nothing really criminal in that.

"The old man was making money so fast that he stopped counting it, and began to buy city blocks. But his greatest interest was in his bugs, and he took a real pride in having them up to the mark in education. The graft was so good that the men kept the secret, and the roads would have been cleaned out of business in a few months if they had not decided upon desperate measures. Bankruptcy was staring them all in the face, and after a long palaver they decided that it would be best to employ the smartest detective they could find. They had to send East for one who was way up on street railway stealing, and they got the best.

"That fellow was a wonder. He took hold as soon as he lit in town, and the first thing he did was to have the cash box taken off the first car that turned in. Then he opened the thing and closely inspected the inside. In a minute he saw a dark stain and then another. He looked closer, and saw that it was apparently tobacco juice. He took the box to a chemist, and after an investigation, the chemist reported that the stains were made by the liquid a grasshopper expectorates.

"Then the detective went and got a grasshopper, and he did not go out in the fields, either. He figured that it was no country-bred hopper that had been spitting in a cash box. He loafed around the car stables until he saw a big hopper that seemed mighty tame jump out of a car and light on a load of green grass that was standing in the yard.

"The detective caught the hopper, which did not seem the least afraid, and took it to his room. Then he put some coins in the cash box and pushed the hopper headforemost in through the slot hole. Now, by a mighty bad stroke of luck that detective had got hold of the pet hopper of the old man who discovered the scheme. When it got at the coins it just reached round and pulled in everything in sight. Its forefeet had lengthened out some by constant practice and it was growing all the time, anyhow, so when it scooped up $1.50, it just had an armful.

"Then it pulled one of its legs to let that rake, which is on one side of the hind leg of every big grasshopper, scratch the man's hands as a signal for it to be pulled out. That was another trick it had picked up itself.

"Well, when the detective pulled out that big hopper and saw it hugging an armful of coins he nearly fainted. He put the bug down, and the hopper opened its arms and laid the money on the table. Then it lit out though the window for that grass again. The detective thought he had made the greatest case of his life. He went to the officials and explained to them how they were being robbed.

"But he did not make any hit at all. Three of them called him a liar right off the reel, and the whole mob jumped in and denounced him as a fraud. He struck to his story, and then they paid him off right there, and told him if he was in town by sunrise they would have him put in an insane asylum. So he jumped for the East.

"Well, after they'd run the detective out of town they got to thinking over the matter, and one of 'em says: 'That scoundrel was certainly trying to swindle us with his lies, but if the drivers are stealing from those cash boxes I think that we had better get some new ones that they can't get into.' And then they sent away and got some of those kind of boxes where a coin runs down one way and then the other way, and then across again, and that closed out the grasshopper business.

"It was right hard on those fellows to continue down to living on their wages again, but it was hardest on the old man. His hobby was training those bugs, and it nearly killed him to give them up, but there was nothing else to do. He kept the big hopper that could count for many years, until a chicken caught it one day and gobbled it up."—Washington Post.

Set of teeth without plate. Dr. H. G. Young, 1341 Polk Street.

FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

"I am so thankful for what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for me," writes Mrs. John T. Smith, of Slocan, B. C., Box 50. "It cured me of a disease which was taking away all my strength, helped me through the long months before baby came and I have a big strong baby girl, the most healthy and happy of all my three."

MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence

1021½ Market St. S. F. Cal.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD,(N. Y.C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

At The Theatres Next Week.

Columbia—The Empire Stock Company opens in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," by Henry Arthur Jones. Notice of players elsewhere. After a two week's run, Hilda Spong heads Daniel Frohman's company from Daly's Theatre in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment"

Tivoli—Grand opera with the same cast as last week. "Il Trovatore" and "Lucia" will be the alternate bills. The latter will be remembered as one of the strongest productions of the last Tivoli season.

California—The Neill company, in the second week of their engagement, will present "The Amazons," a pretty and artificial little play well suited to an intelligent but hardly brilliant company.

Central—James M. Brophy will close his San Francisco engagement in the old familiar drama, "Monte Cristo." Brophy will have the strong part of Edmond Dantes.

Alcazar — Florence Roberts in "Camille," one of the best parts of that really excellent actress and artist. White Whittlesby and the rest of the Alcazar fixtures will be distributed through the cast.

Grand Opera House—The Frawleys in "The Toll-Gate Inn," a revolutionary play, new here. Theodore Roberts will have the part of an American Indian, a role in which he has been successful elsewhere.

Orpheum—The new people are Hill & Silvainy, trick bicyclists, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kelcy in a playlet entitled "In Trust," Oscar P. Sisson and Esther Wallace with their company in a comedy satire, the Standard Quartette, colored vocalists, and the Edmonds in a musical turn.

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD

Will return and resume teaching a limited number of pupils on AUGUST 15TH. Applications for time or an interview can be addressed care of

SHERMAN & CLAY'S.

Things Theatrical.

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by these stars of York"

San Francisco is raising its diminished head, and squaring its shoulders with conscious self-respect and dignified aplomb. For why? We have been forgiven, we have cried "Pater peccavi;" and after five years of contemptuous neglect, we are to be favored once more. Have you read it, seen it? "Next Monday night Mr. Charles Frohman will present his Empire Theatre Stock Company, direct from New York, to be seen for the first time here, in Henry Arthur Jones' play 'Mrs. Dane's Defence,' which ran all last season at the big eastern metropolis."

* * *

This is the Company that was advertised last spring on every fence and sign-board of Greater New York as the "All Star Cast" in Sardou's "Diplomacy;" nor has New York yet ceased to laugh and wonder who or where the "stars" were. "Favvy" as he is affectionately called by his matinee admirers, Charles Richman, Margaret Anglin and Jessie Millward presumably had the greatest claims to these stellar honors; yet not one of them could properly be termed a "star,"—unless the syndicate, like Mr. Heinz, has "67 varieties," "Favvy" is to shine as a star of the first magnitude in New York in the coming autumn; and Jessie Millward, with whom he quarreled for the centre of the stage all through "Diplomacy," is to burst forth in London. But these two San Francisco is not to see this summer—nor yet Guy Standing, whose finished work in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" almost equalled that in "Diplomacy," where he was quite the best of the men.

* * *

There remain Miss Anglin and Mr. Richman. Now Miss Anglin owns San Francisco, and every man, woman, and actor will join in her praise. She is thorough-bred, she is charming, she is so admirable as "Mrs. Dane" that the groundlings will forget that one part does not make a "star,"—or did not, before the Syndicate's Creation. Miss Anglin has been a delightful comedienne; and as "Mrs. Dane" she has depicted that hunted creature—agitated, pleading, lying, twisting, in her hysterical tension through all the tortures of her inquisition—as perhaps no other actress on the stage today could. Her personality has fitted her for the part—and her art makes one lose sight of certain minor defects. Yet Miss Anglin's experience has hardly been exhaustive of all phases of the actor's art. Indeed, she has shown a tendency lately to overdo her own forte—the depicting of nervous, hysterical agony.

SCENE FROM "MRS. DANE'S DEFENSE"—COLUMBIA

Under wiser management than that of the syndicate, she would not be forced to play the same role four months; her artistic development would be aided by testing her versatility in roles that depict "The death and not the tumult of the Soul." But in these days when actors are made leading men and women in a twelve-month, when the Syndicate manufactures "stars" to order, Miss Anglin's own discernment—and she has plenty of it—must be her guide.

* * *

Mr. Richman is another of the "all stars," whose greatest success was due to the character, as much as to his art. He is a big, handsome, rather burly-looking fellow, (they call him "Western" in New York) with a wonderful, deep voice, and undoubted ability in a limited field. He began life as a "drummer" (whisper it not to the matinee girl); and when he first trod the boards, made more than one failure. Augustin Daly, that maker and breaker of actors, at last took him up—and Richman got the training and starvation salary that made Daly's name a by-word on the Rialto. After he had learned what Daly had to teach the Syndicate made its bid and he went over to it, as all must—except Mrs. Fiske.

As Annie Russell's leading man in "Miss Hobbs" and "A Royal Family," he won the hearts of the New York matinee girl—so that even "Favvy" and "Hackett" grew pale with fear. He is very big and domineering and dictatorial as a lover—and sentiment isn't his forte. Men as a rule don't approve of his love-making, nor do the critics; but, after all, what have they to say? Women make the theatre.

* * *

When "Favvy" grew ill last winter, Mr. Richman got the "chance" for which every actor and actress prays—if they pray at all. He was taken from the Lyceum and put into the Empire in the part that made his position secure. He is not a lover here; and to his discerning admirers he is far more admirable as the shrewd lawyer and successful man-of-the-world. He manages to suggest a polish, to give a touch of savoir faire and statesman-like dignity that isn't found in his breezy and—dare I say it?—almost middle-western, hay-seed manner. His admirable voice—with its deep, musical tones; his cool, irresistible logic during the inquiry; the flash of insight that reveals Mrs. Dane's guilt to him; his unanswerable exposition of the game of life, with its unfair handicap for women all these aided in Mr. Richman's triumph. But back of it all stood the the playwright, and smiled for he knew his puppets; and who pulled the strings.

* * *

Very few of the rest of us will know it, however. Next week San Francisco will be exhausting its superlatives on Miss Anglin and Mr. Richman, and Jones will be faintly mentioned. Yet it will be "Mrs. Dane" and "Sir Daniel Carteret" and all the rest that will really interest us, and the old unpleasant problem that Jones doesn't attempt to solve; wherein he is wise, for it is as old and as insolvable as life itself. CRITICUS.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-312 Post Street

SOHMER PIANO AGENCY

SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER

THE PRESS

Open all Night

—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—

Steam and Lager on draught

15 THIRD STREET

Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal.

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed

HORNLEIN & KRUMB

Phone Main 151

CAFE ROYAL

Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster

Formerly of Cliff House

Grand Hotel Cafe

New Montgomery St.

Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336

DON R. DUNBAR

Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes

N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood

"The Castle"

101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

The Old Government the perfection of Whisky.

BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY

PURE-AGED-WHOLESOME.

Used in the Medical Departments of the U.S. ARMY & NAVY SERVICE

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, DISTRIBUTORS.

Beware of Imitations or refilled Bottles

—ESTABLISHED 1823—

WILSON WHISKY

—THAT'S ALL!

Bielenberg & Weniger

Sole Distributors

101-103 POWELL ST.,

San Francisco, Cal.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

Femininity's Foibles.

Miss Conger's Chinese Dog

Last summer when China waged war with the United States, it will be remembered that there were many Americans who were sheltered in the home of the British who were living in Peking, and among them was Minister Conger and his family from the United States.

Mr. Conger, his wife and daughters returned to the United States a few weeks ago. One of his daughters brought with her a remarkable dog. She calls him by a Chinese name, Tauer, which means peach.

The empress dowager of China, after treating all the Americans, British and other people from other countries cruelly, got frightened and ran away from her castle in the city of Peking.

Some Russians rushed into her apartments and in her deserted bedchamber they caught Tauer. They kept him and afterwards presented the dog to Miss Laura Conger. The little fellow was very young then, and in her hurry to get to a place of safety the empress dowager overlooked him.

He has grown to be a good-sized black and white spaniel, with a square body and a nose so flat that he can hold a silver dollar on it. The dog has been taught many tricks, but when his mistress wants him to mind, she has to tell him to do so in Chinese.

* * *

The Rule Reversed.

The recent wedding of a titled Englishwoman, Lady Sybil Cuffe, to an American, W. Bayard Cutting, in London, is now to be followed by the wedding of another titled Englishwoman, born an American, to an Englishman who is a commoner. Lady Sybil Cuffe gave up her legal title to marry the man of her choice. And now Edith, Lady Playfair, who was a Miss Russell, of Boston, and who has been for some years a widow, is soon to marry Mr. R. Fleming Crooks, of Cheshire, England.

The Reign of Intellect.

Marcel Prevost, the French literateur and critic, recently made a sensation in France by declaring through the columns of Figaro that the reign of beautiful women is over. The woman of intelligence and genius has, he declares, taken her place. Mrs. Kouger and Mrs. Gladstone, both notable for their plainness, but both powerful because of their intelligence are, he declares, representative of the type which is to sway men in the future. And when this woman of the future shall happen to combine intelligence and beauty, she will be invincible.

An Eastern newspaper writer has gathered some statistics on the subject. He finds that, actresses excepted, out of about two-score English and American women who have shone through their mental attainments in the past twenty-five years, not one was beautiful or even comely, with the single exception of Marie Correlli. Even in her case, there is a suspicion that the vaunted snowny skin and red-gold hair are devices of her press-agent. The greatest English woman artist, the three greatest English and American woman writers, the greatest astronomer of her sex are all conspicuously plain. So it goes through the list of physicians, lawyers, scientists, college professors, and playwrights. And there is even a suspicion that on the stage the cleverest and most able women are beautiful only because they are clever enough to make themselves so. It is pointed out that the greatest actresses in point of art are by no means the most charming physically. Minnie Maddern Fiske, the greatest artist among our native actresses, is redeemed only by her personality from actual homeliness. Even with Bernhardt, beauty is more a matter of strenuous cultivation than of nature. Her "beauty doctor" is no myth.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Gives

Good Digestion.

If your dinner distresses you, half a teaspoonful in half a glass of water will give quick relief. Makes digestion natural and easy.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.01
Deposits, June 29, 1901.....29,886,288.15

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President..H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....$28,973,540
Reserve Fund..... 226,994
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier, R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

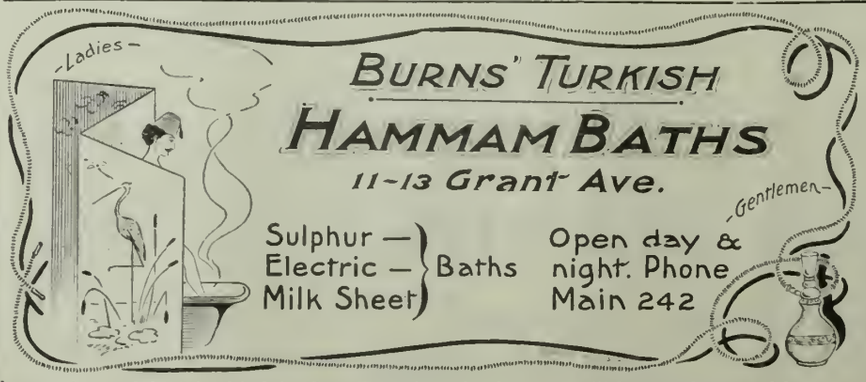
Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 330,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier



This popular establishment has been thoroughly renovated and beautified during the past month and reopens with entirely new facilities for baths of all descriptions, including Turkish, Russian, Sulphur, Electric, Milk Sheet and Tub. The cleanliness, efficient attendance and convenient arrangement which have made this house the model of its kind in San Francisco in the past will be supplemented by an entire new set of up-to-date appliances.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

The Tivoli season of grand opera opened with "Aida," to the exciting accompaniments of a packed house, some "bravas," a good many more "bravos," a gloomy infrequency of dress shirt, and a one-sided battle between perfume and garlic; for the Italian colony was very much there. During acts they "hushed" fiercely if a whisper was heard; and promptly hissed down the vigorous idiot who invariably applauds in the wrong place, and who just as invariably glances huntedly around, with a scared smile, only to imitate history and repeat himself hopelessly at irregular intervals. Between acts they crowded out into the entrance way, hats pushed back from perspiring brows, arms waving like small windmills, face thrust close to face, breathing violent opinion and strenous garlic, and happy, every one, to the point of rapture.

Their artistic compatriots on the stage were in a state of no less unbounded enthusiasm. Singly and concertedly they threw themselves into their parts with a vigor and abandon that would have aroused the coldest audience to response. How they did work! And how well they did sig'! They can sing; these Italians. Some of the voices are not of the greatest, perhaps; some, it may be, show evidences of wear; but most of them know HOW to sing, and they do it with a tenderness, a fire, an impetuosity that overrides any such drawbacks in a rush of red blood and world kinship and humanness. Oh, by all means go to the Tivoli. Go often; and, if you are old, have your heart warmed through, and your blood stirred unwontedly in your veins; if you are young, take some of this infectious enthusiasm and life-movement into your callow bosom and let it broaden you and save you from the iron pinch of a narrow perspective.

"Aida" "went" well. There were no hitches peculiar to first-nights; artists, chorus, orchestra and conductor working in oiled unity. Of the singers, it may be said here that the writer believes in reserving judgment until at least a second hearing; voices are moody things, and take balky or gracious turns that the unhappy owner is utterly powerless to control: therefore, it is sufficiently obvious that snap-judgments are very apt to fall short of, or overshoot the mark. Approximately, however, one may speak within certain limits; and, as a consequence, Mr. Boffin, sir, I'm goin' to do it.

One gentleman to whom I spoke 'tween acts, said that he thought Barbareschi would make an excellent teacher of repertoire, as she seemed to have everything she did adjusted to a calculated nicety, and did it in just that manner; and that her voice was loud, but shallow. I think so, too. Collamarini displayed a bounding personality, plenty of voice, and much bad taste in using it. She introduces harsh, mannish tones that probably illustrate what she wishes to convey in meaning, but most certainly are not singing. Nevertheless she is a big figure in this company. Her magnetism grips you with force and insistence, and she manages to stand out in bold relief from any background. Salassa was easily first in every respect. His presence is impressive, and his noble barytone is as ringingly fresh as ever. Dado, the bass, was highly satisfactory. He has a large dignity and his voice is a full, beautiful basso. Castellano as Radames was a trifle thin in voice, but very heavy-set in dramatic fire. Vast credit belongs to Mr. Paul Steindorff, the conductor. He is perfectly competent. The productions of both "Aida" and "Rigoletto" were conducted by him with absolute smoothness and precision; his accompaniments throughout were of the highest order and must have been an abiding joy to the soloists. The Tivoli is to be congratulated on the selection of Mr. Steindorff as their conductor for the season of grand opera. I confess that I am not fond of "Rigoletto;" to me it is about as sparkling as "The Flying Dutchman," and if that is not deadly, I don't know Roquefort cheese. Ferrari was the Rigoletto, singing with much spirit, but with a vibrato that detracted greatly from his performance. En passant, attention might well be called to the almost universal vibrato afflicting these singers. On occasion, some vibrato is permissable; but to have every note wobble like a paralytic is simply inexcusable. Russo was the "Dook" and sang with the sprightliest animation; but Signorina Repetto was indubitably the hit of the opera. Her singing in the garden was a very beautiful piece of vocalization, and won deserved recognition. Some of this took the form of great monstrosities of "floral pieces" being handed awkwardly over the footlights. This obtained on both nights, and should be discontinued: it is a most stupid custom. To sum up: Taken as a whole, the Tivoli has not overestimated its attractions and, if the remainder of the season lives up to the promise of the two operas given, the public should be very grateful.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naugbt, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material. kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

HARRY NIEMANN

The Old "Tivoli" Favorite

Desires to Inform his Friends and the Public in general that his new

SHIRT FACTORY

is now open and ready for business. Harry will be found at the store

719

Emma Spreckels Bldg.,

every day ready to receive his customers

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot-blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610

609 Sacramento St.

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits..... $20.00
Pants..... 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat may result in an incurable Throat Trouble or Consumption. For relief use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Nothing excels this simple remedy. Sold only in boxes.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... PAPER

COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.

Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

Among the Authors.

Few of the publishers are doing better work in color reproduction than the Frederick Stokes Company. They have just published "Our Ferns in their Haunts" a beautiful specimen of the maker's art which no one interested either in flavor or in illustration will want to miss. Nor is it very expensive considering the wealth of full page drawings. Unfortunately it is restricted to the east of the Rockies through there are a few species common to both East and West. Unlike most of the popular botanies this work is complete in its field. It contains every fern of North America north of the Gulf States and east of the Rocky Mountains.

The last number of Cassell's National Library is Bysshe's translation of Xenophons Memoralitia. Henry Morley is still editing this remarkable cheap little series and the volume, entertaining in itself is well supplemented with his usual succinct and interesting introduction.

The new Dowden Shakespeare is ideal; size convenient, text clear, notes intelligent, introductions scholarly yet simple. Hamlet and Romeo and Juliet are out so far.

Harpers have made a hit with "The Tribulations of a Princess." Russia is much in evidence now and this book has plenty of thrill.

LURTON.

* * *

San Francisco has a new magazine "The Catholic Witness," which is not Catholic, but Episcopalian.

* * *

Would the average man and woman be happier if marriage, instead of being for life, was for a limited time, to be renewed only if both parties to the union are willing? That question, which appears startling at first, is the theme of "The Supreme Surrender," which is handled with such delicacy that, instead of the least suggestion of immorality, it conveys a moral lesson which will be generally sanctioned. The scene of "The Supreme Surrender" is laid in Washington, and Mr. Low has succeded in doing what many authors have attempted only to meet in failure. He has written a political novel which for the first time really shows the inner workings of the Senate of the United States, explains the mysteries of politics, tells how it is that a few men wield such great power in Washington, and uncovers some of the springs which move national affairs. The book has the merit of "atmosphere;" its men and women heve the air of Washington about them; they talk and act like people who have lived in the one city of the United States which is unlike any other, and which has a manner and individuality all its own. Most Washington novels have no distinctive flavor the scene might as well be laid in one place as another —and they fail to give that vivid picture of politics on a broad scale which is only to be found in Washington. Apart from the politics, Mr. Low has written a love story of such commanding interest that women, who, as a rule, care very little for politics, will read it with as much pleasure as the most inveterate politician. The book is certain to create talk and discussion, and to be quoted for its epigrammatic dialogue.

* * *

"The Making of a Marchioness," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, in the "Century Magazine, is to be illustrated and decorated in a dainty and appropriate manner by C. D. Williams and A. K. Womrath, and is to be offered to the public in book-form in September next.

* * *

"The Secret Orchard," Egerton Castle's story of Paris, now running serially in the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," will be published in book-form in Autumn.

Mr. Castle writes to his publishers that the story has been dramatized most successfully in Great Britain. The Kendals will probably present the play in this country later on.

* * *

A novel manner of advertising a popular novel was followed by the publishers of "Your Uncle Lew" who sent copies to various book-sellers throughout the country, requesting these critical readers of fiction to put in writing their opinions of the story. The comments thus written were collected and printed together in the "Publishers' Weekly," one of the organs of the book-trade.

* * *

Maurice Hewlett is finishing a volume of mediaeval short stories to be known as "The New Canterbury Tales." "The Cast of the Apple" in the the Current "Harpers's" is to be one of the collection.

* * *

"My Friend Anne." A story for young girls by Jessie Armstrong. This is a story of the sixteenth century, partly imaginative and partly historical, the author having cleverly introduced Anne Boleyn and other historic personages of the court of Henry the Eighth. The illustrations, by G. Demain Hammond, R. I., are above the average.

* * *

"The Fortunes of Claude." A book for boys by Edgar Pickering. The story is cast in the troublous times of "Bonnie Prince Charlie,' the young Pretender, the hero following his fortunes through the wars, and describing his adventures at the battle of Culloden, etc.

* * *

"The Jumblies." A second collection of rhymes and songs from Edward Lear's Nonsense Books, with new illustrations by L. Leslie Brooke, Uniform with "The Pelican Chorus." issued last season.

* * *

Lafacedio Hearn, author of "Shadowing," "Exotics and Retrospectives," "In Ghostly Japan," etc., has been made an honorary membet of the London Japan Society.

* * *

The fifteenth thousand of "Truth Dexter," by Sidney McCall, is ready.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained.

LOW SUMMER EXCURSION RATES EAST

Southern Pacific

offers those low round trip rates:

ON SALE		ROUND TRIP
August 20 21	Louisville,	77.50
August 22 23 / September 5 6	Buffalo,	87.00
September 5 6	Cleveland,	82.50

These rates apply from California main-line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest — finest scenery — choice of routes — limited trains — personally conducted tourist excursions —

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Aug 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m. July 5,10,15,20,25 30, Aug.4, and every fifth day thereafter. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N. Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m. July 1,6,11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Aug. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles)

Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m., steamer State of California Wednesdays 9a. m.

For Los Angeles calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos Port Harford (San Luis Obispo), Gaviota, Santa Barbara Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and *Newport, (*Corona only)—Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.

Steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Than Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

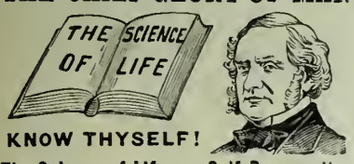
Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans-Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, **FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT,** copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, **FREE OF CHARGE,** send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,

155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.

VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRED.

Engraving Department

Mysell Rollins Co.

22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

TEL. GREEN 12.

CHAS. P. DROLLA

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal

All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts

Told in Rhyme

The Song of the Singer.

Day long upon the dreaming hills
  One watched the idle hours fade by
And bad no tbougbt of other thing
  Than waving grass and summer sky.

And all the wilding scents and sounds
  The lavisb-hearted season brought,
He made bis own and prisoned them
  Within the little songs he wrought.

While he was singing, in the town
  His busy brethren bought and sold
And got them place and circumstance,
  And all tbe pride and pomp of gold.

But when the night came with the stars,
  And on her hills her silence laid,
He, homeward turning, bore with him
  Naught save tbe careless songs he made.

"O Prodigal!" his brotbers cried,
  "And have you done no better thing?
And is it thus you spend your day—
  To dream in sunshine and to sing?"

But he, remembering those still hours
  Tbe dream had made so eloquent—
The waving grass, the summer sky,
  Tbe purple hillside—smiled, content.

—Artbur Ketchum, in the New Lippincott.

* * *

Taken at her Word.

He came and asked me for my love,
  And said that his devotion
Would almost indubitably prove
  As boundless as the ocean.
But I was young and fair and gay;
My life was like a summer's day;
And this was all that I would say,
  "You'd better ask Pejsika."

His form was fine, and ob, his face
  Recalled the young Leander,
And for his peer in manly grace
  Go back to Alexander.
But flattery had turned my head,
And when he urged that I would wed,
Coquettisbly again I said,
  "You'd better ask Pepita."

And then—I've heard of course tbat man
  Is fickle and peculiar,
Ranging from Elinor to Ann,
  From Ann to Jane or Julia.
But if I e'er had thought that he
Would so extremely docile be,
I never should have said—ah me!
  He'd better ask Pepita.

—C. W. Thayer in *Aug. Harper's.*

* * *

Worship.

Seek not a God who dwells afar
  Beyond the final Sun.
Behold he liveth where you are
  Within the task well done!

—Ernest Neal Lyon in *Harpers.*

* * *

A Psalm of the Strenuous Life

Let us then be up and doing,
  All becoming money kings:
Some day we may be endowing
  Universities and things.

Lives of billionaires remind us
  That we've got to own the stock
If we want to leave behind us
  Libraries on every block.

—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

A Memory of *The* Old Bay District.

Speaking of female plungers and their habits in the betting-ring, an Eastern racing man thus romances concerning a familiar old figure in San Francisco's racing:

"Mary Rumbold was one of the most familiar figures at the old Bay District and some of the later California tracks. Her husband was a big coffee man in San Francisco who had a liking for the ponies and beat them right up to the day of his death, which was sudden. He was an expert handicapper and a wise bettor, and he broke ahead of 'em year in and year out. He always took his wife to the track with him and he taught her all he knew about the game.

"When he died it was found that his affairs were all messed up, and all that Mary pulled out of the wreck was $20,000. She quietly told a few friends of hers that she needed $100,000 to buy a ranch that she had her eye on in Mendocino County, and that she was going to get the money out of the horses.

"Mrs. Rumbold was a fine, handsome woman of 28 or 30, convent-educated and of exceedingly quiet manners. She attended mass with her children every morning of her life. There was never a breath of scandal against her. She looked upon horse racing as the one possible money-making game that she knew anything about, and she went into it on her own hook after her husband's death with her eyes wide open.

"She made it stick from the jump. She started in on the old Bay District, betting cautiously yet determinedly and always on her own selections. From the day, about a year after her husband's death, that she began race-track speculations on her own account, she moved among the men in the ring and placed her own bets. She didn't wear widow's weeds, but she always dressed in black, even before her husband's death.

"All of the old-timers who went against the Bay District game will remember her royal figure as she moved, dignified and placid through the pushing and tugging throngs in the ring. Everybody respected her and all hands made way for her. If any boor in the ring had offered the slightest indignity by word or deed to Mary Rumbold he would have stood a swell chance of getting himself pulled to ribbons by the regulars, and the bookies would have done their share, too, despite the fact that Mrs. Rumbold got their money from the beginning.

"I said that she always played her own selections, but there were special occasions when she'd go along with her turf friends, who were the big men in the game. Lucky Baldwin and Ed Corrigan were two of her friends and they never planned a good one and sent it through with one of their own horses that Mary Rumbold wasn't around collecting from the cashiers after it had happened. But she paid no attention to tips or touts, did her own handicapping on a scientific mathematical basis, and won out.

"The old Bay District was a hard game to beat and it put some of the top-notch plungers of that day permanently out of business. But Mrs. Rumbold just picked the Old Bay District game up and ran away with it. At the wind-up of her first season she had run her $20,000 into $50,000. She made the first payment on the ranch with her winnings and the next season she started in again. In three years she had got the $100,000 that she started after, and then she firmly passed the game up."

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

Telephone Private Exchange 14

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS

DEALERS IN *Paper*

416-436 Sansome St., 419-421 Clay St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City

FOR FIFTY CENTS

At the Maison L'Aiglon

S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.

Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MIAN 5066

Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.

Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC AND OTHER DISEASES CURED

Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST. near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

Borrowed Plums

Mrs. Swanson—How came you to recommend that girl you had to Mrs. Gregson? You know you said you positively hated the girl.

Mrs. Pearson—Yes; but I don't hate ber as much as I do Mrs. Gregson.

* * *

Mrs. Swellman—Oh, I'm so glad you dropped in. I don't know what on earth ails the baby.

Caller—Shall I run for the doctor?

No—for an interpreter. His French nurse left suddenly today and nobody can understand what he says.

* * *

Here is a sentence from a novel recently issued: "This cloud which tried to stand in the way of their youthful joy was only a false report whose bitter taste could not splinter the radiance of their happiness."

* * *

"Jones has been arrested for hurling himself from an eighth-story window to tbe sidewalk below." "What was the charge?" "Desecrating the flag."

* * *

Doctor—Well, you got those leeches I sent for your husband, Mrs. Giles?

Mrs. Giles—Yes, zur; but what on earth be the good 'o sending they little things vor a girt big cbap like he? I jes' took an' clapped a ferret on 'un.

* * *

Dolly—I shall have to get a new bathing suit made.

Madge—Why so, dear?

Dolly—Since I came here I have gained two pounds.

* * * * *

Perhaps it was the tobacco juice upon his whiskers, perhaps it was his wearing a silk hat with a Tuxedo coat; anyway; a subtle something told us that he was a farmer.

"Young man," said he, accosting the jeweler in the purest agrarian Engisb. "I want eight gross of diamond pins for favors at my wife's husking bee."

It is reported that the extreme prosperity of the agricultural classes has, in many sections, led to the use of such large tracts of land for golf links as seriously to curtail the visible supply of wheat.

* * *

Weary Watkins—Comin' down to de ole mill tonigbt?

Hungry Higgins—Wot's doin'?

Banquet. Dey'll be bologna, stogies, speeches an' booze, an' de evenin's proceedin' is to be illuminated by presentin' Dismal Dawson a magnificent lovin' can.

* * *

He—How you have scolded me for stealing a kiss. Suppose I had taken two—what would you have said?

She—I couldn't have said more.

* * *

Mrs. Dorcus—While in the country I suppose you were engaged most of the time in boating?

Miss Dorcas—Oh, no, ma. It was while I was in the hammock that I became engaged the most times.

* * *

"Do you believe that seeing is believing?"

"Yes; don't you?"

"Well, I see some people every day that I never could believe."

* * *

"At the baptizing last Sunday," says a Georgia exchange, "Brot'er Johnson was caugbt by the left foot by an alligator, and will have to be baptized over as soon as he is able to be out."

New Importations of Millinery

Calimberti

MODES DE PARIS
240 Post Street below Stockton,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Being Constantly Received

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

California Northwestern R'y

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland, Guerneville, Schellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiab.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices—650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office—Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

AUTOMOBILES

WE BUILD TO ORDER

GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.

All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranted for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,

FACTORY—346 McAllister St.; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 11. SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

CHARLES BUNDSCHU, President Gœthe-Schiller Monument Association of California.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—August 10, 1901.

A Stubborn Strike.

The week has been one of ominous quiet through the whole city and especially along the usually busy water front. The effect of the strike is beginning to be manifest, not in the expected disturbances and riots, but in the paralysis of business. Not a single industry has escaped. The shortage of coal and fruit has been felt in every household in the city in increased prices. On the other hand the price of meat has fallen steadily. This is a significant indication. It means that people have been obliged to economize on meat, thus lowering the demand universally. The newspapers have lost whole pages of advertising and are retrenching everywhere on expenses. Salaries are being cut in every line of employment.

And still the strike spreads, and, contrary to the impression given out in the newspapers, the end is as far off as on the day when the first teamster left his work. It is settling down to a hard, long, bitter struggle, one of those fights which, while conducted without violence, sap the energies of both sides and leave ineffaceable scars on the commerce of a city. It is not a universal strike and is not likely to become one, but it has taken the community just where all branches of industry run together, just where a strike erects a barrier between producer and consumer, just where it cuts off the line of communication with the outside world.

What is the question over which the strikers are starving their families and the employers ruining their own business and that of the unembroiled part of the city? Reduced to lowest terms, it is the recognition of the "union principle." Other issues have been raised, but they could be easily settled. The question is whether the employer shall hire men of his own choice or whether he shall choose from a number selected by his employees. On this issue, the laborers, filled with the union superstition, and the employers, stubborn and insolent through their perfect organization, are carrying on a fight which may go to any length.

It may be taken as an axiom that the labor forces will not exert themselves to bring about peace for the good of the community. General prosperity is only an indefinite thing to the man behind the reins and the barrow. What he is seeking for himself is the assurance of a permanent job at the best possible pay. The man behind the reins and the barrow in this strike believes that the union, if recognized, gives him that assurance. Otherwise, broad commercial prosperity is only a far-off theory to him. And so bitter has the contest grown that the firms of the Employers' Association which are involved in this strike have lost sight of the city's best and final good in their stubborn determination to win at any cost.

On those employers who are not involved in the strike falls the duty of bringing both sides to their senses. Whether inside or outside the association, it devolves upon them to show the stubborn strikers and the equally stubborn capitalists where their best interests lie and where those interests touch more closely the final good of the community, The strikers have their Labor Council, the ex-employers of the strikers their association. Now let the unattached and public-spirited members of our commercial community get together and form their Anti-Strike Club.

The Carnegie "Knockers."

If the trustees of the Public Library had written to Andrew Carnegie asking for money to erect a public library in San Francisco, the newspapers would all be falling over one another in their efforts to show proper appreciation of the gift. It happens, however, that Mayor Phelan, who is hated by the city's press on account of his fatal gift of honesty, was the person who made the request. In order to cast a slight reflection upon him and his motives, the "Call" and others of that ilk are advocating the rejection of a gift of three quarters of a million dollars for an institution which has become an actual need in San Francisco.

Besides the fact that Mayor Phelan is back of the movement, the anti-library howl has two articles of foundation. First, it is alleged that the community was "begging" when it asked the gift, that it is able to "pay its own public benefactions." Secondly, it is urged that the city is taking upon itself a grievous burden in agreeing to pay $75,000 a year for the maintenance of the library.

If the city is able to pay for its own public benefactions, it is somewhat strange that it has not done so in the half-century of its history. With the exception of Golden Gate Park the municipality of San Francisco has never given a single public institution worthy of mention to the citizens. We have an Art Institute, public baths, monuments, fountains and polytechnic schools through the generosity of citizens. "Able to provide for public benefactions," we have housed our library, as much a part of any city's educational system as the public schools, in a small corner of the City Hall where the books are running out of the windows, and have provided branches in small, vacant stores.

The "begging" consisted in calling Carnegie's attention to the city's need. The great giver announced two years ago his intention to devote several millions every year to libraries. At that time, he made the gift to San Francisco as well as to the other American cities which have been his beneficiaries. Practically, all he asked was that the cities wanting libraries should call his attention to the fact in order that those in the greatest need might be first served. He could hardly be expected to hire a staff of library experts to canvass the country in order to ascertain how much each and every city needed help for its library. San Francisco happened to be one of the places which needed it badly. Mayor Phelan called attention to the fact, and got it. Carnegie's appreciation of the need is shown by the size of the gift, the third largest ever given by him to any one city. In proportion to the population, it about doubles the princely gift to New York.

The sum of $75,000 a year is just $8000 larger than the appropriation made to keep up the present library in its cramped and ancient quarters. That, too, with the city constantly growing and the public demand for books increasing out of proportion to the growth. To stand an extra five thousand dollars per annum for a few years would be a cheap commission to pay on a $750,000 gift.

Verily, he who giveth to a city of knockers soweth ingratitude.

An Honest Decision.

Judge Sloss, ruling strictly on the law of the case, has handed down a decision granting an injunction against the boycotting of non-union restaurants by the striking cooks and waiters. On this account, a number of labor leaders and a considerable percentage of the union rank and file have taken it upon themselves to abuse Judge Sloss and to threaten a warm contest in case he comes up for re-election.

Warned by the example made of Judge Van Fleet and Judge Daingerfield in a parallel case, the Superior Bench of the city and county passed up the Johnson injunction case from court to court until it came to Sloss. They did this for the simple reason that they knew the law to be against the strikers and were afraid to injure their personal popularity by deciding in accordance with the law. Sloss had the courage to handle the case and make the decision as he did, although all personal advantage lay on the other side. Had a corporation stood in the place of the Cooks' and Waiters' Alliance, and had the inducement offered for a decision contrary to law been a money bribe, Sloss' refusal would have raised his political stock above par. The inducement of a "pull" with the members of the labor unions is a bribe no less than is the gold of a moneyed corporation. The junior member of our local Superior Bench had the honesty to refuse the bribe.

The law is the law, and the business of a just judge is to decide according to its provisions, not according to his opinion as to its wisdom and expediency. Thinking advocates of trades unionism will realize that if the law regulating the right of using pickets is unjust, their remedy lies in an appeal to the power which makes the laws, not in intimidation of the judge who has the honesty and courage to interpret it righteously, even if against his own immediate interests.

The robbers who made the $280,000 haul from the Selby smelter established a record. It is the largest sum ever stolen outright on the Pacific Coast and possibly in the world. It would be a creditable showing even for politics.

THROUGH THE WEEK.

THE Gœthe-Schiller monument is what the daily press would call in stereotyped phrase "a step in the right direction." So far, Golden Gate Park, with natural advantages unequalled by any other public playground in the world, has been a spot where only man is vile. The Garfield monument is on the order of things which shock and wound. The Francis Scott Key monument is bad past all computation. Douglas Tilden's baseball player bears the same relation to that artist's finished work that the high school essay of the novelist bears to his mature product. The "Cider Press" is better, but even that is not startling. The Childs cross is nothing one way or the other. The Spreckels band stand fills the bill, in notable contrast to the strained architecture of the Museum across the way. But the whole effect of the public monuments of the park is cheap and painful. Three-fourths of the money invested in these so-called works of art was worse than thrown away. Some day, when the givers have gone on to the world where they teach better art, a generation better taught in taste will quietly dispense with these abominations.

The Gœthe-Schiller monument shines by contrast as a jewel beside glass. It belongs to a school of art that dates from a past generation, but it is one of the things which are good for all generations. The figures are not mere copies from life, they are portraits, with the artist's personality, his high conception of a great theme, shining through the bronze. This is one of the things which that better generation will spare.

* * *

The "Examiner" furnished the surprise of the week by coming out boldly and baldly last Tuesday for the strikers and against the Employers Association. The attitude of that paper in its news columns has been, all along, one of veiled friendliness to the unions, but its heart-to-heart editorials had left the strike severely alone. It was a question of advertising versus political influence. To take the side of the laborers meant the loss of column upon column of advertising. But the middle-of-the-road policy failed to keep the advertising, which has dropped away lately at the rate of a column a day, and the political pressure on the other side was too much to be withstood.

It is a question whether any considerable amount of this lost advertising will be regained after the settlement. The Employers' Association stands every chance of winning, and with victory in their hands they are not likely to overwhelm with their patronage a newspaper which has described them as people who "hold dear the privilege of calling their men by their Christian names and making them touch their caps when the protruding stomach of the proprietor comes in sight."

* * *

Professor James Earl Russell of Columbia University, who has been lecturing at the Summer Teachers' College in the University of California, has made himself a bit unpopular with the teachers of the Pacific Coast by a few criticisms which he dropped at the last lecture of his course. The burden of his censure upon his own profession is that the members are "narrow," and that "looking down and not up" has been responsible for this state of affairs.

Seeing that teachers are not endowed beyond all other human beings in ability to resist environment, there is no good reason why Professor Russell's charge should not be regarded as just. Every profession has a way of beating its followers into tortured forms. The lawyer, because it is his business to be firm and masterful, has a tendency to become dictatorial. Because his success is measured by the applause of the populace, the actor grows vain and conceited. Because he sees the seamy side of life, the practical journalist grows cynical. Why, then, should the teacher be exempt? The fact that he is not, is evidenced by the narrow view on the life of reality as apart from the life of books held in the upper offices of the teaching profession by university professors. It is no slander upon teachers to say that they acquire the faults of their surroundings. And as in every profession there are rare souls who have gone unscathed through their environment, as there are compliant old lawyers and modest old actors and optimistic old newspaper men, so there are some broad old teachers, the very salt of the earth. Such was Le Conte of Berkeley, such was Childs of Harvard, such are some of the living whom it is not seemly to mention.

* * *

However interesting may be the employment of teaching monkeys to talk English, it does not seem to be lucrative. Prof. Garner who has been engaged in this business for the past few years says in a recent letter to a Boston friend that he has succeeded in teaching several chimpanzees the pronunciation of a number of English words. He adds: "Monkeys, chimpanzees, and gorillas were offered for sale very cheap where I have been, but I could not afford to buy one." It appears that the great monkey educator is stranded at Cape Lopez, Africa, and is practically destitute. The editor of a New York paper has offered to pay his expenses back to America, and thus is likely to end an experiment that several years ago excited the scientific world.

* * *

Few San Franciscans realize that the Episcopal Convocation, set for this city in October is expected to settle a question of the greatest importance to the rank and file of the church, and, indeed, to the social relations of the entire country. The report of the committee on canons concerning divorce is to come before them for a vote. This report not only declares specifically against the remarriage of the divorced but practically excommunicates all divorced persons, no matter what the grounds upon which the separation has been obtained. Formerly, the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country has refused to perform the marriage ceremony in the case of divorced persons. The only exception allowed was the innocent party in a case grounded on adultery, and even here the matter was left to the judgment of the individual priest. On the other hand, the Episcopal church has never followed the Roman Catholic in cutting off the divorced from the sacraments.

The agitation following upon the Vanderbilt-Belmont divorce in New York caused a show of hands among the Episcopal clergy and revealed the fact that about three-fourths of the priests were for the enforcement of the rigid Roman Catholic canon. This, as much as anything else, led to the new rule of discipline reported for a vote of the convocation. By its terms, communion, confirmation and baptism are to be refused to divorced persons who have remarried, and the cause of the divorce is not, as heretofore, to be taken into consideration. The High Church wing is solid for the change, and enough sympathizers are in the middle and broad wings to make the chances of divorces in the Episcopal church rather bad. As this denomination shares with the Roman Catholic church the position of the church of society throughout the country, the change will have a sweeping effect among people of influence in a social way.

One other proposed change, also backed by the High Church faction, will be taken less seriously among the unregenerate. This is the proposal to engraft the deceased wife's sister law, over which the British Parliament has an Opera Bouffe squabble every year, on the church canons. It promises to furnish the comedy feature of the convocation.

* * *

Different from the attitude of the great American syndicates which refuse to recognize the very existence of labor unions, is that of Victor Emmanuel, the young king of Italy. Through his influence the right of labor to combine has been recognized by the Italian government. During his twelve month's reign there have been 600 strikes in Italy with the result that the total increase in wages is something like $10,000,000. The efforts of the young king in behalf of his country's laboring classes have, in fact, been ceaseless. His ministers are now engaged in devising a modification of the present system of taxation, which will result in shifting a larger portion of the none too light burden of government taxes upon the shoulders of the wealthy. As a result of these and similar measures the popularity of the royal family has been greatly increased among the Italian masses. He has been nick-named "Roi des Gueux" or "King of the Tramps and of the Ragged," a sobriquet of which he is in no wise ashamed.

Victor Emmanuel bids fair to equal the popularity of his famous grandfather, and his efforts in behalf of the Italian workingman may yet result in converting Italy from a "nation of beggars" into one of the great industrial empires of Europe.

* * *

There seems to be a sad inadequacy in the sentence of W. A. Brandes, the Berkeley child slayer. The crime was one of peculiar horror; after maltreating his young daughter for years, he finally beat her to death in a fit of rage, and then in the hope of escaping punishment hung her to a bedpost, claiming that she had committed suicide. For this diabolical act he was convicted first to a life-sentence, and on a second trial to ten years at Folsom. The evidence, it is true, was entirely circumstantial—much of the same character as that which hanged Durrant; yet if it was strong enough to warrant conviction, it also warranted a more drastic sentence. The Brandes case seems to emphasize the fast growing conviction that in California criminal jurisprudence there is many a slip twixt the cup and the lip, and that the cup is not infrequently spilled in the process of transmission.

On The Crest.

The Hobarts at Tahoe.

Eventually, Lake Tahoe may come to bid against Del Monte and San Rafael as the summer home of society. Indeed, it is coming up pretty fast this summer. The Hobarts and Lesters are there for the season, which is becoming a very gay one. Walter Hobart has taken his automobile craze with him. He is having his best machine tinkered into shape for a trip from San Francisco clear through, an undertaking even harder than the Yosemite trip, but over a country just as beautiful. Several summer cottages and residences are going up there. The finest will be that of the Hellmans.

Hobart's auto craze has not caused him to forget his horses. He will have his coach at Del Monte during the week of sport and is brushing up in his polo. Notwithstanding his years at the game, Hobart is playing smashing polo. It is needed in the Burlingame team, for matrimony has played sad havoc among them.

* * *

Wedded at San Rafael

The wedding of Miss Genie Ware and Walter Lees took place on Saturday afternoon at St. Paul's Church, San Rafael. Miss Ware is a slight, lithe young lady, with a ready wit and a keen sense of humor. She has had any amount of fun out of the conventional young men of Ross Valley and sits a horse to better advantage than any other woman in Marin County. Lees is an Englishman who is never seen without a monocle. He has often, owing to this idiosyncrasy, been mistaken for a lord. The wedding was somewhat of a surprise to the friends of Miss Ware. She had so many intimate girl friends that she could not decide who should be her bridesmaids. Her wedding presents, especially those from England, were very elaborate.

* * *

The Wishes of Hugh Tevis.

Hugh Tevis' fair young widow is to respect her dead husband's expressed wishes rather than his written will in the disposal of his little daughter by his first marriage. When she goes to occupy the palace by the sea at Monterey, which Tevis was building, at the time of his death, for his bride, the little girl is to be left behind with her grandmother, Mrs. Boalt, who has brought her up from infancy and to whom the child is said to be everything in the world.

Hugh Tevis' will, as every one knows, gave his widow the guardianship of his daughter. This will was drawn up just after his marriage, when he was in the full flush of possession and wished to give everything, even his daughter, to his new bride. It is not generally known that one of the last acts of his life was to call for pen and paper in order that he might change that clause and give the child back to her foster mother. By that time it was too late; he was unable to write or even to express himself fully and intelligently, but his wife knew what he meant and what he wanted. Sober second thought had brought him to his senses.

Her dead husband's wishes fit into Mrs. Tevis' own ideas, as she would hardly care to assume the responsibility of caring for the child. Mrs. Boalt is more than glad of the arrangement, and it is equally agreeable to little Miss Tevis. It thus happens that although the arrangement is contrary to the will, it squares with the wishes of every one concerned, even those of the dead man.

Mrs. Tevis has decided to make the Del Monte residence her permanent home. At first, she was willing to part with it if she could obtain a fair consideration, but no purchaser was forthcoming at her price, and it will still be the Tevis home.

* * *

Turkey's Representative Not a Turk.

George Hall, the Turkish Consul-General at San Francisco, is back from his trip abroad with new honors from his government. He arrives just in time to run down for the week of sport at Del Monte. He has been missed by society during the six months of his absence.

For the benefit of those who never came in contact with Mr. Hall, it might be mentioned

GEORGE HALL,
The Turkish Consul-General who has been Recently Decorated by the Sultan.

that he is no more a Turk than his name implies. He is a pure Anglo-Saxon, born in America and educated in France. The land of his birth shows in his features and complexion and that of his education in a slight French accent. Neither is he a Mohammedan nor even a Turkish subject. His arrangement with the Sultan is a purely business one, entered upon eleven years ago when he was recommended as an outside diplomatic agent and at once "made good" through his tact and understanding of the Turkish charactor. He is one of the few diplomats of any government who are subjects of another power. The Sultan's decoration is the highest given in the consular service.

* * *

Lively Golf and Polo at Del Monte.

Polo and golf are the principal amusements at Del Monte these August days. Last Saturday the Reds and Blues lined up for a practice polo game, which turned into a hot struggle, the Reds winning, 5—3. The links have been crowded all week and there have been some close matches. An informal ladies' tournament brought to a close this week was won handily by Miss Louise Parrott, who carried off a cup offered by Mrs. Dyer. Judging from Miss Parrott's form, she should make it interesting for all contestants during the week of sport. Wednesday, Ed. Greenway gave a pretty little dinner in the new grill and there have been informal dances and card parties galore.

The following Californians are at the Hotel: J. K. Comstock, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hamilton, Mrs. E. Wignall, Mrs. J. M. Stallard, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Heller, Miss R. Bachman, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Ryer, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott, Miss M. L. Parrott, Miss Daisy Parrott, Miss O'Connor, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Worden, C. B. Alexander and family, Miss F. C. Low, Mrs. M. C. Low, Mr. and Mrs. W. Innis, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mack, J. D. Phelan, W. S. Hobart, C. A. Baldwin and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Layton, Mrs. Fred Zeile and family, Mrs. S. B. Cushing and family, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, E. M. Greenway, Mr. and Mrs. T. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. A. Baruch, Mr. and Mrs. L. Michaels, C. W. Wilhelm, Mrs. A. Williams, Thomas F. Hurley, Miss Margaret Hurley, Miss Gertrude Hurley, J. O. Tobin, Thomas Driscoll, R. M. Tobin, Charles Dunphy, Miss Chabot, Mrs. M. A. Chabot, J. Downey Harvey and family, Mr. and Mrs. S. Grinbaum, J. A. Folger and family, C. F. Tobin, Miss McMillan and Miss Findley.

* * *

Small Talk.

The Drowns and Prestons expect to return to San Francisco early in November.

Miss Helen Deane entertained a party of young people at cards on Tuesday afternoon at the Hotel Rafael.

Truxton Beale was the host at a dinner given in San Rafael Sunday night. Mayor Phelan was the guest of honor.

Mrs. Johnson's seven handed euchre party on Friday afternoon, at her home on the hill in San Rafael, was a great success.

Mrs. Ellinwood and Miss Charlotte Ellinwood have returned from a six weeks visit to the Yosemite Valley and Wawona.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen, nee Alysse Latham of San Anselmo, has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Miss Helen Woolworth and her mother will return to San Francisco after Chrismas. They have been traveling on the Continent for four years.

Mrs. Billy Morrow, the handsomest woman in Sausalito, has quite dropped from society. She is devoting herself to literature. Her book criticisms are exceedingly thoughtfully written. She is now finishing a book of short stories entitled "Life in San Francisco," which will be published in the spring.

Miss Edith Stubbs will be the popular bride of the fall. She will have a very large church wedding with eight bridesmaids. Harrison Parker has decided not to accept the position offered to him by the New York Herald, but will remain in Chicago. The Stubbs family expect to reside there permanently. Harrison Parker is one of the brightest of the exceptionally bright advertising men of Chicago.

Continued on Page 6

Political.

THE strike, which has disturbed all the activities of the city, has not missed its effect on politics. It has mixed matters considerably, and its settlement one way or the other is sure to have an effect upon the makeup of the two tickets. The general situation as outlined last week has changed in two particulars. The Republican Primary League is showing a little more strength in a fight that looks to be a losing one, and Mayor Phelan is likely to be a candidate.

There is no abatement of the war in the Republican ranks. The "Chronicle" and "Call" have been even more bitter than before; during the week, the former has commenced a cartoon fight with Lewis behind the pencil. As fast as the delegates of the machine faction were nominated, these two organs of the League have opened on them and their records as individuals. Alarmed by this attitude, the machine is becoming increasingly careful about its selections. Many scheduled beforehand for delegates have been dropped out of sight owing to a previous record open to criticism and replaced by other more acceptable persons. As a result, the delegates so far presented by the machine are fully as representative as those of the Primary League.

All signs point to an alliance between the Grand Hotel faction and the machine. This means the retention of Lackmann as candidate for sheriff, that being the price asked by the Grand Hotel people for their submission. In spite of this consolidation, it is not so easy for the Burns-Tilden faction as it seems. While they have the experts and the specialists lined up on their side, the new primary law is going to bring out a great number of quiet citizens not connected with one side or the other. With this class, the newspapers have great weight, and they are the support of the Ruef faction.

Still, the machine is an easy favorite in the betting. In spite of the "Chronicle" and the "Call," the modest, shrinking, unallied voters in general do not believe that the Ruef people are simon-pure reformers. There is a disposition to regard the proposed change as only a change of bosses after all. The Republicans who both understand the situation and desire reform are not rushing in any overwhelming numbers to the Ruef standard.

The discreet silence about candidates continues. Aspirants are chary about coming to the front because in doing so at this time they would have to take a stand, and to pick the losing end would be political death. Absolutely none of the possibilities have behind them any sanction from the powers that be. Those trying to find a candidate on whom all of the jarring factions could unite have found none stronger than Judge Slack, who, by the way, says that he will not be a candidate. It is believed by the searchers that he might be induced to yield under pressure.

On the other side of the fence the strike has wrought a great change. The demand for Phelan's renomination spreads with the spread of the strike. To have him head the ticket, almost

JUDGE C. W. SLACK,
Widely mentioned as a candidate for mayor before the Republican Convention.

irresistible pressure will be brought to bear His course in trying to bring about a conference to end the strike has greatly boomed his waning popularity among the laboring men. From the wealthy class himself, he has taken the side of the strikers and the laboring class in general by trying to coax a hearing out of the employers, and has done it in such a manner as not to injure his standing with the capitalists. Those conversant with the strike situation appreciate the magnitude of the task and know that the manner in which he has handled it reflects great credit on Phelan. Then again, the police, with whom Phelan has found himself closely identified all through his career, have made a good record for tact and efficiency through the whole disturbance. Both strikers and employers praise the police, and it reflects back upon Phelan.

Whether or no Phelan is to be a candidate depends upon the issue of the next few days. If the strike is settled without violence, if one side or the other collapses and gives in and if he maintains his present attitude to the end, he will probably come out the strongest candidate on either side. In that event, the party would be likely to insist in spite of his refusals.

The omnipresent strike has renewed the talk of a labor party. That, also, depends upon the outcome of the trouble along the water front. If the strikers fail, the present leaders, the very ones at the head and front of the proposed movement, will be discredited and buried under the wreck. But even if it succeeds, they cannot get the laboring class to pull together because of the peculiar status of trades unionism in this city. The trades which have been striking in the past few months are under the Labor Council. This includes all unionized trades, with the important exception of those engaged in building and in railroading. The former are affiliated under the name of the Building Trades Council and are at war with the Labor Council. In the early strikes of the present crisis they even went so far as to pass resolutions condemning the proceedings. Their leader and organizer, P. H. McCarthy, is a part of the Democratic machine, and will see to it that the breach is not narrowed in the event of a labor ticket taking the field. The railway employees have never "cottoned" much to either side and would take but languid interest in the new party. Again, it is hard to see at this stage of the game how the strikers can win. If they lose, there will be no more talk of a labor party.

Even with the strike won by the strikers, and with the barrier between the two councils removed, the labor party would have to meet the apathy of San Francisco toward movements of this sort. The truth is that San Franciscans have never regarded with effuse cordiality the attempt of labor to organize. This feeling is a survival of the Dennis Kearney experience, which left an impression uneffaced by the lapse of a quarter of a century. The proposed party would find in this prejudice its strong opposition.

When the "Examiner" appeared on Tuesday morning taking sides and abusing the Employers' Association roundly, it was regarded in some quarters as meaning a flop from Democracy to the proposed labor party. In the organization of the Hearst papers, that is practically impossible. The "Examiner" is only the weakest member of a syndicate of three papers all backing the Democracy. Hearst could not afford to lose his standing in the party by letting the least important of the three secede on a purely local issue.

J. K. L.

Strikers and Pickets on East Street.

Vessels and Cargoes Piled up at the Wharves.

THE STRIKE ON THE WATER FRONT.

Dedication of The Goethe-Schiller Monument.

ON JUNE 18, 1894, German Day was celebrated at the Midwinter Fair by 90,000 visiting and resident sons of the "Fatherland," and to perpetuate the memory of the tremendous enthusiasm of that day and its deep significance, tomorrow will be dedicated a magnificent monument in Golden Gate Park. The unveiling of the Goethe-Schiller monument will mark the culmination of a task undertaken seven years ago and carried on since that time with a never flagging energy by the German-American citizens of San Francisco.

The Goethe-Schiller monument, which is a bronze replica of the group at Weimar, has cost something over $15,000. Numerous difficulties made the task a herculean one and its successful completion is a triumph of the loyalty of German-Americans to the land of their birth.

The unveiling ceremonies will begin at two o'clock in the afternoon from the Claus Spreckels music stand. There the German societies and lodges will gather and march to the site of the statue attended by the shooting societies as a guard of honor. Before the monument, the Spadina orchestra will render C. M. Von Weber's Jubel Overture, to be followed by a grand chorus of over 150 voices under the direction of Paul Steindorff, which will sing "Der Tag des Herrn." Dr. C. M. Richter, the chairman of the executive committee which has had the erection of the monument in charge will formally turn over the veiled pile to Mr. Charles Bundschu, the President of the Association. After a reply by Mr. Bundschu, Miss Anna Priber will unveil the bronze group amidst the fanfare of trumpets and the beating of drums. Then will follow an address by Mayor Phelan in behalf of the city of San Francico; a triumphal march composed by Prof. Vogt and rendered by Spadina's orchestra; a poem composed by Mr. Theodore Kirchoff and recited by Mr. M. Greenblatt. Mr. Kirchoff, who was one of the foremost German-American writers, was one of the members of the original committee and composed this poem especially for the occasion shortly before his death two years and a half ago. It is believed to be his last poem.

Professor E. Fluegel of Stanford University will follow with an address, after which the grand chorus will render the soldiers' chorus, from "Faust." The exercises will close with the societies and lodges passing before the monument and laying down wreaths and floral tributes.

These exercises have been arranged by and are in charge of the following committee: H. Plagemann, Rudolph Harold Jr., A. Becker, Dr. Max Magnus, L. C. Priber, Joseph Brandenstein, John H. Sievers, Dr. F. C. Castelhun, Henry Epstein, L. S. Rose, A. Herbst, L. Scharenberg, Charles Drescher, R. Wieneke, Robert Capelle, John L. Koster, A. Entzmann, Charles Rehn, C. Kuss, C. Trautner. The evening exercises which will take place in Native Son's Hall at 8 P., M. will end this memorable day. They are as follows:

Overture by orchestra; address by President Charles Bundschu; chorus by the German Singing Societies; address by Professor Julius Goebel of Stanford University; orchestra; poem written by Dr. F. C. Castelhun and delivered by Miss Maida Castelhun; address by Professor Albin Putzker of the University of California; chorus by the German Singing Societies; orchestra.

With the successful completion of the Goethe-Schiller monument the association which was formed for that purpose will have accomplished its purpose. It will then be dissolved after giving to the city a magnificent monument commemorating Germany's greatest poets, and to the public unmistakable evidence of their enduring love for the land of their birth. A special executive committee consisting of Dr. Max Richter, I. Gutte, F. W. Dohrmann and Dr. Gustav Gutsch had charge of the erection of the monument. From 1894 when the Goethe-Schiller Monument Association was organized, to the present time, the following gentlemen have formed the Board of Directors: Charles Bundschu, President; M. Greenblatt, First Vice-President; Professor A. Putzker, Second Vice-President; F. C. Siebe, Treasurer; M. Kollmann, Corresponding Secretary; Cesar Bertheau, Financial Secretary; M. Bergheim, Recording Secretary.

Mayor James D. Phelan.
Who will accept the Monument on behalf of the City.

Charles Bundschu, the President of the Goethe-Schiller Association, has been the most prominent personality connected with the erection of the statue. Through his perseverance and leadership the German Day at the Midwinter Fair resulted in an immense popular success, his daring spirit of enterprise creating the idea and execution of the Goethe-Schiller Festival in spite of some untimely opposition, and realizing the first $5,000 for the purposes in view.

His faithfulness and ambition under adverse conditions never failed him and his fellow-citizens owe him a vote of grateful recognition for this demonstration of his public spirit. His literary attainments, both in the English and German, in rhyme and prose, are well recognized. He is the President of the well-known wine-growing firm, The Gundlach-Bundschu Wine Company, had the office of State Viticultural Commissioner, with which no emoluments were connected, for six years, and is today a member of the Republican State Central Committee and First Vice-President of the Merchants' Association.

Small Talk

Continued from page 4

Last week was a gay one at Belvedere. Thursday evening, a score of people from the Hotel and the cottages rode to Mill Valley by moonlight. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Habenicht, Captain and Mrs. Obermeyer, Mrs. Rideout, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hawkins, Miss Bonney, Mrs Van Horn, the Misses Hahenicht, Dr. Hines and Mrs. A. T. Moore. Friday, there was a progressive euchre party, and Saturday a quiet dance. Invitations are out for a fancy dress ball to be given on the evening of August 17.

It is rather a painful position for Miss Celia Tobin to return to San Francisco and find herself said to be engaged. Mr. Driscoll and she are good friends, but at present no engagement exists between them.

Mr. Frank Carolan will take all his handsome carriages and horses with his retinue of attendants to Monterey for the sports. Mrs. Carolan still seems weak from her recent illness, but will not miss the gayeties of Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord are visiting in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Williams are expected home from abroad next month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall sailed for an autumn tour of Europe last week.

Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, accompanied by Mrs. Irvine, Mrs. Bond, and Mrs. Hoffaker, is doing the Yosemite.

Mrs. Urquart Lee, who is to teach parliamentary law at the University of California during the coming winter, will accompany Mrs. Phœbe Hearst to Del Monte for the August week of sport. Mrs. Lee, who is voted one of the cleverest and most fastinating professional women that ever visited the coast, is Mrs. Hearst's latest protege and secured her class at the State University largely through the influence of Berkeley's kindly patroness.

Park Commissioner Reuben H. Lloyd. Taber Photo.

Park Commissioner A. B. Spreckels.

Park Commissioner M. Jasper M Donald.

Claus Spreckels.

The late Theodore Kirchhoff.

Among those directly responsible for the success of the Goethe-Schiller Association is Colonel Claus Spreckels. Born and raised in Germany, he has never lost his loyalty to his native land. Mr. Spreckels was one of the vice-presidents of the German Day. Being forced to leave the city at that time he telegraphed his greeting to the German-American citizens from London and was presented by the Association with a set of complimentary resolutions. To the monument fund he contributed his financial support, heading the subscription list with a gift of $1000. The dedication exercises will now be held at the band stand which was his gift to the city.

His liberality to the Goethe-Schiller monument is typical of the enlightened liberality which has marked his whole career of judicious giving. No man ever possessed in higher degree the art of placing his gifts just where and when they are needed and in such manner that they will not discourage others from being liberal or cause them to depend upon him alone.

Dr. F. C. Castelhun.

1. M. Greenblatt, Vice-President. 2. F C. Siebe, Treasurer. 3. M. Kollmann, Corr. Secretary. 4. Cesar Bertheau, Fin. Secretary. 5. M. Bergheim, Rec. Secretary. 6. Dr. C. M. Richter Priber. 12. Dr. E. Fluegel, Orator at Ceremonies in the Park. 13. Dr. Julius Goebel, Orator at Evening Exercises, Native Sons Hall. 14. E. C. Priber, Chairman Literary Com. 15. Josep Jr., Member Com. on Unveiling. 20. H. Plagemann, Member Com. on Music. 21. Henry Epstein, Member Com. on Unveiling. 22. A. Becker, Member Com. on Unveiling. 23. Chas. Rehn, M

Executive Com. 7. F. W. Dohrmann, Member Executive Com. 8. I. Gutte, Member Executive Com. 9. Dr. Gustav Gutsch, Member Executive Com. 10. Miss Maida Castelhun. 11. Miss Anna ein, Chairman Finance Com. 16. Dr. M. Magnus, Chairman Com. on Music. 17. John F. Sievers, Member Com. on Music. 18. John L. Koster, Member Com. on Unveiling. 19. Rudolph Herold on Unveiling. 24. R. Wieneke, Member Com. on Unveiling. 25. R Capelle, Member Com. on Music.

JULIUS E. KRAFFT.

For the important and delicate task of planning the erection of the Goethe-Schiller monument, the committee in charges elected Architect Julius E. Krafft.

Mr. Krafft has earned for himself an enviable professional reputation in this city. Among his architectural creations are the St. Paul German Lutheran Church on the corner of Eddy and Gough streets, and the Affiliated Colleges on the Sutro site. He furnished the plans for many of the best, largest and most artistic residences that have gone up in recent years; among which are the homes of Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Mrs. Adolph Roos, Wm. F. Herrin, Jas. S. Flood, H. S. King, H. H. Young and Wm. Wilson.

H. BRAUNSCHWEIGER.

One of the most active, energetic and popular members of the Goethe-Schiller Monument Association is H. Braunschweiger of the firm of Braunschweiger and Co., (incorporated), wholesale liquor dealers. He has not only contributed generously to the cause himself, but has been most efficient in his efforts to urge others into contributing.

Mr. Braunschweiger came here from Germany in 1859 and founded the firm of which he is now the head, with which he has been connected ever since and which has spread and increased greatly under his management. At present, he is California agent for several of the most important brands of wines, beers and liquors in the world, including Val Blatz Beer, and the Oak Valley Distilling Co.

The Giant's Mistake.

"Our band," said the old circus man, "was the greatest ever, and the whole show was proud of it, the greatest of all giants included. And the giant in particular was carried away by the sight of the leader leading it.

"At every performance our leader used to conduct the band as though it was a grand orchestra, and to see the professor standing up there in front of it and waving his baton over it, gently now and now with vigor, making the piccolo to squeak, the drums to beat, and the big brass horns to thunder, seemed fairly to fascinate the giant, and it bred in him the strongest sort of a desire to lead the band himself.

"The giant and the professor were great friends, and there was nothing the professor would not willingly have done for the giant, excepting only just that one thing, to let him lead the band. For about his music, the professor was in deadly earnest.

"You see, the giant wouldn't, in fact, actually lead at all; he couldn't read a note of music, to begin with, not a note; all he could do would be to keep with the band, in automatic sympathetic movement, and the professor knew well enough that, what with the giant's great size and all, the least little thing might turn the whole business into a tremendous farce. But the old man came in here and persuaded the professor. Of course, the old man saw in the giant's leading a great big advertisement for the show, and so what with the old man's wishes and the giant's desires, and the professor's deference for the one and friendly feeling for the other, the giant finally got his chance.

"They let him try at a rehearsal first, and really he did very well. He knew by heart all the tunes that the band played, and his heart swelled and his body swayed in sympathy with them, and really he swung the baton appropriately enough; and with his light swings here and his heavy ones there and his grand sweeps for the full band all in perfect time, it actually looked as if he was leading, and everybody felt more comfortable and reassured.

"There was really one thing about it all, however, that was ridiculous, and that was the giant's baton. He used the professor's stick, and this in the giant's hand looked about the size of a match. He must be provided with a baton of suitable size to be in keeping, and they thought that if they could get that the giant could have his wish and everything would go off all right, too.

"They found what they thought would do in a tent stake, such as is used around the big tent, this being a pin about six feet in length by about four inches in diameter and having an iron ferrule around the big end to prevent its fraying out there and splitting under the strokes of the beetles when the pin was driven. A six-foot tent pin might seem like a pretty big stick of timber for a baton, but, as a matter of fact, for a conductor of the giant's size it was just about in proportion.

"Our band, at all performances, used to sit on a stand that we built for them alongside the entrance to the ring for the performers and animals; and the professor used to stand on a low box placed at the front of the platform. The giant, at this performance in which he led, stood in front of the platform, his feet on the ground, and he had the music rack stood on the little stand on the platform that the professor commonly occupied.

"When the musicians were all in place on this occasion—the professor himself was among them this time, with his cornet—the giant stepped into the ring and bowed around to the great audience and then turned and faced the band, and swung his baton with his right; and they were off in due and proper form.

"And gayly they went along, with everything slick as could be and without a mishap, the giant holding himself in well and everything going in the most dignified manner possible, through several pieces, till they struck into 'Home, Sweet Home,' and then it seemed as though everything broke loose all at once.

"Just as they'd got well a-going in that piece the ferrule came off the giant's baton. You know the pin had been selected because it was new and bright and fresh and had never been driven and so the wood around the head had not been battered out to fill the ferrule, and then the stake had shrunk a little, too, with season-drying, and the ferrule wasn't very light; and when the giant gave the baton a wave with a little extra power to it he simply cast the ferrule off and sent it flying through the air. It must have weighed three or four pounds, and it was sharp-edged, and that sharp-edged iron ring went sailing straight for the big bass drum.

"It made a grand boom when it hit it, and smashed through the drum-head, besides, to fall inside the shell. Incidentally, when it hit the drum it hit the drummer's drum-stick and knocked it out of his hand, so that the drummer had to bend down to pick it up; and when he had picked it up he looked over toward the giant and shook the drum-stick at him with a look on his face that said as plain as any look could say that he was going to lick him after the show was over if he died for it. That, you know, made the people laugh; but it made the professor, sitting up there with his B flat cornet on the platform, groan.

"What he feared had come to pass—something ridiculous had happened. But the giant never saw the bass drummer's look at all; he was thinking only of his leading, and he was becoming all the time more and more interested and wrought up. He was a man of sentiment, and I suppose the song stirred him up some, and then he was stirred, too, by his own success thus far. And now he advanced a step or two nearer the platform, and putting more vigor and sweep into his movements, he swung his right arm, lengthened out as it was by the long tent pin, out over the heads of the musicians to the right, and his long powerful left arm out over them to the left and so low down as to make some of them duck their heads.

"That made the people laugh a little more, and then the first thing you know, in getting in with one of those long, swinging, full-band swells in the chorus, the giant, with a sort of sweeping, scooping movement with both arms at once, swept half a dozen men off the platform to the left, and on the right upset about as many more in a heap on the platform, and managed somehow with it all to get the tent pin baton with a powerful lifting motion under the rim of the bell of the biggest basshorn, sending that soaring up through the air in a broad and lofty curve clean across the ring, to desend there, bell downward, and wedged itself, a grotesque tall brass hat, upon the head of a solemn-faced, bald-headed man of middle age who had been sitting in the front row of seats by the ring.

"This man jumped over in the ring in a minute with that big horn on his head and staggered around there struggling to get it off, while the high-stepping horse still kept on high-stepping, though there was not any music now. Over at the music platform the men that had been swept off were clambering back and those that had been upset were righting themselves with the leader, the professor, standing up among them speechlessly indignant. The great giant, who a moment before had been so carried away by enthusiastic delight, now towered motionless, with a sort of dazed expression on his countenance, and the whole great audience shook itself all but to pieces with uncontrollable laughter.

"And that was not only the first, but the only time, that the giant ever led the band."—New York "Sun."

Set of teeth without plate. Dr. H. G. Young, 1341 Polk Street.

At The Theatres Next Week.

Central—"The Great Diamond Robbery." Scenic effects after the old Morosco fashion.

California—The James Neill Company in Charles Coghlan's unique play, "The Royal Box."

Tivoli—"Favorita" with Agostini and "Otello" with Montanari run on alternate nights. Iago, in the latter, is the star part of Salassa, the bright particular star of the company. Montanari is the new prima donna soprano.

Grand Opera House—Henry Arthur Jones' comedy, "The Liars," with "Mrs. Dane's Defence" running at the Columbia. This gives us two plays during the week by the best dramatist now writing in English.

Columbia—"Mrs. Dane's Defence." The real thing as a drama and handled by people as competent as the syndicate condescends to give us.

Orpheum—Charles H. Bradshaw's "Fix in a Fix" is the leading new act at the Orpheum. It is a one-act play which has hit it off in the East.

"I Advise

All women who suffer from chronic diseases to write to Dr. Pierce."

That advice is based upon practical experience. After suffering for months, and finding no benefit result from the treatment of the local physician, Miss Belle Hedrick wrote to Dr. Pierce for advice. She acted on the advice, regained her appetite, recovered her strength, and gained several pounds in weight.

"Write to Doctor Pierce" is good advice for every woman to follow. It costs nothing. Dr. Pierce invites sick women to consult him, by letter, *free*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

In a little over thirty years, Dr. Pierce, assisted by his staff of nearly a score of physicians, has treated and cured over half a million women.

"I suffered from female weakness for five months," writes Miss Belle Hedrick of Nye, Putnam Co., W. Va. "I was treated by a good physician, but he never seemed to do me any good. I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce for advice, which I received, telling me to take his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took thirteen bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and eight of 'Golden Medical Discovery.' When I had used the medicine a month my health was much improved. It has continued to improve until now I can work at almost all kinds of housework. I had scarcely any appetite, but it is all right now. Have gained several pounds in weight. I advise all who suffer from chronic diseases to write to Dr. Pierce."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate the bowels.

Things Theatrical.

San Francisco is reveling in a love-feast of tears and lydies with a past just now. Last week "Rebellious Susan," skated over the ice with elegance and ease, but this week "Mrs. Dane" and "Camille" have broken through the ice and conventions with equal vigor, and are now regaling us with their sudden despair. It is a bit wearisome—illæ lachrimæ—and much good emotion is being expended by and on these ladies to no purpose.

The performance of "Camille" at the Alcazar is characterized by a fine daring, a blithe abandonment of the spirit of the French play, that is almost heroic. I suppose it isn't easy to produce this time-worn mass of false sentiment and artificial emotion without some staginess and affectation; but surely we might at least demand that the atmosphere and spirit of Paris be faintly suggested. Anything more un-French than the setting, the manner, the characterization could hardly be fancied. One thought always of the Bowery or south of Market street, never of gay Paree. The famous little—supposedly chic—supper—consisting of real celery and papier mache pears—was almost rowdy; and at the gaming table in the fourth act, vice certainly did not lose half its evil by losing all its grossness. The light touch was lacking—the picture was painted in red and the colors were laid on heavily. Everything shrieked to heaven—the red curtains, the red couch-cover, the red draping on the piano, the women's voices. Moderation was at a discount, and no one had invested.

French, as she is spoke at the Alcazar, is amusing; and some of the best comedy effects were gained unconsciously. "Mushoo" and "Medahm," were close rivals for favor, while "Armand," "Armong," "Proodongse," and "Doovawl" were good seconds. "Oppropo," as Nichette said, the English was not beyond reproach, either. The elegance of Armand's. "My! how time drags when she's absent" wuz almost equalled by the graceful English uv Gostong and Nanette.

* * *

Since there is nothing new under the sun, it would be manifestly unfair to demand a startingly original interpretation from Miss Roberts. Miss Roberts is a woman of much vigor and animation, and in the comedy scenes she was delightful, if not Camille. She lacks the diablerie, the subtlety, the alluring charm of the Frenchwoman—but she has a certain abandon; and her technique is good. But this very technique fails her in the tragedy and sentiment of the role, and degenerates into mere stage tricks. Her grief, her pathos are purely external, never from within; and they are therefore unconvincing. The Alcazar audiences might not agree with this, and the tribute of tears was abundantly rendered. Yet women's tears flow easily, and finesse is an elusive quality which the many do not miss. For example, Miss Roberts' badinage with the Comte called forth hilarious laughter; yet it suggested the bludgeon, rather than the pin-prick. The charming perverseness of Camille in her scenes with Armand was almost transforming into shrewishness, yet this was applauded to the echo.

White Whittlesey did his best work in the fourth act, which he interpreted with a sincerity and conviction that made this scene the strongest of the play. There was not a touch of the self-conscious, artificial here; his denunciation of Camille, with its mingled love, rage and despair was absolutely simple and intense. He was aided by the excellent work of Lucius Henderson, whose Comte de Varville was the most finished performance in the cast. His manner, with its old-world, Parisian grace, was admirable and took one quite away from O'Farrell street. He looked as a Comte should; and when he "threw in" his long piano solo at the beginning, every one appreciated the bargain.

I wish I might say "the rest was silence"; but that is just what it was not. Nichette, the sophisticated ingenue with pig-tail, baby-blue eyes and blue baby hat, shrieked monotonously across the table at Gustave, whose tie shrieked, too. Proodongse's clothes and make-up were supposed to be killingly funny; but she had to yield the honors to Barton Hill, who, as Pere Doovawl, quite killed the famous "interior scene." It was a case of words, words, words. One could almost hear Mr. Hill saying: "Raise the hand at 'you are a noble girl,' with rising inflection; walk three steps to the right; turn; drop arm at 'I thank you'; two steps to left; exit." He ought to make a good army chaplain.

The Alcazar, with better stage management and proportionately higher ideals, could make San Francisco famous. It is the one theatre with a stock company here all the year round; and its opportunities to rival the fame of such German theatres as the one at Mannheim are limited only by the will of the management and the support of the public. But we take our amusements lightly in San Francisco, and we don't particularly care to see good plays well performed at low price, as they do in Europe; otherwise we should attain our desire. That is the pity of it; we don't want the best. The Alcazar, with its good stock material, with intelligent stage management, and intelligent public support, could give us what the Irving Place Theatre gives the Germans in New York; and it would pay, too. Meanwhile we continue to send coal to Newcastle, and our stars to New York.

MAIDA CASTELHUN.

* * *

The Frawley Company made its best impression of the present season in "The Toll-Gate Inn." The play is a historical drama innoculated with melodrama and a little above the average of the vanishing craze for ruffles, powdered hair, and historic allusions. The story is laid in the days of '76. Morgan as the warrior, is miscast except in the love-scenes, where he shines. Mary Van Buren and Katherine Grey divide honors about evenly. Roberts is the Indian and takes with the galleries. In the heroics demanded by the part, he does better than he has ever done before in San Francisco. Ashton's Captain Snell is acceptable but lacks finish in the love-scenes.

Mr. Amory's peculiar comic personality comes in during the last scene to relieve with a touch of comedy what would otherwise be a heavy strain. The play took the house and some of the curtain calls brought to memory the old, palmy days of Morosco's.

* * *

When James Neill had the good sense to copy John Drew and the subdued style of acting rather than the prevailing strenuous school, he laid the foundation for his own success and that of his players in stock company roles. Perhaps that is why Neill is riding a willing horse to death and overdoing it. The intelligent and careful interpretation which is the company's main hold is beginning to suffer from the waits between speeches and the atmosphere of calm hanging over the stage. The "dramatic pause" is over worked. This device of the Drew school loses all its meaning if it is held an instant too long. In every case the Neill people add that instant. It produces a lifeless effect.

Otherwise the performances of "The Amazons," that irresponsible, whimsical little comedy that is numbered with the minor classics, is worth the price. The "fat" parts in Pinero's master comedy are all for the trio of man-trained daughters. The three parts as played by Edythe Chapman, Mary Forbes and Julia Deane, were made pretty and amusing. Miss Deane accommodated herself most readily to doublet and hose, and got nearest her part of a girl with a man's training. Miss Chapman, otherwise Mrs. Neill, was too much the woman throughout. Some of their struggles with masculine ways were more amusing than they were intended to be. Their manner of lighting cigarettes was a great credit to the habits of their private lives.

Donald Bowles overdid a clever conception of the affected Golfred, Earl of Tweenwayes, George Bloomquest was amusing as the lively French lover and Neill—was the same Neill.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-312 Post Street

SOHMER SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

PIANO AGENCY

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For
Brain Workers.

Strengthens the exhausted and confused brain, relieves nervous headache, and induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.01
Deposits, June 29,1901.....29,886,288.15

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President..H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

San Francisco Savings Union
535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....$28,973,540
Reserve Fund..... 226,904
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier, R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital.....$1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot, blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

Elizabeth's Letter.

DEAR MAMA:

I have nothing in the tragedy line this week. I shall tell you only the news of my friends. I have been at Del Monte again, and again in Burlingame, and again in San Rafael. At Monterey I missed a number of people whom I had grown to like. All the men of whom I had grown fond had fled, with the exception of Mr. Tomlinson. He and Ethel Keeney are great friends. She says platonic, but, of course, mama dear, you told me that such a thing only existed in romances.

Ethel Keeney is rather a conspicuous-looking young woman. She might be French or Austrian or a Californian you can imagine her type. I really admire her cousin Leontine Blakeman more, though she rather suggests a model at 'Paquin's' or 'Doucet's.' You know, mama dear, there is such a thing as being too well groomed. The too obvious in anything, you say, is not the real thing. Leontine is exceedingly popular with both men and women and she never gossips.

I have just met the Loughborough girls, Fanny and Josephine. I shall see more of them later. Fanny has a pouty sort of mouth, and fine coloring. Josephine has fine hair and teeth. They are the amiable type of young women, and will, I am sure, be charming to have at Coronado during the Winter. Auntie will take me there, for the warships go to San Diego in November.

I have wandered away from Ethel Keeney's Mr. Tomlinson. I call him that because he is so called by all the girls. I asked him whether he wore a little sign "Keep away—this means you"--for he is really never approached. I consider it my duty to be nice to men, even when they are half owned by another girl.

Mama dear, I had such a funny experience the other day with one of the 'Khaki Brownies' as they call the crowd of fellows to which this one belongs. He was telling me about Europe and just for fun I said, "Now tell me, did you find the women of Egypt so beautiful?" He is a most gallant young fellow, and looking as 'Brownyish' as a Brownie can, said: "Not so beautiful as they are charming, Miss Elizabeth."

Had he been as clever as he is generous and nice, I should have thought that it was on me; but mama, those around me laughed heartily after the Brownie had gone. Of course this has gone the rounds and now the girls all say "not so beautiful as they are charming" when describing any old thing.

ELIZABETH.

I have met Lansing Kellogg. He is a fine, big fellow with lots of manner, and quite interesting. He seems anxious to give all the pleasure he can to a girl when he is with her. That is quite uncommon in men one meets out here. Of course they have as a rule not traveled very much. I run across Truxton Beale and Mr. McCaleb constantly. I do not know what I should do without the two of them for they are certainly more the type of men to which I am accustomed.

Fancy, mama, Tommy went to the Jinks. That is the affair that the Bohemian Club gives every year. He told me they were very entertaining, that was all. He explained he had no time to talk much to me, for he is so deeply interested in a new girl he has just met.

One thing about the Del Monteans, they are rather anxious to have nice traps and well-made clothes. In San Rafael, however, people drive in the most dreadful, old buggies with horses that look like the property of farmers during a bad season. I really only noticed one stylish-looking conveyance and that belonged to young Babcock of Coronado.

The people at Rafael Hotel spend all their mornings at the Golf Club and the afternoons at cards. They play exactly as though their lives were in jeopardy. Auntie says it is a greediness most women embrace when a prize is at stake. Auntie will not play for a prize, but she attended Mrs. Hart's euchre party, nevertheless. The ladies were ladies, auntie says, and she felt that she could play without anyone getting out of humor.

Monday night all of the people auntie knows—in future I will call them the 'Inits'—went to see Margaret Anglin in "Mrs. Dane's Defence." Auntie gave a theatre party. We had one behind us, and before us, and along side of us. Most of the people knew each other, so during the intermissions the 'Inits' had quite a reception. No one ever dreams of being quiet. Each girl and man, irrespective of the fact he might be an annoyance to his not 'Init," neighbor, talked and shouted. I apologized to myself for being 'Init," when it is so devoid of good breeding.

Caro Crokett was there with the always on hand Laurie, and the Hopkins contingent with their husbands. I am so glad that there were only two Taylor boys, for Georgie Hopkins would surely have married the third had there been one. Some people have so little imagination. Edith McBean is being horribly teased about her brass-buttoned doctor. He is not her senior, but is a nice fellow.

Oh mama, by the way, never mind sending me my cigarette case, girls out here only smoke in their bedrooms. It is not considered nice by the very moral men of California—one always swears that she has never smoked. How I hate hypocrisy!

Good night, mama, you will hardly know your daughter when you meet her again.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 8,000 Inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

HARRY NIEMANN

The Old "Tivoli" Favorite

Desires to Inform his Friends and the Public in general that his new

SHIRT FACTORY

is now open and ready for business. Harry will be found at the store

719

Emma Spreckels Bldg.,

every day ready to receive his customers

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits..... ... $20.00
Pants..... 4.50

My $25 00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S. F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... **PAPER**
COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.

Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER
THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336
DON R. DUNBAR
Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes
N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood
"The Castle"
101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG
The True Blue.
308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served.

—ESTABLISHED 1823—
WILSON WHISKY
—THAT'S ALL!
Bielenberg & Weniger
Sole Distributors
101-103 POWELL ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD
Will return and resume teaching a limited number of pupils on AUGUST 15TH. Applications for time or an interview can be addressed care of
SHERMAN & CLAY'S.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

The Tivoli is "doing noble" in nearly every respect. It is more than fulfilling its promises; and that is such an unusual procedure in affairs theatric as to be engagingly unique. The attention to detail is particularly noticeable. There are no new saw edges, as the laundryman says. The staging is exceptionally good, and stage management obtrusively smooth, and the orchestra and chorus work quite beyond previous Tivoli standards. But that advertising drop-curtain! It dashes every high thought and exalted emotion to the commercial abyss of a hideous nightmare patchwork of whisky, soap, corn-cures and groceries. It is a blot of shame on the performances, a low travesty on the high name of grand opera, and effectually kills any claim to dignity that the Tivoli might advance.

"Il Trovatore," so far from being received with the apathy that familiarity brings, was applauded with unflagging and appreciative enthusiasm throughout. It was a good performance. Russo was a spirited Manrico in so far as singing went, but his acting leaned stiffly to the clothes-pin order. Barbareschi sang like an artist, and Collamarini—did not. That she can sing acceptably if she would, was evidenced more than once; but she insists on using raw, grating, tom-boy tones. Salassa as the Count gave a big interpretation. But then he could not give anything else; or so it seems to me. His voice is big; his art is big; his brains are big; the whole man is big.

In "Lucia," Repetto, in the title role, did some very excellent work; though her execution was, at times, a trifle misty. Her voice is eminently suited to this style of work. Mr. Steindorff and his conducting improve on acquaintance. The basses of the chorus have a tendency to flatten, and the feminine chorus are careless about their releases and attacks; especially the former.

The past month has been one of marriages, arrivals and departures. In the first class there is Miss Isella Van Pelt, now become the wife of Thomas Mills, a banker of Canada; and Mrs. Ziska Jennings, who has married Milton Snyder, the editor of the Paris edition of the New York "Herald." In the second class there are two organists, Mr. Louis H. Eaton, the successor of Mr. Stewart in Trinity Church; and Mr. J. Stanfield, the organist of St. James' Church of Philadelphia. Mr. Stanfield is here on a pleasure jaunt merely. Miss Marie Withrow and her sister have returned from a period of teaching in London. I must regretfully chronicle the exit of Dr. Franklin Palmer, the organist of St. Dominic's Church. His place will be filled by one of our best known musicians, Mr. F. Dohrman.

MONTANARI,
The Tivoli's new Prima Donna Soprano.

At the Orpheum, Miss Alexandra Dagmar wears gowns calculated to turn envious noses upside down with jealousy. She sings with feeling and some claim to style, though her voice is rather pale. She is fully as stunning as she claims to be.

Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "Afterward," by Frances Allitsen, published by Boston Music Company. "Phyllis," by Edwin Cary, published by Boosey & Co. I am in receipt of two compositions for the piano, by Henry J. Curtaz. Their separate titles are: "Kermesse" and "Marionettes" and they are of a sufficiently bright and "taking" quality to be popular, beside being good compositions.

Success.

I knocked at the gate of my lord, Success;
I stormed his threshold with eager din,
I love him, the prize of my soul, no less,
But he barred the gate lest I step within.

And after, Love took my heart to mate,
And we built us a house in the wilderness.
A stranger is beating against our gate,
Crying, "Let me in! It is I, Success!"

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Fifty years of success prove these troches the simplest and best remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, Bronchial and Lung Troubles.
In boxes—never sold in bulk.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

Cotton Sail Ducks
Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.
Murphy, Grant, Co.

Telephone Green 248
Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .
115 GEARY STREET
Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome materials kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5178]
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

St. Lawrence
Livery and Sale Stables
W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor
423 Post St., Bet. Powell and Mason
Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else
Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

Among the Authors.

In spite of the muchly advertised "Fiction Numbers" of all the magazines, there is a dearth of really good magazine stories in the August numbers. There are plenty of stories, but the snappy, taking kind is scarce.

McClure's leads easily in quality and interest of its stories. "A Red Haired Cupid," by a new man named Phillips, has made a hit. Josephine Dodge Daskam has another of her child stories, "Dicky and the Little God," a clever story of Dicky and a love affair with a dancing-school attachment, one of the best she has done. They have also another of Lefevre's stock-exchange stories, pretty good, but not up to the standard of his earlier ones. There is a fair, semi-biographical sketch of Prof. Haeckel.

Harper's leading story is entitled "The Cleansing of the Lie." It has the making of an entertaining story, but is rather crudely told.

The same is true of the Pearson's story, "Hogan, the Hobo," which contains the material for one of the best stories out of the present deluge of railroad tales.

The Century is a distinct fall off from its usual high standard, or perhaps the standard is too high to be interesting to the average reader.

The World's Work has gone in for the Pan-American and is bulky and beautiful with write-ups and advertising matter.

The Atlantic has a good and timely story in "Going Down to Jericho," founded on the organization of one of the trusts. It has two other interesting articles, one by Brooks Adams, "Reciprocity or the Alternative," in which he maintains that it is reciprocity for the United States, or fight, and the other by J. D. Whelpley on the "Isolation of Canada," a plea for a more friendly and sympathetic attitude on our part toward our northern neighbor.

The International has a criticism by N. P. Trent of Columbia University on Brander Matthews of Columbia University, "Brander Matthews as a Dramatic Critic." It would not be natural to expect scathing or penetrating criticism of the subject from such a source. Nor is the article in question such.

The North American has a defense of Christian Science by one McCrackan, which will be entertaining to the curious, edifying to the skeptical and convincing to the faithful. H. G. Wells, who seemed to have an inexhaustible imagination, is still pursuing prophecy in "Anticipations." This time he hardly hits the mark.

LURTON.

* * *

Louise Chandler Moulton writes of "Truth Dexter:" "I don't know how to praise it enough. I can't recall any novel which has interested me so absorbingly for years. It is a matchless book."

* * *

A charming and powerful novel on Little, Brown & Company's new list is "When the Gates lift up Their Heads: a Story of the Seventies," by Payne Erskine. The scene of the book is a little mountain town in the South. Negroes, whites, descendants of old Southern families, Northern visitors, are all vividly portrayed, and play their part in the dramatic development. The book is a love story, as well as a picture of the South after the war.

* * *

"Ballantyne," Helen Campbell's new novel, is already in its second edition, as is also Ellis Meredith's story, "The Master-Knot of Human Fate."

* * *

"The American Husband in Paris," by Anna Bowman Dodd, describes the first trip abroad of a New York business man. His wife, who travels to Paris annually, has been persuaded to accompany him on a visit to the older portions of the city.

The "Sir Christopher" poster, from a painting by Edwin H. Blashfield, pictures the incident in which Sir Christopher Neville takes oath of tenant before the boy Cecil Calvert. The picture is nearly described by this passage from the book: "On the dais stood Cecil, his eyes dancing under the page-cut hair, which fell like a thatch over his forehead, and his curls tremulous with the excitement, which would not let him be still for an instant. Elinor stood beside him, . . . and on the step knelt Neville."

* * *

Charles M. Flandrau, author of "The Diary of a Freshman," comes of strenuous ancestry. His great-uncle was commander-in-chief of the United States Army, his father was a supreme judge of Minnesota and his family record is a long line of lawyers and soldiers, dating from the early days of the Huguenots. His paternal grandfather, it is said, for a time practised law with Aaron Burr.

* * *

Regarding "The Master-Knot of Human Fate," Ellis Meredith writes to her publisher: "The idea is absolutely my own, and whatever else it may lack, it cannot be said that the plot is not striking and original. It is not a purpose novel, though it is a problem novel. Having a somewhat fantastic motif, I have tried to make the story as convincing as possible."

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager, Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

LOW SUMMER EXCURSION RATES EAST

Southern Pacific

offers those low round trip rates:

ON SALE		ROUND TRIP
August 20–21	Louisville,	77.50
August 22–23, September 5–6	Buffalo,	87.00
September 5–6	Cleveland,	82.50

These rates apply from California main-line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest — finest scenery — choice of routes — limited trains — personally conducted tourist excursions —

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADWAY wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Aug 4, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m. July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Aug. 4, and every fifth day thereafter. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m. July 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Aug. 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles)

Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m., steamer State of California Wednesdays 9 a. m.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and *Newport, (*Corona only)—Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.

Steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Caho, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Than Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

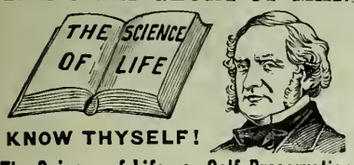
Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood,
THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN.



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, **FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT,** copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, **FREE OF CHARGE,** send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,

155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.

VISITING CARDS,
$1.00
HUNDRED.

Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,
No. 24 Post Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

TEL. GREEN 12.
CHAS. P. DROLLA
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal
All legal business promptly attended to.
Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

Concerning Women.

Describing the women among the gamblers in Uncle Sam's Oklahoma lottery, a New York "Sun" correspondent says:

Most of the women who appear at the registry booths, of course, are from Oklahoma itself, Indian Territory, Arkansas, Texas and the far Western States. But there are others, girls from the cities, farmers' widows from the East, women, old and young, and apparently drawn from all classes, a few of them finely dressed and looking little fitted for the rough life of a new and undeveloped country. Newspaper correspondents returning from El Reno and Fort Sill tell of some odd and some pathetic incidents at the women's registry booths. Here are some of them.

A pretty girl not more than 18 appeared at the woman's booth in El Reno and signified her wish to register.

"Are you married?" asked the clerk.

"No, sir."

"A widow?"

"No, sir."

"The head of a family?"

"N-No, sir.

"Then under what provision of the law do you seek a homestead?"

The girls face flushed, tears showed in her eyes and she swallowed as if a lump arose in her throat before she answered:

"I am a mother, sir."

"That's all right," said the clerk kindly. "Here's your certificate."

A colored woman from Mississppi appeared with a demand for a chance to take a claim.

"Married?" she was asked.

"No, sah."

"Widow?"

"Yessah. I'se buried six husbands.'

"You are certainly entitled to register," said the clerk. And she did.

A raw-boned, muscular woman said she was from the Chickasee country and she was married.

"Husband dead?" she was asked.

"No, sir."

"Divorced?"

"No," indignantly.

"Then you can't register."

"Oh, yes I can. I'm the head of the family."

To prove it she brought up her crippled husband to testify that she had earned the living of the family for years by running a small ranch. The clerk registered her.

"I am the seventeenth one of our family to register," said an old woman from Arkansas who is seeking a home in the new country. "I have sixteen grown boys and every one of them has registered. We ought to get several claims out of the bunch."

One George H. Brown has advertised that he wants to meet a good-looking young woman eligible to register, with a view to matrimony. He himself has registered but he wants to have an anchor to windward in case he isn't lucky, so he promises to marry any fair maid who draws a good quarter section.

A girl from Iowa barely 20, who registered, told the clerk she wanted a claim that she might run a horse ranch on it.

"My father is a horseman in Iowa and I propose to be a horsewoman in Oklahoma," said she.

Miss Mabel Diggs, daughter of Mrs. Annie L. Diggs, State Librarian of Kansas, is at El Reno, and has registered. At home she wears an opal ring. It is proof that even Kansas women are not free from small superstitions that before leaving home to draw for a claim she took the ring off for fear it would bring her bad luck. As she stepped off the train at El Reno she found a rusty horseshoe. And now she's sure she'll win a home in the government lottery.

Girls of 15 and 16 are swearing that they are of age, according to returned visitors, in order to take a chance in the lottery. They refuse to heed warnings that they will lose any claim they may draw as soon as the government land agents set to work after the drawing to ferret out the frauds.

The scene was Brooklyn. The trolley car stopped and in the street beside it was seen a woman, gray haired, portly and well dressed, with strength of character shown on every line of her face. She walked slowly along the car looking for a vacant place. Every seat was filled. She wedged herself between two seats and stood. The conductor started the car and came along the footboard.

"Fare!" he said.

The gray-haired woman turned toward him with dignity.

"I will pay my fare when I get a seat," she said with a decision in her voice and manner.

The men absorbed in their newspapers who were sitting in the row behind her were so surprised at this revolt of woman that they suffered themselves to be betrayed into looking up and seeing the portly woman. None of them got up, though. The conductor did not seem so much surprised as saddened.

"Fare, please," he replied, weakly.

"I will pay my fare when I get a seat," the gray-haired woman said again.

"You'll have to pay your fare or get off the car," retorted the conductor.

"I will pay my fare when I get a seat," the gray-haired woman said with undiminished severity and firmness for the third time.

The conductor looked at the five men in a row sitting behind the gray-haired woman. The five men in a row looked at their newspapers. The conductor went back to the rear of the car. The gray-haired woman stood free till she got a seat. Then she paid her fare. The conductor unbosomed himself to the men hanging on to the rear platform in various fashions.

"They make me tired," he said. "That's the third I've had this week. Have you seen anything in the papers about a society of women who have agreed not to pay their fare if they don't get a seat? I haven't, but I'm getting to believe there is such a society. I've had two others refuse to pay this week, and other conductors are meeting them, too.

"What do we do if they don't pay? Nothing. If it was a man we could fire him off the car; but if it's a woman we're liable to have the five cents come out of our own pockets."

Flor de Claus Spreckels

Choicest Havana Cigars

H. PLAGEMANN & CO., Importers

709-711 Market St.,

Adjoining Call Building

San Francisco

Up Stairs at Night your Silverware is reasonably secure from midnight dangers. The only absolute security against the daylight danger of scratching or wearing is by using

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

that insures the highest degree of brilliancy without the least detriment in any form.

Trial quantity for the asking.
Box, postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.
It's Sold Everywhere.
The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MIAN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC AND OTHER DISEASES CURED

Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application. Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST. near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell
Office and Residence
1021½ Market St. S. F. Cal.

Borrowed Plums

Setting Matters Right.

Mrs. Cumso (to her husband) "Do you think it is quite the æsthetic thing to wear a flower in your buttonhole and a cigarette in your mouth?"

Mr. Cumso—"I'm glad you called my attention to the impropriety, dear." (Throws away the flower.)

* * *

Every Little Helps.

"Here's another letter from that new tenant," said the secretary.

"What's he want now?" inquired the proprietor of the Highuppe Apartment House.

"Says he's got to have more room in his flat. Says it'll help some if you'll let him scrape the paper off the walls."—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

* * *

Lunatic or Financier.

"You say our friend insisted that he had a plan for a perpetual motion machine and a formula for converting base metals into gold?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what has become of him."

"If he stuck to his workshop they have probably locked him up. But if he went out and organized a few stock companies he is no doubt rich and comfortable."—*The Washington Star.*

* * *

Shuffle and Cut.

Perceiving now that the block was inevitable, the noble prisoner bethought him of suicide.

"Shall I shuffle off this mortal coil?" mused he.

But the executioner, being a man of some wit withal, divined his thought.

"You shuffle after I cut!" quoth this functionary, briefly.

The duke was silent at this. It was not his grace's wont to handy words with one from the commonalty.—*The Detroit Journal.*

* * *

Ate his Bonnet.

An English driver for a Market st. business house persuaded his employer to buy a straw hat for the horse during the recent hot spell, and on Tuesday the horse appeared without the new headgear.

"What has become of the horse's bonnet, Harry?" asked one of the firm. "Don't you think it is hot enough this morning?"

"'Ot enough. That it is, sir, but the bloomin' 'oss ate the 'at afore I could put it on 'im this morning," said 'Array.—*The Newark Sunday Call.*

* * *

A Case of Absentmindedness.

The other day a young lady, daughter of a well known millionaire, drove up to the door of a jeweller's shop, went in and selected a turquoise and diamond ring valued at $250. She quietly made out her check for that sum and passed it on to the assistant. The alert young man glanced at it, and then looked inquiringly up at the young lady.

"There is some mistake here, I think," said he, with an apologetic smile

The young lady flushed and demanded to know if the check was not for the right amount. She was told it was hut—

"But what?" she exclaimed, haughtily. "Do you mean that my check is not acceptable?"

The assistant mildly acknowledged that he knew quite well who the young lady was, hut explained that the check was not made out just as it should be, and he handed it hack.

The girl ran her eyes over it, and then turned a deep crimson.

"Oh," she exclaimed: "I see." And then she proceeded to make out another check.

She had signed the first one, "Your own sweetheart, Jessie."

New Importations of Millinery

Calimberti

Being Constantly Received

MODES DE PARIS
240 Post Street below Stockton,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

California Northwestern R'y

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Shellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices 650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

AUTOMOBILES

WE BUILD TO ORDER

GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.

All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
FACTORY—346 McAllister St; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone, Main 1042

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

STATE LIBRARY

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 12. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

The City's First Sweeping for a Week.

Strikers and Police at the Jackson Street Wharf.

The Strike Stagnation.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE RUSH 424.

San Francisco—August 17, 1901.

High Priced Blackmail.

The "Examiner" has unofficially explained why the paper has dared, in the past fortnight, to come out in open support of the general strike and in open insult of the employer class. From this employer class come the advertisements which are the real life of a newspaper, and without which no journal, great or small, can continue in existence. It seems like an axiom that men who pay for advertising in California are not going to patronize the "Examiner" after the present trouble. It has been recognized all along that the question of advertising was muzzling the daily press, and when the "Examiner" broke loose, not to tell the truth but to lie on the other side, the public wondered where Hearst expected to look for advertisements after the storm clears away.

The secret is out. The "Examiner" political "push" are saying that the employers "will not dare to discriminate against the 'Examiner'" in the matter of advertisements. That is, if the insulted and injured merchants keep their patronage from their sworn enemy, their private lives and intimate affairs and those of their families will be shown up to public view in the gay and racy manner which has made the "Monarch of the Dailies" so great a favorite along Mason street and South of the Slot. It is a form of persecution particularly distasteful to the class of people represented in the Employers' Association, and is expected to be all the more effective therefore.

Small and disreputable papers the world over have an easy way of getting advertising which the courts call blackmail. This is the receipt: First gain such a reputation for the publication of "racy" stories about people that the public are afraid of you. Then find the family skeleton of a rich advertiser, set it up ready to publish and show him the proof, promising to keep out the article for a good, big, over-paid advertisement. It is a beautiful scheme if the paper and its management are not particular.

In what essential respect does this differ from the "Examiner's" proposed method of forcing in advertising after the strike is over?

An "Insult to Labor."

Jefferson Davis Pierce, labor demagogue, who was the first mover in the labor disturbances which have brought the present disastrous tie-up on San Francisco, issued a statement to the press at the time when his butchers' strike was just on the point of collapse. It was a high-sounding exposition of "union principle." It related at length the lofty motives of Jefferson Davis Pierce in calling out the butchers to "strike for justice" and the union card. It deprecated any violent measures, and informed the public that the assaults on union men up to that time were the work of hoodlums and were frowned upon by the strikers.

The next day, a speech which Pierce delivered at a closed meeting of the union happened to leak out to the public. The tone was somewhat different. He denounced "scabs" for a good half-hour. He called upon the union men to hate the "scabs," to ostracise them, to persecute them, to keep them "by forcible means if necessary," from taking the places of union men. "Teach your children," he concluded, "to despise them. Teach your grandchildren to hate them, so that they will say of a man down to the third generation: 'he is the grandson of a scab. Shun him.'"

At the present time of writing, victims of strike rows, in which the strikers are always the aggressors, are rolling into the City Receiving Hospital at the rate of ten and twelve a day. Everyone connected with the disturbance knows that the presence of the police is the only thing which insures even passable safety to the strikers. In spite of this, the Labor Council officially berates Commissioner George Newhall for asking further police protection, asserting that the strikers have never made a disturbance, never intend to, and that the presence of the police is an "insult to labor."

The savory Mr. Pierce has dropped out of the present situation, but his soul goes marching on. He has left his way of doing things as a legacy to the Labor Council.

The "Sweating" of Winters

As between the methods employed by the city detectives in extorting a confession from "Jack" Winters, the Selby smelter robber, and the methods employed by the constabulary in the good old days of Queen Mary and Queen Bess, there appears to be only a very slight distinction. The one is torture of the mind, the other of the body. Arrested and held on a "fake" warrant, placed in durance without the services of an attorney or counselor, he was subjected for three days to a strain which would have tried the strongest mind. Pitted against men who have spent their lives in grilling criminals, he was worried and browbeaten until he broke down and confessed both the crime and the location of the plunder.

Even then, it is doubtful if he would have confessed if he had not been offered some inducement. What this inducement was, the detectives and the officials of the company have refused to say. If it was a promise of light sentence, the sworn officers of the law compounded the crime and trifled with justice. If it was a money consideration, they offered a premium upon crime in order that they might gain the heavy reward offered and that the company might recover its property. If no inducement was offered, Captain Seymour and his subordinates owe to the public a full explanation of the methods used during the "sweating" of Winters. Otherwise, they will leave a blot upon an administration of detective affairs which has been hitherto unsullied.

The Genius of Prejudice.

When Father Peter C. Yorke broke loose at the labor mass-meeting at Metropolitan Temple to denounce Judge Sloss and his recent labor decision, he let his prejudices get away with his common sense. It was no new thing for Father Yorke. He has done it before. A good parish priest, an able leader, a splendid natural orator, perhaps the greatest on the Pacific Coast today, he has the very genius of prejudice. He has been so long the special advocate of a cause that he cannot reason straight on anything. What he calls reasoning is the process of finding justification for his opinions.

Father Yorke's parish is a parish of the poor and his work is among the laboring class. It is to the credit of his heart that he regards himself as the mouthpiece of that class. It is to the vast discredit of his mind that he cannot think clearly enough to see that Judge Sloss was merely interpreting the law, and that if any injustice was wrought it was through a flaw in the law itself.

Doubtless Father Yorke cannot see this. He is built that way. It is unfortunate, because he is a good, able, well-meaning man, barring this one loose screw and a fatal leaning toward sensationalism. It is, however, just these good, able, well-meaning men with loose screws who are back of trouble in such times as these.

A Russian Visitor.

M. De Witte, Russian Minister of Finance, is expected to pay an early visit to this country, coming by way of the Pacific Coast. The announcement has attracted less attention than it deserves from the daily newspapers. Owing to peculiar economic conditions, the Minister of Finance is the real power behind the throne in the Czar's dominions. He is coming to take a vacation trip, but his reasons for choosing the United States instead of some part of Europe are not hard to guess. The United States has been the international sensation of the last year or so, and De Witte is coming to see how we do it. Then, the Pacific Coast is about to be brought very near to the Czar's dominions through the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. When one comes to consider it, Russia is the European country nearest to the Coast. Siberia is the back door of the Empire, and we are the back door of the Republic, with a strong belief that the streets are going to be changed and renumbered in the next century to make us the front door. It is time that the two nations were getting better acquainted.

We will be glad to see Mr. De Witte. He is one of the greatest statesmen of a very great nation not wholly understood on this side of the world. He can doubtless learn much from us, and we ought to learn something from him. He is said to have in view the placing of one of the eternal Russian loans with Eastern capitalists. We may have to disappoint him there. American capital is mostly in use furthering American enterprises. We are a nation of promoters and entrepreneurs, not, as yet, of capitalists.

THROUGH THE WEEK.

THE strike is "petering out." At the present writing, there is no likelihood that it will end with a bump and a crash. It is far more likely that it will conclude after the fashion of the cooks' and waiters' walk-out. There, it will be remembered, three or four hundred assorted strikers who could not get their jobs back held out and made the public believe that they were continuing the strike long after the main body had gone back to work, long after all the restaurants were running full blast. In fact, this show of resistance is still keeping up, and until a fortnight ago a crowd of alleged waiters who would rather strike at $1 a day than work at $2 and board were drawing strike benefits. It would be much better for both sides if the strike could be called off by agreement, since work could then be resumed on the old terms, and some of the loss inflicted upon the state could be repaired before the end of the summer. As it is, the city will recover only gradually from the paralysis of trade and industry.

* * *

It is a question just how much this will hurt the unions. Such a termination is more fatal to their organization than even a complete surrender. As the men go back to their old places, they will quietly bolt the union one by one. The butchers struck in May, 1,400 strong; when they called it off five days later, there were 120 men in the meeting. The rest had bolted the union and gone back to work. Perhaps the fizzle of the strike along the water-front may not be so hard a blow for the unions, since a special effort will be made by the leaders to hold the men together, but it will be pretty nearly as fatal to organization. One thing is certain; it is going to wreck the future of certain agitators and walking delegates who stirred up the trouble and are fattening on the proceeds.

* * *

Examples of this sort of work have multiplied. There was the business agent of the cooks and waiters who walked away with the surplus funds. The Brotherhood of Teamsters had $7,500 in their treasury when they walked out. Two weeks later, they had not a cent, and only one-half the money went to strike benefits. The rest was the "expense account" of certain leaders. One of the heaviest items was a sort of secret service fund, used, it was supposed, for buying off non-union teamsters. No itemized statement of this expenditure was ever rendered. At present, the union men at work are being bled for these strike benefits. Then there is a certain agitator who is putting away money, jewelry and goods by threatening to boycott timid firms, a sort of blackmail rendered easy by the great losses already inflicted upon concerns which have had the backbone to hold out.

This individual and some of his shady accomplices may have to leave the city between two days when the honest union men awake to the things being done in their name.

* * *

One unexpected result of the trouble has been he enrollment of the Tivoli's travelling company, including Ferris Hartman and Annie Myers, in the ranks of organized labor. They are now all able-bodied seamen and can qualify for a job whenever the comic opera business is dull. This is how it happened.

The company was booked to leave Eureka on the steamer Pomona just after the trouble broke out. But news of the sailors' strike reached that port at the last moment and half the crew walked out. Nevertheless, the captain prepared to sail with his crippled crew. The local wharfinger got word of this and sent notice that he would inspect the vessel before she sailed to see if she carried her complement of fourteen able-bodied seamen; if she did not, she would be held in port. The captain was seven men shy, and no sailors to be had. And if the steamer did not start, Hartman and company were foreordained to be late with their next engagement. At that point an idea struck Hartman. He called for the log, and enrolled his company in the list of able-bodied seamen.

When the wharfinger came aboard, the captain had a full list. There were Ferris Hartman, A.B., A. Myers, A. B., Arthur Cunningham, A. B., and all the rest. There was no time to investigate; the wharfinger muttered something about a mistake and let the Pomona go, manned by the cast of "The Idol's Eye."

* * *

There was a little crush on the last night of registration for the primaries; not anything like the jam on the night before the main elections, but quite a respectable crowd nevertheless. At the long counters, the clerks were toiling and sweating, each with a line of men before him patiently waiting their turn. In the column nearest the door was an old Irishman very much the worse for liquor and very noisy. A policeman, trying to stop him by diplomatic means, came over and said that people were taking him for an A. P. A. That only made him worse and by the time the line in front melted away and be braced himself against the counter, he was ready for anything.

"Name, please," said the clerk.

"Well, it's none o' yer bizness, young feller, what me name is. It's Dunnegan, Michael J. Dunnegan, an' I can lick ye!"

"Where were you born?"

"In me native land, begob!"

"Minnesota?" asked the clerk pleasantly.

It took three policemen to calm the Irishman. When he was comparatively subdued, the clerk found, by a slow deductive process, that he lived at 2798 Tehama Street or thereabouts.

"What is the number of your room?" asked the representative of the franchise.

"Begorra, they ain't no number, it's the little room off the kitchen!"

* * *

The Selby robbery has divided attention with the strike this week. It is a record crime, not only for the size of the "sack" taken but for its astonishing boldness. A quarter of a million dollars taken from the bottom of a safe while a whole smelter force was working just outside! The careful attention to detail, the neatness of the job, made the world believe that it was the work of experts. And then it turns out to be the work of a simple smelter hand who had never, so far as can be learned, committed another serious crime in his life. To finish the parodox, the man who had the originality to see the chance and the genius of thievery to carry it out, failed to cover up the evidence by dropping his tools in the bay, but left them loose in his own cabin, and was as wax in the hands of the detectives who captured him.

There are still two more curious coincidences in this curious case. Frank Norris, the California novelist, outlined step for step just such a crime in his novel "Blix," issued two years ago. Winters says that he never read that novel; if it is true, it is a case of great minds in the same channel. Again, the last heavy robbery in San Francisco is directly connected with the Selby Smelting Works. It transpires that Walter Dimmick, chief clerk at the Mint, to whom the Federal detectives are trying to nail the robbery of $30,000 in gold, had been taking small sums from the returns made by the Selby people and it is the theory of the officers that he stole in a lump to cover up the sum of these little peculations. These things would be called strained if they were put into a story, but here they are in the newspapers and the police records.

* * *

It is an axiom of this free and enlightened representative government that the State always pays more for things than a private individual. The State Legislature followed this course in appropriating $225,000 for the Big Basin tract, with the purpose of paying $100 an acre for "first class timber land," some of which was as bare of trees as Market Street. It now transpires that a syndicate of mill men have been buying options on the land, holding it to sell to the State at something like five times its value. When the Commission appointed by the Legislature arrived at the grove for the purpose of inspecting it, an attempt was made to rush them through with expert "guides," who were supposed to lead the Commissioners zig-zag through the valuable parts, leaving out the bad ones. Fortunately, the men on the Commission knew their business and had no strings attached to them. As a consequence, the State is likely to pay much less than $100 an acre for the land, or else reject the proposition altogether.

The true lover of California will hope that it will not be rejected. Here are splendid members of the fast-vanishing redwood tribe at the very doors of the city, a park and public playground for all time such as no other great city has within reach. Even on the part now practically denuded, there are young trees which will come into a beautiful growth somewhere within the century, when the only real redwoods growing will be in public parks. Of course, the tract is not worth the $225,000 charged, but it is worth condemnation at something like the just and proper figure.

* * *

New York newspapers are starting a crusade against the Sunday "Sacred Concerts," which are said to be only a cloak for indecent vaudeville shows.

TRADES UNIONISM.

How it Should Work.

By George Estes,
President of the United Brotherhood of Railway Employees.

The great struggle on the part of labor to unify and solidify itself, for its own protection, is one of the living issues of the hour, and it may be designated as the paramount and by far the most important question before the American people today.

Many causes have led up to the present great battles now raging in Pennsylvania, California and other sections of North America.

Some of these causes are local and temporary; others are general and lasting in their character; some are easily discernible and readily understood; others are beneath the surface and when investigated will be found fixed and immutable natural laws, which enter into the very organic conditions that make civilization and even human existence possible.

The San Francisco strike, or combination of strikes, which is now on in full force, has been dilated upon by both sides of the controversy at full length in the daily press and many editorials, lectures and sermons have been prepared and uttered, regarding the struggle for supremacy.

Generally speaking, those who express their views on the subject take either one side or the other, and speak or write from a partisan standpoint. The opposing sides to these burning questions see the situation from diametrically opposite views and this, in part, enhances the difficulty of effecting an amicable adjustment. There are also other reasons which make these adjustments difficult to bring about and these reasons are deep and underlying principles, which should be carefully studied by both capital and labor from a general standpoint, and when so studied with an earnest desire to arrive at a just solution of the problem, then and then only will strikes disappear and the millenium of permanent harmony and cooperation between labor and capital be brought about.

In this article, which must necessarily be brief, it is not the purpose of the writer to deal with the temporary and purely local causes which have acted as a firebrand to start the general conflagation. These local causes are fairly well known, having been frequently treated at length in the city press. Most people have formed their own opinions as to these local issues and many have taken sides and become radically partisan on these questions, and, by dwelling wholly on one side or the other of the controversy, have concluded that the opposite side is entirely to blame. In that way the breach is widened, and instead of approaching a settlement, the trouble has continued to grow worse.

It is the desire of the writer of this article to present for consideration a phase of the situation which seems to have been overlooked in the general treatment of the subject, namely that the employees or labor unions have been forced nearly to the striking point, by causes which have pushed to the front through the rapid progress and advancement of this most progressive age.

Until very recent times the Pacific Coast was comparatively isolated from the rest of the world as to certain lines of industry and certain occupations.

It was, and in a greater or less degree still is, provincial in its character with regard to prices of textile fabrics, food stuffs and labor. These same conditions, before the full development of trusts and transportation systems existed in all parts of North America, but to a lesser degree, generally speaking, than on the Pacific Coast.

The completion of the great railroad systems of the country, together with the establishment of the community of interest plan whereby the majority of the railway mileage of the country is operated under the direction of two or three men, rendering the business of transporting freight and passengers more systematic, more rapid and more perfect than at any other time in the worlds history, has broken down all barriers, levelled (metaphorically speaking) all mountains, and by the rapidity and ease with which any product or commodity can be transported from the place of supply to any market where there may be the slightest demand, has practically made prices uniform throughout the country. Where this has not been entirely the case the tendency has been decidedly in that direction and the bringing into existence of the mammoth trusts has hastened the general leveling process by eliminating all competition and placing prices on an absolutely uniform level. This naturally had a tendency to force wages to the same uniform standard,and from the very nature of things, the employers of labor, when arriving at these standards do not raise the lower paid employees to the rate of those receiving higher wages, but, on the contrary, those receiving the greatest compensation are forced down to the lower levels of the lesser paid workmen in the same occupation but in different localities.

This is a natural movement upon the part of capital or the employers. As soon as the trust finds itself in possession of a number of different factories or other institutions employing labor, no matter what the character of these institutions may be, it is entirely natural and logical that it should make the wages of the working men or employees, in the same line or character of service, uniform and it certainly will take the lowest rate possible on which to start that standard, unless the employees be sufficiently well organized to bring the necessary moral strength into play to lift the lower paid employees to the higher grade of pay.

The great levelers, the trusts and transportation systems carried on in their present state of wonderful perfection tend, through the leveling process, to disturb conditions hitherto existing and to change the relationship between capital and labor to a certain extent, and contests of strength in the shape of strikes and lockouts under these conditions readily come into existence, more especially if there is some local trouble to set these disturbances in motion.

This for the most part refers to the question of wages only; the question of the length of the days work is over more complicated and profound and is being affected in many different ways, some of which are obscure to many laboring men.

The bringing into existence of labor-saving machinery has done much to throw out of employment large numbers of laboring men and artisans throughout the country within the immediate past. These labor-saving devices and machines are frequently looked upon by laboring men as their worst enemies because of this, and from a narrow standpoint that view might be taken of the proposition,but a deeper study of the question shows the contrary to be true.

Labor saving machines, if rightly applied, are labor's greatest blessing. They are a part of the natural progress of the times and their coming can no more be stopped or stayed than could King Canute stay the rising tide. But through unionism only can labor receive the benefits of labor-saving machinery. Without unionism such machinery becomes a curse to labor in every sense of the word.

For every labor saving device installed and placed in operation throughout the country the average day's work of all laboring men affected by it should be shortened in proportion to the amount of time saved by the machine and as the laborers with the machine in the shortened day do as much work as they did in the longer day before the machine was placed in operation, they should receive as much compensation for the shortened days work as they received for the longer days work before the machine was installed. In this way labor-saving machinery becomes a blessing to all the laboring men of the country, continually shortening their days work, as time goes on, giving them more and more time for recreation and self-improvement, thereby elevating the morale of the great mass of the world's workers.

Employers, however, do not voluntarily apply labor saving machines in this way. They use them to throw men out of employment, thereby saving the salaries paid them, and reducing expenses, while those who remain in service work as long hours as before. This is precisely the the trouble throughout the country at the present time, and is the underlying principle which is arousing laboring men to action, blindly sometimes, and without a full knowledge of the natural laws which are being violated when labor is not given its quota of the benefits due it from the bringing into existence of laboring machinery.

The labor disturbances, sometimes set in motion by local issues, are really in the main from this great underlying principle. Strikes are the visible expression of the determination of employees to shorten the day's work sufficently so that armies and multitudes of their fellows may not be continually thrown out of work and condemned to starvation by the inroads and encroachments of labor-saving machinery, and, because of the progress of the times, because of the advancement in machinery, because of the very nature of civilization, laboring men must continue through their unions this great struggle so long as labor saving machinery is being brought into existence, and so long as the present economic social system continues. Through it all, amid losses and gains to labor, the skirmish line for a shorter day's work must continually advance

for all time to come and through it may be pushed backward and forward as capital triumphs in one instance or labor wins a victory in another, yet the general result from the past up to the present and henceforth into the future, has been and will be an advance toward a shorter day from decade to decade, irrespective of whether or not greater or lesser strikes are won or lost and regardless of the dictums of Employers' Associations. This advancement will continue, with irresistible force, because it is in the progress of the times, because it is necessary to maintain the very existence of the teeming millions who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and because it is the destiny of the human race.

How it Does Work.

By A Union Man.

This communication was forwarded by one of the striking teamsters to George Renner of the Draymen's Association a week ago. It has been offered to the daily papers for publication, but for reasons of policy has been refused in every case.

I have driven a team in San Francisco for over nine years without belonging to any union or having a word with my employer, the wages were satisfactory and the hours were always adjusted by my boss and myself without trouble or dispute.

And when the proposition was brought to me to join or form a teamster's union I was opposed to it and told many of my friends so, but it was of no avail, the union was organized and I was compelled (like many others) to join or lose my job. I reluctantly joined. From the very time we were organized,trouble and discord commenced. The peace that I had known for nine years was broken and I lived in constant fear, knowing what the result would be. Since the strike I have been a close observer of men and means employed upon both sides, I have been daily upon the streets in different parts of the city as well as on the water front, and the sights I have witnessed are convincing proof to me that the strike is wrong, and that the unions (as constituted) are wrong and ought to be surpressed at any cost to state or government. As to the rights of any calling or any class of men to organize for the betterment of themselves or their fellow men where it does not interfere with the rights of others, that cannot and will not be denied by any citizen.

But the labor unions say that no man must work who does not belong to a union. Is this right? Must a man be denied (in this free country of ours) the right to make a living for himself and family because he does not believe in unions or their principles? Must a man be denied the right to teach his boy a trade because some union controls the works where he wishes to place him? This is actually what unionism now means and the public may gaze at it from whatever side they choose and analyze it with all the sympathy in their power and the result will be the same.

Then who compose the leading elements in strikes? Are they good American citizens, do they own any property or pay any taxes? Surely not. Most of them were born in foreign countries. I have been wondering what would be done with me were I to go to Ireland, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Russia, or any other foreign country and set myself up as a labor leader and try to run the country. Anyone can guess where I would end.

There are many thousands of good men belonging to the unions; but you do not see those men in crowds upon the streets or around saloons, nor do they recognize violence or the breaking of the law. They counsel moderation and peace. But the hoodlum and foreign element are the ones to be feared by the public and the officers of the law. I have seen three or four assaults in the last few days upon inoffensive men who were engaged to work, and in no instance have I seen a respectable man in the crowds. Many of them are hoodlums who do not belong to any union, but merely think it a good opportunity to show their vile dispositions and bad breeding by assaulting some man whom they do not know and who is peacefully minding his own business.

Another bad feature and one to be deplored by every respectable man or women is that many of these have wives and children into whom they inculcate the same idea. I have a mother, sisters, wife and daughters, and may God forbid that any of them should ever lose their womanhood so much as to do what I have seen and heard women do in the last few days.

In conclusion I will say that I am not in the condition of many of my associates, I have saved some money and can keep my family for a while whether I work or not, but I would rather be at work and shall conduct myself in such a manner that I believe whatever way it is settled I will be able to obtain employment. At least I shall do no violence or encourage any, and at the end I will at least have a clear conscience.

Business must continue and no individual class must stand in the way. The public is larger than a few men and I shall abide their decision.

Along the Water-Front.

By Alexander Gordenker.

One would hardly know it for the city of a strike and a struggle. The fight is below the surface; the thews and sinews do not show their motion on the skin. The main surface indications are the quiet along sidewalks and pavements, the bales and boxes defying ordinances before the stores,and the dirty streets. Then a truck lumbers by, attracting, somehow, more attention than it really ought to do, and then one notes with surprise the unaccustomed presence of mounted policemen with their yellow stripes.

Along the front, the calm is almost a Sabbath. The wharves are a forest of tangled, dismantled, masts; the docks groan under their burdens piled eaves-high—hay, lumber, grain, freight, fruit. Here and there a "scab" is at work; you might know it, if by nothing else, through the strikers and pickets watching at a distance, pretending no harm, but keeping an eye on him and on his guard of policemen.

A curious collection, these scabs. There are two sorts. There are the wrecks of the industrial world, the incompetents, taken in and paid twice the wages of a union man because employers are stubborn in these times. These are the scabs of the strikers' fancy, the ones he delights to catch when the police are busy elsewhere.

Then there are the independent "scabs," the men who have kept out of unions because they do not care to be bound by any men's rules and who wish it understood that they do not care a continental whether the unions like it or no. These men are probably worth their hire, and are somewhat more respected by the strikers. They include types as diverse as college students working through vacation and negro ex-soldiers.

If you want to know just how the union men and their friends the hoodlums treat scabs when the police turn their backs, do not rely on the newspapers, but get up early, very early, and watch the routes between the stables and the business district. You will gain some insight into the campaign of unionism against oppression. You will learn just how brutal can be man's inhumanity when the man has a Cause behind him.

The Receiving Hospital is the source from which the daily papers got their stories of strike assaults, but it happens that only a fourth or fifth of the cases are handled at the hospital. The majority go home, or have their wounds patched up and keep at work. There are cases, too, where the scabs and not the union men get the better of it.

Here is he case of Cecil Rhodes which has never been reported. Cecil Rhodes is a squat, watery-eyed little German who came to the dock in the first days of the strike. He bore with him an utterly unpronounceable name and because facially he resembled the caricatures of the great South African, some water-front wit dubbed him "Cecil Rhodes." Cecil Rhodes he has remained.

"Last Wednesday," said Cecil, "I wanted to go home for some clean clothes. They advised me not to go, but I thought that I was safe and went. A policeman took me past the strikers' picket and I got on a car. I noticed that three men had followed me, and they got on the same car. I saw then that I was in for some trouble.

"When I got up town I jumped off the car and went into a hotel. I went up to the clerk and said, "the strikers are chasing me. Can you help me?"

"We can't help you scabs," the clerk said, "you had better go out."

"As I was going out of the door I met the three men. They did not say much—one grabbed me by the arm and as I tried to wrench myself loose I fell to the sidewalk. Then the men kicked me until a crowd began to gather, when they disappeared. They said that they will kill me next time they catch me."

"I haven't been able to work since. Something inside hurts me."

Any intelligent reader of the daily press knows more about the strike, its origin and its aim, than the average strikers of the water-front Federation. The seeker after information can get but scant satisfaction from the men who loiter about the headquarters on the corner of East and Mission streets. The vast majority are foreigners —Swedes mostly—and some know no English. But it is not the strikers who manage the strike—they go fishing or take life easy around the headquarters. The executive committee manages the strike. Mr. Andrew Furuseth is the director of the strike and the dominating spirit of the executive committee. I decided upon an interview with Mr. Fureseth.

Mr. Furuseth is a tall,smooth-shaved,fierce-eyed

Continued on Page 9.

On The Crest.

A Lovers' Quarrel

The course of true love between Peter Martin and Lily Oelrichs is not running on ball bearings, if the latest gossip from Newport is to be believed. Following close upon the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs at the Clambake Club to celebrate the engagement, came rumors of an estrangement between the young couple. There was an open quarrel this month. It occurred at a fashionable Newport resort, where Mrs. Clement Moore was giving a dinner to which Miss Oelrichs was invited and Mr. Martin was not. While it was in progress, Martin arrived at the the dining pavilion of the resort in company with Mrs. Clarence Mackay and others. Mrs. Mackay—who by the way, assumes to own Newport—demanded that dinner be served them in the same pavilion with the Moore guests, and became hysterical when it was refused. She even went so far as to demand that, if she consented to withdraw, the Hungarian band then playing for the Moore dinner should be taken to the apartment where she was to dine, and play for her alone. Martin backed her all the way through and after a scene withdrew with her.

It was possibly the right thing for the gallant Martin to stand by the lady who was in his company, even when she ceased to be a lady, but Miss Oelrichs did not see it that way. She had observed the scene and was highly annoyed. When Martin sent her a note asking for an interview, she sent back a verbal refusal by the waiter and when another came in she tore it to bits. This was done in full view of the other guests. A dinner dance which was to have been given by Mr. and Mrs. Oelrichs in honor of their daughter and her fiance was called off immediately afterwards.

* * *

The Passing of Newport.

They are saying, in the East, that the days of Newport's social supremacy are over. When one comes to consider it, society is a game of tag. The upper ten quietly sneaks into some favored spot or adopts some fad; the fringe discovers it and follows, and then a stratum still lower rushes in. After that, society moves.

That is what is happening to Newport this year. The movement has been going on for some time past. The thing which has kept society, from Mrs. Astor down, true to Newport, is a purely financial consideration. The palaces, known as cottages, the clubs and yacht-club piers and all the gorgeous permanent trappings are too valuable to abandon without a struggle. The Four Hundred or the Six Hundred or the Hundred and Fifty or whatever you would call it, can keep the outsider from their clubs, but they cannot keep him from building up next to their cottages or sailing in the harbor and occupying the highways. But there's a "powerful sight of money" salted down at Newport, and unless the swim can sell out to advantage, it may linger. Summer palaces cannot be moved. It is interesting to notice that Bath, as a British watering-place, had the same experience.

This feeling of unrest has reacted on the season at Newport. The gaieties have been perfunctory, the jealousies and petty quarrels innumerable. Even the yacht races and the approach of the America's Cup festivities have not availed to make society "sit up and take notice."

* * *

Getting Ready at Del Monte.

With a mixed foursome golf tournament which brought out a crowd of players and some lively play, the Del Monte "set" finished the carnival of sport preparatory to the week of racing and golf and polo beginning next Monday. The tournament prizes were two silver cups offered by Mrs. J. A. Folger. Miss Whittell and Mr. Cyril Tobin won them handily.

It has been a rather quiet week, but the hotel and the cottages have been filling rapidly, giving promise of an attendance high in both quality and quantity next week. Among those on hand are the following:

Mr. John Dolbeer, Miss Dolbeer, Miss V. Jolliffee, Mrs. M. E. Young, Miss Florence Young, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Ryor, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Parrott, Miss M. L. Parrott, Mr. D. B. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Miss Ada Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Worden, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Miss L. O'Connor, Mrs. M. G. Low, Miss F. C. Low, Mr. J. S. Kenton, Hon. J. D. Phelan, Mr. W. S. Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Laton, Mrs. M. A. Easton, Templeton Crocker, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Miss E. Morgan, Mrs. M. A. Chabot, Miss Chabot, Mrs. E. S. Terry, Dr. and Mrs. B. Morton, C. E. Maud, C. S. Orr, Mrs. W. E. Lester, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cravens, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Potter, Miss Ruth McNutt, Mrs. James Morgan, Mr. J. O. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downie Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mr. C. R. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill, Miss Hill, Mr. W. M. O'Connor, Mr and Mrs. S. Crinbaum, Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Martin, John Lawson, F. S. Stratton, H. M. Scars, Princess Poniatowski and family, Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McNear.

Small Talk.

Miss Marjorie Gibbons has returned to town; she has been in Lake county for some weeks.

Society in San Francisco is exceedingly interested in the tall fair maiden who won one of the brightest and most attractive of our younger men.

The George Pope house on Pacific Avenue is for sale, the Popes preferring Burlingame for a permanent residence. Here is a chance for a winter residence for Peter Martin and his New York bride.

The Prestons and Drowns will soon be in San Francisco again, bringing much joy to two young men who are very much interested in them. Edith Preston and Bernie Drown are as popular as any girls in town and they can hardly be spared another winter.

The De Youngs are in Dresden to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of their eldest daughter. Mrs. De Young will now put her children in an English school. Later Miss Constance De Young will be formally introduced into society in London. Mrs. De Young returns to San Francisco in November.

Continued on Page 13.

The "Ragtime Hymn."

Mr. Francis Wayland Parker, in a recent address before the national convention of the Religious Educational Society of Detroit, advanced opinions concerning religious music which have had the effect of stirring up the Protestant churches of the East.

"How much longer," he asked, "shall ragtime gospel songs and dance hall music be permitted to exercise their tuneful functions in the religious service of Protestant Christianity? What is the matter with the grand old hymns—the hymns of St. Ambrose, St. Hilary, St. Bernard, Thomas Aqinas, of Bede the Venerable? Have these been forever relegated to the choir loft? Is the claptrap modern jingle, false and thin in sentiment as it is weak in musical structure, mightier to win and save souls than are the glorious anthems of the early Christian fathers and their long chanting successions of divinely inspired hymn writers? Is there not something essentially false in the doctrine that claims infinite spiritual potency for such songs as 'I Want To Be an Angel?'"

His question has been extensively taken up throughout the East, where many prominent divines have voiced a strong approval of Mr. Parker's words. Mr. Ira D. Sankey, who with the late Mr. Moody has done much to introduce the "ragtime hymn" as a factor in popular evangelization, comes to the defence:

"The hymns which Mr. Francis Wayland Parker so bitterly attacks and ridicules have done great good in the world. This is undeniable. Nor have they finished their mission of usefulness in bringing about to the listener a thorough realization of sin and a hope for eternal life. As was Mr. Moody, I have always been in favor of using the best and most singable of the standard hymns of the church, and those we always used freely in our meetings, but it was always the more modern hymns which carried our audiences off their feet. In such songs as 'The Ninety and Nine,' 'At the Cross,' 'Jesus Is Calling' and 'Almost Persuaded' I have led vast congregations countless times, and they have sung these with an enthusiasm and a spiritual uplifting that classic music, or even the standard hymns, could not possibly have evoked."

The common objection to the more classic sacred music is a supposed inability on the part of the ordinary congregation to either produce or appreciate it. In this connection the words of Mr. T. E. Morgan, director of choruses at Ocean Grove, N. Y., are significant. He says:

"When I first took charge of the music at Ocean Grove some of the managers told me that they feared I was too good a musician and that I would introduce 'classical music.' I never said a word, but very soon I had a chorus of five hundred voices singing such works as the 'Messiah,' the 'Creation,' 'Elijah,, the Stabat Mater,' 'The Holy City,' etc.; and please take note that the people and the management enjoyed these better than all the other music they had ever heard. I formed a chorus of a thousand children and they sang 'The Psalms,' 'The King of Love My Shepherd Is,' 'Hail, Judea, Happy Land,' and scores of other classics. The result is the children now do not want the 'silly Sunday songs, for they have learned to love better music."

Memoirs of the Syndicate. *

1. Concerning Stars.

When I look back over my career as a stage manager, and see all that I have accomplished—the actors I have made, the managers I have ruined, the syndicate I formed—I admit I feel some pride in the business enterprise that won for me the title of "The Napoleon of the American Stage." Every one, I suppose, has done some one thing in life which he rates as his great achievement—and so it is with me. When Abe and Dave and Mark and I sit together over our champagne, sparkling almost like the diamonds on our shirt-fronts; and when we compare our theatrical investments, and what we have made out of the great American public, I always say: "Well, you fellows may boast all you like; but although I'm the most modest man on earth, I am proud of having perfected the grand 'star-system.'" And then they shut up.

The star system, as I found it, was a very different thing from the modern, improved, twentieth century article. A "star" used to mean an actor or actress of genius, who after years of stage experience in all kinds of roles, had gained popular approval sufficient to warrant his demanding a share of the profits, instead of a salary. But we've changed all that now. By my method a star is often made in one season—and talent or beauty don't matter so very much. It's the advertising that counts in this business as in many other, and that's where we win.

"Stars" are a queer lot, though, and even I don't always know how they'll turn out. Usually they know that we own them, and behave as they should, but sometimes our advertising gives them the big head, and they leave us. Still, as a rule actors are a low-spirited lot with managers. It's funny to see the airs they put on with other actors, when they're so humble with us. Why, I could tell stories about some of my stars that would keep them off the Rialto for a week, and that's saying a good deal. Most of my stars have been good, paying articles, but the two best in New York are probably Maude Adams and William Gillette. Gillette is a mighty interesting fellow to the public, and the idol of the girls, and that counts. His Captain Thorpe in "Secret Service" has drawn almost as many dollars from the womens' pockets as tears from their eyes. Why in New York there are lots of girls—the fashionable seminary kind—who go every Saturday to see him. Gillette's height and cynical sadness and languid manner are almost as valuable as his profile to us; and we wink and keep still when people talk about his representing "the intellectual ideals and artistic unselfishness of the stage."

Gillette is one of those tall, gentlemanly, intellectual looking chaps, that are rare on the stage. He can wear a look of suffering and secret sorrow almost as gracefully as he does his dressing-gown in "Sherlock Holmes." He belongs to the "school of repression," as our "Sun" critics say, aud can bring down the house by raising an eye-lash or showing his profile in the calcium light. Of course he can act only one line of parts, but he has sense enough to know it, and is just himself most of the time. We're going to make a new deal though this season, and have him do "Hamlet." Shakespeare is looking up a little with the other managers, and we have to get into the game; and Gillette will be the sensation. Some say it will be funny, but it won't be funnier than Maude Adams as Juliet. His make-up will he interesting and melancholy, and he can do the quiet parts; and we'll cut what we can't do. Why, when Maude Adams did Juliet, she couldn't do one part of the potion scene a little bit, she hadn't the strength, and her voice was too thin. Well, we tried and tried—until at last I said, "Cut out the damn thing! It's no good anyway." And that's just what we did do.

Gillette goes in for hating attention and notoriety, and he's forever writing articles and giving interviews in which he tells how indifferent he is to the world. The truth is that he lives on adoration, and couldn't leave the stage for good. He loves flattery and flirtations with the girls, and his greatest weakness is his fondness for the very young, ingenue kind.

William Gillette.

On the stage Gillette's a very sarcastic fellow in a cool, gentlemanly, cynical way, and he nearly breaks up the new actors by the things he says to them. Of course he wants the whole stage, and the centre too; but all stars do that, and I must say that I encourage it. We're not advertising them and paying big money to have some fifty dollar a week skate get the attention of the audience. Something pretty funny happened once in this way. We were putting on "Secret Service," and you remember there's a scene toward the end where Captain Thorpe says goodbye to Edith Varney. They stand together in the middle of the stage, and he speaks with repressed passion, of the tragic fate of the spy—how he dies for his country like the other soldiers; but that, while the boys in blue gain cheers if they live, and tears if they die, he must expect to die like a dog, unwept, unhonored, and alone.

Usually every girl in the house is weeping by this time, and the actress who was doing Edith Varney thought that she ought to weep too. She worked it out that she, who loved Thorpe in secret, ought to be heart-broken, yet hiding her grief. So she heaved a sigh, and furtively wiped a tear—mighty good piece of business, too. I would have let it pass, but Gillette was on to himself and his position. He called her to him after rehearsal, and looked at her. Then he drawled: "That was a very good piece of business, Miss A—; and if you were the star, it would be perfectly proper. But you see I really can't have my scene spoiled by having the attention of the audience distracted in the least. You make a very touching picture there—and it weakens my scene. Just cut it out hereafter, please."

"But what shall I do then, during all that long speech?"

"Nothing."

"Just stand there like a stick?" she asked angrily.

"That will do very well"—politely answered Gillette, and she obeyed. All the fool critics jumped on her for being so wooden; but he got a hand every time.

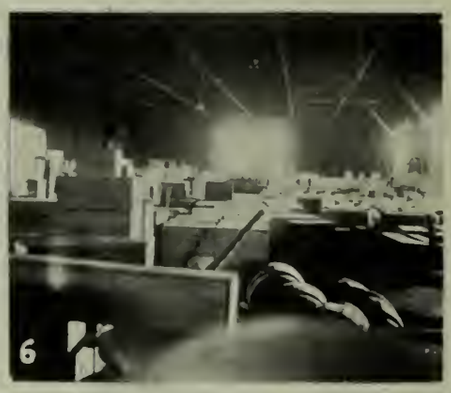
There's one little trait of Gillette's that actors don't forgive—and I don't like it either. He's stingy, and whatever else actors are, they're not that. Once in San Antonio, Texas, one of Gillette's company died, and the rest all made up a sum to bury him or send his body home—I for get which. But Gillette refused to help. He said he really could'nt do it—the man's salary was sufficient at any rate. That hurt him with his company for awhile; but it didn't hurt his pocket.

Still he's a wonderful fellow, aside from his acting, too. He's our greatest playwright, and yet twenty years ago no one would have bought stock in his market. People laughed at him when he spoke of writing plays—but he stuck to it. His method is to watch everything, every face, every gesture, every intonation, every incident, and to make a note of it. Why, he has a room as big as my office stacked from top to bottom with his note books. Of course that power of observing has become second nature to him now, and ordinarily he doesn't need to look to his notes, but when he writes a play, and wants a certain scene or character, he just turns back and gets his studies from life. He's almost a genius at knowing what the public wants; and yet he doesn't have to steal scenes and put together such carpenter jobs as Dave does.

CHARLES SHOWMAM.

The Paris correspondent of the "Lancet" relates that a specialist in mental diseases was recently consulted by a man of distinguished appearance, giving an aristocratic name, who sought treatment for a daughter suffering from kleptomania. Suggestive therapeutics was instituted, and little attention was paid to the propensity for misappropriation exhibited by the patient, particularly as the abstracted articles were returned the day after their removal. Finally the physician missed a jewel box of value, but this was not brought back, and, on investigation, it was found that the address given was false, and that the pretended patient and her father were most crafty rogues.

*Advance sheets from the new volume about to be issued by the Theatrical Trust Publishing Company.



The Effect of the Strike on Shipping.

1. A Cargo of Fruit from San Jose. This cargo lay in boxes for a week and was finally dumped into the bay. 2. Strikers and Loafers at Peterson's Dock. 3. Twenty Tons of Hay. 4. Dumping Fruit into the Bay at Washington Street Wharf. 5. Lumber from Eureka. 6. Freight at the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's Dock. Here a solid city block of wharf has been jammed with miscellaneous goods for a fortnight.

The Selby Smelting Works.

Scene of the Great Bullion Robbery of Last Week.

Along the Water-Front.

Continued from Page 5.

man. He has the stoop and bearing of a sailor, but his cadaverous face is pale, his hands are soft and white, and it is plain that it is many years since he was last exposed to buffeting winds and tanning suns. He has a square jaw and a firm mouth—a very firm mouth with the orator's long upper lip. Even when his face is in repose, one can see that he has the genius of oratory, can see how it is that he sways the meetings of the Water Front Federation and the Labor Council by his impassioned speech.

"Mr. Furuseth," I said, "I have come to see you because you are the director of the present strike and I wish to see what manner of man you are." This was the exact and literal truth. The expression of his face showed clearly that he distrusted me. He stared at me without replying a word.

"What are your plans for the future?" I asked.

"We will fight," he answered and shrugged his shoulders, "many months yet. We have the means."

"And then what?"

"Then we will build our bridges—when we come to them."

"But how?"

"Look here," he said, "you can't get any interview out of me. If you want to know our position, read my speech in the papers." (He said this with evident pride.) "If you wish I'll talk to you five minutes about the sun or about the moon—but not about the strike."

"All right. Talk about the moon."

The ghost of a smile flitted across his solemn face. "Look here, I am tired out, I haven't slept for thirty-six hours. You must excuse me."

"Ain't he alright?" eagerly asked a striker as I walked out of the director's sanctum.

But I happened upon a policeman down on the water front who is of a different opinion concerning Mr. Andrew Furuseth.

"Furuseth?" said the copper, "why I knew that fellow eight years ago when he used to sit on one of them piles from morning to night, spitting tobacco juice into the bay and spinning yarns. Sailor? Why he hasn't seen the sea for more years than my wife would own up to. He is making a good thing of organizing labor. He's a champion grafter, that's what he is."

"Yes, it is quiet on the water front, but it is the quiet that precedes the storm. This city of San Francisco is a sleeping volcano." Thus spoke the captain of a coast steamer who has watched the progress of the strike with sharp unprejudiced eyes. Nor is this a fanciful statement.

"We're out fer our brothers," a big, strapping longshoreman said to me, "and we'll stay out till we win or till we drop dead on the streets. We'll all go to hell together before we give up. This strike wouldn't last twenty-four hours if they took the cops off the wagons. That's what's making long work of it.

"Say did you hear Yorke's speech the other night? Ain't that feller alright? The boys allus knew they was in the right and now they're dead certain of it. We've got the right on our side and we can't lose. He's all right, that feller Yorke."

Now as I take it the ominous rumble is the sound of "that feller Yorke's" speech as it goes echoing in the heart of the strikers. "That fellow Yorke" has given the struggle a semi-religious smatter, the men have come to know that the right is on their sides because their pet priest has told them so. To what extremities they may proceed to enforce that right when hunger and long idleness has made them both desperate and reckless, who can foretell?

In the harbor nearly two hundred ships are lying cargo-laden; from the water-front laborers are gazing at those ships; in their offices men are endeavoring to fight off ruin, and yet refuse to send out the word that will avert it. San Francisco is a thrall to the spell of an evil magician, she is a sleeping city—or, if you please, a sleepy volcano.

From Chicago comes the news of the martial successes of one P. J. H. Farrell, late captain in the fierce, furious and ferociously fighting First of California. Upon returning home after slaughtering innumerable Spaniards before the walls of Manila, Farrell took up his residence in Chicago, where he entered upon the more peaceful but equally sanguinary practice of medicine. His military enthusiasm, however, could not be restrained and we now learn that he has been appointed Major in one of the Illinois militia regiments, and is putting in all his spare time teaching the embryonic Chicago hero how to shoot.

Political Comment.

As I predicted last week, the Burns-Tilden-Gage-Kelly-Crimmins faction, otherwise the Repuplican machine, walked away with the primaries, winning a decided majority all over the city. So sweeping was the victory that there is no question of party control. As further predicted, Ruef lost in his own district, showing that the machine was simply playing with the Primary League.

A curious result of the victory is that it insures the stability and permanence of the Primary Election Law. The bosses have experimented and found the new method to their liking, a thing of which they were by no means certain before the test at the polls. It works beautifully. The politicians get out and do all the work, while the unattached stay at home and leave party control in their hands. It was expected that the new law would bring out these unattached voters; but Tuesday's results demonstrate that it does not. As a result, there will be no attack on the validity of the law, a result which must surely have happened had the machine been turned down on Tuesday.

The "Chronicle" and "Call," taking the outcome with the expected bad grace, call it a Martin Kelly victory. Kelly has been put to the fore to discredit the party, but in reality he is by no means a controlling, although an influential,factor. But his name carries a suggestion of evil which was worked for all it was worth by the two organs of the Primary League. Kelly unconsciously assisted by his egotism displayed in shoving himself to the front. He insisted on heading the ticket in the Twenty-Eighth, and consequently the whole ticket, just because he liked to see his name to the fore, and he thoroughly enjoys the cartoon campaign of the Republican morning papers, since they fatten his delusion that he is the party in San Francisco. The "cinch" of the machine was so tight that it was worth while to allow Kelly the head of the ticket in return for his influence. In a close election, this bit of conceit might have cast his faction dearly.

It was really a victory for Col. Burns and Gov. Gage. The Governor has, all along, shown that he is vitally interested in this fight and he personally directed it from his headquarters at the Palace Hotel. He has displayed great tact and political astuteness throughout. Ha so shaped events as to perfect a municipal organization which will be solid for him at the next convention. He has no direct concern about San Francisco politics, he is interested only in the State fight.

As for the "Chronicle" and "Call" they must in all decency keep up the fight for a time, probably until the convention. It is the general belief of all Republicans that allegiance will carry the day with the "Chronicle," that De Young will not injure his national chances by bolting the party now.

The powers that be in the Republican machine are at work on the slate. For Mayor, there is no positive agreement. They are looking for a man who is solid with the push and acceptable to the public. It may be some days before he is located. There are only two definite decisions. Arthur G. Fisk is to be backed for District Attorney and John Lackmann, as predicted, for Sheriff.

Deane will not figure as County Clerk in the list of nominations. He has been shelved because of the attitude of Michael De Young and the "Chronicle" toward the ruling faction. The only thing that may change this decision is a flop on the part of the "Chronicle."

Before leaving the Republican side of the question, let me mention that the primary showed all through the fine, Italian hand of the railroad, demonstrating quite clearly that the S. P., in spite of President Hays' strenuous denials, is still in politics. It is whispered that this is in spite of Hays rather than because of him and that this, among other things, is a cause of his threatened resignation. There is no doubt that, had the Primary League ticket won out, Judge Bahrs would have been the nominee. This would have been a direct slap at the railroad, which once beat out Bahrs by throwing all its strength to Judge Graham.

On the Democratic end, the light vote was due, of course, to there being practically no opposition to the regular ticket. No attempt was made for a show of strength, and none was needed. Already the Democrats are discussing candidates. Phelan is the man most mentioned, and the heavy pressure from his friends continues. In fact, the question of the hour is whether or no Phelan is going to run.

Phelan is hesitating. He knows, as well as any one, how much his popularity has suffered from the events of the past year or two. His admisistration has been unexcelled in the history of American municipalities. In his term of office, the city government has been conducted with an efficiency hitherto unknown in San Francisco, and this in spite of economy and reduction of expenditures in every branch and every office. In addition, nearly a million dollars have been spent in betterments and in satisfying back debts, while he will turn over the treasury to his successors without a dollar's deficit.

In spite of all this, in some quarters because of it, Phelan is at outs with the strongest elements which formed his support in previous elections. It is a question whether his steadfast refusal to run is not caused by his own realization of these conditions. The enforcement of the strict letter of the law always rouses antagonisms. Phelan has enough of these and to spare. The liquor men are against him for this cause, and so is a good proportion of the mercantile community, to say nothing of heavy losses in other political quarters. Two years ago, he had the united party back of him and the active support of the "Examiner," then, as now, a powerful influence in Democratic politics, whatever may be said to the contrary. He had a strong alliance with Rainey, who wields a powerful influence, and the forces now embodied in the Employerys' Association were his to call upon. The "Examiner" he lost because he refused to give over the police department to Andy Lawrence; in fact, the only newspaper now lined up with the Phelan ranks is the "Bulletin," the nature of whose sympathy is but thinly disguised and generally known. Father Yorke, a bitter enemy, is in the "Examiner" camp and is another bulwark of the opposition. By the removal of Maxwell and the refusal of the Fire Commissioners to hand the horseshoeing contract over to Ed Greany, he turned Rainey and the firemen from friends to enemies. And the Merchants' Association has been so thoroughly identified with the unpopular side of the strike that their indorsement is to be dreaded.

Now is the time, if ever, when a Democratic candidate needs personal strength. The Republican party is in better condition than ever before for an organized "push" fight. The Democrats are largely disaffected. If national results are any indication in local politics, it may be pointed out that McKinley swept the city by an overwhelming majority last November. The reaction from that movement has not yet set in. There is no question that Phelan can have the nomination if he wants it. Deluded friends and disguised enemies are urging him to take it, probably against his better and soberer judgment.

J. K. L.

The Girl With the Hoe.

Adown through the Lone Star cotton lands,
In the fields wherever I go—
She is there, she is fair, she is everywhere—
The matchless girl with the hoe!

And I love to think as I ride the lanes,
And she leans on her hoe and looks,
Of the times gone by and the Muller tale
That I read in my childhood's books—

"A form more fair and a face more sweet"
Are the words that ever occur,
And again and over I find myself
Applying the line to her.

She may not see in the skies of night
The things that a Lockyer sees;
She may be blank on Plato's themes
As she is on the Pleiades.

But she plants the flowers in the old home yard,
And not on the sands of Mars:
And she gives her love to the folks at home,
While Tesla talks to the stars.

A soldier brave in the bloodless war.
That makes for the good of men,
She wields a weapon of higher worth
Than the man with the sword or the pen.

Galveston News.

"A New Woman."

Disease makes many a woman prematurely old. Dark-rimmed eyes, hollow cheeks and wasted form are accompanied by listlessness and loss of ambition. Home duties are a weariness, and social pleasures have no attraction.

One of the commonest expressions of women cured by Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is this: "It has made a new woman of me." There's a world of meaning in the words. It means the sparkle brought back to the eyes; the complexion tinted with the rosy hue of healthy blood; the form rounded out anew in graceful curves; the whole body radiant with health.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It dries debilitating drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes new women of those prematurely aged by disease.

"Dr. Pierce's medicines are the best I have ever used," writes Mrs. C. Nelson, of Chemawa, Marion Co., Oregon. "My health was badly run down when I consulted him by letter. My limbs were cold and my head hurt me continually. I was so nervous that the least thing would startle me almost into convulsions. I had palpitation of the heart so bad that I could scarcely walk sometimes. I felt utterly discouraged, but two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery' made a new woman out of me."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for it in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits..... $20.00
Pants..... 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

Things Theatrical.

A problem play with melodramatic solution; a comedy of manners with vaudeville interludes and farce-comedy episodes; a dramatic olla podrida rendered palatable only by a seasoning of persiflage — such is "Silver Mounted Harness," Miss Charlotte Thompson's new play. The pseudo smart set depicted in it would probably call this play "a comedy of cleverness"; but it is in reality so meagre as to plot, so weak in construction, so trivial in its solution, so confused in general, that it really ought to be spared criticism.

The plot deals with a wife who does not love her husband, a husband who misuses the funds entrusted to him; a villain who interchanges letters and plans all sorts of evil, only to reform in the end. The story begins at nothing and ends nowhere; it is told not by action, but in long speeches; there is no suspense, no dramatic surprise: the deus ex machina solves whatever problems are not dropped by the way side; and the audience leaves looking baffled, in spite of the fact that the argument of the play is explained with commendable fulness on the program.

Miss Thompson shows sufficient daring originality, and wit to justify one's resentment at her misuse of these qualities. The story of Mrs. Latimer's life in the first act is promising; but the second act—the worst, by the way—leaves one floundering. The episode of Latimer's mismanagement and defalcation and of Crevelt's power over him is introduced too late and dropped too soon, all in one act. There is a paucity of incident, and much of it is unmeaning. One forgets the original problem, as, indeed, the author does too, and wonders why Mr. Tewksbury gets the shawl; and why it matters whether the letters were interchanged; and why the little maid comes down stairs weeping, in the last act; above all, why all these trivial episodes are so over-emphasized and underscored.

The characters in the play, though described with naive elaboration on the program, are not individualized. The women are all aggressively smart. They tell us they have seen "Florodora" and "San Toy"; that they have read "Town Topics"; that they lunch at the Waldorf-Astoria; and, indeed, are as vulgar and shallow and ostentatiously "up-to-date" as their prototypes. They bristle with epigrams, many of them clever. The men, though less clever, are less true to life as well. There is an impossible low comedy butler, who picks up and reads the "Smart Set" in the drawing-room while the guests are present, and who goes about announcing dinner after the manner of the Pullman waiter shouting "Last Call for Dinner!"

The acting, though very zealous, did not materially improve the play. There was little of the repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere. The men attitudinized and rolled the flashing eye; the women walked about like restless panthers or twisted their handkerchiefs into tight balls, or pushed the men hither and thither in humorous by-play. All, men and women alike, waited for the others' clever speehes with no concealment of the fact that "cues" are matters of life and death.

* * *

They say that "this week's show at the Orpheum is the best yet." Considering the boundless possibilities of the "vaudevillites," the premium that is placed on anything new and interesting, the week's program, though good, is not overwhelming.

The novelties are "Fix in a Fix," "Uncle Phineas," the grotesque acrobatic tricks of Remare and Rilay, and the new biograph views. "Fix in a Fix," described as an "excruciatingly funny skit," tells the same old story of the acidulated mother-in-law, the jealous husband, the stage-enamored wife. The plot is old, the dialogue hoary; but Charles Bradshaw and his company keeps the audience interested and amused throughout. Bradshaw gains most of his comedy effects by a "continuous" rising inflection; and he gives a representation of the degree of intoxication popularly called "laughing jag" that is highly commended by experts.

"Uncle Phineas," cleverly performed by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kelcy, was a good medium for displaying Mr. Kelcy's ease, versatility and technical skill, especially in the use of his voice. Remare and Rilay threatened to become wearisome, but the realistic horror of the conclusion of their act redeemed them. Of the new biograph views, the one of Buffalo Bill's Parade on Fifth Avenue was particularly effective.

Of the attractions continued from last week, Hill and Silvainy are by far the most exciting. Ordinarily it may be satisfying to the inquiring mind to be told that "practice makes perfect"; but when a man, with a woman perched on his shoulders, rides a single wheel, without handle-bars, down a flight of stairs the miracle remains a miracle; and one wonders persistently how they survived the first attempt.

Alexandra Dagmar, in blue gown and diamonds, has nothing to do but stun; and the Molasso-Salvaggi troupe continue in their acrobatic contortions of the dance. One thinks involuntarily of Kipling's "It's pretty, but is it art?" And if one were inclined to philosophize—but that isn't fair at the Orpheum one might find here interesting suggestions on the evolution of the dance. 'Tis a far cry from the dance as a religious function in honor of Bacchus, and as a court function in the days of the minuet, to its present function in "vawderville."

MAIDA CASTELHUN.

* * *

The Frawleys, in presenting "The Liars" at the Grand, have to come into direct comparison with the Henry Miller company which brought the play here last year. Naturally, the comparison is to their disadvantage; even were the Frawleys equal individually to the Frohman players, they are a stock company, turning out a play a week, and very much crowded for that reason.

The Frawleys come out of the comparison better than might be expected. T. Daniel shines only in a very narrow range of parts. "Captain Deering" is in his line, and he makes the most of it. An attractive feature of his acting is the slight, lisping brogue with which he dresses the speech of the cultivated Irishman. Mary Van Buren looked as well as ever and wrestled conscientiously with a part too big for her. Pearl Landers as the ingenue was well cast. Frawley shows good judgement in keeping her to the parts within her powers. Edward Morgan acted the role of Faulkner, his part in the original cast, and his best by long odds.

* * *

"The Royal Box," Coghlan's unique new departure in stage-craft, was this week's bill at the California. No one expects any startling work from the Neill company, but they are always good for artistic and intelligent handling. This worked very well in "The Royal Box" except for the top of the cast, where James Neill was a world too small for the part. It is a good play and the performance was not half bad.

"The Great Diamond Robbery," given after the old Morosco fashion, has been a drawing card at the Central.

* * *

At The Theatres Next week.

Alcazar Florence Roberts in "Silver Mounted Harness" for another week.

Central "Men and Women;" lurid melodrama, and well done for its sort.

California "Barbara Frietchie." A pretty good little war drama, just about the size of the Neill Company.

Grand Opera House "Brother Officers," melodrama of a convincing sort handled in the flashy way necessary to good melodrama in this day of the world.

Tivoli — "Mefistofele" alternates with "Barber of Seville." The Grand Opera Company are keeping up their pace, and these will be double the money's worth.

Columbia Daniel Frohman and the Syndicate kindly notice us with "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," with Hilda Spong as the star and a fair company in which Mrs. Thomas Whiffen shines pre-eminent.

Orpheum The new numbers are the Crag family, with an act entitled, "A Scene in the Alps," Louise Thorndyke Boucciault, in a comedietta by Augustus Thomas entitled "A Proper Impropriety," Katherine Germaine, comic opera primma donna and a star number, the Four Otts in "The Smart Set," by Joseph Hart, and a musical novelty by E. A. Lefebre and his Saxaphone quartette.

C. A. GARTER C. W. CROSS
Law Offices of
Cross & Garter
Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.
Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE
Billiard, Pool and Club Room
(Never Closed.)
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.
924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
308-312 Post Street
SOHMER PIANO AGENCY
SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

A TONIC

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Half a teaspoon in half a glass of water, refreshes and invigorates the entire system. A wholesome tonic.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.01
Deposits, June 29,1901.....29,886,288.15

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President..H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....$28,973,540
Reserve Fund..... 226 994
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier, R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610

609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

Elizabeth's Letter.

DEAR MAMA:

I spent a very dreary week at Burlingame. Fortunately this resort is sufficiently near San Francisco to come back and forth whenever one feels so inclined. Uncle has been ill and auntie is cross. I hate to be in such an atmosphere. So I spent most of my time with the girls in San Francisco. They are all playing golf with serious intent at Burlingame, and I have taken the game up again. I may yet be the proud winner of the Cup. The match for the Cup takes place during the week of the Del Monte sports, and is sure to fall into the hands of a golf specialist called Mrs. Gilman Brown. That is what everyone says, but I am really playing an excellent game, so just think constantly of my being victorious. It may help me. You know that is Christian Science. Auntie says her Christian Science friends are always amiable and sweet. How I pray she may be converted to their Faith, before uncle dies. He deserves it, he is such a patient man.

Well, I must tell you what people down in Burlingame do to pass the time. They arise early and drive to the Links, do their nine holes religiously, and each tells you as she comes in how good a game she is playing. Then a general exodus home to luncheon. A rest after luncheon, until it is time to drive or a ride or a walk to see a friend and hear all about some other friend, or perhaps to have a little gossip that is interesting. Then to tea somewhere, and home to dress for dinner. Then the long evening with a fight against mosquitoes and a cold wind intermingled with fog.

Sunshine Parsons arrived here to visit Ethel Keeney, so I told auntie I just must see her. I was at the Keeney's house when Mrs. Walter Magee came in and asked us all to go there to tea. Mama, this Flora Magee is a beauty. She has a very fine figure and really looks so sweet and lovable, that I started to cultivate her at once. She is a very young girl, and well educated, having spent a few years at Vassar. I was sorry to think that she had married so young, but of course I cannot regulate the affairs of all the young people I meet. Sunshine is about as ever, jolly and bright and sunshiny. I think that she will have a better time out here than I am having, for the Keeneys are jolly and Ethel is indefatigable in her endeavor to give her friends an enjoyable visit. I met Leontine Blakeman there, and we all went to the Tivoli together. The Tivoli is a sort of music hall where they have very good operas, and one is allowed to smoke. Drinks are handed around, but I did not notice much drinking and everyone seems to enjoy the opera and music thoroughly. We heard "Rigoletto." It was excellent.

That night I stayed in town and went out to the Presidio Golf Links next morning with Alice Hager. It was a beautiful morning and we played around twice. Alice and her sister Ethel, who is ill with heart trouble, are going to Japan soon for the trip. I have given them letters to any number of our friends there, for I really like Alice. Ethel is too ill to receive new visitors, but I am sure that she is very jolly. I returned to luncheon with her and met young Mrs. Dean. She is a delightful woman. I found her so congenial that I spent all the afternoon with her. Of course I had to return to auntie that night so that I felt cross. Leontine Blakeman and Margaret Salisbury were going down on the train to stay at Olive Holbrook's and I planned I should go with them. I know that Olive would not mind. Mrs. Henry Scott was on the train. I asked her to drive over to auntie's to tell her.

Do you know, mama dear, auntie was very angry, and sent for me after dinner. She sent the carriages and her maid, but I simply refused flatly to go and we had a most animated conversation over the telephone. She threatened me with a letter to you, but you taught me the value of determination, so I did not give in, but returned next morning. Harry Holbrook, Gus Costigan and Ed Eyre spent the evening at the Holbrook house. None of these fellows are my style, but we sang and the men were a little amusing. But it is nearly always a question of small talk and that is wearying.

Leontine told us of the fun which her friends and she had at Coronado. There were a crowd of girls, the Duttons, May Colburn, Maude Mullins, Tiny O'Connor, Leontine Blakeman, Lily Spreckels, and a few Eastern men and Knox Maddox and Charley Norris. These girls swam and drove and rode and had picnics and small dances and generally a really jolly time. I quite envied them. Well, next day I returned to the bosom of my dear aunt. She seemed sorry for her rash unreasonableness of the night before and explained that she was fearful lest I should take cold. Such a lame excuse!

There is a strike going on in San Francisco, and all the men are very much worried for there seems no possibility of settling the affair.

Charlotte Ellinwood, I told you about her before, asked me to tea one day to meet Sunshine Parsons. These Duttons were there, one is very handsome and very young. I think that she will make her debut this winter. I met Emma Butler too; she is almost an Eastern girl, but has that stunning physique that is so attractive in all these Californians. Katherine Dillon was there and the other Spreckels girl, who has returned from the East.

Well, we all discussed Del Monte. In fact that is almost the entire conversation whereon one goes. I suppose, mama dear, you are dying to hear about it.

ELIZABETH.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

HARRY NIEMANN

The Old "Tivoli" Favorite

Desires to Inform his Friends and the Public in general that his new

SHIRT FACTORY

is now open and ready for business. Harry will be found at the store

719

Emma Spreckels Bldg.,

every day ready to receive his customers

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence

1021½ Market St. S. F. Cal.

LEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER
THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336
DON R. DUNBAR
Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes
N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood
"The Castle"
101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG
The True Blue.
308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served.

—ESTABLISHED 1823—
WILSON WHISKY
THAT'S ALL!
Bielenberg & Weniger
Sole Distributors
101-103 POWELL ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD
Will return and resume teaching a limited number of pupils on AUGUST 15TH. Applications for time or an interview can be addressed care of
SHERMAN & CLAY'S.

Small Talk.

Continued from Page 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Tevis will return to San Francisco very soon.

The Misses Alice and Ethel Hager sail for China and Japan early in September.

Captain Wilson is at Cape Nome, but will return in September to remain until he takes his duty at Fort Flagler.

Mrs. Charles McIntosh is fast recovering her health and spirits. She will return to San Francisco in October.

The John Spreckels will give a large house-warming when they move into their house on Pacific avenue and Laguna streets.

Mrs. Dean entertained a party of friends at cards on Tuesday at the Hotel Rafael. The prizes were unusually pretty.

The Pierpont Morgans have rented the old Crocker mansion on Nob Hill. They expect to entertain lavishly during their visit here.

The shock of Lloyd Breckenridge's death was so great to his sister Florence, who was devoted to him, that the doctor advised her to remain with her mother in Europe.

Mrs. Louis Monteagle and Mrs. George Moore spent a day with Mrs. Beaver at San Rafael last week. Mrs. Beaver and Mrs. Monteagle are the best card players in San Francisco.

Mrs. Houghton and her daughter Minnie are still in the East. Owing to the shock Mrs. Houghton received on the death of her son Harry she is not sufficiently well to return to California.

Mrs. Moody and Miss Eda Moody will spend a year abroad, mostly in France and Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Chase have returned from 'Stag's Leap' and will spend the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels has recovered from her serious illness and has returned to San Francisco. Miss Frances Joliffe has gone East for a trip, and Miss Virginia Joliffe has gone to Monterey to remain until after the sports.

Mrs. Potter is happy; her husband returned from Manila on Sunday last. He expects to remain with Mrs. Potter some time before he introduces her to his family in the East, who are most anxious to meet the "Maenie" of whom they have heard so much. Ruth McNutt is at present finding life very pleasant; army officers are attractive. There are compensations for marrying in the army.

The Misses Anne and Marjorie Ide are the guests of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson during their visit to San Francisco. They will return to Manila in October, having come here simply for the sea voyage, as Miss Anne Ide is not very strong.

Mrs. Charles Burt sailed on Friday for Manila to join her husband. A large number of her friends were on the wharf to bid her farewell. Mrs. Burt is one of the most popular married women in the army. She is accompanied by her little daughter.

Mrs. Gus Spreckels is much quieter than of old. She is quite as handsome and dresses with great taste. Her daughter Lurline, though only sixteen, is a young lady with a very sweet voice and distinctly well bred. She will be as handsome as her mother, though perhaps a more refined type.

Miss Marie Wells and Marie Oge will spend a few weeks at Del Monte. These young ladies are the best linguists in San Francisco society. After a year of the gayeties of a society life they dropped to a great extent out of sight, occupying themselves with languages and literature. They expect to go abroad before very long.

The Misses Withrow have returned from a three years visit abroad. They are more interesting than of old owing to the great extension of their acquaintances. Miss Marie's personality and Miss Eva's wit gave them an entree to the most exclusive musical and artistic homes in England and the Continent. They will remain in San Francisco a few months.

The latest news from Honolulu is the continued ill health of Mrs. William G. Irwin. Her son's death was a terrible blow to her, from which she cannot recover. She is not occupying her new home at Waikiki, but living quietly in the old one. The Irwins will return to San Francisco in October, when they expect to furnish their house on Laguna and Washington streets. Mrs. Irwin bought a great deal of the furniture for this house in Europe. In will be the most handsomely furnished home in San Francisco.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 3,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

Cotton Sail Ducks
Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.
Murphy, Grant, Co.

Telephone Green 248
Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .
115 GEARY STREET
Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

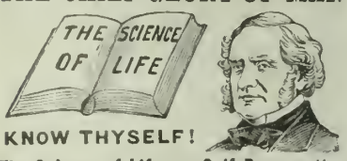
A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5178]
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

St. Lawrence
Livery and Sale Stables
W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor
423 Post St., Bet. Powell and Mason
Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else
Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood,
THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, **FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT,** copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, **FREE OF CHARGE,** send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,

155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.

VISITING CARDS,
$1.00
HUNDRED.

Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,
No. 24 Post Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

TEL. GREEN 12.
CHAS. P. DROLLA
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
534½ California St., San Francisco, Ca
All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

Grand opera trembles more nearly on the verge of the ridiculous than does any other form of stage illusion; probably for the reason that the illusion is less complete here than in the other forms, and much more is left to the imagination of the acquiescent and tolerant spectator. There is so much that is hopelessly ridiculous that persons with sensitive risibilities have, at times, to put a strain on their repressive powers. For example: Two lovers plight their troth and the male instantly resolves to leave her for six months or so, on a mission of some sort; (whether he goes to war, or merely to visit his relatives is never stated,) and on his return finds, of course, that, through the machinations of the villian, he is temporarily out of the running with the fair one; whereupon he sings a fiery (a) and (b) number of duets with his rival, and a group of trios with the object of his passion and the said rival; the countenances of all three expressing the liveliest satisfaction with each other, themselves, and the world at large. As opposed to this, the love-making in grand opera is a monument to discretion. The languished pair never kiss one another; they rarely, very rarely, embrace; preferring to hold one another by the arms, just above the elbow, fiddling for an opening, but never intending to take advantage of it should one appear. They seem to say by their attitude that it really wouldn't do, you know; it's bad form. They appear to say:

(He), "My own darling, heaven is my witness that I long to snatch you to my heart, close—close; but think of scandal: anyway, we'll be behind the scenes in a moment."

(She), "Ah, George," (or Fernando or something), "my own love, what tact you have: you think of everything."

Any mishap in the stage-management is a dangerous thing. For instance, in one of the scenes in "Otello," on Tuesday night, there was a moonlight effect, very clever, by the way, but it went wrong. After the moon had risen to a good height, it suddenly began to careen wildly about the sky, like a swinging target in a shooting gallery: some unhappy individual had bumped into it behind the scenes. That illusion was ruined for the rest of the act.

Again I affirm that Salassa is far and away the bright particular star of the Tivoli constellation. His voice is gorgeous; his singing is a perfect marvel of good taste and selection and the greatness of absolute simplicity, and his acting is ACTING. I mean that it is true acting in that he ceases to be Salassa, and is wholly merged in the character he assumes. His "Iago" in "Otello" is, I think, inimitable. He gives it a breadth and dignity that is entirely satisfying. The other parts were fairly well done. Montanari was good, but not startling. Her voice has no particularly distinguishing quality, but it is sweet, and she sings with intelligence. Agostini in "Favorita" was a great and instantaneous "hit." He is about the sweetest voiced opera tenor I have ever heard, and sings and acts with the greatest fire and earnestness. He sang "Spirito Gentil" with feeling

KATHERINE GERMAINE,
Light Opera Star at the Orpheum.

and tenderness that brought a whirlwind of appreciation from the enthusiastic house. Dado did some beautiful work in this opera; Miss Kruger acquitted herself most creditably as "Ines;" and Collamarini was about as maddening as usual: using a beautiful quality in her mezzo-voice, and squalling the rest of the time. Next week we will have the "Barber," and Boito's "Mefistofele" in which Dado is said to be preeminent.

The local musical budget of the week is a tale soon told. Here it is:—Katherine Germaine, who is to appear at the Orpheum next week, is a light-opera star of some magnitude; she having been the primma-donna of the "Fencing-Master" and "Highwayman" companies. She is said to posess a beautiful voice, and to know how to use it.

The Bohemian Club Jinks is a memory now, but those who were there say it is bound to be a lasting one. The music under the direction of "Wally" Sabin was excellent. He had an orchestra of thirty-five and a chorus of forty. Harry Melvin, Billy Hopkins and Donald de V. Graham were the soloists. On Sunday morning, at the invitation of Mr. Sabin, Mr. Victor Harris, the song-writer, took the baton and conducted that portion of the program. Mr. Dan Lawrence has left St. Dominic's Church to accompany the Knights Templar on their eastern trip, and Jack Desmond, formerly of St. Ignatius, has taken his place. Robert Lloyd has resigned from Central Church, and his place will be filled by Roscoe Warren Lucy, whose position in St. Stephen's will in turn be taken by Louis Thwaits of Stockton. From across the pond comes a contradiction of the reported marriage or engagement of Mrs. Ziska-Jennings.

The town is waking up to the fact that the season is on; and there is some indication that it will be an active one. Coming events cast their advance agents before, and we learn that the Columbia is to present "Floradora," Jeff De Angelis in eastern successes, and "Princess Chic." (Without the "K.") "Floradora" opens Sept. 30th, and plays three weeks. Then, in October, we are to have the Royal Italian Band, under the direction of Guiseppe Creatore, and managed by Mr. Channing Ellery, one of the foremost and best known of the eastern critics. Sometime in November we may expect to hear Wm. Worth Bailey, a blind phenomenon-pupil of Ysaye, and possibly Slivinski, the great Polish pianist. The Royal Italian Band brings with them Miss Ida B. Heintzen, harpist, formerly with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mme. Joana Barilla, a brilliant soprano known principally through her connection with the Italian National Opera Co.

Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire:—"Sing me to Rest" by Frances Allitsen, published by Boosey & Co. "The Mariner's Song" by Herbert H. Nelson, published by Houghton & Co., London.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Fifty years of success prove these troches the simplest and best remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, Bronchial and Lung Troubles.
In boxes—never sold in bulk.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... PAPER
COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.
Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

LOW SUMMER EXCURSION RATES EAST

Southern Pacific

offers those low round trip rates:

ON SALE	ROUND TRIP
August 20-21.....Louisville,	77.50
August 22-23, September 5-6, October 3-4 .....Buffalo,	87.00
September 5-6.....Cleveland,	82.50

These rates apply from California main line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest — finest scenery — choice of routes — limited trains — personally conducted tourist excursions —

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., every fifth day.

Change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., every fifth day. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., every fifth day.

For San Diego stopping only at Santa Barbara Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)

Steamer Santa Rosa Sundays 9 a. m.

Steamer State of California Wednesdays 9a. m.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and *Newport.

(*Corona only)—Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a.m.

Steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder. The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

A Prosperous Firm.

The Christy & Wise Commission Company has just moved from 327 Sansome street to 223-225 California street just below Battery. The move was made to provide more commodious premises for the increasing business of the firm. Their trade has so improved during the past year that they have entirely outgrown their old quarters. On the first of the year the directory of the corporation was changed and the capital stock was increased to $45,000. The present directors and officers are as follows: Mr. Charles M. Reynolds, President; Mr. S. H. May, Vice-President; Mr. Varney W. Gaskill, Secretary; Mr. Charles W. Clark and Mr. W. H. Christy, Directors. Mr. Charles M. Reynolds was the former secretary of the corporation and is well and favorably known in the business world. Mr. S. H. May is a very prominent traveler for Eastern firms. Mr. Varney Gaskill is well known throughout the State for his executive ability. Mr. Charles W. Clark is twice over a millionaire and is of the firm of Cox & Clark of Sacramento. Mr. S. H. Cheta is cashier and manager of the Bank of Marin County, at San Rafael.

The prospects of this enterprising firm are excellent. They are sole agents for Hunter Baltimore Rye and Black and White Scotch Wiskey, as well as being general importing and commission merchants.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" in Esquimau.

The British and Foreign Tract Society have translated Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" into no less than ninety-five different languages and dialects. Some of these, as might have been anticipated, are of a jaw breaking character. So much so, indeed, have the compositors of the Oxford University Press found the Esquimau language to be, that they have demanded a higher rate of payment in regard to it. The following samples of this beautiful tongue show that their action is reasonable: "Kujalidlarpogut ovanetsungnarlaurapta." "Rauvengitisarmaritsainarnngnangigalloaruptalonet. Kujalijutiksaksakatsainaralloarpoguelle." From the London Globe.

A Summer Recipe.

Take one slice of nook called "Lover's Retreat,"
A piece of starry night,
With a dash of the moon sifted in through the leaves.
And of lovers—just two—will be right.

A small dimpled hand by a manly one pressed
While adding a whisper or two,
An ounce of attraction, a cup of romance,
And a grating of folly will do.

A half dozen squeezes dissolved in a hush,
Ere the scuffle is stirred in—allow
One cup of resistance, hesitation a slice,
And—well, add the other arm now.

On the sweet, blushing face place firmly a kiss
You'll notice a slight little scream;
Add quickly a dozen—if flavored with love,
The dish is an ideal dream.

This receipt will succeed if you follow it right,
Be the climate hot, cold, rain or shine;
It won't do for three, quite useless to one,
But for two it is simply divine.

—Cornelia Farre, *in Milwaukee Sentinel.*

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Th n Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No 1 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

Flor de Claus Spreckels

Choicest Havana Cigars

H. PLAGEMANN & CO., Importers

709-711 Market St.,

Adjoining Call Building

San Francisco

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager, Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR

VAUGHN LEADLEY,

Solicitor for

J. W. SNOW & CO.,

Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.

Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 3 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City

FOR FIFTY CENTS

At the Maison L'Aiglon

S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.

Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MIAN 5066

Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.

Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC AND OTHER DISEASES CURED

Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is on proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Testimonials on application. Bank References. Dr. Gordin 51½ PINE ST., near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

Borrowed Plums

Hammactorre—Yes, I always take a short walk after the show.

Mr. Knowsitt—To the next town?—*Baltimore American.*

* * *

St. Peter: "Well, sir, what have you to say about yourself?"

The Newcomer: "I regret to report—"

St. Peter: "Why, it's Kitchener! Come right in, general."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

* * *

Not Forgetful Enough.

"Your wife is very forgetful, isn't she?"

"Yes, but not nearly so forgetful as I'd like her to be. She's forever remembering that she's still wearing her last summer's hat."—*Philadelphia Press.*

* * *

The truckman swore soulfully for at least two minutes at the conductor of a passing cable-car. "You should be ashamed to swear so," said a clerical-looking man on the sid walk.

"Well, how in—do you want me to swear?" queried the truckman. "I ain't up on furrin langwiches."—*Leslie's Weekly.*

* * *

An Exposition Echo.

"My friend, Mrs. Binks, has rented her lovely home in Buffalo for the summer."

"Did the price tempt her?"

"No the number of her country relatives scared her."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

* * *

The Wisdom of Providence.

The spectacle of a vicious mare eating the straw hat from the head of an equine rival in Hanover street brought old Crusticus to his feet with, "Fortunate that women aren't herbivorous."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

* * *

Solicitous.

Mother—Where have you been, Johnny?

Johnny—Down by th' ole mill watchin' a man paint a picture.

Mother—Didn't you bother him?

Johnny—Naw! He seemed to be real interested in me.

Mother—What did he say?

Johnny—He asked me if I didn't think 'twas most dinner time and you'd miss me.—*Harlem Life.*

* * *

No Full House For Him.

"Well," said the doctor, peeping into the room where Wellington Frash, the great poker expert, was waiting for the returns, "I suppose you will regard this as a mere formality, but I must congratulate you, nevertheless, on the fact that you have a fine boy across the hall."

"Hi!" said Mr. Frash. "That's good! Come in and take something."

"Excuse me for a moment," the doctor replied. Presently he returned, put his head into Mr. Frash's den and said:

"Let me congratulate you again. You have two fine boys across the hall."

Mr. Frash opened his mouth as if to respond, but before he could do so the doctor was gone again. Presently he bounded in the new father's presence, saying:

"By George, you have three fine boys across the hall!"

He was starting back when Mr. Frash hurried forward, grasped him by the shoulders and in excited tones cried:

"Say, 'doc,' hold on. Three of a kind are good enough for me. I stand pat."

The Chicago Record-Herald.

New Importations of Millinery

Calimberti

MODES DE PARIS
240 Post Street below Stockton,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Being Constantly Received

California Northwestern R'y

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg. Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Shellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices—650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office—Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

AUTOMOBILES

WE BUILD TO ORDER

GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.

All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,

FACTORY—346 McAllister St.; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 13. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

The Destruction of Arch Rock, San Francisco, August 15, 1901.

Copyrighted Photographs by Weidner.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—August 24, 1901.

The Union Principle.

It has been universally assumed by the "Examiner" and other defenders of the disastrous strike now rounding out its fifth week, that all persons who criticise or oppose the movement are enemies to unionism. It would be as fair to say that everybody who is opposed to political corruption in our national affairs is an enemy of the republican form of government.

No thoughtful person unbiased by direct community of interest with one side or the other holds beliefs in opposition to trades unionism in this day and age of the world. Man is naturally selfish. The capitalist naturally takes all that he can legally get from the laborer. The laborer takes all that he can legally get from the capitalist. The capitalist has fuller power and greater opportunity than the laborer, and the only way for the latter to offset this power and opportunity is to organize and, when it is necessary, to strike. The laborers of England have not forgotten—their leaders will not permit them to forget—how, before there were unions, the operatives of Manchester and Birmingham worked thirteen and fourteen hours a day under such surroundings and for such wages that the marks still show in dwarfed and stunted descendants. The trades union relieved these conditions after the law had failed. In these days of industrial combination, there is no logical reason why labor should be denied the moral right to combine, and to secure better wages, shorter hours and improved conditions.

But the local strikes of this summer are not for the purpose of shortening hours and raising wages or of helping others to do this. They are for the "recognition" of the union principle. Their direct object is to force employers to hire only union men, their indirect object is to force all independent trade workers into the unions or out of employment. The projectors, mostly men who occupy the position in the industrial world that Chris Buckley occupies in politics, are playing upon the union superstition of the strikers to keep up a fight which hurts the workmen, hurts the employers, hurts every business and profession in this city, hurts every one concerned except the agitators and the "business agents" of the unions.

* * *

It must be owned that the Employers' Association is not without blame for the continuance of these conditions. The labor leaders have gone up against a resistance as firm as a brick wall for a whole summer. They realize that they are defeated and are looking for a soft spot to fall on. They want a conference, hoping not for real victory nor for any substantial gains but for evasive terms which will conceal their capitulation and make it seem that they have won a partial victory. Knowing this as they do, the Employers' Association might have swallowed their pride and consented, for the good of the city and state, to a conference.

Low Public Morals.

The case of John Winters, burglar and bungler, was a search-light on the moral tone of San Francisco. The man is a thief and a heavy one, possibly the heaviest living, outside of politics. He was captured and held by a trick. Because the property lost and the reward offered were both large, the company and the police made a special effort to convict him. That he was given inducements to confess few people doubt; otherwise the officers of the company would be falling all over one another in their eagerness to deny the accusation instead of denying it, as they do, in a half-hearted fashion. If these inducements were not offered in good faith by the company, they were probably falsely offered by the detectives who "sweated" him and who had before them the $25,000 reward. At any rate, someone compounded the felony; either the officers or the owners of the loot or both.

And San Francisco looks on and applauds. The editorial printed in this column last week is the only protest entered so far. The newspapers praise the clever work of the police; one of them relates how the detectives probably extorted a confession by promising that the thief would receive part of the gold and a short sentence, and adds that the community will probably approve, as they will have "little sympathy with a man of Winters' type." Winters' "type," according to this authority, is a defence for playing with crime and compounding felony. It would be as logical to justify on that plea the use of the rack or the thumb screw.

One-Cent Postage Coming.

The exclusion of certain classes of periodicals from cheap mail privileges is good news for the newspaper and magazine publishers of the country, and, indeed, to the public in general. To the publishers it means an increase in legitimate advertising and to the public a step toward one-cent letter postage.

Dispensers of advertising circulars have taken advantage of the periodical postage rates, established, in the beginning, to encourage the press. By the law, any periodical regularly issued can be registered at a local postoffice and be distributed, without stamps, at the rate of six cents per pound. All sorts of enterprises, particularly quack remedies, have lately hit upon the device of issuing their circulars in the form of weekly or monthly "magazines," containing a few columns of boiler-plate reading matter and many pages of articles in praise of their wares. These were sent through the mails, in some cases, at the rate of hundreds of thousands of copies every month. The mails, previous to new the order, were becoming overloaded with this trash.

The change will drive much of this advertising into the regular periodicals which return value for the money, and will so relieve the mails that one-cent postage is not only a possibility but a probability. This will make the postal rate of the United States the lowest in the world.

The Resignation of Hays.

If President Hays of the Southern Pacific has really resigned—and there seems to be little doubt that the report of his withdrawal is true—the state has received one of the hardest knocks which it has ever taken from the railroad. Mr. Hays had assumed the task of clearing out the rubbish in the upper offices of the corporation. He saw the opportunity to end the old, short-sighted policy which identified the railroad with petty politics and cheap "grafting" and to put it on the basis of a large commercial enterprise with broad lines. All the changes which he has made have been in the line of this improvement. The railroad was on the way to a great expansion and developement which would have been consistent not only with its own interests, but with those of the state of California.

However, the change did not suit the small but energetic men who have been the backbone of the Southern Pacific's political regime in the era that is passing. The old policy, bad for the railroad, bad as regards the state, suited them exactly. They rose up with one accord and "knocked" until the powers that be in the East listened and forced Hays into resignation.

Of course it cannot be helped now. But it is a pity that Harriman or whoever is responsible in Southern Pacific affairs could not have visited California, looked over the ground and seen for himself the advisability of Hays' policy and the short-sightedness or selfishness or both of the men who have forced him out.

New Hope for the Drama.

There is encouragement to all true lovers of a good, free native American drama in the latest news from the managers of the Atlantic Coast. The money-chasing absurdities of the past four or five years are reaching a climax, and it is only a question of time until the arch-advertisers who control the destinies of the native theaters will so run the thing into the ground that the public will revolt and return to sane ideas.

Two of the plays advertised for next season point this moral. One is a dramatization of Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm," a beautiful novel of sentiment and spiritual passion but no more susceptible of dramatic treatment than Darwin's "Origin of Species." Olive Schreiner was a special advocate in the Boer war, the Boer cause is still a very live issue, and the advertising which it will carry is the excuse for this new "play." The other is worse, much worse. "Foxy Grandpa," a series of drawings, alleged to be humorous, formed a feature of the New York Herald's comic supplement for two years. These drawings have been "dramatized" and the "play" is running at Coney Island, being extensively advertised by the "Herald."

The next movement in order is a great moral drama made from the Journal-Examiner-American's "Willie and His Papa" drawings and backed by the Hearst syndicate.

THROUGH THE WEEK.

FORTUNATE are the American people in their saving sense of humor. With a people who take themselves seriously, the French for example, the Sampson-Schley controversy might have been magnified into a Dreyfus affair. Indeed, it seemed some six weeks ago as though the yellow journals, which came so near dragging the country into opening the Spanish war prematurely, were going to make this a serious matter. But the spectacle of the two participants in the most complete naval victory in history calling each other cowards and incompetents struck the great American funny-bone. Three-fourths of the comments in the press are in a humorous vein, and of the other one-fourth the yellow journals supply the bulk.

* * *

A conviction is growing through the country that we are about to bid farewell to the America's cup. The Constitution is a thinly veiled disappointment. She may be a little better than the defender of the last series, but the difference is only a finger's breadth either way. On the other hand, Shamrock II is far better than her namesake of the last series. On paper, she figures as a winner. She is built, too, on lines which fit her for the weather conditions under which the race must be sailed. The only balm to national pride is the reflection that she is made on lines which we taught the British, that they have only followed our pattern. Perhaps it is just as well as it stands. The cup has been over here for half a century, and it ought to cross the water if only to put a little interest into future series.

* * *

By the way, California can claim a big share in the development of the American racing yacht. The old clipper ships, built to beat records on the voyage around the Horn, taught the builders of the Atlantic Coast the principle of speed in boats. The America was constructed on lines evolved by the makers of clipper ships, and the principles which they evolved still govern the construction of cup-defenders. California was back of the clipper, the clipper was back of the America, the America was back of a half-century of victory on the seas. Anyone can complete this chain of reasoning.

* * *

Unless there is another unexpected turn at the last moment, Charles Nordstrom, the record long-sentence criminal, will be hanged before this issue is in the hands of its subscribers. It will bring an end to a case which has dragged itself out for ten years and which was like a satire upon American methods of administering justice.

Nordstrom committed his crime eleven years ago and was tried ten years ago, being guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt. The ten-year fight has been over technicalities. On an average of once a year, Nordstrom has prepared for death, each time to slip through a new knot-hole in the law, picked by his counsel, Congressman J. Ham Lewis. The process might have continued forever had not the Washington judges grown sick of it and cut a few yards of red tape. Nordstrom has cost the state hundreds of thousands of dollars, one item in the account being a special session of the Legislature to amend a law in which Lewis had picked a hole.

* * *

It looks as though the country were on the verge of a great public awakening as regards the meanest small enemy of a man, the pestilent mosquito. Late investigations have proved what has long been suspected—that the small and energetic New Jersey terror is a breeder and carrier of disease. This has been known for a score of years, but it took a discussion before a scientific society to bring it out. The remedy has also been known for a quarter of a century, but has never been extensively applied. It is petroleum, refined or crude, spread on the surface of the ponds where mosquitos breed.

All over the country, the experiment of coating ponds with petroleum has been tried this summer. The city of New York has taken it up on a large scale, employing a force of men and six tanks of petroleum to coat a chain of ponds in Staten Island a district especially afflicted. An ingenious apparatus designed to saturate the water to a distance of several feet below the surface was dragged over these ponds. Staten Island will now be watched to see if life is any more bearable for summer boarders. If so, it will demonstrate that the petroleum remedy is really worth while. If the pest does decrease, tab will be kept on malaria cases on Staten Island to see whether or no decrease in mosquitos has the practical result of decreasing malaria.

* * *

"Sam" Davis, writing to a Sacramento newspaper in defence of the the morals of Nevada, takes a side shot at the cheap lotteries of San Francisco which, he declares, are systematically robbing the people of his state, where the sale is large.

Of course, if the Nevadans want to buy lottery tickets, it is their own look-out and they take their own chances in trifling with the law. Still, there is no doubt that the greater part of the San Francisco lotteries are skin games, pure and simple. This refers to the white lotteries, not to the Chinese ones. As the game is played by the Celestials, the profits for the house are not over 300 or 400 per cent. Beside the profits which must accrue to the lotteries run by whites, this is liberality indeed.

The "little" lotteries named after the big affairs of Mexico and Central America are steals on the face. The scheme is this: In the Mexican lotteries, four dollars buys a whole ticket good for, say, a $60,000 capital prize. The "little" lottery sells its tickets at one-fourth the sum and pays one-fourth the prize, the award being given not upon a drawing made here in San Francisco but upon the number which wins the prize in the lottery after which the local concern is named.

There lies the joker. The Mexican lottery, with agencies all over the world, sells perhaps 100,000 tickets. The San Francisco imitation may or may not sell 10,000. That means that only one number in ten of those drawing prizes in the big concern is issued by the San Francisco concern. In other words, their luck being average they pay one capital prize out of ten drawings. Some of the lotteries running here are said not to have paid a single large prize for this year.

* * *

Engineers who superintended the destruction of Arch Rock last week, showed great consideration in choosing the time for touching off the explosion. It was done at noon, when the greatest possible number of people were able to get out for the spectacle, and they choose a Thursday, when the fishermen could make the greatest profit from the sale of the stunned fish.

As the daily newspapers have already said, the spectacle was a disappointment. In spite of the charge, the water column did not rise half so high as it did when Shag Rock was destroyed, and it was not half so picturesque. The floating population of the city, crowding all the available space on Telegraph Hill and Russian Hill, saw only a bulge of moderate size on the surface of the bay, an upheaval that appeared in the distance like the work of a marine torpedo, a bubbling, yellow spot on the bay surface-and clear water. The rock had gone and left not a trace. Disappointing as a spectacle, it was a huge success from the point of view of the engineers.

* * *

An American has beaten out Christie's, the most famous art auction-house in the world. He caught the connoisseurs napping to the extent of nearly $25,000, securing a painting worth that price for five guineas.

William Laffan of New York is the lucky man, and the painting is "The Laughing Girl" by Sir Joshua Reynolds. When the canvas was first hung in the auction-room, some one catalogued it as "Robinetta," by Reynolds. The people of Christie's and the British experts, knowing that a famous Reynolds painting called "Robinetta" hangs in the National Gallery and that this was certainly not that painting, repudiated it as some forgery. Laffan came along, examined it, determined that Reynolds alone could have done it, and directed his agent to secure the painting. It went for five guineas. Subsequent investigation showed it to be a genuine Reynolds which had been widely copied in engravings of the painter's time but had dropped out of sight. It is in perfect condition, and the owner has refused for it just one thousand times the purchase price.

Thus does the Yankee spirit of investigation score on British conservatism, even in art.

* * *

Although named after a prohibition state, the battleship Maine had the traditional bottle of champagne broken over her bows when she was launched. The Maine W. C. T. U. entered a vain protest. They have been more successful nearer home, and when the schooner Frederick Day was launched recently at Bath, a wreath of roses was substituted for the dark beverage of Hell.

The result was a unique letter from the cold water sheriff of Bath. Here it is:

CAPTAIN F. J. HINKLEY, Bath.

Please accept thanks for your noble departure in the method of christening the white-winged flyers of the seas from the use of the devil's broth that has cursed thousands to the sweet roses of paradise.

S. F. PARSON, Sheriff.

Persons, Places and Events.

The Great Barker Syndicate.

Apropos of nothing in particular I wonder if the story of the only newspaper syndicate ever operated in San Francisco has been published. It used to be a favorite story of "Charlie" Dryden's and he may have written it since his departure for the East. If so, I beg his pardon.

Several years ago, a reporter whom we will call Barker,since that is not his name,was "fired" from the "Call" because of his habits. He was a clever reporter, a fast worker and knew the city like a book, but he had a fatal trick of getting drunk while on important work. His reputation was against him on all the other papers. He was left permanently out of a job in San Francisco and had not the money to get out of town.

He set his brain to work and evolved the Great Barker Syndicate. It happened to be a lively time, when extra men were needed on all the papers and almost any likely-looking applicant could get a try-out. He ran over his acquaintance in the under-world of San Francisco and found four "bums," three of them tramp printers who presented a fairy respectable appearance. He took them in and taught them how to "strike" for a job. They all landed.

Then Barker set up headquarters in the back room of a saloon which was under obligations to his trade, and set his scheme going in all its beauty. When his "reporters" were assigned, they came to him at once. He showed them how to get the news; when they had done it, they reported back to him, and he wrote the "stories." Being new reporters, none of them were assigned to any very important work, so that the stories were short and he could handle all four of them. And on pay-day, the staff divided even with the indispensable head of the syndicate.

It worked beautifully for three weeks. The only trouble was that one or two of the staff did so well under Barker's direction as to get really important work which took time to write and kept the head of the concern very busy. He was thinking of adding two more reporters to the staff and securing another writer when the bubble burst. Barker fell from grace and got very drunk, too drunk for any practical use. Prosperity was too much for him.

The staff tried to sober him up in time to write their "stories" for the day, but he was too far gone. Three of them saw that the game was up, and bolted. The fourth, who had once written for a country paper, had become conceited through success and tried to write his story himself. The result is said to have been a thing of wonder. The copy-reader noticed the difference between this and the previous work of the reporter, and summoned the city editor. They "put the thumbscrews" on the last of Barker's staff and made him confess, and when Barker sobered up his syndicate had been smashed by the newspaper trust.

Julius Kahn is Absent.

There is one prominent Californian who is not disturbed by the big strike. Not but that he would be if he were here, but he is very much elsewhere. Thereby hangs the tale.

When the strike was still far off, Congressman Julius Kahn, like a good many other shrewd and observing San Francisco men, felt it coming. It placed him in something of a quandary. Julius is good friends along Battery and Sansome streets, but he has also a heart that beats for the workingman. The only way out was to lose himself and stay lost.

At that time, Congress was begging for junketers to go to the Philippines. Manila is too far away from home politics and too hot for the average Senator or Representative and the committees were hard put for members. With admirable patriotism, Kahn volunteered for this dangerous duty. And now he is investigating the sources of hemp and insurgent supply two thousand leagues away, and receives his strike news a month late.

What a pity that Mayor Phelan could not have been sent to investigate the water supply of Porto Rico!

Adeline Knapp in the Philippines.

Thef all season will open at Bereley without Adeline Knapp. She will be missed by the "intellectual set" in the bay region. In the past few years, she has come as near to being the head of a salon as a woman can come in these hurried times. Less is heard about Miss Knapp than about a dozen other local authors who are not waist-high with her for real ability. She is a real story-teller; she has the knack of narrative and a style that is a style. She has done many things in her life, she has been successively, teacher, editor, author and now she is on her way to Manila to help in the organization of the Philippine schools. But above all she has been a helpful and inspiring personality and a center of her world.

One of the most remarkable things about Miss Knapp is her memory, which is "like wax to receive impressions and marble to retain them." She is said to be able to read a magazine story over carefully just once and then repeat it almost word for word.

"King" Kelly's Revenge.

"King" Kelly has drifted in from the mines to coach the graduate coaches of this year's University of California eleven. By the way, Yost, who drilled football into the Stanford squad last fall, is also coaching the coaches for the Stanford eleven. It thus happens in spite of the faculty rules regarding coaching, that the eastern importations of last year are to help in guiding the destinies of this years' teams.

Kelly became Princeton's greatest half-back under adverse circumstances. He is a partial cripple, one of his feet being only a stump. Nevertheless, he became a noted preparatory school player and entered Yale intending to try for the eleven. He was refused a try-out because of his foot, swore revenge on the blue, and entered Princeton, where he made the team at half-back in his first year.

That year, Princeton had taken a good deal of contemptuous treatment from Yale and the football men were very bitter. They went into the game blazing mad, and won hands down by a score of 24-6. Kelly was the bright, particular star. His bad foot gave him a curious lope which made him hard to tackle accurately. And every time that he shook off a Yale runner, he would make some unpleasant reference to his treatment at Yale.

"I'm your cripple!" he would shout, "Why don't you stop me, blank you?"

In the last five minutes of the game, upon Kelly's suggestion, the Princeton team stopped giving signals. The quarter-back, before starting the play, would tell just where he intended to send it and who was to carry the ball. He would straighten up and say:

"Now, gentlemen, we will send Cripple Kelly through your left tackle for five yards" or "the cripple will make ten yards around your end," and Kelly would take the ball and act according to program, all the while making pleasant remarks about Yale.

General MacArthnr's Popularity.

General MacArthur, who this week paid the city a flying visit en route to Washington, is the dandy among the general officers in the Philippines. He is a stickler for dress and deportment, and even in the hardships of a campaign he always manages to keep up an immaculate personal appearance. Hence his order forbidding shirt-sleeves in island garrisons, and hence some of his popularity with the West Point wing of the regular army, who are mostly strict on etiquette and dress.

Less is heard about MacArthur than about any of his predecessors in the command in the Philippines, and yet he has done more real work than any of them. He is a poor advertiser but a good soldier. All along, he has been the popular general at the front. Lawton had a reputation for efficiency, but was not well liked, his subordinates believing that he had no regard for the life of his men. Otis was as unpopular with his men as with the American public. Funston is idolized only by the sort of army people who take the yellow journals seriously. All along, if a vote could have been taken in the Philippine army for a commander, MacArthur would have been an easy winner. His record since he was appointed has justified the opinion of the army.

Mr. Sousa, the March King, wears his uniform at all times and seasons. He compels his men to do likewise. The fact that he does so leads to experiences that are very laughable to him.

Mr. Sousa was standing in a railway station, on the platform, waiting for a train. A belated traveler ran up to him and shouted: "Has the 9:03 train pulled out?"

"I really don't know," answered the man with the blue uniform.

"Well, why don't you know?" shouted the irate traveler. "What are you standing here for like a log of wood? Aren't you a conductor?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sousa, "I am a conductor."

"A nice sort of a conductor you are!" exclaimed the traveler.

"Well, you see," said Mr. Sousa, "I am not a conductor of a train; I am the conductor of a brass band."

Memoirs of the Syndicate.

2. Concerning Stars.

(Continued.)

The relative popularity of men and women stars has been the subject of much discussion recently, and I have often been asked to give my opinion on the matter. Judging from my long and varied experience, I should say unhesitatingly that women are greater drawing cards than men, a rather curious fact, too, when you remember that in an audience, the women usually outnumber the men five to one. Richard Mansfield is the only actor who can approach the popularity of Maud Adams and Julia Marlowe, at present the two greatest favorites in New York; and he is personally very unpopular.

Until last season Maude Adams was undoubtedly the favorite actress here. With her fragile, almost insignificant figure, wistful blue eyes, and strangely pathetic, appealing personality, as Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister," she drew crowded houses for three months. But the public doesn't want her in tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet" proves that, and "L'Aiglon" last season. We had Rostand's name, worked up a rivalry with Bernhardt, and depended on Miss Adams' personal popularity. But in spite of all we didn't have even half-filled houses at the end of two months!

It was pretty hard on Maude Adams when Julia Marlowe, who had wanted "L'Aiglon" and been refused, was turning away people at every performance. It's the right kind of play at the right time that makes success or failure. Now Julia Marlowe in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" proved a regular bonanza. She had a run of five months at the Criterion with extra matinees, and we had to extend the season into June; and in September still open with the same play for no one know how long. This is the same Julia Marlowe we wouldn't have in New York for years. When she was appearing all over the country in Shakesperean repertoire and drawing crowded houses from Chicago to San Francisco, she couldn't fill a theater here for love or money. I can remember the time, less than ten years ago, too, when she played to empty seats. Of course, that was before I managed her; and her manager used to send out men to invite any one who happened to be passing the theater to come in, and he'd offer them seats, just to give the house a decent look. We all know something about "papering a house"; still Julia Marlowe wasn't a "made-to-order-star," but had worked and studied for years, and probably had then "the charm and fascinating personality" New Yorkers discovered so much later. It's funny to think how times change, and Miss Marlowe is certainly enjoying ample revenge.

When I made up my mind to take her up a few years ago, I naturally had her drop all that old Shakespeare repertoire, which handicapped her in the metropolis; and she has appeared only in roles like "The Countess Toleski," "Barbara Fritchie," and the Princess Mary in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." The last has proved the best because it draws the kind of people who want her in sixteenth century Shakesperean roles, and the sensible people who want dramatized novels. The critics say that it's a poor play, and that Miss Marlowe is the whole attraction. I don't know about the poor play. It's been good enough for me; and Miss Marlowe doesn't object to being the whole show. She's a real star in this respect, like all the rest; they aren't any of them fond of giving up the center or dividing honors with anybody.

That reminds me of something amusing that happened when we were rehearsing "When Knighthood Was in Flower." There was a young fellow in the company who was all full of ideas and theories about "making much of a small part," and "the artistic whole of a scene," and all that stuff they carry out in Germany and France, but only talk about in dramatic schools, here in America. Well, he had a small scene with the Princess, and according to the stage directions stood half-facing the audience. He had worked out some great by-play to use while the Princess Mary speaks to him, and he was making the best of a slim chance.

Suddenly Miss Marlowe went up to him, and said: "Mr. F——, I wish you would turn and look up stage during this speech of mine."

The poor fellow gasped, and asked: "Do you mean I've to turn my back on the audience?"

"Just that," said Miss Marlowe, sweetly.

Of course the stage-director is the absolute autocrat in such matters, but when a star objects to the "business," the stage director usually agrees, and a lesser actor has sense enough to keep quiet. This incident doesn't mean, however, that Miss Marlowe is unamiable behind the scenes. In fact, she is adored by many in her company, largely because she's as good an actress off the stage as on. She isn't at all above, "making eyes," at the humblest "extra ladies" when she wants to impress them, or gain a point amicably; but those same eyes are as keen as a lynx's in finding anything wrong about a super's make-up or costume.

She is always full of high spirits, too; and often when the play seems most heartbreaking to the audience, she keeps the company hilarious by her absurd asides and stage-whispers. She almost "broke up" Bruce McRae when he became her leading man last season. He acts Brandon, and in the act where the Princess Mary, disguised as a man, escapes with him to the inn, she is supposed to be so tired and worn out that she weeps and leans her head against his shoulder, as they sit before the fire. While poor McRae went through the business of cheering her up and comforting her, Miss Marlowe used to whisper all sorts of ridiculous things to him and go through so many pranks and antics that McRae could hardly control his laughter, and almost missed his cues. She's a comedienne without a doubt: and she's developing more and more in her arch, pretty, capricious way. Those who hoped to see her as a great "Lady Macbeth" soon, will have to wait. The kind of training she's getting with me isn't just along that line.

CHARLES SHOWMAN.

A Fakir in Antiques.

Dr. Stein of the British Indian Educational Department, who has just made some remarkable archeological discoveries in Central Asia, has also been the means of bringing to light one of the most picturesque fakirs in the world. For some time, the scientific searchers into the past of Central Asia have been puzzling over remarkable manuscripts, apparently ancient, which were written in languages wholly unknown and which defied every attempt to unravel them.

These have been found in some famous European collections, governmental and private, and many learned men have wasted precious hours endeavoring to decipher what were believed to be the records of hitherto unkown people. Dr. Stein found that Islan Akhun, who, for a Central Asiatic, was a phenomenally enterprising man, was locally credited with having established a factory of ancient documents. He is the agent through whom the British and Russian representatives at Kashgar, as well as private collectors, obtain manuscripts. Owing to the gradually increasing suspicion about him in the last few years the demand for his documents has rather fallen off and he has taken up the profession of a medicine man.

When Dr. Stein returned from Khotan in April the Chinese District Officer produced Islan Akhun for examination. Islan at first denied that he was a fakir and forger, but ultimately confessed. It seems that he was originally engaged with accomplices in making up manuscripts of what appeared to him a reasonable imitation of the genuine ancient scraps. Finding a profitable market he allowed his inventive powers free scope and turned out documents at a rapid rate. The process still seemed too slow and too laborious, and Islan conceived the audacious scheme of block printing. In order to give an ancient appearance to modern Khotan paper, he first soaked it in a yellow solution which imparted a yellow color. Then he printed it without much attention to its supposed connection. After this the printed sheets were hung on chimneys and smoked and finally buried for some time in the desert sand. They were then palmed off as ancient documents.

Islan Akhun's wickedness did not end there, for he used to go about the mountains and represent himself as an agent sent by the British Government to look after the slaves originally carried from India and now ordered released. He was able to levy blackmail on the ignorant millmen by producing formidable documents purporting to be credentials. These were confiscated by Dr. Stein. One was an old Swedish newspaper of 1897. Akhun is now a convict with a wooden collar around his neck.

A photograph of Helen Gould was requested recently by a public library to which she had made a gift of books. Miss Gould politely refused on the ground that, being troubled by a plague of cranks, she preferred not to be easily recognized.

"Life" declares editorially that the best way to destroy the rural advertising sign plague is for each citizen to adopt Carrie Nation tactics and tear down the signs wherever they appear.

POLITICAL COMMENT.

THE FIGHT for control among the factions in the local Republican party is over; the outside importations have packed up and gone home. Governor Gage left quietly as soon as the result was announced and has taken not the slightest part in the discussion over the spoils. In drawing off his forces as soon as the victory was gained, Gage displayed the good sense that has marked his course throughout. He had already used this good sense in showing his hand as little as possible in the course of the fight. Thus he leaves without incurring the charge that he is trying to be a local boss or that he is dabbling in local politics.

Upon the question of candidates, mayor in especial, the local Republican party leaders are not at all decided. Lackmann for sheriff and Fisk for district attorney are exceptions. There is talk of a big pow-wow, attended by all the party leaders, in the near future. Here, the vexed question of a man who stands in with the people and the machine will be thrashed out to the end.

Who this man is to be no one can begin to prophesy. It is known now that Kirkpatrick was slated for the ticket, but his appointment as Harbor Commissioner took him definitely out of the running.

Now, the strongest kind of pressure is being brought to bear upon Henry Crocker. He is really the man who is wanted by the majority of the leaders at this stage of the party's game, but he is coy. He refuses it persistently and with every show of sincerity. He is recognized to have many elements of strength in the peculiar state of local politics. He has great influence with the sporting element and stands high with the merchants and business men. While he is not by any means a drawing card with the rabid union element, the strength of that section of the body politics is almost certain to be drawn away from both parties through the new labor party. Crocker is the choice of the week, largely contingent on the formation of the labor party.

In the Democratic camp the ghost of Phelan will not down. He is still declaring that he will not run, but the elements that have urged him on from the beginning are still hot on his trail. For the most part, they are place-holders or members of the "Admiration Society," but they number a sprinkling of loyal Democrats who believe that the party cannot win at any hazard, but that Phelan is the strongest man in the local party and that he should be sent to the slaughter for the sake of the vote that he would draw. Then, of course, there are the veiled enemies who want to see him "dumped," and dumped hard, and who are urging him on to his downfall.

If he does not run, it will mean his disappearance from California politics for the next few years. He has already said that he will not be in the running for governor. He can have no hope of fulfilling his senatorial aspirations for at least six years to come. In the last legislature the Republicans so gerrymandered the state in the Apportionment Act that a Democratic legislature is an impossibility for some years to come. It was a most scientific job, and its effects become more and more apparent as the new elections approach. The Democratic sections of the state are bunched together in such a manner that a Democratic tidal wave will be needed to break the combination.

The matter is up to Phelan to decide. He can have it if he wants it. There is a large and influential element who believe that it would mean political suicide to place him in nomination and a husky body of politicians, headed by Rainey and Greany, voted the Republican ticket at the primaries, rather than seem to be Phelan men, but the element in his favor has the ascendency in the Democratic machine.

Incidentally, the pool-room ordinance is going to be on the ticket again. The sporting population will thus be active at the polls. It is needless to say that they will not embarrass Phelan by the warmth of their support.

A new factor has been injected into the gubernatorial fight by the announcement of Pardee that he will be in the running for the place on the Republican ticket. In the last convention he was Gage's principal opponent, and he would be the logical man this year. However, he is now weakest at home. The Contra Costa Water Company has the upper hand in Alameda County politics, and Pardee is on the other end of that fight. His home delegation will go into the convention instructed against him; and while he is a fighter, he has on his hands a harder fight than ever before.

Since the local primaries, Gage is reported as remarkably cheerful over the situation. The cinching of the result in San Francisco by his wing of the party gives him moral support for his fight in Los Angeles and Alameda County. The persistent cropping up of little candidates all over the state is a good rather than a bad thing for Gage. It subdivides the opposition and gives a good opening for trades at the convention.

J. K. L.

As Viewed from the City.

Miss Florence Axman Touching the Electric Button. *Photo Wiedner, Copyright.*

The Destruction of Arch Rock.

About The Strike.

A NEW factor uncounted by both sides is coming into the settlement of the labor dispute, the "big strike" upon which San Francisco will ever look back with ungrateful memory. The season is closing up in the hay and wheat fields of the interior and the laborers are turning toward San Francisco, lured by the high wages paid non-union men. Usually, these men have no use for San Francisco, realizing that they are not skilled enough to do anything but the simplest manual labor. When the season is over, they usually drift out into other farm work or make their way East. This year they are making for San Francisco. Last week they began to arrive and found work in plenty at the expected high wages. Teamsters are receiving $4 a day with a promise of $1 a day bonus if they stay through the strike. Laborers at the wharves receive as high as $9 a day. A few shrewd teamsters are making even better pay by hiring teams, which can be had now for the feed, passing as owners, and taking jobs by the load. As "owners of one team driving their own teams" are exempted from the union rules, they go unmassacred and coin money.

* * *

A side-light on the slow but steady progress made by the employers in filling positions was furnished this week when a crowd of iron-workers, mainly moulders, bolted the unions and went back to work at the Union Iron Works. They tried the Risdon Works first, and were told that no more men were needed. They received the same answer at the Fulton, and the Union Works were third choice. Neither was this merely a thin excuse. The Risdon Works are running full blast, although they are keeping as quiet as possible about it, the Fulton have nearly a full complement, and the Union, where a small army of men are needed, have between one-half and one-third the full crew.

A curious sort of exchange system between this city and Seattle partly accounts for this change. Machinists from San Francisco go to work in Seattle, where they are not known, and therefore escape unfriendly comment from union neighbors, while Seattle men reverse the process and come to San Francisco under the same conditions. Just such an exchange is being carried on between the local water front and the wharves at Port Costa. About two hundred and fifty men from the latter point were added to the available working forces along the San Francisco wharves last week.

* * *

The teamsters' strike tottered and almost fell at the regular meeting of the Brotherhood of Teamsters a week ago last Thursday. Micheal Casey, the walking delegate and factotum of the teamsters, saw the handwriting on the wall, and quietly withdrew. A half an hour later, and just at the point when the union was about to call the strike off, Casey dashed up in a closed carriage and emerged with Father Yorke. In a theatrical manner, the two pushed through the crowd and mounted the platform, from which Yorke made a speech which turned the tide.

His speech at the Metropolitan Hall mass meeting has been called incendiary, but it was the embodiment of peace as compared with the fire and blood which he turned on the striking teamsters in the privacy of the closed doors. He launched his splendid oratory and his monumental prejudice at them for a good half hour. When he had finished, there was no more talk of yielding.

* * *

"I see that your union is dying," said a newspaper man to Casey, as the latter emerged triumphant from the meeting.

"What do you mean?" asked Casey, hotly.

"Well, you've just sent for a priest."

* * *

In all Father Yorke's speeches, he has overworked the word "Unchristian." Sansome and Battery streets are using "Unchristian tactics," Judge Sloss' decision is "Unchristian," the Employers' Association is "unfair and Unchristian." Everybody knows what he means, what race prejudice he is trying to foster, and most of all the laboring men to whom he is appealing.

* * *

The position of the $10 a week clerk, placed in access to the funds of a bank, is as nothing for moral strain to the position of Secretary Ed. Rosenberg of the Labor Council. He is practically the Executive Committee of the Council. He has it in his power, as such, to use the weapon of the boycott or to avert its use just about as he pleases. There are firms in the city who would give $10,000, perhaps twice that sum, to insure immunity from the boycott. He knows it, and they know it. It would be an easy means of blackmail. With the money which he could clean up in this strike, Rosenberg could return to his native Russian Finland and live the rest of his days as a grandee and a landholder. Yet the signs are that he has levied the boycott only according to the sentiment of the Labor Council and in accordance with his ideas of expediency for the unions.

Now if certain other local and imported labor leaders stood in his place——

* * *

Strike benefits continue to be paid to most of the idle unions, although a stringency in the teamsters' fund has made the payment for the last week slow and irregular. The other city unions are assessing their members on a wage basis, from five to ten per cent being the general assessment. Outside of that, the public is taxed by straight subscriptions and by tickets to balls and "barn parties" and entertainments which are worked for all that is in them. The tickets are peddled from store to store by union men and union sympathizers. Among the small merchants South of Market, where real or professed union sympathy is necessary to trade, this ticket peddling has become a veritable nuisance.

Perhaps the most degrading result of the strike benefit system is its effect on the young apprentices of the iron works and the other skilled trades. For them, it is an apprenticeship in beggary. They draw a comfortable amount of pay during their idleness, and meanwhile haunt the streets and swell the "gangs" which practice scab-baiting whenever the police turn their backs.

* * *

It happens, by the way, that one man in San Francisco has profited politically by standing out against the "union principle." This is General Warfield. At the time when the cooks' and waiters' strike was declared, he was approached and asked to discharge his colored waiters. He refused to do this, but expressed a willingness to ask his men to join the union.

"You can't do that," said the labor leader, in a horrified tone, "we don't take negroes in the union."

"What are my men going to do then?" asked Warfield, "starve?" When the strike took part of his kitchen force away, he replaced them by negroes and Chinese and went ahead as usual.

When the County Committee Republican ticket was selected in his district, Warfield was mentioned for the head of the slate. It was objected that he would not draw with the laboring class. Nevertheless, his name headed the ticket. It proved to be a wise move. In his district there is a "dark corner." The colored population took up the fight to a man. The weekly prayer meetings and love-feasts were turned into Warfield rallies. The elders and deacons made themselves heelers in his behalf, and in spite of a strong union opposition the ticket headed by Warfield won hands down.

* * *

In the early ripples of the big strike, when the bakers were called out on sympathetic strike with the cooks and waiters, a German walking delegate, very much swelled up with the importance of his position, entered a Vienna bakery restaurant on Kearney Street.

"Vere is your bakers?" he asked of the cashier —a young woman and one of the proprietors, by-the-way.

"Why do you wish to know?"

"Because I haf come to order a str-r-r-ike! Dot's vy!"

"Aren't you ashamed," said the cashier, "to get up a strike with the President just coming here?"

"Der President! Do you know vot ve vill do if der President obchects? Ve vill a strike order on der ferry-boats und how can he cross der pay? And if he says anyding more, ve vill make a shtrike on de railroads, und how can he get home? He vill haf to shtay here until ve gets chustice! Der President!"

Saying which, the stalwart of organized labor went below to call out the bakers.

Foote, the actor and wit, being ill in a lodging house, made his mind up for some chicken broth. The order went down into the kitchen, and the broth came up weak, flat, and insipid.

The sick man was subsequently relating his disappointment to a friend, who said, "They just let a chicken wade through it."

"If they did," said the wit, faintly, "it had stilts on." He recovered.

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

I am in the midst of the wonderful gaieties of which I have read so often. This is the great week of sport at Del Monte. You cannot imagine any place on earth more wonderfully adapted for the purpose than this hotel and its grounds. Auntie and I went down on Wednesday afternoon. There were not a tremendous number of people, at which I was rather surprised. We had been there off and on so frequently, that the few who sat in the hotel office about the fire greeted me most cordially. Your sister-in-law, mama dear, is a dame of remarkable exclusiveness, so your dainty daughter with her golden tresses is showered with attention.

As the crowd had not assembled and auntie said that the 'Inits' did not consider it necessary to wear low-necked gowns, I merely donned my pink chiffon. How auntie raved over it. She said: "Elizabeth, dear, that is decieedly the most beautiful creation in chiffon I have ever seen." I did look lovely, mama, really. You know I am not vain, but one cannot help admiring beauty when it is as obvious as mine.

Well, we went in to dinner. The dining-room was pretty well filled. An air of general cheerfulness prevailed and the dinner was excellent. At about nine o'clock we wandered over to the bowling alley. There were several men playing. Of them, I knew the younger Tobin boys, Tom Driscoll and Charlie Dunphy. I like young Joe Tobin quite well and he is rushing me hard at present. I am endeavoring to make an impression on a very handsome fellow here called Lansing Kellogg. He plays golf a great deal and as soon as the festivities are over I shall go in for playing religously. He is nice to all the girls, but pays no one any special attention.

We bowled for for an hour or so and then I wandered back to the hotel, to find auntie very cross. It seems that uncle was playing poker at the club house. You know how averse I am to a disagreeable atmosphere. I left auntie and went to my room. My neighbors, a middle-aged husband and wife, were having a disagreement. He was very rude and swore hard at her. Amid her sobs I heard her say: "Don't hit me! Don't hit me!" But he did, mama, and he must have given her an awful whipping, for she screamed several times. I took my hair brush and struck the wall with it several times, but to no avail. When he had exhausted his anger he stopped. I went into auntie and told her. She was not surprised; in fact she knew at once who it was but would not tell me. "You are too young to know such things," she said. Next day I changed my room.

I must tell you about the Tobin boys. There are four in one family and three in the other and all really quite good catches. They play polo so well that I do not see how the polo teams could get along without the Tobins.

There is a Southern polo player called Mr. Maud whom I like too, he has been nice to me. Young Charley Dunphy is an attractive fellow, but he likes the daughter of a politician named Burns. Mr. Greenway is most important. Most people consult him about all their entertainments. He tells them whom to ask so that the different "cliques" do not get mixed up. The Burlingame contingent is noted for its peculiar desire to keep to itself. Of these the most distinguished, owing to the length of their bank accounts, are the Frank Carolans, the Will Crockers, the Walter Hobarts, the Lesters and the Atherton Folgers. Mrs. Frank Carolan is one of the women who might have married a New Yorker. It seems such a pity that she did not, for she looks bored to death here. She is simply wild about children. Mrs. Walter Hobart is a beauty; she dresses in good taste, but with no particular elegance. Mrs. Lester is petite and rather delicate-looking and is devoted to music and her family. Mrs. Will Crocker is a woman of the world. She could hold a position in any court circle, having tact and intellect and a stunning appearance. Mrs. Atherton Folger has a large family of children and quite a handsome husband. She is a lovable woman, tender and motherly, but not my style particularly.

There are two Carolan girls, who tried to patronize me at first, but now they toady to me. They are neither pretty or clever, but one has a good complexion. I feel sorry for her, for she is interested in an navy man and his ship has been sent to Panama for five months. The Parrott girls are always in good form, and well bred. The Walter Martins flirt about hither and thither as happy as birds. They keep house in grand style in San Francisco. Everyone wonders how the Martin estate can keep up so many establishments in such extravagance. There is Peter living far beyond his allowance in Newport, Mrs. Martin in San Francisco, and the Walter Martins at San Mateo. I really believe that everyone here knows everyone else's income. How dreadful that must be.

Saturday and Sunday things were very gay. Numbers of men came down with their own crowds, with whom we did not mix at all. How I envied some of them, they seemed to have such jolly times. They drove and rode and bicycled and swam and bowled, and we, mama, took a drive or two and of course swam, but we are decidedly too exclusive to be anything but bored to death. How I did long to meet some of those other men.

The dining-room on Saturday evening was crowded. All the women wore their handsomest jewels, and stunning gowns. The music was fine and the grounds a veritable fairyland. Thousands of brilliantly-colored Japanese lanterns lighted up this wonderful place and the scene surpassed anything I have ever seen even at Nice or Monte Carlo. How papa and you would have enjoyed it!

About the girls. Therese Morgan, Ruth McNutt and Rowena Burns were the three who specially attracted me. They are really fine specimens of California beauties. The three handsome men in the whole of the crowd were Ashton Potter, Jack Wilson and Lansing Kellogg. I think Ashton is the finest looking fellow I have ever seen. He is clever too, and such splendid company. I was sorry he had to leave on Saturday, but of course I do not suppose that I would have seen much of him, for he is madly in love with his wife. She is quite a handsome girl.

A young fellow by the name of Hubbard plays golf well, so do Mr. Maud, Ernest Folger and Mr. Fitzgerald. They all seem to play for the sport of the thing, which is unusual in the Californian who, I have noticed, takes his sports quite as seriously as his business. There were pony races and polo games and dinners. I went to a large one given by Mr. Greenway which was jolly fun, one by auntie, one by Mrs. Walter Martin, one by Mrs. Will Crocker and so on. Teas every afternoon. Thus pass the days. I am terribly glad I have seen it all, mama dear, but would never care to come again to Del Monte and have to belong to the exclusive set. The others have so much more fun, and the things they do are not written up in the papers,

Good night, mama dear.

ELIZABETH.

Next Monday, August 26th, on the courts of Hotel Rafael, will open the largest carnival of lawn tennis ever held west of Chicago. For two whole weeks the courts will be occupied, and the matches are expected to prove the best ever witnessed on the Coast.

The progamme for the first week is in the hands of the ladies, and includes all-comers' singles (for ladies), all-comers' doubles (for ladies), and mixed doubles events, all for the championship of the Coast. The winner of the all-comers' singles will be called upon to meet Miss Miriam Hall, the present champion. Whether Miss Hall can successfully defend her title against such formidable opponents as the Misses May and Violet Sutton, the Southern champions, is a question.

The other two events are innovations and have a very open look at present.

The Whitney family will doubtless carry off the honors of the second week. With the redoubtable Hardy brothers out of it, there is no one who can hope to equal them in either doubles or singles. The visit of Messrs. Bell and Braley, the Southern California champions in doubles, and Messrs. Sinsabaugh and Hendricks, their foremost competitors in the South, makes the contest representative of the whole Coast.

The Whitney brothers will defend the double championship on the afternoon of Saturday, September 7th. The winners of the all-comers' singles will play Mr. George F. Whitney for the championship on Monday, September 9th, at 2:30 P. M.

The State Labor Commission of Wisconsin has set to work to solve the servant girl problem. The first move is expected to be the establishment of a school for training housemaids, just as nurses are trained. The experimental institution of this kind is to be opened this year. The second and more interesting endeavor of the Commission will be an investigation into the social standing of servants. By inquiries among housemaids, mistresses and working women, they will try to find why domestic servants are considered to be lower in social scale than dressmakers, milliners or shop-girls. If they find the cause for this prejudice, they intend to take means at once to remove it. Miss Ida May Jackson is in charge of the investigation.

"Holing Out."

A Coaching Party.

The Week of Sport at Del Monte.

Mr. Engel at Newport.

MARTIN ENGEL, Tammany leader of "de Ate," is going abroad next year to show King Edward and the English aristocracy what a real New York east-side politician looks like in rare east-side clothes. As a preliminary practice campaign he is going to break into New York's "Four Hundred" at Newport with forty new suits of clothes and an eight-carat diamond ring.

This will be Mr. Engel's first trip to Newport, according to the New York World and as he is very green about swelldom Mr. Engel will be accompanied on his trip by a delegation of chosen friends from his district, who have agreed to aid him in showing what real society life, as viewed from an east-side stand point, is like.

The whole east side demanded of Mr. Engel that he take a vacation. His door bell had been pulled out of joint day and night by his constituents, who wanted him to go bail or pay fines for them in court, and then Mr. Engel had followed this up by taking 10,000 women and children during one of the hottest July days on a free outing to Oriental Grove. Ever since then Mr. Engel has been looking for a change of air and scenery. Newport struck the Tammany leader as the most suitable place. The more he thought of it the more he was convinced that he would like Newport life, with his charming scenery and well-dressed men and women. For, if Mr. Engel has a fad on anything, it is on dressing. It can be stated that even Mr. Crocker noticed this upon one occasion. Mr. Engel believes in east-side clothing. Every garment he wears is purchased right in his home district. He believes in home rule.

Therefore many of his constituents have been very busy during the past week, working day and night to prepare their great leader for his entrance among the "Four Hundred." The Hon. Moe Levy and his cousin Sam Levy, the Chesterfield of the east side, were up to their eyes in business for Mr. Engel, and Mr. Engel alone. As a matter of fact, Mr. Levy's whole establishment was devoted for one entire day to the benefit of Mr. Engel. The east-side leader wanted the swellest kind of new clothes, and they had to be made regardless of cost and design. So they were made.

It is well to give right here a few of the personal characteristics of Mr. Engel. During all these years he has been in the chicken business, and the great east-side public must have been greatly pleased with his poultry, for Mr. Engel had accumulated a fortune of over $200,000 when he retired from the old Essex Market stand to engage altogether in politics. As a political leader Mr. Engel has no equal on the east side. When he became the leader of "de Ate" it was a Republican stronghold, but through Mr. Engel's efforts it was soon turned into the Tammany ranks. Mr. Engel simply did it by going bail for his constituents when such occasion demanded, or he would pay the rent or buy clothing for the needy, and even submit to a "touch" when one of his constituents wanted to make a "borrow." He is fifty-four years old and has three sons, all of whom are studying for the bar.

"I shall take with me," said Mr. Engel, "forty suits of clothes. I will have a suit for almost every important event of the day. The suits will be of every character and description. No, I withdraw that. I won't take a golf suit along. We, in 'de Ate,' don't play golf, and that is the reason. If I am asked to play golf at Newport I shall give the excuse that I am busy and thus escape criticism. Simon Steingut, the little Mayor of Second Avenue, is the golf fiend of the party, and he will have to accept all the invitations from the Astors and the Belmonts. As for myself, I shall attend all the invitation balls to which I will be invited, and the private theatrical parties. I am intimately acquainted with many of the society people, and I expect that their doors will be opened to receive me. I had some of the society people on my books when I was in the poultry business. That is how I remember all their names."

Mr. Engel was asked whether he would not feel strange or lost in a fashionable ballroom.

"Not at all," replied Mr. Engel. "You would not ask me that question if you ever had attended one of the Martin Engel balls at Tammany Hall. At my last affair I had as one of my principal guests the Hon. James J. Coogan, who is a society man, and also Councilman Brice, who is a member of the New York 'Four Hundred.' They assured me that my ball was fully equal to any other society ball they ever had attended. They were particularly pleased with my canary birds."

"How do you expect society to receive you?" was asked.

"There will be no trouble in that respect," replied Mr. Engel. "No one there will be better dressed than I am, and should I see many automobiles flying around I shall promptly have one myself. As soon as we get to Newport we shall put up at the swellest hotel there, and we will see that our arrival is given due notice in the society columns. Then, as soon as we have had a bath and something to eat, we will take a walk along Bellevue avenue and size up the town. By that time we will be posted. Upon out return to the hotel no doubt there will be waiting for us a whole bunch of invitations. I am afraid we shall not be able to accept all."

"How many changes do you expect to make during the day?" the reporter asked.

"At least five a day," was the response. "I have a suit just fit for morning wear. I shall take my morning stroll in that. On my return, I shall discard clothes and shoes and change for a noonday apparel. After luncheon I shall wear my riding habit. On my return from my horseback ride I am going to put on my calling suit. Of course every society man knows that he must wear a Tuxedo in the evening. You must remember that I have such a complete outfit for the seven days in the week. For Sunday wear I have a beaut. I have a suit of white Irish linen and a pair of white canvas shoes with a white yachting cap. The buttons on the side of the cap are of 18-carat gold and will stand testing. Simpson on the Bowery will guarantee for them."

"Will you take any jewelry with you?"

"Why to be sure I will," he answered. "It is my intention to simply paralyze Newport with my splendid gems. I bet there is not a man in Newport who can put a candle to the diamond stud that I will wear on certain occasions. I shall also wear my diamond-studded watch, and I expect Newport society will go wild over my diamond locket, which is the shape of a Tammany tiger. It is just the cutest thing you ever saw. Do I intend to wear many rings? I will only wear the one with the 8-carat diamond. If I wore them all I would not be able to put on gloves. I have had the gloves made just large enough to admit my wearing one ring."

"Here," Mr. Engel, opening a package, "is the very latest in summer style. It is a daisy. Won't those Newport people be jealous? This is a swell suit indeed. It is a homespun flannel with checks of black and white, with trousers turned up at the bottom. The coat is a single-breasted one, with black pearl buttons and silk lapel. Then here we have another late invention which is a French worsted of a greenish hue. This will dazzle everybody who is fortunate enough to behold it. Mr. Rogers wanted to have a suit of the same material made, but to be the only one with such a garment I bought the entire piece of cloth.

"And there is the afternoon tea garment. This is something extra. It is a brownish double-breasted all-wool suit, with double waist coat to match. Then here are a dozen fancy vests of all patterns and designs. Tim Woodruff ain't in it with my vests.

"But," continued Mr. Engel, "what is the good of describing all the good clothes I have? If I were to give an accurate description of each garment Moe Levy has assured me that the Newport Four Hundred would copy them at once and then I would not be the only and exclusive possessor of such finery. It took the combined efforts of Moe and Sam and of Joe Munter to make the various designs for my clothes."

Consumption

Is a disease of civilization. When the Indian was a stranger to the white man he had no name in his vocabulary for this dreaded malady.

Without arguing as to the curability of consumption, it may be stated positively that Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures weak lungs, hemorrhages, bronchitis, deep-seated and stubborn cough, and other diseases which if neglected or unskillfully treated find a fatal termination in consumption. There is no alcohol in the "Discovery," and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

Persons suffering from chronic disease are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free*. All correspondence is conducted under the seal of sacred secrecy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

In a little over thirty years, Dr. Pierce, assisted by his medical staff of nearly a score of physicians, has treated and cured thousands of men and women who had been given up as incurable by local physicians.

"Your medicine is the best I have ever taken," writes Mrs. Jennie Dingman, of Rapid City, Kalkaska Co., Mich. "Last spring I had a bad cough, got so bad I had to be in bed all the time. My husband thought I had consumption. He wanted me to get a doctor, but thought we would try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and before I had taken one bottle the cough stopped and I have since had no sign of its returning."

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits..... $20.00
Pants..... 4.50

My $25.00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1112 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

Things Theatrical.

The performance of "Brother Officers" by the Frawleys was a pleasant surprise, even to those who insist on comparing the work of cheaper stock companies with the best New York productions. This charming little comedy, which, in spite of its amateurishness, has won much favor because of its simple sincerity, is quite within the scope of most of Mr. Frawley's actors; and while Miss Van Buren must of course suffer by comparison with Miss Anglin, Mr. Frawley's "John Hinds" was in some respects quite as effective as Mr. Faversham's. This is one of Mr. Faversham's best roles —and his cockneyisms and gaucheries are perhaps less crudely given than Mr. Frawley's. But Frawley's personality aided him—and he won the sympathy of the house by his directness and apparent lack of art. Miss Douglas, too, as "Kate Johnson" made her scenes very delightful, especially where she confesses that she is "Johnson's and Klobstock's Pickles."

Miss Van Buren was far less happy in her interpretation. Her emotional work was unnatural and overdone—and the charming climax at the end of the first act fell flat, because the delicate, yet sure, touch was lacking. Mr. Reynolds, as the weak lover, Lieutenant Pleydell, failed to make the character convincing. Mansfield last May cynically advised the students at the Sargent Dramatic Schools to become maids and valets for a few months, if their early education in manners and dress had been neglected. It doesn't seem a bad idea—though one might suppose that actors could learn in some other way that gentlemen do not twirl and flash whips in ladies' faces when they wish to appear debonair.

Mr. Wallace Shaw's villain, "Robert Hutton," was unqualifiedly good. It was plainly modelled after Edwin Stevens' "Hutton" at Empire Theatre, where this "character role" shared honors with the two leading parts. But Mr. Shaw's interpretation was not a mere imitation. It was a clear, consistent characterization, lacking only the venom and furtive malice that made Stevens' interpretation so remarkable.

* * *

The persistent pessimists who view society through dark glasses, should go to the Central this week and sin no more, for if Belasco and De Mille's "Men and Women" is a "society drama" as we are told, one must rejoice that both society and the drama are not as they were ten years ago. The adapting Belasco, too, has learned something in play-carpentry since this play appeared, and now spares us such grotesque mixtures of bathos and farce.

"Men and Women" is as improbable as any lover of melodrama could desire, but there its charm ends. One can fancy how Belasco would cut and rearrange his material, if he were writing the play today; for the action drags beyond the making point, the characters exist, appear and disappear for no considerable reason and plot and subplot are hopelessly apart. Everyone insists on telling everyone else his past life; and when the author wants to get his characters out of his way, he sends them into convenient studies and waiting-rooms while the rest discuss them.

Miss Marshall, the new leading woman, handicapped by the play, by a company that hung on the prompter's every word, and by a role that gave her no adequate chance, still won an ovation from the audience. Miss Marshall is a buxom brunette, with an agreeable voice, an animated countenance, and an unpliable figure. She has some mimetic skill, and her rigidity of action may disappear in a more congenial role. Mr. Fanning's interpretation of the counselor was commendable for its repression, and all the comedy scenes of James Corrigan (Colonel Kip) and Edwin Emery (Sam Delafield) won approval; but the most artistic bit of character work was Ernest Howell's deaf bank director. The other men were almost equally stagy and affected; but over-acting triumphed in Stanley Ross, who won laughter where he asked for tears, and vice versa. His unpopularity with the audience reached a climax when he presented his lady-love with a diminutive twenty-five cent box of candy; whereupon a gallant Lochinvar in the audience shouted "Oh, give her a pound," and a disgusted damsel voiced the popular sentiment neatly by exclaiming "He's a cheap guy!"

Robert Cummings' interpretation of "Israel Cohen" was explosive, but neither forcible nor accurate. The handsome, but dishonest lover, and the reformed ex-convict father of the heroine were "intense", almost as much so as the two ingenues who asserted their unsophistication as ingenues will. But Juliet Crosby's dashing widow, aminated and magnetic, was in the proper key and most satisfactory.

The handsome staging of the second act, and the really excellent dramatic grouping of the directors in the third act, ought to be mentioned.

MAIDA CASTELHUN.

* * *

"Barbara Freitchie" is an attempt at a polite, but thrilling war drama. There is plenty of politeness in the James Neill Company, but not a trace of thrill. When he takes in a new member, thrill is the first thing that Mr. Neill boils out of him.

Consequently, the production was sleepy. There was only one moment when the audience awoke. That was in the third act, where Edythe Chapman, as "Barbara," confronts her crazy lover. She acted there. Mr. Neill should tone her down. He should also lecture Miss Dean, who was most of the time really awake. Mr. Neill attained the height of his own ideals of acting at the end of the fourth act, where he expired without saying a word, moving a muscle or even heaving a sigh.

The performance would have been much improved by the addition of some scene-shifters. Two men is not a large enough force to change a set in anything short of three-quarters of an hour.

* * *

California is to add another star to her galaxy of play-wrights for Dr. J. F. Fave of this city has written and is about to publish a powerful drama founded upon the Biblical story of Esther. It is by no means the doctor's first effort in the library line, for he is the author of many charming poems and sketches that have found their way into local print from time to time, but it is his supreme effort, as he has made it his life work so far. The story of Esther and Mordecai is a strong one and the dramatic coloring it has received at Dr. Fave's hands makes it a character play full of life and intense action.

The drama will be seen on the stage later on but it is the doctor's intention to publish it first, as he has more regard for its literary merits than its drawing capacity as a footlight attraction.

* * *

"Lady Huntworth's Experiment," with which Daniel Frohman and the syndicate favored us this past week, is a clever, delicate little comedy of no great force and no startling comic effect. Its appeal is to the intellect solely; it is one of these plays at which one smiles, but never by any chance laughs. Still, it is not decadent, which is a thing so unusual in a British comedy of these days as to excite comment.

The company is polished, easy, polite, mediocre. Mrs. Whiffen is the only one of the whole kit and boiling who has natural gifts above the dead level, and she is smothered in a tiny part.

* * *

Edward Elsner's new biblical drama, "A Voice from the Wilderness" is to be given its initial production in San Franaisco at the Central Theatre, September 2nd, with Robert Downing in the role of John the Baptist. Elsner is the author of "Under Two Flags" "Francesca De Remini," and "The Story of a South African Farm," a dramatization of Olive Schrener's story, which is to shortly be given in New York City by Olga Nethersole. The drama is written about John the Baptist and abides closely by the graphic story of his career as written in sacred scriptures with the exception that Herodias, the consort of Herod Tetrarch of Judah becomes enamored of the first Apostle of Christianity.

* * *

At The Theatres Next week.

Central—"The Two Orphans," the old, stock melodrama which probably shares honors with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for the longest run on the American stage. After that, Robert Downing in "A Voice from the Wilderness."

Grand Opera House—"Lord and Lady Algy," following again in the trail of Henry Miller who is, by the grace of the syndicate, the San Francisco model for all things great and good in theatricals.

California—"Rosemary," another Henry Miller trailer.

Alcazar—Florence Roberts opens her Shakespearean season in her best classic role—Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet."

Orpheum—Lucille Saunders, dramatic contralto from the Grau company, heads the new list. Frank Eugene Powell, magician and the Eight Craggs, acrobats are also new. The strongest features of last week's bill are retained.

Columbia—Daniel Frohman's Company, including Hilda Spong, in "Wheels within Wheels." This is the last week of this troupe.

Tivoli—"Trovatore" and "Mefistofele" alternate. These are the two popular hits of the Grand Opera season and are repeated by popular demand.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
TRY THEM FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.
Fac-Simile Signature of John Brown & Son on every box.

Small Talk.

Mrs. Col. Foote and her two little sons will sail for Manila early in September.

Mrs. Ellinwood and Miss Charlotte Ellinwood are again in town, returning from a six weeks trip in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Bower and Miss Mary Bower have returned from a few weeks at the Hotel Vendome and are at the Knickerbocker for the winter.

Miss Alice Rutherford will be the guest of Princess Poniatowski during her stay in California. She expects to remain several months in the Orient.

Miss Sunshine Parsons has quite lost her heart to San Francisco. She is being wined and dined and entertained at theatre parties and small teas and dinners by all Ethel Keeney's friends, whose names are legion.

There were a great number of people at the ransport Meade Friday to bid farewell to Mrs. Charles Burt, who has gone to Manila to join her husband. There are very few army women quite as popular as Ethel Burt.

Mrs. Joe Grant, Mrs. Fred Moody and Mrs. George Pope are among the Burlingame people who were not at Del Monte this season. They have been missed a great deal, as they have almost always been lavish entertainers.

Miss Carrie Taylor has spent sometime with Mrs. Gus Taylor at the Hopkins place in Menlo Park, also with Miss Olive Holbrook. Mrs. Ed. Hopkins is still quite ill. The doctors give no hope whatever for her ultimate recovery, although they say that she may live for many years.

General dissatisfaction prevails this year amongst the few debutantes over the winter's dancing prospect. With the exception of the Fortnightly Club there will be no regular dances. Things were very quiet last year, but this season they promise to be nothing short of deadly dull.

San Rafael has gone daft over cards. Then are small parties almost every day on some "porch." The favorite game is seven handed euchre. Mrs. Fred Green, the best player, has scored the highest at seven consecutive parties. Mrs. Monteagle is the champion euchre player of the Blithedale contingent.

The departure of Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Potter is a sad surprise to Mamie McNutt Potter's friends. They left Sunday evening for Texas. This will suit Ashton Potter, for he is never so happy as when hunting big game. He is a first class shot, and hunted extensively in India before he joined the army. Later in the year, Miss Ruth McNutt will spend a few months with her sister.

There has been much talk over the announcement that the George Crockers had rented their house to the Pierpont Morgans for the month of October. The fact is that Mrs. Pierpont Morgan did endeavor to rent the Crocker house, not wishing to be beholden to such a degree to Mrs. George Crocker. The latter would not hear of such a thing and it was finally arranged that the Pierpont Morgans should be guests at the Crocker house.

There will be a general disappointment when it becomes known that the John D. Spreckels are not to give a ball as a house-warming in their mansion on Laguna and Pacific avenue. The Spreckels heard a great many of the unpleasant criticisms of the ball that Claus Spreckels gave to his grand-daughters at her coming out a few years ago. That sort of thing is not generally forgotten. The Spreckels will, however, entertain a great deal in a small way this winter, and may give a dinner-dance for a special purpose after the New Year.

Mrs. S. G. Murphy, Miss Adelaide Murphy, and Mrs. Genevieve Martin met with a train accident during their recent visit to Russia. Miss Adelaide Murphy, in a description of this accident, mentions the kindness of the Russians, and of an official visit they received afterwards from some members of the Czar's suite who came to inquire after their welfare. Miss Murphy and Mrs. Martin are the recipients of a great deal of attention and admiration wherever they go. The Drowns, Prestons and, in fact, all the American girls in Europe in writing to their friends here, say that the most tiresome thing about Europe is the continual staring of the foreigners. These girls have quite overlooked the fact that Americans are the only men who do not "ogle" women as they pass them in the streets.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch. in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks. Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material. kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.

Etchers and Engravers of

Printing Plates

24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

REFRESHING SLEEP.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Taken just before retiring quicts the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.01
Deposits, June 29, 1901.....29,886 288.15

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President..H. Horstmann
Cashier..... A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....$28,973 540
Reserve Fund..... 226 934
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 445 617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier. R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Au horized to act as Execu or, Administrator, Guardian o- Trus'ee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

C. A. GARTER C. W. CROSS

Law Offices of

Cross & Garter

Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.

Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence

1021½ Market St. S. F. Cal.

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610

609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER
THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336
DON R. DUNBAR
Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes
N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood
"The Castle"
101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG
The True Blue.
308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served.

—ESTABLISHED 1823—
WILSON WHISKY
—THAT'S ALL!
Bielenberg & Weniger
Sole Distributors
101-103 POWELL ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE
Billiard, Pool and Club Room
(Never Closed.)
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.
924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

He who would wield a baton over a season of grand opera must forget that there is such a thing as the primrose path of easy dalliance. It is more than hard work; it is a brain-stretch, a nerve-rack that can be likened to nothing so much as a continuous nervous debauch. It is the "pace that kills" with a vengeance. The cold phlegmatic temperament holds no place here; it takes the man of great sensibility, the thoroughbred stuff, the man with a large, active and capable brain, the man who is at once the general, the diplomat, the master executive and the poet, to pilot the iridescent barques of the master-composers's genius through the narrow channels of success.

Paul Steindorff, in my belief, is one of the few men who possess these qualities. I am thinking especially of the production of Boito's "Mefistofele," the first on the Tivoli's list of novelties for the season. It abounds in invisible choruses with and without orchestral accompaniment, and fairly bristles with awkward entrances of soloists and chorus alike; but Mr. Steindorff apparently had eyes all round his head and a few in his shirt-front, for not the smallest cue was omitted nor the tiniest detail overlooked. It is but fair to state that orchestra and chorus were in an ecstacy of zeal for the success of the opera. The opera itself it extremely interesting. There is no one number that you can carry away with you as standing out from the work, unless you accept the trumpeting and invisible chorus of heavenly praise in the prologue, and the remarkably fine bit of ensemble work at the end of the fourth act; but there is a wierd consistency about it that leaves you vaguely impressed, you scarcely know how.

Dado was a stunning "Mephisto." He can act and he can sing literally to beat the band. With another tenor he would probably have carried off the honors of the performance, but little Agostini, (pronounced Aw-gustini), sang with such fire and beauty that the triumph was made twain. Montanari sang dramatically, but her efforts do not move you. She leaves the impression of a pale voice and personality. The scenic effects of the production were unusually good; although the last scene in the epilogue, where Faust ascends to heaven, looked a little tawdry.

The feature of the "Barber" was the vocalization of Mme. Repetto. She was born to be a dainty bit of stage-china, walking with a proud little strut, preening herself and singing as soaringly as a meadow lark. Ferrari, Russo and Cortesi worked hard. Next week "Mefistofele" and "Il Trovatore" will be repeated; the demand for the latter being amazingly large.

A friend from the East told me of the movements of some of our old-time favorites here. Jack Raffael and Wm. Pruette, the baritones once of the Tivoli, together with Edna Farrell, one of the same house's chorus-girls, and Arthur Wooley, the singing comedian of the Southwell Company that held the Grand Opera House for so long, are all in the cast of "King Dodo" at the Studebaker Theatre in Chicago. And Frank Coffin, the cleverest tenor this town has held within my knowledge, is making a great "hit" in Neidlinger's "Explorers." This is an extravaganza that has made a great success in the East, and the probabilities are that the company will visit San Francisco. Katherine Germaine who was to have appeared at the Orpeeum has been compelled to cancel her engagement on account of a severe cold, and her place has been filled by "Dicky" Jose, who sings his ballads better than ever. The Saxaphone Quartet at the same house is worth a visit. Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "There's a Woman Like a Dewdrop" (Sop.) by Frederic Field Bullard. "The Night has a Thousand Eyes" (M. Sop. or Bar.) by George L. Osgood. Both published by The Boston Music Co. (G. Shirmer Jr.) "Across the Dusk" by Anne Wakely Jackson and "Thy Stars." by W. Berwald. Both for soprano and both published by the Oliver Ditson Co.

AUGUSTO DADO,
As "Mefistofele" in Boito's Opera at the Tivoli.

LUCILLE SAUNDERS,
Contralto, late of the Grau Company, at the Orpheum

$100 Reward $100

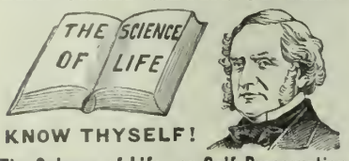
The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Teledo, O.
☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD
Will return and resume teaching a limited number of pupils on AUGUST 15TH. Applications for time or an interview can be addressed care of
SHERMAN & CLAY'S.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN ..... PAPER
COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.
Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
308-312 Post Street
SOHMER PIANO AGENCY
SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, **FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT,** copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, **FREE OF CHARGE**, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,

155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.

VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRED.

Engraving Department

Mysell Rollins Co.

22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,

No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

TEL. GREEN 12.

CHAS. P. DROLLA

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal

All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

A Vague Reminiscence.

Though it happened in one of Detroit's swell hotels, neither of the principals belong here. He had just seated himself at the dinner table, when she and another lady came in with the usual flourish of handsome and well-dressed women.

He turned a shade or two paler. After conning her menu she looked across the table, and her face took on a puzzled expression. When their eyes met during the meal each pretended to be studying the tablecloth or the opposite wall. He left first, and she watched through the doors.

"Amie," she said to her companion, "I certainly know that man, but I can't for the life of me place him. I think he knew me, too, but I couldn't bow to him unless I were sure, could I? You know that I never snub any one."

He wandered into the parlor later while the women were there, looked a little too fierce for congeniality, and got away as soon as he could. She again gave out the conviction that she knew him, and wondered where it was and who he could be.

"Never mind," said the companion; "he's nothing to us. Forget him."

"Oh, foolish, it isn't that, but you know how it is when your memory betrays you, and I don't want him to think me rude. But Tom will be here tonight, and I'll have him find out all about it."

Half an hour later she smothered a scream and rushed imploringly at the other woman. "For heaven's sake, Amie, don't say a word to my husband about that fellow. It just came to me."

"Well?"

"He was my first husband in Chicago."—Detroit Free Press.

"Since the last rain-fall nature seems to be imbued with hump and hustle, and activity is trying to reach forth from the darkness she had fallen on account of the drouth, and grasp the wheel of progress and push her along; while the little birds seem more joyous and sing their sweetest notes, and in harmony with the little birds, of evenings, can be heard those gentle, but sweet strains, as they are wafted through the gentle air and echo and re-echo, for they are such sweet and enchanting songs; we listen and we hear them again, and ask, it's sure an angelic song—when to our surprise a friend says: 'That's Carl Taylor hynotizing his baby boy.'"—Richmond (Mo.) Democrat.

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

Told in Rhyme

Notre Dame De La Belle-Verriere.

Above thy halo's burning blue
Forever hovers the White Dove:
Within thy heart forever new
The cross, the crown of all thy love:
While flame on flame and wing on wing,
About thee choiring angels swing
Gold censers, and bright candles bear.
Because I have no heart to sing
I come to thee with all my care,
Notre Dame de la Belle-Verriere.

Because the sword hath pierced thy side
Thy brows are crowned with circling gold.
The woe of all the world doth hide
Within thy mantle's azure fold.
Because thou too hast dwelt with fears
Through lingering days and endless years
I find no comfort otherwhere,
Our Lady beautiful with tears,
Our Lady sorrowfully fair,
Notre Dame de la Belle-Verriere.

My feet have traveled the hot road
Between the poppies' barren fires:
But now I cast aside the load
Of burning fears and wild desires
That ever fierce and fiercer grew.
Thy peace falls like a falling dew
Upon me as I kneel in prayer,
Because thou too hast known despair,
Notre Dame de la Bella-Verriere

—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson in *Saturday Review.*

* * *

In *The* City Pent.

Oh, sweet at this sweet hour to wander free,
Or follow some invisible beckoning hand,
Among the moody mountains, where they stand
Awed with the thought of their own majesty!
Sweet, at the folding up of day, to be
Where on the tattered fringes of the land
The uncourted flowers of the penurious sand
Are pale against the pale lips of the sea.
Sweetest to dream, on easeful earth reclined,
Far in some forest's ancient idleness,
Under the shadow of its blossy boles,
Beyond the world's pursuit and Care's access,
And hear the wild feet of the elfin wind,
Dancing and prancing in mad caprioles.

—William Watson, in the *Century.*

Hitherto the largest concave vessel that could be blown from glass has had a capacity of about 25 gallons, but Paul Sievert, of Dresden, claims to be able to make bath tubs and large kettles of glass by his new method. The liquid glass is poured upon a cast-iron plate to which the quickly cooling outer edge is made to adhere, while most of the mass sinks as an elongated sack to a table beneath. Compressed air is conveyed through a cylinder into this sack, the table on which the bottom rests being gradually lowered, and when the desired size is reached the upper edge is released by removal of a retaining strip from the iron plate.

A Boy Hero.

It might have been a mistaken idea of boyish honor that prompted him to do it, says "Leslie's Weekly," but who could but admire the spirit of the little fellow who, while he lay dying in a New York hospital the other day, refused to tell the name of the companion who pushed him to his death. "Don't cry, mama," he said, after his crushed legs had been amputated. "It wouldn't be fair to tell. He didn't mean to hurt me." And with his hand clutching his mother's tightly, the boy who was true to his chum, even to death, passed away.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions** of **mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

HARRY NIEMANN

The Old "Tivoli" Favorite

Desires to Inform his Friends and the Public in general that his new

SHIRT FACTORY

is now open and ready for business. Harry will be found at the store

719

Emma Spreckels Bldg.,

every day ready to receive his customers

SUITS

CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED

BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY

40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.

Ring up Red 5294 We run two wagons

LOW
SUMMER EXCURSION RATES EAST

Southern Pacific

offers those low round trip rates:

ON SALE	ROUND TRIP
August 20–21.....Louisville,	77.50
August 22–23, September 5–6, October 3-4 .....Buffalo,	87.00
September 5–6.....Cleveland,	82.50

These rates apply from California main-line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest — finest scenery — choice of routes — limited trains — personally conducted tourist excursions —

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., every fifth day.
Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., every fifth day. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., every fifth day.
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)
Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.
Steamer State of California Wednesdays 9a. m.
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and *Newport.
(*Corona only)—Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a.m.
Steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

Caught his Man on the Fly.

A Veteran Detective's Account of the Worst Half Minute He Ever Had.

"The worst half minute and the happiest recovery I ever had in my experience," said an old detective in the New York Sun, "happened in this wise:

"I had been hunting for a week for a thief who had made us no end of trouble and got away with a lot of people's property, and I got him located one afternoon in a business building that had stores on the first floor and offices above, in which he'd been making, in a small way, some pretty good hauls. I followed him over this building and finally got him down on the third floor, and had got myself between him and the stairway, and I didn't see how he was possibly going to get away, unless, as I said to myself, jokingly, he jumped out of the window.

"But by the great snakes! That's exactly what he did. I'd got him in a hall, where there was no escape, except by a window at the front end opening on the street, and I thought all I had to do was to walk up and nail him. And I'd got within fifteen feet of him, smiling to myself when, looking back at me, just once more, away he went! He jumped clean out of the window.

"To certain death, I thought, or a general smashup of broken legs and arms and ribs, anyhow, and it was a very uncomfortable sensation I had there for about half a minute, thinking of losing my man after a week's search and after getting so close to him, too, and of losing him in that way, smashed to death by jumping out of a window while I was after him, and I rushed forward to look down and put my head out of the window just in time to be hit on the under side of the jaw by the top of his head, coming up from below with force enough to shut my jaws together in a way that pretty near knocked my teeth out.

"Automatically and instantaneously I reached down with both hands, one on either side of the man's head, and seized him by the shoulders and hung on, and then I lifted him a little and dragged him in over the window sill back into the hall, and put the bracelets on him. I'd got him after all, and unharmed.

"And of course it was perfectly simple. There was a spring wagon backed up over the sidewalk to the front door of the store on the ground floor, which was directly under the hall window, and my man, taking any chances for freedom, and with all but one chance in a thousand of jumping to his death, had landed on that spring wagon with force enough to bounce him back up into my hands."

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y.C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.
"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving.
Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Th n Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personal y Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

Flor de Claus Spreckels

Choicest Havana Cigars

H. PLAGEMANN & CO., Importers

709-711 Market St.,

Adjoining Call Building

San Francisco

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager, Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR —

VAUGHN LEADLEY,

Solicitor for

J. W. SNOW & CO.,

Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.

Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 3 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MIAN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC
AND OTHER DISEASES
CURED
Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application. Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST. near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

Borrowed Plums

"Don't put much 'pendence on borrowed money," said Uncle Eben. "When yoh credit's bad you can't git it, an' when yoh credit's good yon don' need it."—*Washington Star.*

* * *

Mrs. Kingley—The dressmaker says she won't make me another gown unless you pay her bill.

Kingley—That's good of her. God bless her!—*Life.*

* * *

Dooley—Say, Hooley, gin me a punch on th' jaw opposite phwere yez kicked me.

Hooley—Phat for?

Dooley—I want yez to straighten out me face.—*Baltimore World.*

* * *

Willie—How do you define a true sportsman?

Papa—He is a man who believes in giving every kind of game creature a chance for its life, and then is disgusted if the poor creature escapes with it.—*Life.*

* * *

The Bishop of Orleans, in a recent dissertation on the population problem in France, said "Maternity is woman's military service." A local anti-clerical paper discusses the Bishop's metaphor and retorts, "Ergo, nuns are deserters."—*New York Herald.*

* * *

"Isn't it awful how thin Mr. Henpeck is now," remarked Mrs. Gabbie to her husband, "and he used to be so stout."

"Perhaps," chimed in little Willie, remembering his trouble with his bicycle tires, "perhaps his wife forgets to blow him up regular, like you said she uster."—*Philadelphia Press.*

* * *

"Eminent foreign scientists have found out that a grasshopper's ears are in its legs."

"How did they ascertain that?"

"They put the 'hopper' on a board and tapped the board gently."

"Well?"

"The creature hopped away. Then they cut off its legs, put it on a board again, and tapped the board as before, and it didn't hop away. It couldn't hear the tap, you see."

"What a wonderful thing science is."—*Chicago Tribune.*

* * *

"Sirs—We fed our baby on modified cow's milk the first six months, but the milkman did not undertand how to modify his cows properly and in consequence the child lost flesh till be weighed but one pound. I then procured some of your celebrated Infant's Food. This the baby managed to trade off to the dog for some dog-biscuit, which he ate, and is now well and hearty. The dog died, but dogs are cheap. We are grateful to you, indeed. You may use my name if you like.—John Jones."—*Detroit Journal.*

* * *

A poor Scotch woman lay dying, and her husband sat by her bedside. After a time the wife took her husband's hand and said:

"John, we're gowin' to part. I have been a gude wife to you, haven't I?"

John thought a moment.

"Well, just middling like, Jenny, you know." anxious not to say too much.

Again the wife spoke.

"John," she said faintly, "ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard at Str'avon beside my mither. I could na rest in peace among unco' folk in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow."

"Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John soothingly, "we'll just try ye in Glasgie first, an' gin ye dinna be quiet we'll try ye in Str'avon."—*London Spare Moments.*

New Importation of Millinery — Being Constantly Received

Calimberti
MODES DE PARIS
240 Post Street below Stockton,
SAN FRANCISCO.

California Northwestern R'y
Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.
The Picturesque Route of California.
Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips
On SUNDAYS
HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip
From SAN FRANCISCO To
St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Shellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.
No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picn'cs, either on boa's or trains.
TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY
Ticket Offices—650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.
H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

A WISE PRECAUTION
BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

AUTOMOBILES
WE BUILD TO ORDER
GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.
All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.
CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
FACTORY—346 McAllister St.; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 14. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

The Meet for the Paper Chase.

Mrs. Walter Hobart and her Party Watching the Polo.

The Week of Sports at Del Monte.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—August 31, 1901.

The Farmer and the Union.

The Labor Council issued a characteristic "appeal" to the farmers of the state last week. Incidentally, it might be mentioned that the increasing frequency and length of these manifestos from the walking delegates are an unmistakeable sign of the times. It is the under dog that does all the howling.

This statement assumes that the farmer is the friend of the labor unions, that the interests of the two classes are identical, and that, the employers being of course all to blame for the rotting fruit and piled-up wheat of the interior, the farmers should combine to force them into yielding to the unions.

Had they kept in touch with the real sentiment of farmers throughout the state, the foreign gentlemen at the head of the strike would have kept their manifesto to themselves. The farmers, save for the populistic section, are wholly against them and disposed to place the blame where it belongs. Because the farmer works with his hands, the labor agitator assumes that his position in the body economic equals that of the city union man. On the contrary, the farmers of the interior, from the proprietor of a five-acre chicken ranch to the owner of a bonanza farm, are every one of them employers, business men and small capitalists. No one of them knows but that, if false unionism comes out triumphant in this struggle, the ranch-hands, the fruit-pickers or the hay-teamsters may combine against him, may boycott him if he does not give himself over to union control and may bring about sympathetic strikes to keep his perishable products out of the markets. This statement of possibilities is not strained. Jefferson Davis Pierce organized, in the Cooks' and Waiters' Alliance, a body of men no more skilled than the average ranch-hand. They were pot-washers and garbage-carriers and ten-cent restaurant waiters. Whatever skill they had in their trades could be acquired in three days by a man of average intelligence. Most of them were "cooks and waiters" only in the rainy season. The rest of the year, they were grape-pickers or sheep-herders. Yet this body of men struck, inflicted heavy damage on trade, enforced a boycott which nearly ruined several establishments, stirred up two sympathetic strikes, and got the unions primed for the big strike now going its disastrous way.

The street-sweepers are unionized; so are the pickle-factory girls and the sand-teamsters. Why not the fruit-cutters, the fruit-pickers, the grape-harvesters, the threshers, the grain-pitchers, the fertilizer-haulers, the farm wagon-drivers, the beet-pullers, the hay-balers, the mower-drivers and the fence-repairers? The only obstacle is the distance between the individual units of such unions, but even that could be overcome by the zeal of good, hard-working, hard-grafting organizers full of the righteousness of their cause. That the farming element the state over takes this point of view is proved by the silence of the rural press of California. The San Francisco employers have no influence with this class of newspapers; the fear of loss in advertising patronage is not upon them as it is upon the San Francisco dailies. They cater to the farmers and try to reflect the farmer's point of view. Yet so unappreciative are they of the "identity of interest" between the farmer and the union laborer that even the "Examiner" is hard put for quotations in support of its noble, American policy.

The South and Exclusion.

It is somewhat strange, in view of their own struggles with an inferior race, that not a little of the sentimental opposition to Chinese exclusion comes from the people of the South. They are having their own troubles with an inferior and alien people; they believe themselves under the unpleasant necessity of lynching and burning at the stake negroes guilty of a certain line of offences; they are making an almost universal effort to disenfranchise them. And yet they cannot, see, or at least some of them cannot, why we wish to exclude the Chinese.

It is true that the negro problem and the Chinese problem are of slightly different character. The negro question is social or largely so, the Chinese economic. We are afraid of the Chinaman because he threatens our industries. And although the danger is not so great as Dennis Kearney and the sand-lot demagogues would have us believe, it is still a live danger. Access to California from China is more easy than it was in the days when Kearney raved, and the millions of the Canton provinces are waiting to rush in the moment that the Golden Gate is opened to them, in order that they may accumulate fortunes by underbidding the Americans and then sail away to spend this money in China. On the other hand, the Chinese do not threaten our homes as do the negroes of the South. Whatever their moral tone, they sin against one another, not against us.

The question, however, is the same in both sections—the pressure of an inferior race. South and West are confronted by the same danger. Only the South has the inferior race there and must make the best of it, while it is possible for the West to apply that stitch in time which saves nine.

* * *

A few Chinese, about the number which we have now, possibly more, are a positive benefit to bath the city and the state. They do the work which we Caucasians generally regard as degrading, and they do it better than any Caucasian can possibly do it. They are model servants; they are machines at sweat-shop work. They keep Caucasian men, women and boys from those branches of employment. Furthermore, they work no longer for the low wages which prevailed when the gates to China were wide open. They charge as much for their services as white men and women in the same lines, and they spend their money almost as freely. There is no more "Chinese cheap labor."

President Jordan of Stanford calls down upon himself the condemnation of the fanatical by suggesting that all Chinese accompanied by their families be admitted and none other. Taking it sanely and without reference to the labor vote, this seems a very fair suggestion. The Chinese who keep up highbinder wars and gambling games and lotteries and the other infringements of law in Chinatown are the bachelor element, wanderers, with nothing to hold them steady. Family influence is the same in the Orient as it is in the Occident. Moreover, it would be a pretty thorough bar to the great mass of Chinese immigration. The coolie class could not afford to bring families, and the class of Chinese who came to accumulate fortunes and return to spend them in China would not dare to do so. The drawback to this scheme would be the difficulty in making it work in practice, seeing that the Chinese are the most expert law-dodgers in the world.

A Home Rule Policy.

A chance possibility, mentioned during the week, for the vacant presidency of the Southern Pacific Company, deserves more than passing notice. William F. Herrin is the man. It is said by those on the inside that the diplomatic chief counsel of the company stands very high, higher than has been believed, with the 'powers that be' in Southern Pacific affairs, which same powers are at present the Harriman faction. It is not unlikely, considering the untimely fate of President Hays, that they may decide upon a home rule policy. In that case, Herrin is almost certainly the man.

It would set the pencils of the cartoonist going, but it would be a wise selection. Herrin is on the ground. He is an old Californian, an old Southern Pacific man. He knows the state and the business of the corporation from A to Z. Californians need not be told that he is a diplomat and that he has great executive ability. The false impression given out by the newspaper cartoons is taken seriously in certain quarters and is strengthened by the remembrance that Huntington, in the old time past, used to give him the unpleasant political work of the corporation. This is his only serious drawback.

In its issue dated two weeks ago today, the "Monitor," Father Yorke's semi-official organ, deplored the silence of the San Francisco papers on the strike, accused them of being afraid of the Employers' Association; and took the side of the unions. Within the week, Father Yorke very unexpectedly left the city as a delegate to a convention in Chicago. And in the next issue, the "Monitor" made no more reference to the strike than the most silent of the suppressed dailies.

Something over a year ago, when Father Yorke's fondness for the sound of his own voice had stirred up the whole town, he left quite suddenly for a long visit to Rome. Has the same process been repeated?

THROUGH THE WEEK.

SIGNS are not wanting that the workingmen involved in the big strike are growing very weary of the heelers and graft-ers who led them into it and who are keeping it up for their own ends. The character of the men leading the movement is beginning to dawn on the dupes. The list of leaders includes an ex-convict, a man who has "done time" for wife-murder, a noted half-interest swindler, a bunko-steerer, two or three professional ward-heelers, a political hack and mountebank, who did some of the dirtiest work in one of the most iniquitous legislatures ever assembled in California, an opium fiend—he, however, has resigned, having left town with the benefit fund of his union—, a forger, and an aggregation of small embezzlers. These are only the proved offences, not the suspected ones, and this list is not mere fancy.

Strikers may suffer, their wives and children may go hungry, union men not involved may give their poor earnings for strike benefits, but these unsavory leaders draw their salaries regularly and it is not noticed that they pay any strike assessments. The more strikes the better for them; they thrive on trouble.

* * *

The Labor Council and the "Examiner" were rather slow in waking up to the fact that students of the University of California are taking the place of strikers along the water front. Working students, those who pay their way through college by their own efforts, saw the chance from the very first. Instead of going to the harvest fields or the orchards, they have turned this year to San Francisco. At one time, there were probably fifty students doing non-union jobs on the water-front. The Risdon Iron Works had a dozen Stanford men, mostly engineering students who were both earning money and adding to their education, and probably a score of teams were driven by young men who can parse a Greek sentence.

A University is far from the active world, and students, being generally men of some ambition, are not likely to have any great amount of sympathy with "the union principle," a system which enables shirks and sluggards to mask their indolence behind an organization. And the sum of their wages, applied to the education of men who care enough for a college course to work for it, will not be wasted.

The humorous side of this feature of the strike is the howl of the Labor Council about the University "which we support with our taxes." The taxes paid by the whole body of strikers would not buy test tubes for the laboratories. The members of the hated Employers' Association are the men who pay for the University of California.

* * *

The University of California opens this year with the largest Freshman class in the history of the college. Stanford University, from advance reports, will have one of the smallest. This may be in some degree due to the universal "roasting" which the institution at Palo Alto received from the press of the state during the Ross incident. Whatever the merits of that controversy, the newspapers generally took the side adverse to Stanford, and people who let the newspapers do their thinking are likely to send their sons and daughters elsewhere in the next year or two. But this is not the main reason for the size of the entering class. This year, the entrance requirements have been shoved up two "points," making Stanford as hard to enter as any of the Eastern universities. It is understood that this is a part of Dr. Jordan's policy. He believes in a university of rather moderate size but of high requirements. He is said to believe that fifteen hundred students should be the extreme limit of attendance, that with any number above that the quality of work must be lowered. Stanford is now within two hundred of that limit, but, if the present class is an indication of the total attendance, will not materially increase for several years.

* * *

A good part of the alumni of Stanford are opposed to the raising of the requirements and the cutting off of special students. Some of the strongest men and women ever turned out at Palo Alto entered from the country districts as special students with hardly an entrance credit. One old football captain is pointed out as an example. At the age of twenty-one, he came from the cattle-ranges and asked to be admitted to college. He had hardly a common school education, and not a "point" for entrance, but he impressed the professors by his pluck and earnestness, and they let him in. He graduated in five years, making up his entrance work to get regular standing as he went along. He became a first-class scholar in his line, and a power in the university, and found time to make himself a star football player. He graduated three years ago, and is already on the threshold of a career. Under the existing system, such a man would be refused admission.

* * *

It is perhaps not generally known, not only that William Keith is represented at the Pan American Exposition, but that his work has been deservedly well hung and awarded a bronze medal. In London as in the East his landscapes are known and appreciated, and a tribute in the "Art Review" is of interest to those of us who need to be told about ourselves:

"The 'Napa Valley,' by Keith, is a delightful example of poetic charms of one of the greatest, if not the greatest of the living American landscapists. Unfortunately Keith is not yet rewarded with the favor he deserves, though the shrewdest and most far-seeing collectors are buying his works, but the day is not far distant when he will be ranked with Inness if not far ahead of him."

This city, which has been accused of casting out its own prophets, has recognized one prophet ahead of the world. The local art-lovers have been assured for years that Keith is head and shoulders above any other living landscape painter. He is the one genius of whom we are sure. Keith is a poor advertiser. He has worked while a dozen of lesser note have been blowing their own trumpets. Furthermore he treats of California scenery, which is so different from that of the rest of the world that the critics do not realize the essential truth of his paintings. The world will recognize it in time. It may be after he is dead, but the recognition will come.

* * *

In the two great summer conventions of this year, California is making a brave showing. At the Knights Templar conclave in Louisville, the California delegation is the sensation of the meeting. Reuben Lloyd, the head of the order in this country, leads the California delegation. His escort has captured all Louisville by their hospitality and their good-fellowship. As in former Templar conclaves, they have taken with them a good supply of California wines and fruits to astonish the Easterners. There is now every chance that the next trennial conclave will come to San Francisco. If it does, it will be the greatest convention which ever came to the Pacific Coast.

In Denver, the American Association for the Advancement of Science is holding a convention of which Dr. Jordan, of Palo Alto is the bright, particular star. Later in the convention, it is expected that he will give a summary of the results of his work in the Pacific this summer.

* * *

It has become the literary fashion to "roast" Rudyard Kipling, just as it was the fashion, three years ago, to praise him beyond all reason. It may be said with justice that his recent work deserves all the censure that is coming his way in the Anglo-Saxon world. His latest jingle, "The Lesson," is a cheap treatise on military science put into very bad verse. If it had been submitted to the London "Times" under the signature of an unknown writer, it would have gone into the wastepaper basket. But where is the necessity of condemning Mr. Kipling for this one slip? He is young; he has the best part of his career before him, it is only two or three years since he turned out his very best work. All men of high talent or of genius "slump" once in a while and authors most of all. Because he has given us "The Lesson," there is no reason why the man who wrote "The Recessional" should be condemned as a pricked literary bubble.

The truth is that Kipling has set himself about to justify a rather bad piece of business down in South Africa, a matter in which the worldy interest of the English people is at variance with their conscience. The other British poets, from Alfred Austin, poet-laureate, clear up the line, have failed in their efforts to make good poetry in justification of the conquest of the Transvaal, and Kipling, the greatest of them, has failed also. It does not mean that he is losing his power; it only proves that great poetry cannot be written without the help of a justifying conscience.

The Mother Tongue.

An impudent fellow named Hawarden
Inquired without asking his pawarden,
Of the learned Colquhoun if the man in the mquhoun
Always lodged in some nobleman's gawarden?
Whereupon the fire-eating Lord Cholmondeley,
Overhearing the words, remarked grolmondeley,
To an awe-stricken neighbor, unsheathing his seighbor
That the question was beastly uncolmondeley.

Elizabeth's Letter.

Miss Hall Smash ng.

MY DEAR MAMA:

Well, we have returned at last from Del Monte. There is no doubt about it that the sports were a great success. But as I have said so many times to you before, I shonld not care to go again. There are such a limited number of men, and they are not really sufficiently worldly to interest me. I missed the brilliancy of conversation to which I am accustomed. One man whom I found particularly congenial was Mr. Phelan. He has a great deal of judgment, and, after talking to me a few moments decided I was worth entertaining, so he told me interesting bits of political life—of the life of the men about town. It was then that I first began to notice the time passing rapidly, and realized I was being entertained. Cyril Tobin was always nice to me, but he is, after all, but a boy, and, mama, one cannot help caring for men.

After I wrote to you last week we had a golf contest which was most interesting. As a general thing I do not care to watch games,but this was so apparently one of chance that I watched it with more interest than the pony races which came later.

Everyone fully expected Mrs. Gilman Brown to be the winner of the cup. She has worked so faithfully at golf for three years, and, indeed, is quite a champion in her way. Previous to this week of sports she has been down at Del Monte playing golf religiously. She does take it seriously too. Well, Alice Hager, Florence Ives, Caro Crockett, Mrs. Walter Martin and Bertha Dolbeer started in to play first for a handicap. When they drew for opponents Caro Crockett fell to the lot of Mrs. Gilman Brown, and everyone felt there would be fun, for Caro is one of the people who takes life lightly, and to whom a victory has no special value. Mama dear, she is one of the happiest of girls, and is to marry a young man called Scott, of whom both auntie and uncle speak most highly. Well the game began and Caro defeated her opponent. I felt sorry for Mrs. Brown, for she became very nervous and fell off most extraordinarily in her play. She somehow did not seem able to use her judgment to any advantage. Then Caro was so cool, and mama dear, you know how very aggravating it is,if you are nervous and distrait,to see your opponent as cool as a cucumber. Well Caro's friends went wild over her victory. Her fiance beamed. Both were so nice to Mrs. Brown, too, not being the least bit patronizing as so many people are. Next day Caro and Alice Hager played. I've become fond of Alice Hager. I am sorry she is going to Japan for she is most companionable, though she has neither the wit of her sister Ethel nor the magnetism of Mrs. Dean. Alice cannot play nearly so well as Caro, but she was spurred on by Mr. Kellogg,who has the most divinely inspiring manners. I really believe I could have played a ripping good game under his guidance. She did very well, and was so exuberantly good-humored about her defeat that we were all delighted when she received a silver cup. I think Laurie Scott evinced more pleasure in Caro's winning the championship even than she did. Ruth McNutt said to me afterwards, "It is not so hard for a girl to attain great success when she is so showered with love as is Caro." Ruth McNutt is a perfect beauty,mama.

The swimming contest on Saturday morning was fun. There had been a great deal of rivalry between the Morgans and Ruth McNutt, so a contest was arranged by Mrs. Henry T. Scott. There were the Morgans, Ruth McNutt, a most classical looking young girl called Collier—oh mama she is a thoroughbred, that girl, I've taken a great fancy to her; there was Marie Wells also, a dear little laughing-faced, brown-eyed, curly-haired maiden, who absolutely made the water sparkle with her vivacity and grace. And another,whom I particularly noticed, was Alice Rutherford, the winner. You remember her, she is the elder of Mrs. George Crocker's daughters. She is a wonder in the water. I know but few men who swim so well. Her swimming was almost too good to be in the class with any of those other girls. She just seemed to skim through the water, and came in easily the first. She is a nice girl but I somehow can never get to know her very well, she does not thaw out to me so I simply let her alone.

Auntie was so disappointed that Mrs. Gus Taylor could not come down, she is a great admirer of hers; but Helen wrote me that her mother was

Champion George Whitney.

J. D. McGavin.

Mrs. Kincaid.

W. B. Collier.

Dick Adams.

A Quartet of Local Tennis Players.

A Group on the Hotel Veranda.

Polo Ponies Waiting their Turn.

The Sports at Del Monte.

not even yet quite well enough for them to feel that they could go off to amuse themselves.

I think Mrs. Walter Hobart was generally conceded to be the handsomest woman at the hotel. She is charmingly gracious, but I'd like to see her laugh heartily. So few married women laugh even in a half hearted sort of way. Yet auntie worries me to death to marry; showers me with the names of men of whom one, possibly, would make me an ideal husband.

A girl just from Paris called Lurline Spreckels is being talked about a good deal in the newspapers of San Francisco. She is about sixteen, I think, and dresses in good taste. She is sweet to everyone, but why she should be so particularly noted I cannot yet see. There are any number of girls there,it seems to me,who are infinitely more attractive. The Parrot girls were delightful; so is this Miss Dolbeer. Virginia Joliffe is a girl one must notice, she is a little slangy—most of the girls here,however, are that. But she is handsome and graceful, and decidedly chic. She is a great bicyclist, and is popular with the older married men, who seem to be bored by their own company.

Now I think I have told you all about Del Monte. I have not mentioned the dinners, but I spoke of those who were to give them last week. All I can now say is that they were successful, and I enjoyed myself.

Now it is Burlingame again,and,in a short time, a return to town. I am anxious to see the other girls, especially Leontine Blakeman, Charlotte Ellinwood and Mrs. Latham McMillin.

I received a letter from Mrs. McCutcheon, telling me she had seen you and papa in the East, and asking me to come up and spend a few days with her. You can imagine how anxious I am to avail myself of her invitation.

Well, Monday was the day of Mrs. McKittrick's luncheon. She is General Shafter's daughter. The luncheon was in honor of Miss Young.

We are going to run over to San Rafael for the tennis later in the week. Many of the Del Monte crowd are going over there; and they say that there has been some rattling playing. All the men are talking about the Sutton girls from Pasadena, who are winning everything. Pasadena is a temperance town somewhere in the wilderness, where all the inhabitants do is to play tennis. The youngest Sutton girl, May, is a little hoyden in short skirts with her hair down her back; and they say she plays tennis like a man. I felt sorry to hear that Alice Hoffman was beaten. I met her in San Francisco. She plays a splendid game. Saturday, there will be a paper chase for a cup presented by Mr. and Mrs. de Young.

I met several new girls of whom I shall tell you next week. In the meantime, good-bye,

ELIZABETH.

C. E. Maud Addressing the Ball.

Small Talk.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope return to San Francisco in September.

Miss Elena Robinson and her mother have returned to town and are at the Knickerbocker.

Mr. Charles Earl, who has been the guest of Mr. Fred Greenwood for the last three months, will return to New York next week.

Mrs. Malcolm Henry, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Voorhies, on California street, will return early next month to Washington.

Miss Caro Crockett has so far only four bridesmaids, Miss Georgie Hopkins, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Frances Hopkins and Miss Florence Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk left this week for Chicago, in which city Mr. Polk has gone into business. Miss Edith McBean will remain in San Francisco until November; she will then go East but will spend the latter part of the winter at Coronado.

Mr. George Hall gave a large dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Saturday evening last. The guests wore Turkish costumes and the decorations were in keeping. It was a brilliant gathering and one that will be remembered for some time at the Club.

The wedding of Miss Edith Stubbs and Mr. Harrison Parker will be celebrated in San Francisco early in October. Mr. Parker has accepted the position of business manager of Collier's Weekly and will live in New York. Miss Stubbs will be missed here by her friends. She is one of popular girls of Pacific avenue.

Mrs. Will Crocker has had her house on California Street thoroughly renovated and decorated. The library and dining room are receiving special attention. Her object is to make the latter the most artistic dining room in San Francisco. Handsome tapestries adorn the walls and the furniture of the room is walnut. Mrs. Crocker will do a great deal of entertaining during the time of the Episcopal Convention.

The John D. Spreckels have at last moved into their new house. Now all her friends are asking when Mrs. Wm. G. Irwin is to enter hers. Of the two, the Irwin house is distinctly the greater success, not alone from its situation but from its architectural beauty. It is of stone while the other is terra-cotta and should have been built in the middle of the block instead of on the corner. The Flood house on Broadway will also be opened this winter. Mrs. Flood anticipates entertaining a great deal,and will give the young married women any numbers of dinners. Miss Jennie Flood will also open her house on California street. She is the most devoted of aunts to the little Flood baby and seems to have a renewed interest in life since its advent.

Continued on Page 14.

Persons, Places and Events.

The Tragedy of William Sheridan.

The story of Louise Davenport or Mrs. Will Sheridan, who died of liquor and morphine here last week, has been told in the daily newspapers,but not all of it. There is a piece of poetic justice in the real story.

When she met Sheridan, she was a woman of dazzling beauty. He was perhaps the second tragic actor in the country, brilliant, magnetic, loved everywhere, a favorite with both men and women. He was happily married to a good woman, and deserted and divorced her to marry Louise Davenport. She was a drinking woman, and she led him steadily down to his death in Australia. Even before they left this country, she was unfaithful to him, and within a fortnight after his death she consoled herself with an actor of his company.

In the last days of his life, Sheridan knew this. The knowledge is said to have been back of the long spree which hastened his death. Among his effects kept by his friends, is his acting edition of "Hamlet" in which, during those last unhappy days, he had underscored the passage where Hamlet denounces the infidelity of the Queen.

He deserted his wife for this woman; she ruined his life and deserted him, and now his curse has overtaken her. Will Sheridan, tragedian, had no such tragedy in his stage repertoire.

The Comedy of the Strike.

Michael J. Coffey, President of the Hackmen's Union, is the comic relief in the dismal drama of the big strike. He is not directly involved in the labor troubles going on just now but he is an active sympathizer, and he has the doubtful honor of starting the first disturbance in this year of strikes.

Coffey is an Irish-American politician and ward heeler, who takes himself and his cause very seriously. In person, he is intensely homely, his nose having once collided with a horse's hoof and never recovered its former beauty. He sat for one session in the California legislature, failed of re-election, and returned to the box of the hack which he has driven almost continuously for thirty years.

Last spring he organized the union and became its head and leading spirit. At first it comprised only a small part of the hackdrivers in the city. To fill its ranks, he conceived a plan never before put into operation. It was a boycott on funerals, the chief source of income for hackmen. Whenever his union stalwarts entered a funeral procession with non-union men they would bide their time until the parade was ready to start; then they would suddenly refuse to move unless the non-union men agreed on the spot to join the organization and paid their entrance fees cash down. The undertakers, whose business depends upon quiet and decorous funerals, generally sided in with the union men, as the quickest way of ending the trouble, and after a turbulent month the union won out. In that time, perhaps fifty funerals had been held up, some for a whole afternoon

It is recorded that one small funeral was stopped in front of St. Patrick's Church because the carriage of the head mourner was driven by one Casey, a hackman who had refused all inducements to come in and unionize. The mourner stuck his head out of the window and asked what was the trouble. "There's a scab driving that hack, and he wont get off the box !" said Coffey.

"I'm a union man myself," said the mourner, "and if he don't come down I'll kick the top of the hack off!"

Coffey's next move was a petition to the Police Commissioners, which upset the gravity of that body. He asked that policemen at the ferries be forbidden to give information to tourists regarding street car lines. This pernicious practice, the petition stated, kept the tourists from patronizing honest hackmen, as they would have to do if they did not understand the street-car system. The petition was denied, and Coffey has ever since denounced the Commissioners as slaves of the Market street company.

Then followed the Beylard incident, which was aired considerably at the time. It will be remembered that E. D. Beylard, a Burlingame clubman, was driving a club tally-ho from the Palace Hotel to the Cliff House, making daily trips in order that he might qualify for the London Coaching Club, and charging, as is customary in such cases, a small fee to cover expenses of horse-feed and wages for footmen. The matter was called to the attention of Coffey. He failed to see the society feature; all he saw was that a man was driving a "scab" rig from the Palace Hotel, and that both driver and team were operating without a license. With the help of the police and the newspapers, he forced Beylard to take out a license and to pay his entrance fees to the union. When the Burlingame clubman learned that the candidate for the union had to be put through what Coffey called "a swell ritualistic ceremony" and that five hundred hackmen were waiting to see him ride the goat and teach him the signs for recognizing a brother, he objected and refused to go further. He had paid his fees, however, and the hackmen's union allowed him to compromise on that. Just why the proposed candidate refused to come into the order after paying for the honor, Coffey could never clearly see. Nevertheless, he now speaks of Beylard with charitable forbearance.

"I never had the pleasure of meeting him personally," he says, "But he saw he'd made a mistake and paid in like a man. I understand that he's a perfect gentleman."

The Tennis Championships.

"Wonderful playing, indeed," declares Judge Ward McAllister, as he cools off between matches on the San Rafael club-house veranda. And then he goes on to compare our present game with that he once played with Champion "Dickie" Sears.

"You must come down for one set; those Sutton girls are so sweet," says the society bud as she leads her friend from the city in the direction of the tennis court, and proceeds to convert one more person to the "gentle game."

Mr. Halton, the most substantial enthusiast of them all, says nothing. He smiles in his quiet way, and enjoys the game.

It was, truly, wonderful tennis that our visitors from the South played on the Hotel Rafael courts during the past week. Such tennis by ladies has never before been seen here. The doubles, which the Misses May and Violet Sutton captured so easily from Miriam Hall and Alice Hoffman,were as pretty an exhibition as one could desire. But the mixed double sets, usually a dull feature, were the events of the week. The quality of the play simply overwhelmed the spectators. The applause became that of a football crowd rather than that of the usually demure assemblage which, at ladies' events in the past, has been the headliner, making the play itself a side issue.

To quote one of the local players participating, "we never knew what a good mixed double was before this week."

Doubtless, the Pasadena ladies know all that is worth knowing about the game. Miss Hall's prospects seem very blue. May Sutton is picked as the coming national champion. Miss Hoffman is the only local player of note beside the champion able to give the little southern expert an argument.

After the Suttons had so easily carried off the honors in the ladies' doubles tournament, many of the local supporters feared that they would make a clean sweep, and leave us not a single trophy. The redoubtable George Whitney came to the rescue, however, and with Miss Hall succeeded in landing the mixed doubles championship after the hardest kind of work. In the finals this team was pitted againts May Sutton and W. B. Collier.

A strong movement is on foot in the East to present Admiral Cervera a loving-cup in appreciation of his chivalric actions during the Spanish war. His treatment of Lieutenant Hobson is the specific act for which the presentation will be made. It is planned to raise the money by popular subscription.

American Railroads in British Eyes.

The railroads of this country are the subject of a series of articles now just opening in the Saturday Review of London. Considering that this periodical is not disposed to look at America and things American in a friendly light, its laudatory tone is surprising. The author, an engineer and railroad expert, declares the system of this country to be upon the whole, the most comfortable and convenient in the world. This is an extract from the introduction:

The making of railways in North America,as in England,has been left to private enterprise The legislature allowed everywhere the freest competition, and fortunately for the passenger as for the trader, the process of growth has gone on unchecked by international exclusiveness or the paramount claims of military expediency. In crossing the wide plains of Russia it is impossible not to be struck by their physical resemblance to the prairie lands west of the Ohio and the Great

Lakes, but the similarity of the landscape only serves to sharpen the contest between the railway ideals of two countries. The traveller on entering or leaving the United States is not delayed by a break of gauge at the frontier; unless he is a person of doubtful antecedents, his coming and going will be without interest to the police: and he would as soon find a passport indispensable between Edinburgh and London as between Washington and Ottawa. Under conditions so favourable it is not surprising that railway development has taken place in North America on a very large scale indeed. The mileage is nearly ten times that of the United Kingdom; and Canada, whose population, scattered over the three thousand miles from ocean to ocean is hardly equal to that of London alone, has already opened a system as extensive as that of Great Britain. The work of construction was not taken up seriously in the Dominion until about fifty years ago, but in the United States, railways—or as they are there called "railroads"—were adopted as soon as their utility had been demonstrated; and, though the earliest American locomotive was imported from this side of the Atlantic,and at first there was a natural tendency to rely on English experience, it very soon became apparent that American practice was to develop on lines of its own,and today it differs in material respects from that of England. In passenger traffic the greater average length of journey caused more attention to be paid to questions of comfort; in the absence of railway class distinctions it was possible to provide long open cars allowing freedom of movement from end to end and general access to lavatory accommodation; in the north at any rate, the climate demanded an efficient method of heating; and the lack of an organized cab service in the great towns compelled the introduction of arrangements for dealing with luggage with which we in England are only now becoming familiar. Then followed sleeping, drawing-room, and dining cars, and in short practically all the improvements which, adopted gradually on this side of the water, have within the last generation done so much to lessen the tedium of European travel.

In mechanical progress also North America has taken the lead. It runs the fastest trains in the world, and invented the compressed air brake by which even the quickest trains can if necessary be stopped in not much more than their own length; the permanent way of the chief lines is at least as good as any to be found elsewhere; the working of signals and switches otherwise than by manual labour has been tried with success; and though the steam locomotive has been very highly perfected, great advances have also been made in connection with electric traction by which it may some day be replaced. The high rates of wages paid and the keenness of competition have compelled the companies to seek every possible means for the reduction of working expenses. At sea it has been found that, other things being equal, the larger a steamship is the more economically it can be worked. Applying the same principle on land, the American lines increased very greatly the power of their engines and the weight of trains hauled, and both in passenger and freight service the results have been highly satisfactory.

POLITICAL COMMENT.

ARTHUR FISK, whose nomination for District Attorney is practically confirmed, is an example of the political luck that follows some men. Two or three years ago, he entered politics by running for the assembly from his own district. He was beaten by a small majority. He tried it again, however, and this time won handsomely. He arrived upon the scene just when the Examiner was Lexowing Phelan. He was induced to father the bill, as the Examiner's political managers wanted a Republican for the post of honor rather than a Democrat, and could not have had one of the Phelan political faith had they asked. The Lexow bill passed, and the investigation that followed is part of the history of native humor in California.

Now, Fisk comes up to the convention with thirty-nine solid votes from his district and the sanction of the powers that be to his candidacy. He will be a strong choice. Besides the unanimous backing of his own party, he has the negative support of the Examiner, which cannot oppose the man who did the paper's work in Sacramento. To beat him, the Democrats will have to put up a man of great strength.

This gives a clue to the situation among the Democrats, where many of the candidates mentioned for the office are very, very shy of the honor. "Johnnie" Barrett, who wanted it before, says that he is out of it. Porter Ashe, who was a candidate before the last convention, says that nothing on earth would persuade him to try for it again.

Ashe is sick of politics, and with good reason. His career has been singularly unprofitable. First, he ran against Denery for the State Senate and was elected at the cost of great bitterness. Then followed a campaign for Congress against hopeless odds. Here, also, he managed to stir up a bunch of animosities,and,incidentally, to drop a good wad of money. After all this loss to his business and his pocket, Ashe feels that he has had enough.

Supervisor Brandenstein is understood to want the position and is expected to put up a hot fight for the place. Brandenstein is a strong man. He has money enough, plenty of influental friends, and is popular with the younger element. Twice, once in a Republican year and once in a Democratic triumph, he has run away ahead of the ticket for Supervisor. Even against Fisk, he would be a strong candidate.

Byington, the present incumbent, is understood to want the place. He has had the strong support of the Native Sons in the past, a fact in his favor now. But if Fisk runs he may be the weakest man on the Democratic lists. As explained before, the author of the Lexow bill will be supported negatively, perhaps positively by the Examiner. Next to Phelan, Byington is the man most hated by that paper. Should he enter the lists against Fisk, there is every chance that the Examiner would find some way to support the latter.

Judge James Maguire is mentioned as a candidate for either Mayor or District Attorney. He has not announced that he will not run, but it is understood that he will have to see his way pretty clear to win before he will accept. Maguire's strength is with the rampant labor element. He is not without popularity on the other side of the fence, and is in every way a likely candidate. But he has been beaten for Governor, and must carry the handicap that always belongs to a beaten man. At present, he has hardly the means to make the fight for Mayor. It was supposed that he had made a small fortune out of the oil boom. It is true that he made several lucky investments during the early days of the petroleum strikes, but the drop in one is supposed to have set him back considerably.

In putting down stakes for the campaign, the Republicans make no secret of their determination to make an end of civil service in case they win out. Burns has always hated the system and makes no bones of his intention.

It develops that the proposed labor party is going to make very little difference in the general result. It will have just enough influence to make all calculations uncertain. It is meeting with opposition even among the union element of the laboring class, many of whom are closely affiliated with one party or the other. Of the bona fide laboring men who are among the delegates to their convention, few are men of the least political experience. The disposition among the insiders is to consider it as a club gotten together by the Examiner to beat the Democratic party.

"The Monarch of the Dailies" is in a peculiar position. Part of the strongest syndicate of Democratic papers in the country, it has calmly bolted the local party and is organizing a party of its own. It has been rumored that Hearst is coming out before the convention, to straighten out matters. With his vice-presidential and other political ambitions, all contingent upon the success of the national party, it seems inconceivable that this direct bolt should have been under his direct sanction. This attitude, if continued, will not tend to strengthen him in the days when the party will have something to give.

Since I last spoke of the Supreme Court fight, there has been a deal of vigorous work done. Justice Garoutte has now the inside track, but Beatty is putting up a good, hard fight. The former has the support of the Native Sons, and seems certain to be nominated for Chief Justice. If he wins the place, it is almost a certainty that neither Beatty nor Harrison will be re-nominated for associates. The situation in this respect is peculiar. In the South, Judge Lucien Shaw has developed strength which ought to nominate him. If Garoutte wins, he will be Associate Justice. In the North Judge El. Sweeny is making a similar show of strength, and should secure the nomination for the other Associate Justiceship.

No public servant is so buried at his election as a Supreme Court Justice. He holds office for twelve years. In that time, the strength which brought about his nomination has generally been dissipated. He has but two courses open to him. The first is to eschew politics and give up his career for good and all, with his retirement from the bench after the end of his first term. The second is to keep up his connection with the "push," in which case he is known as a political judge, a title that always carries with it a stigma.

J. K. L.

The Head of the Line

Passing Along the

The **Labor Pa**

The **Idle Shipping**

Non-Union Spectators.

August 24.

North Harbor.

Lady Connie's Plunge.

"What chance!" gasped Lady Connie, taking her fair, dishevelled head out from among the cushions of her boudoir lounge, "what chance has a girl—a mere girl, who has only been out for a season and a half—against a married woman like Nita Le Quesne?"

"None at all," said her friend, a rather plain, sensible young woman, with sporting tastes, and tailor made garments. "Not the ghost of a chance!"

"Yet she's over thirty—and makes up!" said Lady Connie viciously.

"Men prefer women over thirty," said Molly Verdon sententiously.

"Her waist is at least six inches larger than mine," Connie persisted.

"She is of the voluptuous and redundant type, I grant you," returned her friend; "but men like that, too."

"Her boots are fives and her gloves are sevens."

"She is given to pedestrianism and drives four-in-hand. Men adore that kind of thing," returned Molly, lighting a cigarette. "My child, what perfect tobacco!"

"Captain Lorriker gave me the box when he came home invalided from Africa, and"——

"You got so chummy?"

"He—he was laid up at his aunt's in Belgrave Square, and—I visit there, you know"——

"Or you did just then, and you used to drop in and spend the mornings."

"It was only Christian charity," said Lady Connie with dignity. "He had a splinter of a shell in the muscles of his ribs on the right side"——

"And little Connie thought that an arrow, skilfully implanted in the left side, might serve as a counter irritant." Molly exhaled a thin blue cloud of Turkish vapor and smiled at the water colors upon the wall. "Now, Captain Lorriker is well"——

"But, tell me one thing. While you were playing, not Sister, but Cousin-in-Mercy, where was the Le Quesne?"

"In the Riviera. And Fred—I mean Captain Lorriker—admitted to me that there had been what he called a 'slight entanglement,' and promised to steer clear of such things for the future."

"And you believed him? Goose!"

"And then,' went on Lady Connie, rising to her feet and beginning to walk up and down over the Morris carpets of her sanctum, "then she came back. Oh, it was degrading! She just held up one of her fingers—gave him one look, and"——

"And he fell to heel like the well trained retriever he is. The Le Quesne is famous for breaking in men. I rather admire her for it."

"Do you? Well, if you're going to lunch with me at the 'Dips' Club, you will have the pleasure of seeing them together. Both are members, you know."

"I should like of all things to see it. Why did you never ask me before?"

"Because I never joined until I went in for swimming," retorted Lady Connie.

"And now you're one of the cracks, aren't you?"

"I've won some races and gained a bracelet for the high dive."

"Does she natate, as the Americans say?"

"Swim? Like a bladder of lard!" said Connie disgustedly. "Walloping is the word for it. See here!" She puffed out her fair cheeks and waved her arms, and gave, on the whole, a not too exaggerated imitation of the aquatic frolics of the lady in question, and Molly shrieked with laughter.

"Women are never humorous unless they're jealous," she said, wiping her brimming eyes when the performance was over.

"Jealous! Do you suppose?"—— Connie was beginning, when the other cut her short.

"Jealous? Of course you are! And, if you want to cut out your hated rival do it in the water. Don't you have aquatic show-off days, when the male club-members race in the big swimming bath, and the women sit in the balconies and bet on the favorite; and vice versa, when the women splash and the men look on?" Molly's eyes twinkled as she stooped to whisper in Connie's ear. "Pull her under—duck her—make her appear an idiot when Freddy Lorriker is looking on!"

"Oh! you dear, darling, clever thing!" screamed Connie, falling on her friend's neck in rapture. And they went together to the "Dips" Club and lunched at the very next table to Mrs. Le Quesne, and she was very kind and condescending to Lady Connie. Then, just before the second course, the curtains dividing the Gentlemen's Grill from the Ladies' Restaurant flew apart—and Freddy Lorriker arose and drifted with the tide in the direction of his enchantresse's table.

"There's your little girl, Tippy!" said the enchantress. "Looks washy and lovelorn, doesn't she? Oh, you cruel man!" She shook her finger playfully.

"Hang it, Nita!" protested the slave, turning as scarlet as his mustache—poor Connie called it "auburn"—"you're too bad! She—she heard what you said, I'm sure she did. She'll be hurt. You women are so jolly fond of hurtin' one another!"

But the eyes that met his, next minute, were untroubled—the face of Lady Connie was perfectly serene. "How do you do?" she nodded to the captain. "Are you quite well again, and shall we see you at the bi-monthly frog match?"

"Frog match" was the newly invented term for a club swimmging contest

"Oh, yes!" returned Freddy brilliantly. "That is—I hope so! Though I've no cause to be very fond of water—after South Africa."

"But there are no dead horses or Boers in our swimming bath!" said Lady Connie, "and the high dive is the best anywhere. Twenty feet deep that end, you know. Do try it one day, Mrs. Le Quesne! It's perfectly heavenly! You run right out to the end of the board, poise yourself, shut your eyes, and down you go, like a"—

"Stone!" suggested Freddy Lorriker.

"Like an arrow," corrected Lady Connie. Then she gave a little nod to the enchantress and another to Freddy and tripped away, leaving two images before the mental vision of the warrior, one being a fair, slender, virginal form clad in clinging garments of pale blue and white, the other that of a brunette of rather efflorescent personality and pronounced embonpoint, balanced awkwardly on the end of an elastic plank.

"Little cat!" thought Mrs. Le Quesne, noting the labored lie and reading Freddy like a book. And being a clever woman she then and there formulated her mental vow never to enter the club swimming baths under any possible circumstances. Had Lady Connie known of this resolution, her hopes would have fallen to the ground. But she remained in ignorance and was happy. The next frog match was for male club members, ladies being present on the balconies overlooking the swimming bath by invitation.

"So I must wait for my revenge," she said to Molly Verdon, as they sat together, leaning on the gilt balustrade and watching the aquatic gambols of the sterner sex.

"There is the Le Quesne," said Molly, "kissing her hand to a man in a striped mauve swimming suit. Ah it is Captain Lorriker!"

"And he's going in for the thirty yards under the water race," said Connie anxiously.

The two others gave in about the middle of the course, but Freddy held on and won amid applause.

"And the prize is a diamond frog—and he will give it to her!" thought Lady Connie, viciously dinting her red under lip with one small white eye-tooth. "Oh, if I could only tempt her in next Ladies Frog Match I would—I don't quite know what I'd do, but—it should be something that should break her spell upon him, and bind him to me forever!"

She did it in another minute.

Because Freddy, foolish Captain Freddy—flushed with triumph and the smiles of the Enchantress, who meant to have the diamond frog—Freddy essayed the high dive.

"Oh, I wish he wouldn't!" moaned Lady Connie.

"Why not?" snapped her friend.

"Because of his wound," moaned Connie, "and the cramp—that awful South African cramp!"

Splash!

Freddy had done the high dive.

"Capital!" cried all the spectators.

"Bravo!" cried Mrs Le Quesne, applauding from her balcony. "And what a long time he is stopping under

Continued on Page 14.

Sewing as a business is an exacting and exhausting occupation. Long hours, fine work, poor light, unhealthy atmosphere—these are only some of the things which fret the nerves and hurt the general health. Often there is a diseased condition of the womanly organism which causes backache or headache and the working of the sewing machine under such conditions is akin to torture.

Thousands of women who work have written grateful letters to Dr. R. V. Pierce, whose "Favorite Prescription" has cured their womanly ills and established their general health. "Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries unhealthy and offensive drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter *free*, and so avoid the indelicate questionings, offensive examinations and obnoxious local treatments deemed necessary by some physicians. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for female weakness," writes Mrs. Susannah Permenter, of Pauls Store, Shelby Co., Texas. I was troubled with bearing-down pains in my back and hips for six years, and wrote to Dr. Pierce for advice. I tried his 'Favorite Prescription' and six bottles cured me. I feel like a new person and I thank Dr. Pierce for my health. Life is a burden to any one without health. I have told a great many of my friends about the great medicine I took."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Things Theatrical.

"Be not too tame neither, but let your discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action."

This passage of Shakespeare's immortal advice to player-folk is more honored in the breach than the observance by Mr. James Neill and his company; and whether they appear in romantic drama like "The Royal Box," war-plays, like "Barbara Freitchie," or comedy like "Rosemary" the same fatal lack of temperament, of verve, of the interesting in short, makes itself felt. The artificial heroics and cheap sentimentality of "The Royal Box" were too much for them, and one sympathized; the thrilling theatricalism of "Barbara Freitchie" was beyond their limited range, and one condoned; but "Rosemary," that modest, fragrant, little comedy, with its suggestions of peaceful English lanes, its simple background, and tender humor, seemed exactly suited to the company.

It goes without saying, however, that the play rather dragged, and this not through any essential fault of the actors, but through the mistaken idea of stage-management cherished by Mr. Neill. There was no variety, no contrast, no climax. But to "Rosemary," these characteristics are not so essential as to some of the other plays in the Neill repertoire; the intelligence of the company and the beautiful work of Julia Dean saved the day.

For the honors of the production fell to Miss Dean, an actress who has been kept too much in the background in previous performances, since she is the best that the Neills possess. She was an unfailing delight, a very lovely "Dorothy," a bewitching mixture of caprice and tenderness. Her reading of the foolish little diary, her farewell to Sir Jasper, were full of natural charm and unaffected pathos. Miss Dean, with her grace, abandon, and genuine comedy talent, has possibilities as an ingenue beyond her present attainment. She does not, as yet, fully understand how to use all her gifts. Her voice, even in comedy, has a shade too much of the minor wail. But this part, her first real chance in San Francisco, showed that she is one of the most promising of our young ingenues.

Mr. Neill's Sir Jasper was colorless. He seemed almost timid in his attempts at the sentiment of the role, and lost most of the good comedy points. The strongest climax, at the end of the second act, showed him at the height of his abandon; but when one remembered the vitality, the jovial humor of John Drew's impersonation, one could only regret another lost opportunity. The last act, dreary and inexcusable in the play, suffered less at the hands of Mr. Neill than the earlier acts, perhaps because more can be left to the imagination.

Mr. Burton gave an excellent portrayal of "Captain Cruikshank," and, indeed, had the distinction of winning the first laugh of the evening, near the end of the second act. The audience looked properly ashamed of itself at once, however, and everyone felt that someone had blundered. It has been suggested that the audiences at the California are depressed by the fact that they must live up to the good-breeding of the Neills.

The portrayal of Professor Jogram, too, was not without merit, though Mr. Mac Vicar was patently miscast.

It was in the minor characters, however, that the lack of rigid training was most apparent. The ability of an actor to "hold a character" is the almost infallible test by which to distinguish the professional from the amateur; and the younger members of the Neill company cannot stand the test as yet. "William Westwood" fell out of his role again and again; "Priscilla" lapsed from the English maid into the nasal American country girl; "Abraham" dropped from English into Southern dialect; "Mrs. Minifie" did not convey an idea of the English innkeeper's wife in bearing, dialect, or manner. The mere repetition of "Do 'e say so!", "Thankee, Sir Jasper," or "La, do 'e think so," is not sufficient to suggest the atmosphere of merry England fifty years ago, as these actors took for granted.

MAIDA CASTELHUN.

* * *

Lucius Henderson came near to bringing down the house at the Alcazar on Tuesday night. In one sense he did, but he saved the situation by presence of mind. The play w "Romeo and Juliet," and the scene the one where Capulet, acted by Henderson, followed by the nurse, enters the chamber of his daughter. As he entered the room, a piece of cord attached to some part of the scenery fastened itself about his ankle. The nurse came to his help, saved the day, but in her excitement forgot her rheumatism, straightened out as though it had been the the pantomime, and a good fairy had approved her deed, walked upright to the far side of the stage—and then had a relapse.

It is interesting to notice how popular Shakespeare remains. To the Shakespearean student, of course the presentation seems light, and a remark overheard by chance was amusing. The speaker was soberminded and critical. "Its acting as acting goes, but it cures me of desiring outside interpretation of Shakespeare."

"A Romeopathic cure?" suggested his companion.

Still the performance at the Alcazar was very creditable as the Alcazar goes. The comedy in the earlier acts was perchance most highly appreciated, and undesired effects once or twice were obtained in the same direction though the blame is not with the players.

Praise is certainly due to Miss Roberts. In the first balcony scene she is unaffected and convincing, though giving a too sympathetically-humorous interpretation of the love sick Juliet. Through nearly all the play she carried her audience, but now and then she overacted—overacted even where the heavy tragedy of the darker scenes is taken into consideration.

JULIA DEAN, who made the hit of the week in "Rosemary." *Photo by Genthe.*

Stock companies come and stock companies go, but the Orpheum goes on forever, the one local theatre where the public is sure of a return for its money. With the audiences, "Dicky" Jose is the hit of the current bill. His voice is an unnatural one, but he sings with feeling effect. Louise Thorndyke Boucicault has a very "raw" comedy by Augustus Thomas, which she relieves by her excellent acting. The Saxaphone Quartette is good, and the rest of the bill fair.

* * *

"Lady Huntworth's Experiment," a clever but not specially popular play, did only a moderate business at the Columbia last week. It was pulled off and shelved for "Wheels Within Wheels," which was very much worse as a play, but a great deal more popular. "Wheels Within Wheels" is a carton at his worst. It is touched with the decadent streak which has shown in British drama in the past few years. It is founded on the old theme, which the theatre loves to treat facetiously, of a married woman playing with fire. It is not indecent or even risque in treatment, however; it is just decadent. The people are washed-out, boiled-out, hot-house products, not worth writing about or acting about.

The fashion-plate company handled it well. Hilda Spong had a more congenial role than before, and showed some justification for her next season's appearance as a star.

* * *

At The Theatres Next week.

Orpheum—This house has the courage to head the new bill with the man who introduced "After the Ball," J. Aldrick Libbey. Katherine Trayer and John D. Gilbert, musical comdians, support him in a sketch called "The Debutante." The Five Sunbeams are singers and dancers, new here, as are the La Vallee Trio, two harpists and a violinist. Mlle. Lotty comes back after two years absence, and "Talkative Miss Norton," conversationalist, will hold forth on the foibles of the day.

Central—Tuesday evening will be the first night of Edward Ellsner's biblical drama, "A Voice from the Wilderness" with Robert Downing in the leading role.

Alcazar—"Ingomar," with Florence Roberts and White Whittlesey in the leading roles.

Tivoli—"Norma," alternating with "Mignon."

Grand Opera House—The Frawleys are gone, and Joseph Haworth opens in "Rosedale."

Columbia—Another Frohman company, this time Annie Russel the star and "A Royal Family" the play.

California—Oscar Wilde's clever society drama, "An Ideal Husband."

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
308-312 Post Street
SOHMER PIANO AGENCY
SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks. Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

* Memoirs of the Syndicate.

3. Concerning Stars

(Continued.)

There are fashions in players nowadays in the theatrical world, just as there are in plays, and that's where much of the uncertainty of the business lies. The risk of bringing out a new star is really not so great for the first season, because, by our improved combination system, we can control the press, the critics, and even the public long enough to make anything appear a success in New York for a few months. I proved that last season with Edna May in "The Girl From Up There." What was undoubtedly a dead frost at first, was changed into a success by advertising. But the risk in stars lies in the estimation of their staying powers. Nowadays it's the personality of the actor we depend upon, rather than his ability to merge his personality into many different roles. We cut and fit plays to suit an actor, just as a tailor cuts his cloth; so that if an actor's or actress' own personality won't wear for at least six or seven years, there's danger for the manager.

Sometimes we bring out new people as stars just because they're new, and the public wants a change. For example, my brother is going to introduce Hilda Spong as a star this year, although he knows very well that she's only a "near-star." But he is going to use tact in doing it. Now New Yorkers all know that only two seasons ago Miss Spong was playing seconds to Mary Mannering's leads in the Lyceum Stock Company at Daly's. Nobody dreamed of her being a star; but when Mary Mannering announced to Dan that she was going to become a star on her own account, he had to fill her place. So last season Miss Spong played leads in the stock company. New York didn't go wild about her; but by working the applause properly she was made to stand out as a favorite. The next step was to "feature" her on the road; then to call her a "star;" and now New York will be informed of her great success. It works in a circle, you see, and the plan rarely fails.

Poor Georgie Cayvan is the best example of how quickly the public deserts a favorite, when she fails to hold her own; and John Drew last year in "Richard Carvel," had an experience that will make him strain every nerve now. Poor Drew has reached the turning point, where he'll have to give up being a matinee-idol and take up character roles, and it comes hard on him, because he's been the fashion so long. In the old days of the Daly Stock, he got his wonderful all-round training, and he could do anything from Petruchio down to the heroes of Daly's adapted German comedies. He was easy, graceful, versatile, and we knew he was a good, all-round actor; but as the box-office receipts showed that in society plays he paid best, we had plays written to suit him, where he appeared always as the man-of-the-drawing-room, well-bred, cynical, polished. We made him a sort of model for New York tailors. The papers gave daily bulletins regarding his costumes and his pleasures, and we made thousands. For five or six years Drew was so popular that he could appear in the same play a whole season.

But Drew is getting older. We've advertised in so many different ways his handsome figure, his gallantry, his clothes, that there's nothing left to say, and we'll have to try something new. Two years ago, in "The Tyranny of Tears," we had to paper the house toward the end of the run. Then last year, when we couldn't get a thing to suit him in the society line, we tried a new idea, a costume play, "Richard Carvel," dramatized. We got into a row with Hackett, though, because my brother Dan had promised it to him.

But the public wouldn't stand for Drew in a costume play. They said he was too old for "Carvel," and not romantic enough, and the thing failed. Why some nights Drew didn't get a single hand, and it was as bad on the road as in New York. That doesn't mean I lost money on it, though, for it was a cheap play to begin with. You see we have a writer named Edward Rose, the papers call him a play-carpenter, who dramatizes our novels for us, and gives a special quotation for half-dozen lots; and though we spend thousands on the costumes and scenery, we don't lose on the play.

You see, Drew has a grown daughter of more than twenty who made her society debut last year, and who is going to appear on the stage next season, and he can't keep it dark and continue as a matinee hero. So we're going to have him try a character-role this coming season in Captain Marshall's "Second in Command." He may win back all his laurels; but his day as an idol are over.

It's too bad for Drew. He's a good fellow, and society likes him. Behind the scenes he puts on very few of the airs of a star; and his company is like a happy family. They're always gagging and breaking each other up on the stage, and Drew and Arthur Byron (whom we're going to star, too) are as bad as any. Still Drew's a careful actor, and, as actors go; is educated. He's as much a stickler in the matter of correct pronunciation as of correct clothes, but it doesn't pay as well to advertise that fact.

CHARLES SHOWMAN.

* Advance Sheets from the new volume about to be issued by the Theatrical Trust Publishing Company.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Teledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD

Will return and resume teaching a limited number of pupils on AUGUST 15TH. Applications for time or an interview can be addressed care of

SHERMAN & CLAY'S.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... PAPER

COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.

Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

C. A. GARTER C. W CROSS

Law Offices of

Cross & Garter

Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.

Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence

1021½ Market St. S. F. Cal.

Stylish Suits $15.50

Dressy Suits..... $20.00
Pants..... 4.50

My $25 00 Suits are the Best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE PUHEIM
THE TAILOR
1110-1119 Market Street
201-203 Montgomery St., S.F.

SAMPLES SENT FREE

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER
THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Nex New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal.

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336
DON R. DUNBAR
Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes
N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood
"The Castle"
101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG
The True Blue.
308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served.

—ESTABLISHED 1823—
WILSON WHISKY
THAT'S ALL!
Bielenberg & Weniger
Sole Distributors
101-103 POWELL ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE
Billiard, Pool and Club Room
(Never Closed.)
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.
924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

The text of a sermon I heard last Sunday struck me as being most aptly fitted to the peculiar case of musical San Francisco. The text was: "Faith without works is dead." And that is the deplorable condition of our self-satisfied city. She settles back comfortably on her seat of hills, and says with fatuous unction, "Behold! I am the real thing. So far from being a 'jay town,' as the tongue of disappointed mediocrity asserts, I am just a trifle superior to anything now extant. To be sure, I do nothing in particular to warrant the assertion; but then I do not need to: I am San Francisco." She has the faith, but she is dead and she does not know it.

"Faith without works is dead." Poor San Francisco! That deadly apathy in the matter of anything involving sustained effort and unflagging enthusiasm clings like a giant old man of the sea round the unresisting neck of our big-little city, and squeezes from its weak mouth the pusillanimous "Manana" of the heedless shirker. Some say the fault lies with the musicians; others claim that the public alone is to blame. I think the honors are easy. The fact is, San Francisco is incapable of fixing its butterfly attention on anything for very long at a time. It is essentially the city feminine, and the capricious, unstable, inconstant mood of the moment is all that we may, at present, expect from her. When time shall have stilled some of the effervescence, toned down the wild flightiness, and concentrated the unformed liking into a matured and discriminating taste, we may begin to look for the musical permanencies that help to make up a metropolitan city.

In the weary meantime, we hear the best grand opera on an average of once in two or three years; we hear symphonies at about the same intervals; we hear oratorios not at all, and we tag along, perforce, with an occasional chamber music recital, a dreary list of "grand concerts" and an infrequent visit from some long-haired celebrity. Oh, we are abreast of the times!—Sometimes.

This year Mr. Minetti will give a series of five chamber music concerts at Sherman & Clay's Hall. His string quartet has established such a pleasant reputation for artistic work and promises fulfilled that there is no doubt of this season being an unqualified success. The first concert is to be given in September, and we are promised some novelties. Apart from this announcement there has been no sign that musicdom is preparing for a winter campaign. Everybody seems to agree, with a singular unamimity, in waiting for some one else to make the first move. There is a faint rumor afloat to the effect that Emil Paur with his symphony orchestra is to visit us; there is a still fainter whisper that Mr. Frederick Zech will organize a symphony orchestra on his own account; and again, Mr. Steindorff of the Tivoli is credited with designs on the public pocket and incidental honors for himself in a like organization. Let us sincerely hope that something may come of it all. San Francisco needs a symphony orchestra; it is the hall-mark, the veritable sign and insigna of escape from provincialism. And how we do hate to be called provincial! There is nothing like the truth for biting deeper than a serpent's tooth.

The Tivoli has been crowded every night this last week with the overflow of people from last week who did not chance to hear "Mefistofele," and the unnumbered host of them that think "Il Trovatore" is the sublimest height, the Alpha and Omega of operatic expression. It is curious, but it is none the less a fact, that with the exception of something particularly startling in the way of novelty in an opera, the biggest audiences turn out to hear the old-time favorites. I think the explanation lies in their desire to hear something with which they are familiar and which they know they will enjoy and appreciate. Most people feel a certain timidity in listening for the first time to an opera. They think, "Now, here is something I know nothing about; I do not feel competent to pass or risk judgment on it, and my friends will be sure to ask me what I thought, and I will hem and haw and look wise and talk drivel, and I wont enjoy it anyhow, so I guess I'll go to something I am familiar with and like, and I'll be better satisfied all round."

Right here I must pay a delayed tribute to Mme. Barbareschi. She is an artist whose work cannot be rated too highly. Her performances are distinguished by a finish, a repose, an attention to detail, and a mature conception of her roles that are all the more appreciated for their rare combination. Signors Cortesi and Napoleoni deserve the utmost credit for the painstaking and capable enactment of their several parts.

Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire:—"The World's Awaking" by Noel Johnson, published by B. F. Wood Music Co. "'Till a' the seas gang dry," by Noble A. Hardee, published by Boston Music Co. (G. Schirmer Jr.)

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat may result in an Incurable Throat Trouble or Consumption. For relief use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Nothing excels this simple remedy. Sold only in boxes.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over sixty year by millions of mothers for the children while teeth ing with perfect suc cess. It soothes the chil softens the gums, allay all pain; cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diar rhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of t world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soot ing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-fi cents a bottle.

HARRY NIEMANN
The Old "Tivoli" Favorite
Desires to Inform his Friends and the Public in general that his new
SHIRT FACTORY
is now open and ready for business. Harry wil be found at the stor
719
Emma Spreckels Bldg.,
every day ready to receive his customers

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT. Your rent payments for the bo rowed home will do it through th aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOA ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisc

CALL FOR
VAUGHN LEADLEY,
Solicitor for
J. W. SNOW & CO.
Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.
Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 75
Office, 3 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 174

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,

155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.

VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRE D.

Engraving Department

Mysell Rollins Co.

22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

TEL. GREEN 12.

CHAS. P. DROLLA

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal

All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

Lady Connie's Plunge.

Continued from Page 10.

water too! I had no idea Tippy could show off like that"

"He'll pop up now!" said the Guardsman.

But Freddy did not pop up, and a horrible moment went by. Then a man shouted something and Mrs. Le Quesne tittered and then screamed.

For before any of the paralyzed club members had roused to action, Lady Connie had risen, torn off her hat and jacket, sprung upon her chair, stepped thence to the broad ledge of the balony and dived. The slight figure cleft the water of the swimming bath immediately over the spot where Captain Freddy had gone down, and in a breathless minute a drippling golden head emerged and half a dozen swimmers leaped in to help the plucky maiden land her insensible burden.

"She's got him in her mouth!" cried the guardsman, "like a young Newfoundland."

She had, in fact, seized Captain Freddy by the collar of his striped swimming jacket with those strong, white teeth of hers, when, between the agonies of cramp and the asphyxia of drowning, he lay feebly squirming at the bottom of the swimming bath.

There is little more to say, except that Captain Freddy was brought round by brandy and hot blankets, and from that day the power of the Enchantress was broken.

But when Lady Connie married the captain—which she did in the beginning of November last—she withdrew her name from the members' list of the "Dips" Club. She had plunged for a husband and got him, and, so far as I have heard, she has not repented.

CLO. GRAVES, IN THE SKETCH.

Small Talk.

Continued from Page 5.

Miss Edith Simpson is most enthusiastic over her European trip. She will return in November, but will go over again next summer.

Miss Lucy King and Miss Margaret Salisbury are arranging small theatre parties to while away the evenings before the dances and dinners begin.

Miss Charlotte Field will return to San Francisco next month. She has been in the East about six months. She denies all rumors of an engagement.

The Allens of Ross Valley will spend part of the winter in San Francisco. Miss Francis Allen was one of the most refined and charming of last winter's debutantes.

San Rafael is rapidly becoming the home of the young married man. Saturday and Sunday the golf links are crowded. Messrs. Buckbee, Green, Beaver, Pomeroy, Murray, Tallant, Christiansen, Hazleton, Crooks, Casey and Madison play from morning until night.

The friends of Mr. Will Heath are anxiously looking forward to his recovery. Great doubt was at first felt owing to peritonitis having set in early in his illness, but through the skill of his physicians and his wonderful powers of recuperation he will be able to go to the country in a few weeks.

Saturday, the great paper chase is to take place. Horses are expected from San Mateo, and a larger number will participate than in any other event of the season at San Rafael. Miss Dolores Jeffreys is expected by a great many to be the victor. She is the best lady rider in Marin county, where she has been spending the summer.

The week of tennis has attracted any number of people to San Rafael for this week. The lady players are quite as enthusiastic as the men and do justice to the work they have been doing on their own courts. Mrs. Haslett and Miss Hunter of Alameda are two of the most enthusiastic of the players. Miss Alice Hoffman's game takes one back to the days of Miss Bee Hooper.

Conductor (to intoxicated individual on the Elevated): What station do you want?

Intoxicated Individual: What (hic)—stations have you got?—*Life.*

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y.C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Form No. 11.

CABLE MESSAGE.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

INCORPORATED

THOS. T. ECKERT, President and General Manager.

TWO AMERICAN CABLES FROM NEW YORK TO GREAT BRITAIN.
CONNECTS ALSO WITH FIVE ANGLO-AMERICAN AND ONE DIRECT U. S. ATLANTIC CABLES.
DIRECT CABLE COMMUNICATION WITH GERMANY AND FRANCE.
CABLE CONNECTION WITH CUBA, WEST INDIES, MEXICO AND CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.
MESSAGES SENT TO, AND RECEIVED FROM, ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

OFFICES IN AMERICA:
All Offices (21,000) of the Western Union Telegraph Company and its Connections.

OFFICES IN GREAT BRITAIN:
LONDON: No. 21 Royal Exchange, E. C. No. 109 Fenchurch Street, E. C.
LIVERPOOL: No. 8 Rumford Street. GLASGOW: No. 29 Gordon St. and No. 4 Waterloo St. BRISTOL: Backhall Chambers.

RECEIVED at San Francisco, Cal.

6 CO.GU. KO. PERTH 8, SCOTLAND. Aug. 17, 1901.

Sherwood,

San Francisco.

Received Royal Warrant King Edward.

DEWAR.

3:54 a.m.

Copy of Cablegram from Dewar Scotch Distillery

SUITS

CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED

BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY

40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.

Ring up Red 5294 We run two wagons

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Gives

Good Digestion.

If your dinner distresses you, half a teaspoonful in half a glass of water will give quick relief. Makes digestion natural and easy.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.01
Deposits, June 29, 1901.....29,886,288.15

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President..H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....$28,973,540
Reserve Fund..... 226,994
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier, R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610

609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 306.

Brother Spears's Singing.

Col. C. C. Fogle, attorney-at-law of Lancaster, Mo., related the following incident in the Macon Republican: "One of the most original lawyers I ever met in my life was Sam Dysart, who some twenty years ago was a resident of our country. Sam, when he lived up our way, engaged to defend a lot of boys and girls charged with disturbing a religious assembly out in the country, by laughing and giggling. The case attracted an immense crowd from the vicinity. T. C. Tadlock prosecuted, and he was instructed by the church people to spare no pains to convict the disturbers, who were of good families and it was their first offence. They candidly admitted they laughed out in church, and the State insisted that by their own mouths they were condemned.

"Brother Tice Spears, a righteous man of Puritanic type, was main prosecuting witness. He had conducted the services, and he testified that his peace was sadly disturbed by the unseemly behavior of the rioters.

"Brother Spears," asked Dysart, "you led the meetin' last night?"

"I did, sir."

"You prayed?"

"I did, sir."

"And preached?"

"I tried to."

"And sung?"

"I sung."

"What did you sing?"

"There is a Fountain Filled with Blood, sir."

"Here Mr. Dysart pulled a hymn-book from his pocket, and handed it to the witness with the remark:

"Please turn to that song, Brother Spears."

The witness did so.

"That's what you sang last night?"

"It is, sir."

"Well, stand up and sing it now, if you please."

"What!"

"You heard what I said, Brother Spears."

"But I can't sing before this sort of crowd."

"Brother Spears," with much apparent indignation, "do I understand that you refuse to furnish legitimate evidence to this jury?"

"No—no—but, you see—— "

"Your Honor," said Dysart, "I insist that the witness shall sing the song referred to, just as he did on the night of alleged disturbance. It is a part of our evidence, and very important. The reason for it will be disclosed later on."

"There was a long jangle between the lawyers, and the Court finally ordered the witness to get up and sing.

"'And, mind you, Brother Spears,' said Dysart, seriously, 'you must sing it just as you did that night; if you change a note you will have to go back and do it all over again.'

"The witness got up and opened the book. There is a vast difference between singing to a congregation in sympathy with you, and a crowd of court room habitues. Brother Spears was painfully conscious of the fact. You know how those old-time hymns are sung in the backwoods settlements? You begin in the basement and work up to the roof, and then leap off from the dizzy height and finally finish the line in the basement. That's the way the witness sang. He had a good voice—that is, it was strong. It seemed to threaten the window lights.

"The crowd didn't smile—it just yelled with laughter. The jurymen bent double and almost rolled from their seats. The Court bit his cob pipe harder, and looked solemn. It wasn't any use. There were only two straight faces in the house. One belonged to a deaf man, and the other to Sam Dysart. The singer finished and sat down. He looked tired. Sam immediately excused him. When the time for speechmaking came, Sam remarked to the jury:

"'If you gentlemen think you could go to one of Brother Spears's meetings and behave better than you have here, why you may be justified in convicting these boys and girls.'

"That was all he said, but the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, with the request that Brother Spears sing another song. But that gentleman had gone home, and court adjourned."

LOW

SUMMER EXCURSION RATES EAST

Southern Pacific

offers those low round trip rates:

ON SALE	ROUND TRIP
August 20–21.....Louisville,	77.50
August 22–23, September 5–6, October 3-4 .....Buffalo,	87.00
September 5–6.....Cleveland,	82.50

These rates apply from California main-line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of routes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions—

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., every fifth day.
Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., every fifth day. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., every fifth day.
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)
Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.
Steamer State of California Wednesdays 9a. m.
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and *Newport.
(*Corona only)—Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a.m.
Steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Th n Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans-Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal.

Flor de Claus Spreckels

Choicest Havana Cigars

H. PLAGEMANN & CO., Importers

709-711 Market St.,

Adjoining Call Building

San Francisco

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MIAN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC
AND OTHER DISEASES
CURED

Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST, near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

Borrowed Plums

Trying to Accommodate.

"Come back as soon as possible," said her mistress to Maggie, who was going home in response to a telegram saying her mother was ill. "Yes, mum," promised Maggie. A day or two later a letter came: "Dear Mis Smith: i will be back nex week pleas kep my place, for me mother is dying as fast as she can To oblidg Maggie."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

* * *

Not Brought up That Way.

When on one of the recent hot days the lady of the house sent her maid out to do the marketing, she admonished her to get everything fresh, and said:

"Now, Mary, get some string beans. Break one of them to see if they are fresh, and get two pounds of tripe, and pinch the tripe."

Mary looked indignant, and then blurted out: "Sure, I wasn't brought up that way, ma'am, and if you want anything pinched you'll have to go out and do it yourself."—*Chicago Journal.*

* * *

The Nurse's Antidote.

Wordsworth's lines of the child at play, "as if his whole vacation were endless imitation,' were recently recalled by a conversation overheard in the children's ward at a provincial hospital.

A little girl, whose role was that of nurse, rang an imaginary telephone on the wall to talk to her companion at the further end of the room, who played the part of doctor.

"Hello!" said the nurse. "Is that the doctor?"

"Yes," answered her companion in a deep voice; "this is the doctor."

"This lady is very ill," he was informed.

"Well, what seems to be the matter?"

"She has swallowed a whole bottle of ink," said the nurse.

The doctor, not flurried, inquired what had been done for the patient; but the nurse, too, was ready for all emergencies.

She answered: "I gave her two pads of blotting paper!"*Tit-Bits.*—

* * *

Pere Monsabre's Rebuke.

Pere Monsabre, the celebrated Dominican preacher, may appropriately be called the Father Burke of France. He is just as fond of a joke as was his famous Irish brother. A story of him is that one day, as he was just going to preach, a message came to him that a lady wanted to see him. She was worried about an affair of conscience; she felt she'd like to see him, etc. After much waste of time she came to the point. She was given up to vanity. That very morning, she confessed, she had looked in her looking glass and yielded to the temptation of thinking herself pretty.

Pere Monsabre looked at her and said quietly. "Is that all?"

"That's all."

"Well, my child," he replied, "you can go away in peace, for to make a mistake is not a sin."—*M. A. P.*

* * *

John's Pointed Question.

A good story is told of one of the dignitaries of the Scottish Church. Before he became known to fame he was minister of a remote parish in Perthshire, and was not considered a particularly attractive preacher. At his suggestion extensive alterations were made in the transept of his church, and these had the effect of sweeping away considerable seating accommodation. One day after the alterations had been affected, he visited the church to see how it looked.

"What do you think of the improvements, John?" he asked of the beadle.

"Improvements!" exclaimed John in disdain. "They're no improvements at all. Whaur are ye goin' to put the folk?"

"Oh," said the minister, "we have abundance of room, John, considering the size of the congregation?"

"That's a' very weel the noo," returned the beadle, "but what will ye do when we get a popular meenister?"—*Tit-Bits.*

New Importation of Millinery

Calimberti

Being Constantly Received

MODES DE PARIS
240 Post Street below Stockton,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

California Northwestern R'y

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Shellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices 650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

AUTOMOBILES

WE BUILD TO ORDER

GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.

All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY.
FACTORY—346 McAllister St.; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
This Paper not to be taken from the Library

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 15. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

Miss Annette Bradshaw, the Lady Winner. The Start.

The Paper Chase at San Rafael.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—September 7, 1901.

Unionism and the Strike.

Anyone who watched the Labor Day parade of last Monday, especially anyone who has seen European labor parades, must have been impressed by the spectacle. Twenty thousand laborers, skilled and unskilled, in the time of a big and bitter strike, marched through streets unprotected by police or soldiery, and made no movement toward a disturbance. There was not one of the twenty thousand but had his Sunday clothes to wear in the parade; only the minor points of dress distinguished them from men of a financial stratum infinitely higher. Nowhere else in the world does this occur, because nowhere else is it possible. This higher condition of the American laborer is an axiom. We are so accustomed to it that we forget, until such an event as that of Monday brings it to our minds.

The laborer and the country at large have many things to thank for this. They have the form of government, which is the most favorable ever devised for the development of material prosperity in all classes; they have a country not yet fully settled, and holding unopened sections and resources for a surplus laboring population; they have the Anglo Saxon sentiment of justice and a square deal. But most of all, they have to thank their labor unions, which have operated for good to a degree unknown in the other nations of the world.

The complaint against the present strike is by no means against the principle of unionism. Paradoxically, the interests of the employers in the struggle are identical with the interests of trades-unionism in its highest sense. This strike is a false movement, inspired by labor demagogues for their own selfish interests, backed for the sake of political influence, by a demagogue newspaper. It is an attempt to force employers to accept their employes at the dictation of the unions. In other words, it is an attempt to force the public to do for the unions what the unions should be able to do for themselves.

This last statement needs explanation. It is part of the function of a union to improve the efficiency of the individual members for the good of the craft. It is in their power to do this by regulating the number of apprentices and the terms of their apprenticeship and by insisting upon a certain standard of work. In cases where they have stuck to this policy, they have invariably crowded out non-union men because they have made it serve to the interests of the employer to take only union men. They were better than outsiders. It paid. The "recognition of the union principle," as the strike leaders call it, came of itself, easily, naturally. In such trades and under such conditions, a strike over a real grievance in the matter of hours and wages was almost invariably successful. It paid the employers to give in and give higher prices for labor rather than take the inferior goods delivered by outsiders.

The present strike is called to coerce the capitalist class of the city into that "recognition" of a body of unskilled laborers who never served an apprenticeship, never took an apprentice, have done nothing to raise the standard of their trades, and were, in many cases, never even organized until Jefferson Davis Pierce appeared last spring. This is not trades-unionism. It is small politics.

Ho Yow and The Highbinders.

If, as now seems possible, Chinese Minister Wu Ting Fang is transferred to the British Ministry and if Ho Yow, the present Consul General, goes with him, the city may expect a renewal of the old highbinder disturbances. For something like three years now, highbinder wars, as such, have been called off completely. There have been murders of individual tong members, by assassins of other tongs, but nothing like a regular and organized war of the sort which nearly broke up Chinatown five years ago.

Ho Yow is alone responsible for this. After the trials of the position had worn out six consuls in two years, he took charge, found the bottom of the trouble, and applied the remedy. He did it in characteristic Chinese fashion. The relatives of the principal offenders were sought out in China, thrown into prison, and held as hostages for the good behavior of the members of their families in America. It was a harsh measure, but harsh measures were needed at the time, and the result was immediate.

In the organization of Chinese politics, there is much in individual "pull." Ho Yow had these imprisonments made largely on his personal influence. With the coming of another consul of a different clique, the hostages would be released and the highbinders turned loose to revel in gore again. His successor may have Ho's genius for organization, but it is doubtful, since the present Consul-general is a remarkable man. If the new man is weak, or lazy, or more corrupt than the average Chinese official, there will be work for the police.

It is part of the curious and unnatural Chinese situation in San Francisco that there will be no great sorrow among either whites or Chinese over the departure of this really able diplomat. The Chinese believe in tong rule and are waiting for a chance to settle old scores as soon as the strong hand is removed. The whites, being for the most part opponents of exclusion, realize that a disorderly condition in Chinatown is a powerful argument for use with the legislators of the East. Oriental lives are rated cheap in California and the average Caucasion would not mind losing a few for the good of the cause.

The Game of Pole Hunting

More American lives and more American gold are to be poured this year into the bottomless gulf of North Polar exploration. The Baldwin expedition is off to find the Pole or perish in the attempt, presumably, from all that one can gather from previous experience, to perish.

For a century brave, strong, brilliant, determined men have made almost yearly efforts to reach the same empty goal. Statistics showing the waste of valuable lives and of treasure would show an enormous total. In return, the world has received a little knowledge concerning a territory which it is of no use to know about, since nothing grows there and no one lives there, and a few data concerning the variation of the compass. The life-work of the average laboratory investigator of the common sciences has given more valuable results to the world than the sum total of Polar exploration.

The bottom and fibre of this matter is that North Polar exploration is a game, a high-risk form of sport. Polo and football and lacrosse and other of the more dangerous athletic sports furnish a parallel. For the pure sense in it and the results obtained, no one would play football. It breaks down more than it builds up, and the energy expended had better, in the purely shrewd material view, be expended in some other form of exercise which would build as well with less risk of permanent injury But most young men of muscle and much hardihood like football, and certain young men of muscle and hardihood go daft over Polar exploration. In both cases it is the joy of a game, a struggle against hard odds. In the case of the hunt for the pole, there is the added attraction of mystery.

Everyone hopes that this American expedition will find the pole; if for no other reason, because it will end all further attempts at pole hunting.

The Ignorance of Furuseth

When the frequency of assaults upon non-union laborers was brought to the attention of Andrew Furuseth, manager of the strike along the water front, he answered with a passing feeble plea. He said that he had never heard of any such occurences. When it was pointed out to him that every newspaper in the city except the "Examiner" is crowded with instances of just such work, he said that he "had no time to read the newspapers."

Of course, no one believes this. Many of the assaults have occured in front of Mr. Furuseth's office. In two or three instances, so-called "scabs" have been dragged into the very headquarters of the Sailor's Union in order that the strikers might beat them more at leisure. If, in conducting a strike like this one, Mr. Furuseth failed to keep track of a factor so important as the newspapers, he would brand himself as short-sighted or incompetent. Furuseth is neither. He is the most able of the leaders who are keeping up the strike, a shrewd, careful, calculating and forceful man. The fact is that the strike leaders have no defence for the state of affairs along the water front. They wink at the assaults on non-union men, because they believe that knowledge of these assaults will keep outsiders from taking the place of strikers. Being one of those who permit this policy and having no way to defend it, he falls back upon the weak plea of an assumed ignorance. There are none so blind as those who will not see.

THROUGH THE WEEK.

As time goes on, and Mr. Hearst fails to check the anti-Democratic zeal of the "Examiner" in this city, the sort of game he is playing becomes more and more apparent. There is little doubt but that, if all goes as he wishes and expects, Hearst and his three organs, which may soon be increased to five or six, will launch a labor party in the next national campaign. The signs all point in that direction. More and more the heart-to-heart editorial is devoted to abuse of the millionaire and capitalist class. More and more the rich and all things that pertain to the rich of both parties are becoming targets for the "Examiner"-"Journal"-"American" ridicule and scorn. In this city, the Hearst paper is openly backing a labor party in opposition to the Democracy. Hearst's ambitions for Democratic preferment went glimmering last year when his vice-presidential boom made a dismal failure. Just where he hopes to come out ahead in the present game does not appear. He may be bidding solely for circulation. To originate a new party, put it on its feet and fight for it through a campaign would be a tremendous advertisement. If the party should succeed at all, the enthusiasts would subscribe in blocks of tens of thousands. And it may be that Hearst believes in the chances of a labor party and hopes for the nomination as president.

* * *

Whatever may be Hearst's reason, it must be a good one. The time is past for laughing at Hearst. He is not a dignified figure, but he gets there. He took the "Examiner," a sheet without circulation or influence, he pulled up to the head. He took the "Journal," which had been a losing venture all along, and left the other New York papers standing at the post. Then he invaded Chicago and forced in the "American" where there seemed no room for another newspaper. The Hearst journals are what they are—loud, lying, half amusing and half dangerous—but they get there.

Hearst is almost a genius in that he has found a way where no one had been before. When he entered the newspaper business he saw the opening for a great new departure. Previously, newspapers had all appealed more or less to the educated and enlightened class. Those that reached out to the people had no brains behind them. Realizing that nearly every one takes a newspaper in this age and that the unenlightened outnumber the enlightened ten to one, he set out to play to that class. He studied them, found the things which appealed to them, the tinsel and glitter which capture the masses, and upon this, he founded his policy. The result is the vaudeville and melodrama of journalism, but then the populace likes vaudeville and melodrama.

* * *

Suppose that the impossible should happen and Hearst should be elected President by a labor ticket, what an administration we would have! Imagine a government conducted on "Examiner" principles, and imagine the hysterical joy of the Monarch of the Dailies with its proprietor in the presidential chair. It would be one of the jokes of history, and almost worth the high cost of a crazy government.

* * *

If there is any one characteristic which distinguishes the labor agitator, it is his humble and shrinking modesty about his own powers and attainments. He realizes the deficiencies of his early education, and is always willing to learn from others who have had greater advantages. For example:

In the meeting of the Labor Council a week ago Friday, the courteous letter of President Wheeler defending the working students who have taken the place of strikers was read in open meeting. It provoked a storm of angry comment. One German delegate is reported as saying:

"Wheeler don'd know noddings. He oughdo haf a lunatic commission send him to der asylums."

Another excited delegate was loudly applauded for declaring in broken English that Wheeler does not understand the rudiments of political economy. "Any delegate here could give him a lesson," he said.

The climax was reached when James Boland, once a hackman, now merely a delegate to the Council, and but lately returned from a long sojourn at a popular summer and winter resort near San Refael, denied the right of students to earn money at all and called Wheeler "dishonest."

"I pay taxes," he said, "to support the university, and now they are taking away my employment."

The news that Boland is paying taxes and looking for employment is news indeed.

* * *

The "Bulletin," in commenting upon the labor parade of last Monday, speaks of the region along Battery and Sansome streets as the home of "the enemy," the inference being that the employing classes are necessarily the foes of the employee class.

Are they? That same day, the unions federated under the Buildings Trades Council held a picnic across the bay. These unions are made up of skilled laborers, bound to a certain apprenticeship. They have had comparatively few strikes, and they have invariably won. The longest struggle was that of the mill-men, who had a real grievance, came out victorious, and are now working in perfect harmony and good will with their employers.

These very employers, with their families, made up a good part of the crowd at the picnic. They contested in the racés, took a hand in the games, spread their luncheons in the pavilion alongside their men, appeared in every way their friends and equals. A spectator not informed could never have told employer from employee.

* * *

The war on the mosquito, noted in these columns a few weeks ago, is spreading. New Orleans has taken it up, through the Board of Health. Last month, the city and suburbs were minutely examined for breeding places. Whenever these were found, they were treated with petroleum, and owners of the property were required to repact the process in a week, the oil being in every case furnished by the city. Paris has shut off the water from the public fountains of the Luxemborg, with a view to repairing the drainage and applying oil if necessary—all for the benefit of the mosquitos. The New York and New Jersey authorities announced that their experiments in "oiling" the thick breeding-places were a success. The mosquito is short-lived, his span being but a week or two. Within that period after the application of the oil, the troblesome little buzzers began to decrease in number and energy, until now they are nearly gone.

* * *

The mosquito was has set a German scientist to crusading against rats. It is known that they are the carriers of bubonic plague, and he advocates an international agreement for a similtaneous was of destruction, in sea ports especially.

* * *

The international athletic outlook for the United States is rather gloomy and foreboding this year. As the "Constitution" goes on losing race after race to "Columbia," the old cup defender, it becomes more and more likely that the British boat will "lift" the international series this year. And now form prophets are predicting that the visiting British track athlete of Cambridge and Oxford are going to walk away, on our own grounds, too, from Yale and Harvard. On figures and records, the Englishmen seem better; the undetermined factor is change of climate, which always affects track athletes.

A contest between Oxford and Cambridge on one side and Yale and Harvard on the other is hardly a fair test between the colleges of the two countries. There, all the good college material is concentrated in the two big universities; here, Yale and Harvard have not even the balance of power among the colleges of the country. At the last Mott Haven games, the two took only two first places out of fourteen. A contest between the intercollegiate winners of the two countries would be more fair, but the British students object, not without reason, on the grounds that the amateur status in some of our universities, notably Pennsylvania, is doubtful.

* * *

The Russian department of Agriculture has taken a novel method of instructing the peasantry in scientific horticulture. The great plains of the Czar's country are traversed by a number of wide and strong water-courses. At the headwaters of each of these rivers, a great floating garden, a raft covered with earth, is launched in the very outset of the season. This is set out with the products of the country, planted after the most approved fashion, and floated down the stream. A body of agricultural experts accompany the raft. A stop is made at every town and village along the line and the peasants are invited aboard to see what real farming is like.

In the autumn, the raft is floated to a treeless section, where its timbers are sold, together with the crop which has ripened on the voyage.

Players in the Mixed Doubles at San Rafael.

Miss Violet Sutton

George Whitney.

Champion.May Sutton in Action.

Miss Alice Hoffman.

Misses Ethel and Florence Sutton.

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

I do not think there is anything on the face of this earth more dull than the week after some gaiety. Really, mama dear, San Francisco is quite dead at present. There has been a wedding or so,but nothing of any real enjoyment. One needs it so much here, too. I went over to San Rafael to spend a few days to see the tennis. It is quite a lively sort of place during a tennis tournament.

There were four girls, sisters, from the south, by the name of Sutton who quite won me. They are daughters of a retired English naval officer, and are endowed with that sparkling exuberance of spirits and agility one only notices in British girls. It was a joy to watch them play. They never seemed to tire nor to become bored. I have never known girls to make a better impression.

San Rafael is a likeable sort of place. Most of the residents have traps and were very kind to me. It was never a trouble to take me out to the Links to tea, nor for a drive in the morning. I played cards with Mrs. Green one afternoon and became quite friendly with the other guests. I found some girls of the name of Bruce very attractive. They ride very well and are healthy-minded.

This California is such a wonderful place for real sports. One never has a wet day to contend against. Fancy a place in which one can arrange a picnic a month ahead! That is done here but there are mighty few for the "Inits"—the people that really enjoy life are the factory girls and all the Germans. There are parks and shooting places and all sorts of sports arranged for these people on Sundays and holidays. How they do enjoy them too! The "Inits" like most "Inits" are bored to death by having to live up to a fearful form of hypocrisy.

The girls out here are quite anxious to be clever. They form classes for the developement of their minds, and religously attend all the meetings. There are Wagner classes and Browning classes and some of the Jewish girls have an Ibsen class. Of course, I do not approve of this over cultivation for it really spoils girls. It makes them so difficult to please. At a luncheon the other day I heard a girl discussing the lack of brains in the men she knew. Not being very brainy, but having been dragged into the conversation unconsciously I said that I only liked brains to eat. Auntie was so vexed with me, she said afterwards that present fad in San Francisco is the cultivation of one's mind. Mama dear, you feared I might become a "Blue Stocking" because I once began to read Hamlet—you said, "My child, all you have to do in this world is to dress well, be amiable, and keep men guessing"—So I've lived up to it—and the men are guessing; but I have only had two proposals since I have been out here.

One was from a very rich young man with a very bad reputation. But he talked so cleverly and was so sure he would make me happy that I rather left him guessing. I told auntie. She said, kissing me; "Ridiculous, child, but keep him on the string. You might just as well receive flowers and candy and attention from him, he is quite harmless. You know dear, you never could take him seriously—he has only money, nothing else, not even a reputation."

The other is a a good hard-working young lawyer with the art of being agreeable under the most trying circumstances. He is very popular in this city, having a little money and a nice manner, though perhaps a little too nice. Some people call him effeminate but I do not. That I have found is a fearful fad here. It is hurting the men, too. I know a girl living in Menlo Park who is a little afraid to get very chummy with a really charming young fellow who sings quite well because her girl friends insist upon saying that he is effeminate. The amusing part of it is, that her own brother is that sort of a fellow. However, he is engaged though it has not yet been announced, to a girl who likes him so much that she does not care what you say about him.

That, I think, is the proper sort of girl. I hope that he will appreciate her. I know three engagements, new ones,but I promised auntie not to tell even you, yet. One girl is much too nice for the man. The other two are what uncle calls "lightweights" and any man is good enough for them.

The people of Burlingame all feel so badly about the criticisms which they are receiving for their treatment of Mrs. Gilman Brown. You know, mama dear, they consider themselves as "Cæsars wife"—beyond criticism. No one there even thinks of being thoughtful or polite, it is not the style, but of course Mrs. Gilman Brown not being a resident of Burlingame did not understand; hence she felt hurt.

I am anxious for the Preston girls and Bernie Drown to return to San Francisco. All the girls speak so enthusiastically of both Bernie Drown and Edith Preston. Both are supposed to be engaged, but neither has announced hers yet. It seems to me that one need only take a walk with a man here to have him propose—they are all so crazy to get married. Strange to say the girls just like to be engaged. It is a pastime certainly, between seasons.

I went to a very nice theatre party on Monday night to see Annie Russel in "A Royal Family." It is delightful, and though I had seen it so often I really enjoyed it again. I went with the Keeney crowd. They seem to have the best time of any people in town—they are all so full of fun, and understand just how far to go. Now, mama dear, this is all for this week.

Your daughter,
ELIZABETH.

Miss Ella Bender is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sloat Fassett at their cottage on the coast of Marin. She will return to San Francisco in November.

Small Talk.

The Morgan-Hills spent a few days at the Hotel Vendome last week.

Mrs. Nuttall and her mother, Mrs. Rosenstock, expect to return to San Francisco early in September.

Mr. E. M. Greenway left last Thursday for his Northern and Middle West annual tour. He expects to return in November.

The Misses Hager leave for Japan early this month, Miss Ethel Hager having regained her strength sufficiently to travel.

Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean will remain at the Hotel Rafael until November when they contemplate taking a trip to Europe.

The Hotel Vendome is still pretty well filled. The James-Robinsons expect to remain there some time, owing to Mr. Robinson's ill health. Mrs. Robinson is quite as young looking as ever. It is in fact difficult to believe she can be Miss Elena's mother.

Mrs. Malcolm Heinz and her two children, who have been spending the summer with Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, will leave for Washington very soon. Mrs. Heinz returns via New Orleans, where she will spend some weeks with her cousins in that city.

Lieutenant Emory Winship has spent the last ten days in San Francisco. He starts on the seventh for Panama where he will join the U. S. battleship Iowa. Lieut. Winship has spent the summer at Newport taking a special torpedo practice course.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Buckbee anticipate building their new house on Pacific Avenue early in November. They are at present living in San Rafael. Mrs. Buckbee is noted for her delicious dinners, but owing to the recent death of her mother, she has been very quiet this year.

Labor Day saw Miss Young and Dr. Gibbons married. It was a typical army wedding. The bride looked very charming in white. The groom, a stranger here, impressed the people whom he met with his manliness and apparent knowledge of his profession. Though Miss Young has been in San Francisco only a few months, she has made several very good friends out here who hope she will visit her father frequently.

Mr. Malcolm Morris, the famous English skin specialist, has been lecturing at Cooper's Medical College this week. He has been entertained by numerous doctors in San Francisco, especially enjoying the hospitality of Drs. Lane, Ellinwood and Gibbons. Mr. Malcolm Morris is an Englishman of the higher class, with a wonderful delivery and keen sense of humor. He will spend a week in San Francisco, returning by way of Los Angeles.

There was genuine sorrow over the death of Mr. Will Heath. He was one of the finest of the growing generation and noted for his good breeding, charity and kindness to his fellow-men. He was an excellent business man and his loss will be felt not only by his family, but by his friends, whose name was legion,and the men with whom he came in contact every day. He has been associated for twelve years with Mr. Mullins in the Commercial Union Assurance Co.

Mrs. Charley Baldwin has so far recovered from her long indisposition as to be able to return to her home in Mountain View. She has spent a month with her sister, Mrs. Lester, at Lake Tahoe. Notwithstanding her ill health, she still retains her bright, happy disposition and seems more like the sixteen-year-old sister of her two little children than their mother. Charley Baldwin is a most thoughtful and devoted husband and watches every improvement in his wife with the tender solicitude of a loviug father.

Mrs. McKittrick gave a luncheon to Miss Marjorie Young one day last week. She served champagne to the guests, which is quite an innovation in San Francisco. Each guest waited for her neighbor to drink, but as it was new, no one quite dared, so that glasses did not have to be refilled. The query is now: Will Mrs. McKittrick's innovation be adopted?

The answer is: Mrs. Eleanor Martin will decide on her return from Peter's wedding in New York.

In a pretty little wedding at the home of the bride's mother, 1411 Jackson street, Miss Anna Wainwright became the wife of Victor E. Mathews, on Wednesday evening, August 28. Owing to a recent death in the bride's family, the affair was a very small and quiet one. The bride, a petite blonde, was dressed in white crepe de chine over taffeta. Her sister Elizabeth, attending the bride, wore white organdie. Harry Gould was best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathews are on a three weeks wedding trip at Lake Tahoe.

There is a great deal of talk over the astounding versatility of Miss Marie Wells. She is so pretty and quaint that it is difficult to believe that she can be quite as versatile as she is described by her men friends. She likes older men and can frivol equally well in French or Spanish. Recently she has become a student of Herbert Spenser and has quite given up novels. This is partially due to the interest taken in her by that great political economist, Truxton Beale. He looks upon her as a little girl who can be developed into a fine, strong woman. There is no truth in the rumor of her writing a novel. In fact she is just beginning to realize the fact that she has a great deal to learn before she can write at all.

It appears that our expansive mood is not yet over. Denmark, it is reported, has decided to accept our offer of $4,280,000 for their West Indian possessions. This deal in real estate will probably meet with far heartier approval than our acquisition of the Philippines. It provides, in Charlotte Amalia a naval base of some strategic value, a naval base that will accommodate, not necessitate, a fleet.

Robert Downing (Central)

Minnie Downing (Central)

Annie Russel (Columbia)

Laura Nelson Hall (Grand Opera House)

Theatrical Figures of the Week.

Persons, Places and Events.

The Vindication of the Baxters. After a silence of several months, during which both he and the different members of his family have been vilified from one end of the country to the other, Governor Baxter, the father of Mrs. Hugh Tevis, has at last spoken. He has spoken to some purpose and the resultant excoriation of the Hughes, father and son, is something that will be generally approved.

The action of Mrs. Tevis in breaking her engagement with Gerald Hughes in order to become the bride of the man whom she now mourns as a widow has nothing to do with the case. As a matter of fact, however, it was a perfectly honorable and perfectly proper proceeding. The relationship existing between Hughes and Mrs. Tevis, then Miss Baxter, was merely a boy and girl affair, which the young lady quite naturally brought to a conclusion as soon as she met the man whom she could love with that affection that a wife should give to a husband.

But to reiterate, that has nothing to do with the case. The point at issue is the conduct of Hughes, not the conduct of Mrs. Tevis. Instead of taking his medicine like a man, this modern gentleman has employed all his time in hounding through the medium of the press the woman who once honored him with her friendship and whom he, as though one of his calibre was capable of such an emotion, professed to love.

Governor Baxter is going back to Denver, where he proposes to build another home. For this we Californians in general will be sorry, as the venom of Hughes has failed of effect out here, where we would gladly welcome the Governor and his entire family to a permanent residence.

The Phenomenal Miss Sutton. The temperance town of Pasadena was strictly in it at the finish of the ladies' singles at San Rafael. The four competitors in the finals were three of the Sutton Sisters and Mrs. Seymour, all from that town. As expected, Miss May Sutton, the youngest of the tennis family, captured the event quite handily and had an equally easy time in the challenge match.

Little Miss Sutton is a maiden of good sense. Colonel Seymour of Pasadena let his enthusiasm get away with his common sense earlier in the week by offering to back her against Miss Marion Jones, the present holder of the national championship, for $1,000 a side. The offer, which put tennis in the same rank with prize fighting, did not tend to endear the Pasadena man to regular tennis crowd. Miss Sutton, however, ended the discussion decisively.

"I'm not a professional," she said, "and if any money is ever bet on me, I shall refuse to play."

Novels and Lawsuits. It is stated that over 618 miles of paper will be used for the inside of Hall Caine's "Eternal City," and 22 miles of red cloth for the covers. This shows that lawsuits while they may be expensive in ordinary life pay the novelist. As every one knows "The Eternal City" was withdrawn from circulation in one of the popular English monthlies and the proprietors of the magazine are bringing an action against Hall Caine for damages, while the author is counter-claiming for breach of contract. This mutual recrimination is better than the old-fashioned mutual adoration. However, the decision goes, the magazine comes out of the discussion with a name for moral tone and Hall Caine's booty is already assured.

Presenting the Tennis Cup to the Misses Sutton.

A British Mistake Not so long ago, when the law that someone should stand sponsor for every published article was being obeyed faithfully here in California, nearly every paragraph in the "Argonaut" was initialled "jahart," a joking pseudoym of J. A. Hart's, who realized with every one else that the law could not stand for a moment, and took this way of making fun of it. But a copy of the "Argonaut" found its way to the office of the "British Weekly" in London. The next number of that periodical commented enthusiastically upon the fact that one man alone could turn out from week to week the whole matter of a paper so well written.

Pelota A New Game. Governor General Wood of Cuba, who when a resident of San Francisco was chiefly instrumental in encouraging intercollegiate football on the coast, is now credited with being the herald of a new game pelota, new to us, but in fact, one of the oldest of Spanish sports.

Pelota is played in a rectangular court two hundred feet long by thirty feet wide, bounded on three sides by high walls, and on the fourth grand-stand. It resembles tennis in its main features but, with the walls and corners, presents opportunities for bewildering deliveries which will be recognized best by a billiard player. A ball solid and somewhat smaller than a tennis ball is employed and the bat—the cesta as it is called — is made of wicker bound with thongs and is said to resemble a long hollow claw. The serving and scoring are on the principle of tennis, with the difference that the ball is caught on the cesta, as in lacrosse. The possibilities of deception in serving are said to be greater than in tennis or baseball.

In that as many as six a side can play, it has the advantage over tennis; it is more of a spectator's game, and in evidence of its possibilities Governor Wood claims to have lost thirty pounds of flesh in a few days. It is a rapid competitive game, such as we love in this country, and bids fair to become popular.

Joaquin Miller's Scrawl. Although the Poet of the Sierras is far from being a business man, he has been fortunate in getting good prices for his literary work. His experiences in journalism have also been profitable says the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post." When he announced his intention to brave the terrors of the overland trip to the Klondike, he made a contract, the stipulation being that he should be paid $75 the 1000 words for "everything sent by him from the Arctic."

In due season great bundles of manuscript drifted out of the land of snows to the newspapers office. But then a most preplexing difficulty arose —not a copy-reader in the establishment could decipher, or, more properly speaking, translate his hieroglyphic pages.

Diligent search brought to light another Western bard who had in some inexplicable manner been initiated into the mysteries of Miller's cabilistic scrawl. Him the editor seized upon, offering remuneration at almost his own terms for reducing the baffling manuscript to intelligible copy. Thus two poets were enriched by the Klondike craze.

POLITICAL COMMENT.

SINCE last week's writing the scene has shifted and the dramatic personas of the comedy of politics are now performing their parts with South of Tehachapi as a stage setting. The Governor has gone thither and,after him,the doughty Flint,with Senator Bulla, now the official pilot of the Flint campaign. The war is on in earnest there, where the fierceness of the struggle pales into insignificance the feeble uproar which we up here chose to call a hard fought primary a few short weeks ago. There is a trouble there whose bitterness is without a parallel in local history. Otis and Gage are waging the war to the knife and the outcome is yet to be seen. First blood was scored by the Governor this week with the announcement of the re-entrance of ex-Governor Markham into politics. Markham has been quietly living in Pasadena ever since the expiration of his term of office, so long in fact that many people had come almost to forget him. Now he re-emerges and takes the field, not as one would suppose at the side of his old time comrade in arms,Gen. Otis, but, strange to say, among the forces of the astute Governor, thus dividing the G. A. R. vote, which is strong in Los Angeles and which is extremely loyal to Markham for Veteran's Home memories.

The gubernatorial situation in the Southern country does not affect the supreme justice fight, as it is apparent that Judge Shaw has the nomination cinched beyond question. He is in the happy situation that whichever way the cat jumps he is going to land on his feet. He is, in other words, so strong that neither element dare antagonize him and so the ticket elected will be for Gage and Shaw or Flint and Shaw, but in any event for Shaw.

This is made an absolute certainty, by the withdrawal of Judge McKinley from the race, leaving an undisputed field to Judge Shaw. This was accomplished, so it is understood, by the promise that McKinley should have the nomination four years off to succeed Judge Temple. Judge Sweeney in the North is a man who saw an opportunity and seized it. For years the delegations from the upper country have been coming to state conventions with little dabs of votes, unable to extort anything from the great bodies for lack of concerted action. A handful of votes from Modoc or Siskiyou or Shasta was hardly worth anything. So Judge Sweeney got in and combined the northern counties and for the first time they will be a unit. This means recognition and recognition in this case means the nomination of Sweeney,

Judge Garoutte is the one who is now on the anxious seat, and this arises in a peculiar way. A few weeks ago it seemed almost an absolute certainty that he would be the slate man for chief justice. Now it is not so certain. Judge Garoutte's great strength is not that of a particular locality, but is scattered over the state. He is what is known as a popular man, whatever that means. Popularity is a thing which gets votes, but does not always get nominations. Garoutte's friends and supporters are largely drawn from the Native Sons. These people are also friends and supporters of Flint. Here is where the shoe pinches. Gage says to Garoutte, "If we agree to take you in, what guarantee are we to have that your friends will not be Flint's friends in the convention?" which question Garoutte is now trying to answer to the satisfaction of the governor. In the interim the Beatty people are enjoying a spell of refreshing comfort.

Anybody who can demonstrate his ability to win, may have the nomination for Mayor this year from either of the two great parties. Both sides are looking for men and looking hard. But the kind of man who is wanted is too busy with other things besides politics to want to get mixed up at this extremely doubtful juncture.

Just what figure the Labor Party is going to cut is the problem. It may get out a strong ticket and mix up calculations altogether, or its members may pull and haul each other and spend their force without accomplishing anything. In the event that the Labor party puts up a strong, independent ticket, the weight of opinion seems to be that it will militate most against the Democrats. This may not be the case. The fact that the Democratic party is believed to be nearer the laboring man than the Republican, may induce support for the Democratic ticket by that element wherever its own nominations are weak,and thereby render doubly certain the election of some of the Democrats. Others there are, who say that the Labor party will draw about equally from both sides and leave the general result unaffected. Almost no one believes that the Labor party will poll enough votes to elect anyone on its ticket independent of any indorsement by the other parties.

A combination ticket of Democrats and Labor party men might be a possibility, but for two things. The present ballot law forbids a name being placed on the ticket under more than one party designation, which makes it necessary that a candidate elect which heading he will proceed under. In addition, it is certain that the elements which now threaten to control the Labor convention will not consent to a combination with a ticket headed by Phelan. That the Democratic ticket will be headed by Mr. Phelan seems to be inevitable. His advisers seem to have convinced him that a "vindication" is necessary, and things are rapidly drifting to the point where he will want the nomination, which will mean, in other words, that he will be the candidate. Current prediction in all quarters is that he cannot be elected, but given a man of brains, energy and resource and the result is always doubtful. J. K. L.

Stranger—Didn't I understand you to say you'd just come from the Buffalo exposition? How did you like it?

Chance Acquaintance—Pooh! It's a poor little paltry two-penny-half-pence affair. Don't begin to compare with—

Stranger—Indeed! By the way, how are things in Chicago, now?—Puck

The **Labor Day Parade on Market Street.**

Is Chinese Labor Cheap?

LABOR AGITATORS, from Dennis Kearny down, have persistently emphasized the statements that Chinese labor is cheap, and that exclusion is an unmixed blessing. There is no doubt that at one time Chinese labor was cheap. The question is whether or no it is cheap today. Although Kearny retired from labor agitation to the Stock Exchange nearly twenty years ago, we are still taking his word for it. It will be a surprise to most people to learn that Chinese labor can no longer be classified as cheap, that wages paid to Mongolians for any class of work are about equal, sometimes superior to those paid to whites, and that it is very doubtful if the economic condition of Chinatown is at all inferior to that of the remainder of this city.

Here are a few points on the cheap labor and exclusion problems, as gathered from the Chinese and from the whites who know them best. They state the case pretty fairly, as it is viewed on the Chinese side of the fence.

Cheap Labor a Bogy.

Where the Chinaman competes today he sets a limit below which he will not work, and this limit is no longer a low one. In work peculiarly his own, there is no question of low ideals. He asks and receives all that his employer can stand. Whether this improvement is due to the exclusion he resents, or to a higher standard of living, born of his surroundings, it is hard to say. It is certain, however, that the increase of union wages from $20 to $45 per month, and the decrease of union membership from 4000 to 400 is not wholly due to exclusion, but also to the fact that by three months' work in the salmon canneries, the Chinese can earn more money than during the whole season in San Francisco.

It is taken for granted by those of us who base our opinions on what we observe in passing through Chinatown, that long hours and poor wages are normal conditions. As regards skilled labor, however, most of us know, to our sorrow, how costly and autocratic the Chinese cook can afford to be; and even in the more menial work of the household—which the public school graduate refuses in toto—the Chinaboy is not eager, and manages to burden his employer with a sense of obligation.

Members of the unions of sweatshop workers and cigar makers receive $45 a month. This is a little better than white wages in the case of the former craft, and a little worse in the latter, but the difference is not appreciable. The sweatshop price is infinitely better than that paid to the same grade of labor among the Polish Jews of the New York slums. Porters and packers receive $18 to $25 a month in addition to their board, it being a universal custom to include board in the wage-rate. This, also, is about the pay of whites, in the same line. In fact, the minimum wage in Chinatown is $18 and board.

The same rule, or about the same, prevails among the clerks of the merchant class. Here, ability to speak English is rated as the highest qualification. A beginner at clerical work, new to the business and representing the very bottom of the business world, receives $20 and board The price goes according to experience, and men who understand both business and the language are in demand at $50 to $60 and board. As high as $80 or $90 are paid to bookkeepers and confidential clarks.

Sing Fat, a fancy goods merchant, stated two or three years ago that $80 was his regular price for a bookkeeper and $90 for a head clerk,and later when his books were inspected in the course of a law suit the quotation was shown to be correct. Certainly, this is not bad wages, even for whites. Very few clerks or bookkeepers clear $80 a month above their board.

The board question is a live issue, one in which the unions take an active and militant part. A certain standard must be maintained, or the union comes down on the employer. It is even expected that, for slight infringements of hour rules, the employer shall add to the menu some small delicacy, such as rice brandy.

With domestic laborers, cooks, waiters, men of all work, the people of the city are more familiar. Place for place, they demand and receive just a little more for their services than white men or girls. They are generally worth more, and housewives know it. Practically, the minimum price for this labor $22.50 a month and "found." This is for the common domestic. Good cooks come higher, freqently running to $60 or $65 a month and "found."

The cursory observer of the Chinese believes that long hours are the rule, short ones the exception. Late traffickers through the quarter see, at night, through uncovered windows, the tireless fingers of the cigar roller as he plys his trade; we see also in the laundry, through open doors, the glow of the lamp at small hours of the night; and in the morning, no matter how early we are up, we can never catch them napping. The explanation given by the Chinese is that the ordinary hours of their employes are from seven till five; the unions having fixed a nine, and in some cases, a ten hour day; but if men work overtime, it is because they are profit sharers, and as a Chinese merchant protested, it is not fair to think these conditions peculiar to them. White employers work far into the night, thinking and planning; it is the irresponsible employes who troop off to the stroke of the clock.

In answer to another objection urged by their enemies—the unlimited hours of the store clerk—they point out that circumstances are different. A Chinese clerk on his arrival is adopted into the family, (as apprentices were in olden days in England) and his first task is to learn the business and language. Even at this stage, their entire interests are centered under their own roof so that no vexing question of hours arises. They have their pleasures, pleasures less artificial and mechanical than our own, bodily rest and meditation having attractions for them unknown, unfortunately to us. The clerks are not overworked, therefore, they lounge, smoking and chatting; their enjoyment of life is not confined, as it is in so many cases with us, to the hours of leisure; and their wages are good as their board is paid and they clear $30 to $35 dollars a month.

It appears, therefore, that Chinese labor is not, upon the whole, cheap as compared with our own standard.

Danger of Swamping the Labor Market.

A large body of hungry unemployed is, of course, bound to be a determining factor in disputes between organized, unskilled, white labor and capital; but while European immigration continues unchecked, and while these same immigrants—the Austrians, Italians and Portugese—are underbidding the Chinese, is there not some grievance? The flooding of the labor market by the Chinese coolie is desired as little by Chinese residents as by Americans; but the repeal of the Exclusion Act they say will not result in this; and they

New Arrivals.

give as a reason the religious sentiment which binds the Chinaman to his native land. Of the population of Manchuria there are in America only two representatives—one in the consular service, and the other a merchant of Lima, Peru; and of the whole eighteen provinces practically only two are represented.

"If the repeal of the Exclusion Act results in a flood of immigration, the immediate remedy is in your hands, say the Chinese" but if, on the contrary, as we believe, the freedom from humiliating conditions allows us to bring our wives and children, and have free intercourse, you will find that the cause of our desire to return home is removed; you will discover in your country a home-loving law-abiding people, frugal, honest and industrious; and you will discover, besides, that your wares are being advertised in the world's greatest market. As the law stands today,only the merchant is permitted to bring in his wife, but such great difficulties are placed in his way, and the fear of spasmodic legislation which would bar them from return is so great, that he does not dare to leave: and, as a merchant said pathetically, one cannot from so great a distance persuade the young lady to leave her family and the land she loves.

If we accept, then, their assertions that Chinese labor is not cheap, and that the labor market would not be swamped, we have to take into consideration their desirability as citizens.

Chinese Virtues. It is claimed that they are honest, that they are 'good pay,' as the store keeper says; and this is borne out by records, it being practically impossible to discover a case in which one Chinese is direct defendant in a suit for non-fulfillment of contract. It is known that they are home lovers, if they are permitted to establish homes, and that they can give points to a Hollander in the art of reclamation of land. Their success in this direction along the Sacramento river is known to most of us, but there are miracles performed by them in out-of-the-way corners which are not of such common repute. Whenever there is a demand for their products they can produce a supply. The debris piles of old placer beds are levelled, impossible hills are terraced, and the wilderness is made to blossom as the rose.

The merchant class deny that they or their employees are niggardly or poor spenders, even when the desire to return to China is considered, and certainly the flourshing condition of certain concerns which sell only luxuries to the Chinese bears out the statement. The larger restaurants are run at a scale something like that of the Palace Grill and are liberally patronized. In no town of 30,000 white people through the whole state of California are there two theatres so well patronized as the Jackson street and Washington street playhouses in Chinatown. They run all the year around and are generally packed.

Jewelers, traders in embroideries and fancy clothing, all do a heavy business. They even buy pretty liberally from the whites.

Perfumes, soaps and toilet accessories are purchased freely, and this can be attested by American druggists in Chinatown. Materials for needlework and blankets are sold in amazing quantities, some stores in Chinatown being stocked from floor to ceiling with Californian blankets, and, indeed, all the articles enumerated above are of American manufacture. But it is claimed that the Chinese only trade among themselves. This is true to a certain extent, but the blame is with the complaining American merchant. Let Mahomet go to the mountain. The Chinaman, as is natural, buys with the least possible expenditure of money and trouble. A Western Addition grocery store cannot expect Chinese trade; but druggists and florists and grocerymen on the outskirts of Chinatown are not found to complain.

D. A.

So far the bloody war against the mosquitoes is a drawn battle and the mosquitoes are still doing most of the drawing.

The Box Coat.

How could I have known you on the street
That day I walked behind you, sweet?
Small russet shoes were all I saw,
And a hat that was flat like a thatch of straw;
Naught of your fair form's symmetry,
Naught of the lines that prove to me
Your sweet superiority —
How could I have known you on the street
That day I overtook you, sweet?
Thousands of others dress the same,
Boxed, but not labeled with a name,
Or hint to handle carefully,
Or word of value; for, you see,
These would have all been signs to me;
How could I have known you on the street
That fatal day I passed you, sweet?

JONATHAN S. FRIEND.

Sonnet to The Blackmailer.

Dedicated to the Yellow Press.

Your constant covert plundering none can stay.
You have no faithful friends to lose, no honored name.
You fatten on men's failings, feast on shame.
Though women you dishonor, weep and pray,
You search new homes to ruin, and bring low.
Break faith with followers—rant of reform——
Lie still awhile—then take the dupes by storm,
Through breaches you helped guard against common foe.
Yet here's the mystery; your weapon's sheathed;
Your steel is seldom bared. No dazzling glint
Stirs up the dull spectator—Nay, with hint
Of men's sad pasts you bleed them—woes bequeathed
By dead forgiven friends—sins put away.
You form to charge, and they—poor fools!—they pay.

(with apologies to Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

JONATHAN S. FRIEND.

CHINESE JEWELERS.
The union of this craft has just won the quickest strike on record, and imposed a fine upon the employers who forced it.

Photos by Weidner.

A CHINATOWN BAZAAR.
Where the wages paid the clerks are said to average better than those paid white clerks.

The Great Oakland Find.

The "New York Sun," speaking of recent business in the detective office of San Francisco, romances thus:

"The recent theft of $30,000 worth of gold bars from the mint in San Francisco and the robbery of over a quarter of a million of dollars, also in gold bars, from the Selby smelting works near San Francisco, calls to mind the discovery of a large but unknown quantity of gold bars in a house which was being demolished in Oakland, just across the bay from San Francisco," said a Washington correspondent.

"I was engaged in newspaper work on the coast at the time, in Oakland, in fact, and I am conversant with the particulars from personal knowledge, through the discovery at the time excited but little local interest, and so remarkable was it that it was doubted in some quarters. Subsequently, however, the truth was developed. The gold bars, to an estimated quantity of $250,000, were actually found, but to whom they had originally belonged, or by whom they were stolen, is still a mystery. As it happened about ten years ago I cannot recall the names of the parties with accuracy, though I once knew them; every effort, of course, being made at the time to keep the 'find' a secret.

"A two-story frame house on Tenth street, in Oakland, was owned and occupied by a family the head of which at the time in question, and for a great many years, over twenty, I think, was an employee in the San Francisco mint. I remember the house well. The old man died suddenly and the house was at once sold by his heirs. The new owner began tearing it down, intending replaceing it with a business structure. In digging away the lower walls an Italian laborer came upon a gold bar hidden in the foundations. He covered the bar up with earth and went on digging, but soon unearthed so many other secreted bars that his find was discovered by three other men employed with him. They at once entered into a secret compact to collect the bars themselves and inform no one else, especially the contractor and the owner, of the great and unexpected wealth with which they had so suddenly become possessed.

"The men were all laborers, two being Italians, I think. They were successful in getting the gold away from the premises unobserved by others. The first intimation that something of an unusual nature had happened to these four men was that they quit work for good and made heavy investments in real estate. Their purchases excited suspicion, as they all had been very poor men. To cut short a long story, however, it was acertained that they had in fact found the gold, and they were, under legal advice, converting it into other property to prevent the possible owner from laying claim to his original property.

"In this they were all successful. In fact, luck appeared to be with them. No one came forward to claim the hidden treasure for the very good reason, undoubtedly, that the only other person on the face of the earth who had known of its wereabouts was dead One man bought a ranch in the central part of the State for $70,000. The Italian living in Oakland bought a fine new house, furnished it luxuriously, paying $1,000 for a piano, and bought his wife an unlimited quantity of diamond jewelry.

"The old adage, however, that stolen gold brings to the possessor bad luck in the end proved true. less than five years the ranch owner was bankrupt, and the ranch had reverted to its original owners on foreclosure. The Italian lost all of his property and returned to live in the little cottage in North Oakland he had vacated for his fine house. The only thing he preserved to remind him of the days of his fleeting wealth was a Turkish rug worth about $1,500, which he placed on the floor of the cottage, and would not sell when all else had gone.

"The third man dissipated all of his wealth in fast living and gambling, and died a pauper in a hospital in Seattle. The career of the fourth man I cannot recall accurately, but I know that he, too, lost all that he had. The ranch owner, by the way, died a miserable death alone in a cabin on the Sacramento River and was buried by the town in the potter's field.

"The gold, of course, did not rightfully belong to the man who secreted it in the walls of the house. It was stolen from some one, and if it had been taken by the man who had formerly owned the house his heirs put in no claim for it for the reason that they knew it did not rightfully belong to him. It was considered improbable that any person other than he had secreted it, however, as he had lived in the house for many years, had built it himself, if my recollection is correct.

"Since he had been for so long an employee of the mint the general impression at the time was that he had stolen the gold, a bar at a time, from the mint vaults, bringing it home when he quit work at night. While this explanation was the one generally accepted the singular part of the mystery is that if it were true the Government made no effort to run down the thief nor was any such large shortage of gold bars ever discovered and reported at the San Francisco mint nor has it been reported to this day."

The "Typist."

Mr. Arthur Tapes was showing Mrs. Arthur Tapes the wonders of the Stock Exchange at the close of business on the day following the end of their wedding tour.

"Who are all these young ladies I see on the street?" asked Mrs. Tapes.

"They are typists from the hundreds of offices around here," answered her husband.

That was all that was said on that phase of business life until Mr. Tapes and his bride were enjoying dinner in their cozy flat.

"Have you a typist?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, and again the subject was dropped.

The next morning at a quarter past ten o'clock Mrs. Arthur Tapes entered the office of Mr. Arthur Tapes and approached a bald-headed clerk.

"Is Mr. Tapes in?" she asked.

"Yes ma'am. He is busy with his typist in the next room," he answered, as he pointed with his left elbow to a partially open door. "Shall I call him?"

"No! I will wait," replied Mrs. Tapes, as she took a seat that gave the best possible view of the open door.

It was a most provoking view, for it gave Mrs. Tapes only a glimpse of Mr. Tapes's side elevation as he straightened in his chair from a frequent leaning position, apparently toward the typist. Then the distance was such that she could hear the sound of his low voice without catching the words.

In a few minutes she moved her chair nearer, which did not help her view, but made the voice more distinct. Mr. Tapes leaned so far forward that he was entirely out of sight, and Mrs. Tapes showed agitation by rapidly tapping the floor with her right foot. Then she rose and approached the busy smooth-pated clerk.

"What is the name of Mr. Tapes's typewriter?" she asked

"Hannah."

She returned to her chair and drew it a little nearer the door as she sat down. She saw her husband standing and then disappear as he stepped behind the typist. She heard him laugh—a low laugh that she had delighted in. Then she heard him speak with some emphasis.

"I have had my vacation," he said, "and now you must have yours. I hope you will have as fine a time as we had when we took our vacation together last summer."

Mrs. Tapes sprung from her seat, thrust the door wide open and entered. Mr. Tapes stood with both hands affectionately on his typist's shoulders, and the two turned quickly toward her as she entered.

"Why, Mary, how you startled me," he said. "I didn't expect to see you here. What a pleasant surprise! Allow me to introdnce my typist to you. Mr. Hannah, this is Mrs. Tapes. You see, my dear, Mr. Hannah has grown gray in the city. I had my training in his office, and, though he has taught me well, like many others he has met with disappointment."

Mrs. Tapes grasped the old man's extended hand and the sunshine of of relief dispelled clouds of suspicion from her pretty face.—Tit-Bits.

The Excuse

Made by many a man for taking a drink at the bar is that he needs a bracer. He feels weak, his stomach is "out of sorts" and liquor makes him "feel good." The tired man who sits on a pin leaps up with new energy, but no one would say that this energy was evidence of the strength giving power of a pin. So with the energy induced by liquors. They only spur the body on, but do not strengthen it.

Strength is made from food properly digested and assimilated. When the stomach is diseased there is a failure to extract the nutrition from food and the body grows weak. The weak body needs strengthening, not stimulating. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, so that the nutrition of food is perfectly extracted and assimilated and the body nourished into health and strength.

There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery," and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is no other medicine "just as good" for diseases of the stomach and allied organs.

"Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy have been of great benefit to me," writes (Prof.) Pleasant A Oliver, of Viola, Fulton Co., Ark. "Before I used the above mentioned remedies my sleep was not sound; digestion bad; a continual feeling of misery. I now feel like a new man."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate the bowels and liver.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Fifty years of success prove these troches the simplest and best remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, Bronchial and Lung Troubles.

In boxes—never sold in bulk.

Things Theatrical.

The Central Theatre management has undertaken to produce in "A Voice from the Wilderness," one of those vast spectacular religious dramas, which for the past few years have been so enthusiastically received by the unthinking and uncritical public. "Quo Vadis," "Ben Hur," "The Sign of the Cross," have all been enormous financial successes, though their dramatic value was nil, and their artistic influence pernicious.

It would be unfair to expect that this local production should rise above these earlier models, and indeed, save as a spectacle it is without merit. As a spectacle, however, it is far and away the most lavishly beautiful thing a local management has offered San Francisco. The sensuous glow of color, the Oriental atmosphere, the contrasting desolating and splendor of the scenes, produced pictures of wonderful and impressive beauty. The garden of Herod's Castle in the second act, with its stately pillars and opulent color, formed a fitting setting for the royal court and the voluptuous splendor of Herodias' palace was as effective in its way as the moonlight scene of the battlemented prison on the Dead Sea. No praise can be too high for this feature of the production, for the lavishness of scenery did not go beyond good taste. The play itself however—if play it may be called—is wholly without merit. The old story is told so clumsily, is so cumbered with extraneous detail and unnecessary characters that few can understand and fewer enjoy.

The construction is crude, and all inter-relation between the acts lacking; these is no real dramatic suspence, no climax; but, instead, such sensational incidents as the torture of John on the stage, and the mad attack of Herod on his wife, are forced upon an unoffending public.

Of the fifty odd characters, only five are necessary in the drama—and of these five only two or three are significant. Miss Annette Marshall's Herodias was the most impressive impersonation of the evening. Her forceful personalty and untamed strength fitted her for the part, and brought the one element of thrilling and absorbing interest into the play. One felt and saw the voluptuous beauty of the wanton queen, her ardent passion, her fierce pride. Her deep voice in the more passionate passages was effective, but Miss Marshall has yet to learn the value of contrast. In her scenes with Herod Miss Marshall was so handicapped by the acting of her opposite that even her compelling force scarcely saved them from ridicule. No worse conception and execution than that of Robert Cummings can be imagined. He outheroded Herod. In the interest of the public, his part should be re-cast. Mr. Downing's John the Baptist was distinctly physical. A persistent calcium light halo and the shouting of "Peace!" through an entire act do not suffice to suggest the saint and martyr.

* * *

One may question the choice of the play in which Mr. Haworth begins his starring tour at the Grand Opera House, but there can be no question whatever as to his personal success. After weeks of our local stock-company mediocrities, it is a delight to see again so admirable an actor, even though it be in an old-fashioned melodrama and with a second-rate company. "Rosedale" can, of course, scarcely be taken seriously. Its time-worn plot, with its stolen heir and long-lost brother, the interminable soliloquiy, the preachy declamation and frequent asides, are all of another age and hardly deserve to be revived. Yet Mr. Haworth animated and illuminated all with such unfailing spirit, facile grace, and fine art that one forgot the absurdities of the play in admiration of the actor.

The modern syndicate method of cutting the play to fit the actor was not employed in the training of Mr. Haworth, and the marvellous versatility of his talent points its moral, because of its very rarity. Here is one of our most excellent tragedians, whose "Macbeth" is unequalled on our stage today; yet his impersonation of this nonchalant, swaggering, reckless hero of melodrama was flawless. He assumed careless impudence, daredevil courage, and sentimental banter with equal facility. He delighted his audience as the romantic poseur, the rollicking soldier, the teasing lover. The actor, like the poet, is born not made; but such absolute control of every faculty, such perfect command of finely-tempered tools, comes only after years of experience in many widely different roles.

The pleasure in store for those who will see Mr. Haworth in the finer plays of his repertoire may be marred by the unequal company now supporting him. Only two or three of the cast are satisfactory. Miss Hall's "Rosa Leigh" was a natural and attractive bit of acting. She was unaffected in her sentiment, and sufficiently coy and breathless in her ingenuousness to be charming. The polished villain, too, of Mr. Plemmer deserves commendation for its restraint and ease. The gypsy scoundrel of Mr. Butler was a bit too robustious, but in a play like "Rosedale," that fault may perhaps be condoned.

The rest of the cast was not even adequate to the small demands upon them; but the stage management deserves credit far the very satisfactory way in which the "silent parts" were handled. The scene in the gypsy dell gave evidences of training or intelligence on the part of the supernumeraries most unusual in a cheaper stock company.

MAIDA CASTELHUN.

* * *

By far the best play of the recent output is "A Royal Family," in which we have had Annie Russell at the Columbia this week. The only one of its time and kind to stand beside it is "The Tyranny of Tears," and that compares with this sweet, delicate, subtle little fairy-tale of a comedy as Fletcher compares with Shakespeare.

The plot is a simple one, used already in Anthony Hope's "Princess Osra" and even before. It is the tale of the hated and unknown suitor of a marriage of convenience who comes to woo in disguise and wins the heart of the heroine before he is revealed to her as he is.

There is something Elizabethan in the conception, and it is not too much to say that just a very little of the true spirit in our great early masters of comedy has touched the author. The lines are true literature—the

Continued on Page 15.

Form No. 11.

CABLE MESSAGE.
THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.
INCORPORATED
THOS. T. ECKERT, President and General Manager.

TWO AMERICAN CABLES FROM NEW YORK TO GREAT BRITAIN.
CONNECTS ALSO WITH FIVE ANGLO-AMERICAN AND ONE DIRECT U. S. ATLANTIC CABLES.
DIRECT CABLE COMMUNICATION WITH GERMANY AND FRANCE.
CABLE CONNECTION WITH CUBA, WEST INDIES, MEXICO AND CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.
MESSAGES SENT TO, AND RECEIVED FROM, ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

OFFICES IN AMERICA:
Offices (21,000) of the Western Union Telegraph Company and its Connections.

OFFICES IN GREAT BRITAIN:
LONDON: No. 21 Royal Exchange, E. C. No. 109 Fenchurch Street, E. C.
LIVERPOOL: No. 8 Rumford Street. GLASGOW: No. 29 Gordon St. and No. 4 Waterloo St. BRISTOL: Backhall Chambers.

RECEIVED at San Francisco, Cal.

6 CO.GU. KO. PERTH 8, SCOTLAND.

Aug. 17, 1901.

Sherwood,

San Francisco.

Received Royal Warrant King Edward.

DEWAR.

3:54 a.m.

Copy of Cablegram from Dewar Scotch Distillery

EDWARD HALL, President. WM. J. BOGY, Vice-Prrs. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.

United States Laundry Association

LAUNDRY—3109 3111-3113 Sixteenth St.
(Near Valencia)

TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418

OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST.,
near Powell.

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes

for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramento St.

HARRY NIEMANN

The Old "Tivoli" Favorite

Desires to Inform his Friends and the Public in general that his new

SHIRT FACTORY

is now open and ready for business. Harry will be found at the stor

719

Emma Spreckels Bldg.,

every day ready to receive his customers

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks. Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.

Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates

24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

* Memoirs of the Syndicate.

4. Concerning Richard Mansfield.

THERE are on our stage today at least half a dozen women who can make some pretensions to being considered Americas leading actresses, because of excellence in some particular line of work; but there is only one man whom critics and public agree to be America's foremest actor, and few would hesitate to place him before any and all of these women. Of course I don't talk much about the art of acting, and I always prefer to let the box-office tell its story to me; still I'm willing to believe what our syndicate critic says:

"While Mrs. Carter may excel in displaying hysterical outbursts of passion and emotional intoxication; Mrs. Fiske in the intellectual grasp of a character and absolute fidelity to nature; Miss Russell in tender ingenuousness, refinement, and elusive humor; Maude Adams in personal magnetism and dainty capriciousness; Julia Marlove in fascination, allurement, and universal charm, yet not one of these gifted artists can approach Richard Mansfield in versatility and in the impersonation of character requiring tragic power of the sardonic sort, and humor, delicate, grotesque, or perverted."

Of course Mansfield is not one of my regular stars—for he manages himself. But he plays in our syndicate theatres, and came over to us, with Francis Wilson, Nat Goodwin and others who fought us at first. So I know a good deal about him, and no one who has ever had anything to do with him is likely to forget him, for he is one of the most unpleasant and aggressive personalities on the stage. But I'll begin by letting our syndicate critic speak again.

"Many think the mantle of Edwin Booth has fallen upon Richard Mansfield; but much as he has attained, it is in very different fields and by very different methods from Booth's. Booth excelled in roles requiring lofty idealism and spiritualized intellectuality; Mansfield, while he fails in nothing he attempts, is absolutely unexcelled in character roles, depicting the weaknesses and perverted passions of men. The personality of the two differ not less widely than their genius. Booth's manner was of a melancholy and princely courtesy, and the cold dignity of his displeasure was more feared than the stormy outbursts of lesser stars. Mansfield, on the contrary, is explosive. He has an irritable temper, and his vocabulary of profanity is both wide and deep. Stage hands, supers, and lesser actors in his company flee at his approach, and dodge behind pillars and scenery when he comes in sight. His leading women sue him, charging that nervous prostration and wrecked physiques follow in the wake of their engagement as his chief support, and that brutality, inspiring sarcasm, and petty persecution are this great actor's methods of showing professional disapproval."

"Physically Mansfield is a rather thick-set man of medium height, with a noticeably thick neck. He is getting bald, is so nearsighted that he can scarcely recognize people without his glasses—and, partly because of this, perhaps, he stoops heavily forward from the shoulders. Yet by his wonderful skill in the art of make-up and by the force of his genius, he is absolutely transformed on the stage. In 'Beau Brummel,' the elegance and grace of the dandy are flawless; in 'Henry V,' the princely dignity of his carriage is perfect. Mansfield, the man, is forgotten and lost in the character he impersonates."

Mansfield had a terribly hard youth, and his early life was embittered by the lack of a real home, and by poverty. He intended originally to become a painter and studied art for several years. Then he gave up, and struggled along to get on the stage. These were the "attic days" that are so often written about. Often and often he suffered from the cold and had nothing but bread to satisfy his hunger. After months of all sorts of hardships, he at last got an engagement, at a salary of a few dollars a week, in a light-opera company acting one of Gibbert and Sullivan's operas. Mansfield had and still has a beautiful singing voice, and his speaking voice on the stage, with its wonderful range and flexibility, is one of his greatest charms. He himself says that the voice is the one thing that he would consider the most important in making a successful actor, and that a good voice will atone for half a dozen weaknesses.

At any rate, it was through his singing that Mansfield got his first engagement, but for a long time with starvation salary. Last year, when one of the supers in "Henry V" grumbled because he got only $7.00 a week and had to change his costume twice in an evening to do two "silent parts," Mansfield told the whole lot of assembled supers of the days when he had acted a part with lines for months for a smaller salary than they received. There wasn't any more growling among the supers that day.

CHARLES SHOWMAN.

(Continued.)

* Advance Sheets from the new volume about to be issued by the Theatrical Trust Publishing Company.

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER

THE PRESS

Open all Night

—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught

15 THIRD STREET

Next New Examine Bldg. S. F. Cal.

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed HORNLEIN & KRUMB Phone Main 151

CAFE ROYAL

Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House

Grand Hotel Cafe

New Montgomery St.

Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336

DON R. DUNBAR

Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes

N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood

"The Castle"

101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG

The True Blue.

308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served.

ESTABLISHED 1823

WILSON WHISKY

THAT'S ALL!

Bielenberg & Weniger

Sole Distributors

101-103 POWELL ST.,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE

Billiard, Pool and Club Room

(Never Closed.)

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For
Brain Workers.

Strengthens the exhausted and confused brain, relieves nervous headache, and induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,119.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.01
Deposits, June 29, 1901.....29,886 288.15

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President..H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

San Francisco Savings Union
535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits July 1, 1901.....$28 973 540
Reserve Fund..... 226 994
Paid Up Capital..... 1 000.000
Contingent Fund..... 445 617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.: W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.: Lovell White Cashier R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

THE news budget from the recently unfeathered who have left the parent nest to try their ambitious pinions in atmospheres more expansive than ours is a record of varying fortune, but one that, taken by and large, is gratifying.

Thus, we hear that Putnam Griswold and Talleur Andrews are making successes in drawing-room recitals in London; Frank Belcher, he of the rotund form and infectious good humor, who sang "Answer" as no one else could sing it, is graduated from the New York "Casino" company and is doing a leading part in "The Whirl of the Town" in London; Sigmund Beel is in the same place, arousing more than a flutter of excitement by his violin playing. English papers which usually dispose of some big artists in three or four lines, give Mr. Beel the honor of extended criticism, agreeing, however, that his forte lies almost entirely in the limits of polished technique and scholarly interpretation. Alice Nielsen, the erratic, has the grand opera bee in her imported bonnet, and is loudly and firmly declaring her intention of invading the unoffending boundaries of sunny Italy and forcing the trembling maestros thereof to develop her latent genius in short order. I am afraid that it is too big an order for even the sacred keepers of the ineffable "bel canto."

Maud Berry-Fisher, the meteoric blonde who extracted joy from the bosom of her dentist husband and filled the cavities of his heart with unavailing regret, has, under the name of Maud Lillian Berri, "gone and done it" again with Frank Moulin, a singer in the same company in which she is prima-donna. A. W. Neilsen, the talented son of dear old "Pop" Neilsen, whom everybody knows and loves, is to take his 'cello in properly diffident fingers, and essay the terrors of European student life; he may return a virtuoso, or, it may be, a clod with a mechanical veneer—either expression of the spirit within will find its relative result under the plastic thumb of the master-modeller. There is no joy like unto developing the seeds of latent ability. The teacher, if he has the proper attitude, feels nearly all the chastened ecstasy of a creator—and that is the rarest thing in the range of human experience.

The composer of "The Smugglers of Bayardez," Mr. Minkowski, has had another of his operas accepted by a prominent theatrical combine in New York, and will soon introduce to the public "The Broidered Belt," in which Miss Helen Bertram, late of the Bostonians, will assume the leading part.

Some flashy cards are out, announcing with pleasing modesty that "The event of the season" will be a concert to be given on the tenth inst. by "Mme." Doria and "Signor" Keller, both of whom I know to be plain every-day Americans. This particular form of advertising slop belongs to a period long past.

The marriage is announced of Mr. Arthur Fickenscher and Miss Edith Cruzan. Apropos, I saw some songs of Mr. Fickenscher's which were distinctly good; they are on sale at the local music houses. In a late number of an art publication issued in this city, there was a very fine short song by Mr. R. Lucchesi; and I am in receipt from the publishing house of Arthur P. Schmidt of two songs by John Metcalf of Oakland, that should be welcome to concert singers.

Mr. Jas. H. Howe has assumed the place of organist in St. Dominic's Church in the place of Mr. Dohrmann. Mr. Howe purposes organizing an oratorio society this fall, and, as Mr. Clinton R. Morse of Berkeley is to come to San Francisco with the same intention, the competition may result in something tangible.

"Norma" crowded the Tivoli on Monday night, and coming as it did, after a long silence of years, was in the nature of a complete novelty to the younger generation. It is a very heavy, extremely difficult, but most interesting grand opera. Barbareschi as the high priestess was very fine. Her statuesque appearance lent dignity to the part, and her big voice showed a surprising flexibility in the coloratura passages. Polletini had in this opera her first opportunity to display her capabilities. They are many, and she seized the opportunity to make a deep impression with her earnest and capable art. Her voice is as softly rounded as a beautiful woman's shoulders. Castellano did some blonde singing, some blonde acting, and left a pale blonde impression on his audience. In "Mignon," Repetto, Poletini, Nicolini and Russo were satisfactory, but Collamarini was wonderfully, stupendously bad. Words fail utterly to tell of the violences she commits against art. She is majestically impossible.

Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "A Dream so Fair," by John Metcalf. Pub. by Arthur P. Schmidt. "Love Thee Dearest," by J. H. Hahn. Pub. by Arthur P. Schmidt, Boston.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Achille L. Artigues
PIANIST
Organist of Notre Dame des Victoirer
1248 McAllister St. PHONE Fell 1749

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD

Will return and resume teaching a limited number of pupils on AUGUST 15TH. Applications for time or an interview can be addressed care of

SHERMAN & CLAY'S.

TEL. GREEN 12.
CHAS. P. DROLLA
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal
All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

MRS. W. H. HORD,
Piano and Guitar.

Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.

Residence, 605 Oak St Phone, Page 1622

OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.

TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS
308-312 Post Street
SOHMER PIANO AGENCY
SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,

155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.

VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRED.

Engraving Department

Mysell Rollins Co.

22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... PAPER

COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.

Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

C. A. GARTER C. W. CROSS

Law Offices of

Cross & Garter

Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.

Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence

1021½ Market St. S. F. Cal.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

Among the Authors.

Crudeness and truth are the characteristics of Maxim Gorkey's novel, "Foma Gordyeeff," but with less direct treatment it might well be dangerous; and, even as it stands, points to the fact that publishers are willing to waive scruples in a translation. The story is a statement of the problem of life, which is solved or smothered for so many of us by religion—solved if we have faith, smothered if we suffer ourselves to be coerced by circumstance and custom. There is much accepted philosophy in quaint new dress; there is faithful portrayal of character with little attempt at analysis; and, through it all, there is a recurring indefinite expression of those vague longings which disturb every man. And while Gorkey does not solve his problem, either in the failure of his hero or the success of the uncle Mayakin he has nevertheless narrowed the limits of our quest. In style of course it suffers the disadvantage of translation.

"Foma Gordyeff," by Maxim Gorkey, translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Published price $1.00.

* * *

"A Drone and a Dreamer," by Nelson Lloyd, is a first-class love story in a light, humorous vein. The humor is somewhat like that of Frank Stockton, but a vast deal less mechanical; the atmosphere, that of a Pennsylvania farming community, comparatively new. Mr. Lloyd does not make his love story especially convincing, and his women are vastly inferior to his men, although the heroine, a grown-up tomboy, is fairly well drawn. It is interesting from beginning to end. Pub. by J. F. Taylor & Co., 259 pp., $1.50.

* * *

"The Cost of Her Pride," by Mrs. Alexander, is in the July number of Lippincott's Select Novels, issued monthly. This is Mrs. Alexander at nearly her best. It will not hurt anyone, and may have a certain milk-and-water interest to callow readers.

* * *

The Magazines.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY is showing a steady improvement in the quality of its fiction. An editorial dealing with the exclusion question is singularly illogical. Briefly, the position taken is this: In America we have employers, employees, and a third party of onlookers. Now the employees by striking foster in the employers, and onlookers, a strong sentiment in favor of a more docile body of workmen, such as the Chinese; and if these are admitted then the workmen have none but themselves to blame. In arriving at this conclusion one of two other conditions is taken for granted and should be stated: either a strike is utterly hopeless—a state of affairs that comes near justifying anarchy; or is inevitably wrong. Where does the responsibility of the employer come in?

* * *

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE is an average number, well illustrated and readable. There is nothing, however, of peculiar merit or interest; while a reproduction of Keith's Sonata Pathetique is so poor, that it is virtually a libel on his work.

* * *

SCRIBNERS is eminently readable. The second instalment of J.A.Mitchell's "Pines of Lory" promises future entertainment of a kind. He presents the hero and heroine—a Boston couple—together in the wilderness; and their strenuous efforts to be proper induce in the reader a fevered apprehension. As a complementary background to his story, he introduces on tapestry the figures of Adam and Eve in sweet simplicity in the Court of Henri III. This is a bold, and—from a literary standpoint—a bad stroke; but, to be frank, the allurement of the story is not wholly literary. It has what editors term a "strong human interest," and we are left aghast in the fear that the heroine is going to undress the hero, and must wait a month to know.

* * *

HARPERS, though giving an impression of heaviness, is well illustrated, and contains much interesting matter worthy of a more careful consideration than is given by the average reader. The "New German Navy," a short article by H. W. Wilson, sounds a healthy note of apprehension and should be read by those who have not time for the whole issue.

* * *

McCLURES is an excellent number. E. B. Baldwin's plans for the coming expedition to the North Pole, while they appear to ensure success, also make one feel that the glory of such an adventure has departed. What cannot be accomplished with the aid of the omnipotent dollar? "The Stepmother," by Kate McCleary, is a good short story.

THE CENTURY, also, incurs the reproach of heaviness. The first instalment of a San Francisco story by Bret Harte is worth reading and has especial local interest. An article on Mid Air Dining Clubs is well illustrated and leads one to question whether something more in this way could not be profitably accomplished in San Francisco. Our climate of course bars us from the charms of open air roof restaurants, but covered, well lighted roof restaurants are a possibility here; and from certain points there is a view which is unsurpassed, perhaps, in the world. The one experiment in that line has been successful.

* * *

THE COSMOPOLITAN, the souvenir number of the Buffalo Exposition is exhaustively illustrated, and is worth preserving. A poem—The Americas to the World—by Ella Wheeler Wilcox is well written, after her own style, but rather funny. She claims that the United States was espoused by Progress. This is an admissable image, but she goes further than this—she hints that Progress is a monogamist.

* * *

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, maintains its high standard. Hunting Big Redwoods, an article by John Muir, is delightful and of special local interest. The City at Night, a sketch of Buffalo by Rollin Lynde Hart, is a clever piece of writing. Two verses, by Arthur Colton—A Night Piece—are full of charm, reminding one of Stevenson.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager, Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR

VAUGHN LEADLEY,

Solicitor for

J. F. SNOW & CO.,

Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.

Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 20 Grant Ave. Tel Main 1744.

SUITS

CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED

BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY

40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.

Ring up Red 5294 We run two wagons

Things Theatrical.

Continued from Page 11.

people really talk, and the stage-craft is perfect.

Annie Russell handles her part perfectly, and there is not a stick in all the company. Mrs. Gilbert who, now that Mrs. Drew is gone, shares with Mrs. Whiffen the first rank in old lady roles, has one of her most delightful parts as the queen.

* * *

"Ingomar" at the Alcazar was a decided success, and the house showed its approval repeatedly. As it was played, the interest was steadily stimulated to the end, and the final round of applause had something of regret in it. The audience was all involved in the fortunes of Ingomar and Parthenia.

Florence Roberts was a very charming Parthenia, and White Whittlesey a convincing barbarian. Geo. P. Webster, as Polydor, and Frank Bacon, as Myron, the Amorer, came in for a large share of the applause.

The frequenters of the Alcazar are, happily, not too blase to enjoy a play such as this—wholesome and entertaining, if improbable—the number of children present testifying to the character of its attractions.

* * *

"Cavalleria Rusticana" will be sung during October in New York by Madame Emma Calve and Mr. E. Gibert, who both sang the two principal parts at the first performance of this Opera in Paris.

The tenor Gibert will also sing "Aida" in Italian, and "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Carmen," "Romeo" and "Faust" in French. Mr. Louis Prepaux, one of our local teachers, discovered and was the teacher of the tenor Gibert who made his Parisian debut at the Opera Comique with Sybil Sanderson in Massenet's "Esclarmonde."

* * *

There is a diversified and entertaining bill on at the Orpheum this week. Talkative Miss Norton is here with the same monologue which she presented three years ago, but it's good nevertheless, and stands repetition. Powell the magician is Hermann's equal and keeps his act entertaining from start to finish. The La Vallee Sisters take the audience with old favorites on the harp and violin. The Craig family of six do a rapid-fire acrobatic turn and make it appear more difficult than it really is. John D. Gilbert's burlesque on a comic opera is a gem. The program is a good one, and it moves.

At The Theatres Next week.

Tivoli—"Carmen," Collamarini's best part, alternates with "Faust." It should be a popular bill.

Central—"A voice from the Wilderness," which has been going through a pruning process, will run indefinitely.

Grand Opera House—Joseph Haworth will star in a spectacular production of "Quo Vadis."

Columbia—"A Royal Family," with Annie Russell and company, plays its final week. The best modern play and the best company we have had since Bernhardt.

Alcazar—"The Taming of the Shrew," a Shakespeare play seldom acted. Florence Roberts is the Katherine of the cast. The version used is the Daly adaptation.

Orpheum—George W. Leslie, a recruit from the "legit," in "Chums," leads the bill. His support includes Lester Wallack Jr., Louise Willis and Eleanore Leslie. The other new one is Ernest Hogan, the "Unbleached American," negro monologuist, and an old favorite here. "The Debutante," with new specialties, the La Vallee Trio, Mlle Lotty, the Five Sunbeams, Powell the Magician, and the Biograph are the holdovers. There will be a special matinee Monday.

California—The Neill company closes its engagement Friday night. There will be a mixed bill for the week—"Barbara Frietchie" Sunday and Monday and Monday matinee, "The Jilt" Tuesday and Thursday matinee, "The Royal Box" Thursday evening, and "The Lottery of Love" Friday.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y.C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained.

LOW SUMMER EXCURSION RATES EAST

Southern Pacific

offers those low round trip rates:

ON SALE		ROUND TRIP
August 20–21	Louisville,	77.50
August 22–23, September 5–6, October 3-4	Buffalo,	87.00
September 5–6	Cleveland,	82.50

These rates apply from California main-line points. Many miles shortest—many hours fastest—finest scenery—choice of routes—limited trains—personally conducted tourist excursions—

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Details at nearest office

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Sept. 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. Oct. 3. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Sept. 4, 8, 13 18, 23, 28. Oct. 3. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Sept. 4, 9, 14. 19, 24, 29, Oct. 4.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)

Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.

Steamer State of California Wednesdays 9a. m.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and *Newport. (*Corona only)

Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.

Steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Th n Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans-Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal.

Flor de Claus Spreckels

Choicest Havana Cigars

H. PLAGEMANN & CO., Importers

709-711 Market St.,

Adjoining Call Building

San Francisco

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City

FOR FIFTY CENTS

At the Maison L'Aiglon

S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.

Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT

PHONE MIAN 5066

Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.

Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC

AND OTHER DISEASES

CURED

Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application. Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST., near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address

Borrowed Plums

"The evidence," said the judge, "shows that you threw a stone at this man."

"Sure," replied Mrs. O'Hoolihan, "an' the looks av the man shows more than thot, yer honor. It shows thot Oi hit him."—*Chicago News.*

* * *

Lot's Wife.

Now Lot's wife faltered. "She's turning to rubber!" cried her entourage, gaily. "I'll just fool 'em!" muttered the woman, and turned to salt.—*Puck.*

* * *

Across The Poker Table.

Ephriam—He dun held foh aces.
Rastus—Wot did you hold?
Ephriam—Mah breff!
—*Baltimore World.*

* * *

Her Average.

"She is a very pretty girl, but don't you think for the seaside that she is overdressed?"

"Not on the average. She wears her bathing suit half the time."—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

Preceded by His Fame.

"There goes young Van der Reit, one of our most prominent literary men."

"Never heard of him. What has he published?"

"Nothing yet, but he is the author of the forthcoming successful novel."—*Indianapolis News.*

* * *

An army surgeon, on leave from South Africa, recognizes in London a private of his regiment from whose skull he had extracted a piece of a Boer shell and a fair portion of brain.

"Well, Tommy, how's your head?"

"Very well now, thank-you sir."

"I've got that piece of your brain preserved in spirits, would you like to have it?"

"Oh, no, thank-you sir. I haven't any use for it. They've given me a job in the War Office."

* * *

An Alibi.

"Has my Willie been in swimming here today?" asked Willie's angry father.

"No, sir!" replied the biggest boy in the water.

"Are you sure?"

"Sure. Why, it was as much as he could do to keep from drownin', but we got him out all right. He's restin' over there in the bushes now."—*Philadelphia Press.*

* * *

His one Success.

Miss Kulcher—Did you ever go in for literature, Mr. Gay?

Mr. Gay—Well—er—not exactly, but once when I was at college I wrote a short story and got $100 for it.

Miss Kulcher—Really? What was it?

Mr. Gay—"Dear Father: I'm broke. Please send me a hundred."—*Philadelphia Press.*

* * *

Of Course he was a Brute.

Mrs. Stalor—John, don't you think I need a new gown? This one begins to look shabby.

Mr. Stalor—I don't see anything the matter with it. You look well enough in it to suit me; and why should I pay out money to make you more attractive to other men?—*Boston Transcript.*

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

New Importation of Millinery

Calimberti

MODES DE PARIS
240 Post Street below Stockton,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Being Constantly Received

California Northwestern R'y

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Shellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices 650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

AUTOMOBILES

WE BUILD TO ORDER

GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.

All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,

FACTORY—346 McAllister St.; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

This Paper not to be taken from the Library.

ADMISSION DAY NUMBER.

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 16. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

Hon. James D. Phelan,
San Francisco's Efficient Mayor who has been Indefatigable in his Efforts to End the Local Strike.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—September 14, 1901.

The Source of Anarchy.

It was strange to notice, on the day when President McKinley was shot, how men of all classes, independent of one another, laid the blame of the affair upon the burdened "Examiner." "That's the doings of that thing on the corner," was the almost universal comment. From one end of the country to the other, this charge was hurled at the Hearst combination. Nothing which has happened in their career has so hurt the yellow syndicate. Of course, these papers were not in any whit responsible, directly or indirectly. To charge them with the responsibility is to use the same system of half-reasoning, the same thinking through the prejudices and not the mind, which they foster and upon which their influence rests.

The thing which men mean when they call the Hearst syndicate responsible is that they stand for the very thing which anarchy represents. They are stirring up the unreasoning industrial discontent which makes Emma Goldman possible. They are teaching incompetents and failures to believe that their inability to rise in the world is due to a wrong organization of society and not to their own weakness. They are setting up false divisions of society. They are employing abuse and not calm reason as political arguments. In such methods lie the causes of anarchy, and all other false and impossible political creeds.

Independent California journals have been somewhat criticized lately for devoting an undue amount of attention to the "Examiner" and its antics. The critics along this line forgot that there is a certain class of people, the very class at the mercy of the labor agitator, who take the yellow press seriously, to whom it is a Bible. With this class, the "Examiner" has recently been doing immense harm by urging them to keep up an economic fallacy for their own destruction and for the political good of this enemy of all that is true and high in the body politic. Good springs from evil, and if the shameful deed of the Buffalo anarchist has done anything to lessen the hold of the yellow combination on its dupes, that deed was not wholly for evil.

A Plea for the Whipping-Post.

Has any Northern denouncer of Southern lynchings and burnings ever witnessed the legal execution of a negro in the South? If he has, he should understand something of the justification for these awful acts of seeming barbarity.

The Southern negroes are, almost to a man, religious fanatics of the most fervid stripe. When one of them is to be hanged, he is surrounded for days before by a dozen preachers of his creed. In this time of preparation, he is lashed into the same religious frenzy which makes men and women fall into cataleptic trances at the big negro revivals. He goes to the scaffold with his retinue of clergymen, and with all the fervor of a Saint Laurence. He makes a speech saying that he is glad to die because he is going to heaven, and he sees the gates opening for him. He dies gladly, as a martyr. And on the following Sunday morning, every little colored congregation in the section hears a sermon relating how the criminal was saved, how he went straight to eternal happiness. The congregations are lashed into such a fervor of fanaticism that it seems good to die by hanging. The horrible deed for which the man died is forgotten. The moral effect of his punishment is lost.

This very moral effect is given by the immoral method now used in the South in the punishment of nameless crimes against society. The punishment is brutal, degrading, terrible. It is a blot upon the community which inflicts it. The haphazard methods by which the judgment is obtained make it possible to inflict the penalty for private spite upon perfectly innocent men and women. The method creates a contempt for law, and will, if allowed to the end, bring the destruction of organized government. Say all these things, and yet the fact remains that this horrible, swift punishment deters those who would commit like crimes, where legal executions, owing to the peculiar character of negro mind and negro social constitution, have no effect at all.

Nevertheless, these lawless executions cannot be allowed to go on, and no more can a twentieth century republic countenance burning at the stake as a means of punishment. Some middle course must be found. Nothing better appears at the present time than the whipping post, with its degradation, its physical pain. Let the Southern states legally restore the whipping post. Let every man, negro or white, guilty of a certain crime, be thrashed soundly on the bare back before he is sent to the gallows. It would squash the pride with which the negro felon dies, it would give the prospective criminal a prospect of physical pain, the only argument that appeals to low and brutal natures capable of criminal assault.

This alone would not end lynchings and burnings, because race hatred is alive in the South, and men with outraged wives and daughters are not stopping to reason about deterrant influences. But it would give the law the moral backing to step in and prosecute lynch-murderers, a backing which it does not possess while its executive officials know that the penalty is totally inadequate

The Turning of the Ways.

In elections carried on very quietly among the parlors of the state, the Native Sons of the Golden West are considering a question of the very greatest importance to the organization. It is a proposition to limit the membership to persons already born in California or to the descendants of such persons.

There are two opinions upon the question, one backed mostly by the small parlors of the interior, the other by the parlors of the cities. One section believes in holding to the old idea, the commemoration of the old pioneer days, the perpetuation of the pioneer spirit. It is pointed out that such was the original purpose of the order. It is shown that, as the state becomes settled and the population grows stable, almost every person in California will be eligible. The older states of the union are referred to as examples.

On the other hand, the representatives of the city parlors refer to the danger of creating an aristocratic principle in the state. As time goes on, descent from pioneers will become more and more a thing to be valued in California. If the Native Sons are bound together upon the basis of this descent, they will constitute, say the advocates of this view, a society bound together on a basis of aristocratic lineage—virtually an attempt at a priviliged aristocracy and a recognition of a principle which has no place in a free state and a republic. In rebuttal, the smaller parlors ask if the Sons of the American Revolution are considered a dangerous aristocracy.

The question had to be faced sooner or later, and its solution is a matter of moment to the order and the state.

A New Breathing Space.

As soon as they can obtain the requisite teams, which means as soon as the strike is settled, the city authorities are to begin work on a new public playground at Seventh and Harrison. Founded along lines laid down in the Eastern cities, this first playground is to be an experiment, since it can accomodate only one-tenth or one-twentieth of the boys who would make use of it. The indirect credit for this new and admirable activity of the city is due to the California Club. It is the result of an honorable failure. Over two years ago, they founded a playground of their own and threw it open to the boys of the region around Polk street. For a time it prospered. But opposition among certain finicky neighbors, and the operations of a "gang" of "toughs" in the neighborhood conspired to break it up. It was acknowledged that in other ways the playground was a success. Against the hoodlums of the region and the over-particular neighbors, however, the club had not the protection that is given to a municipal institution, and for that reason the ladies in charge turned their attention to obtaining city backing for a new playground. This is now secured, and the rest should be plain sailing. These municipal breathing spaces are an essential part of a modern city; their use in preventing crime and promoting good order is proved and recognized.

For the photographs of the Native Sons' Celebration at San Jose, reproduced on Page 8 of this issue, credit is due to Bushnell of San Francisco and San Jose.

The newest revelations of Tammany crookedness in New York are said to have given the institution a harder blow than anything else in its long career.

THROUGH THE WEEK.

THEY are fighting one another again at Stanford University. Since Commencement of a year ago last spring, when an ex-student brought the faculty down around his ears by a poster which was supposed to be derogatory to President Jordan's dignity, faculty and students of the institution at Palo Alto seem to have done little less than make themselves unpopular with one another. First, there was this incident mentioned, a very little matter which got itself magnified into a big one; then came the Ross affair which made a noise throughout the world out of all proportion to the real importance of the issue; then the Howard resignation, with still more unpleasantness, and now an unpleasant tilt over a graduate manager.

In all of these troubles, even in the tangled Ross affair, a very little tact on the part of the authorities in control would have averted any serious trouble. But in every case matters have been horribly bungled by the men charged with the execution of affairs under the direction of Dr. Jordan. The Ross affair, for example, was handled as though the parties interested were trying to get the greatest amount of trouble to the square inch of cause. The same tactics are being employed in the removal of Graduate Manager Nourse.

* * *

The dissensions at Stanford University go to emphasize the impractical character of the true scholar. To be a university professor in this day of the world, a man of even more than average ability has to make himself a study machine. He must make books and not men the object of his college course. He must follow this with years of confining and grinding work on his specialty in the European universities. Then, he must shut himself up in the cloister to live with others of the same stripe and with young men and women at the immature period, and study and teach for the rest of his days. From the time when he enters college, he lives and moves and has his being in a world of books and experiments and theories. That struggle and contact with diverse minds and diverse men which strengthens and broadens the minds of men in ordinary professions is no part of his life. This is an age of specialists. The specialty of the scholar and the college professor is the creation and promulgation of theories, which other men are expected to take up and make practical.

But even in university affairs real practical problems arise occasionally, and when these theorists take them up and attempt to handle them, they make the sad mess which the Stanford faculty made of the Ross affair, which it is now making of the controversy over Mr. Nourse. Nothing more childish and insolently conceited and impractical than their late manifesto to the student body ever emanated from the San Francisco Labor Council, the pattern and model for all impractical utterances and puffed-up conceit.

* * *

From all signs, the Episcopal Convocation, coming to San Francisco in October, will be a lively session. It has already been noted that the canons on divorce are coming up for overhauling and revision, with a view to the practical excommunication of all divorced persons who have remarried. This is expected to breed trouble between the strictly clerical faction, which stands strictly against divorce, and the lay party, which is mildly in favor of it. The real controversy, however, will come when the ritualistic faction attempts to have the official name revised to omit the word "Protestant." That one little name in the title is a stumbling-block to the ritualists, who have been been waxing strong, especially in the East, since the last Convocation. The issue between High and Low Church has never been joined in this country. The lines were drawn long ago in England, and the controversy has raged fiercely for many years. Here, the motion to omit the offending word may be the first gun of a great battle.

* * *

The Episcopal Church being, in this country, the Church of Society, the convention might add to its activities an investigation concerning the hold of the church in that section of the social body known by common consent as the Upper Ten. With society people in both New York and London, going to church has always been a conventionality not to be lightly broken if one is to be thought respectable, but a Californian does not have to be told that, in Protestant circles at least, no such rule of conduct prevails here.

Now it appears that since the death of Queen Victoria, London is rapidly growing away from the custom. A writer of social gossip in one of the British weeklies asserts that it is wholly out of fashion and has caused so much concern to the Archbishop of Canterbury that he has opened an investigation of his own with startling results. One woman, the wife of a statesman, told him that church attendance is "silly." Another said that people in society have so much to do in six days and nights that they want absolute rest on the seventh. The most original excuse was given by a noble lady who figures heavily in the society journals. She said that she never attended church because her former pastor had tried to make religion "invade the sphere of private life." She had kept three footmen and a butler, and her former pastor had tried to make her discharge one of the footmen and give his wages to the poor. This she considered "priest craft."

* * *

There is almost no likelihood that the strike will be "settled" or "called off" or stopped short in any way whatever. Its end, from present appearances, will be a gradual death by dry rot, as non-union men take the place of union strikers. This process would have been very nearly consummated by now, had it not been for the terror inspired by the battery and attempted murder and mayhem committed by the strike sympathizers whenever the police turn their backs. News of these assaults has deterred thousands of workmen who would otherwise have come in from the interior. In truth, this and the doubtful friendship of the "Examiner," are the only holds left for the strikers. Under the present political administration of justice, there is no prospect that the beating, shooting and maiming of so-called "scabs" is to be called off. There is not the same reason for urging a sudden abandonment of the strike that there was a month ago. It has held up the fruit crop now, and wrought its greatest possible harm. Nevertheless, this is an unsatisfactory ending. It leaves a body of unemployed union men adrift on the city. The forced importation of outside help crowds the labor market. Winter is coming on, and when the last of the strike benefits have vanished into the pockets of the professional agitators, the unemployed will be appealing to the community for aid. Then, the disturbances incident to the strike may be expected to reach far into next year. Messers Casey, Furuseth, Rosenberg and Company will keep their good thing going to the notch. The strike of the "Cooks' and Waiters' Alliance" was smashed in two weeks, but the boycott was kept up for three months until ended by the courts, and even now a tattered remnant of the organization is pretending that there is a strike.

* * *

The doings of our heroes are always of interest: their transactions in real estate, their aspirations and their failings; more than this, the doings of their relatives assume tremendous importance. If Vice President Roosevelt shoots a wild cat, the portraits of his wife, his children, the nurse and the dog appear in the next morning's paper. We suffer all this because we know when we are given pictures we are saved from printed matter. If we are fervent patriots, the picture of Roosevelt's dog recalls San Juan, and the result of these details of minor importance is a dim vision of smoke and bursting shells, a new thrill of enthusiasm for our country. Space in a yellow journal is the devil's opportunity and we should always rejoice to see him crowded out by the photographer.

The question arises, however, whether we have not lost our sense of proportion. With the background of Manila Bay or San Juan any incident is of interest. But because John Doe has written a novel, do we care to know what he eats for breakfast or whether he sleeps in a nightgown or pajamas? Or are we interested, because John Jones has been persistently bullied by some publisher, to hear Mr. John Jones' very ordinary description of an ordinary sunset? We are given credit for a readiness to abandon old machinery, regardless of its original cost. Have our publishers the courage to take the same stand in literature?

* * *

Father Yorke is at it again. You can't muzzle the man. Nothing short of paralysis of the vocal chords could stop that flow of fire-and-sword oratory. This time, it is a defence of his special daily organ against the charge of fomenting anarchy.

Father Yorke is the victim of an unfortunate temperament. He gets drunk on the sound of his own voice. He has been known to mount a platform in the full remembrance of the admonitions of his superiors and with the firm intention of making only a moderate address. But as soon as he hears the first words from his own lips, he goes to pieces, the Irish rises up in him, and he turns loose all the splendid and rabid prejudice which would have made him the greatest anarchist leader in the world had he not missed his vocation.

The Attack on President McKinley.

The President and Chief Sullivan. A Characteristic Pose Taken During the Visit to San Francisco.
The Crowd Before the "Chronicle" Reading the First News of the Crime.

Photos by Dana.

Some Glimpses of President McKinley.

THE daily newspapers have already expressed the special regret felt by San Francisco and California over the danger of President McKinley. Nowhere else, outside of Washington and Canton, was the grief over the calamity so genuine, because nowhere else do the people feel that they know him so well. He journeyed across the country for the purpose of attending a purely Californian festivity, here he was overtaken by one of the great crises of his life, and he lingered for a fortnight while his wife, his very all, fought for life. That was only a scant three months ago, and now he himself is lying in the same deadly peril. Because of this, a few glimpses of the man, as caught by one of the crowd who followed him up the Coast and watched before the Scott house during his fortnight of trial, may be of present interest.

The most vivid impression of the casual observer of President McKinley, was the burden which the man carried around with him, the tremendous demand upon his energy, and the cheerful, almost blithe manner in which he bore it. No one who has not followed his day closely, as we did on that journey up the Coast, can realize just what a strain he was undergoing, just how every moment was filled up, how mighty was the sum of his labors. In the daytime, there was one continual round of handshaking and smiling and bowing, in themselves the hardest kind of hard work. In the seconds and fractions of seconds that intervened, he crowded in his official duties, his conferences with the members of the cabinet, the thousand and one little things which claimed his attention. And before his hosts were up or after they had retired, he was working at this same official business. A perfect system, of which the careful and politic Cortelyou was the executive, enabled him to snatch minutes and seconds for repose. If there was a slight hitch in getting a train into a station or under way, if the committee of arrangements were behind time in clearing a passage through the crowds, he leaned back in his chair, the picture of quiet repose, and rested. His face grew blank and expressionless; I am very sure that he was not even thinking. This, perhaps, partly explains his ability to perform his giant labors. He understood the trick of using his time, whether for work or for repose.

Add to that the anxiety of a devoted husband over a very sick wife, and one can appreciate what he endured when he was here among us. Even to that was super-added the necessity of smiling and appearing pleasant and cordial whenever he made a public appearance. Novels and poems have been written about the comedian who can bring laughter on the boards when his child is ill or his wife dead, but such a triumph over nature is as nothing to this.

His cordiality, his kindness, his genial manner have been called a pose. Those who saw him more closely in that hurried, trying time know better. They caught glimpses of him off guard, at work, at rest, when the veil would have dropped had it been a veil. They saw him, in the midst of his worry and toil, stop for little kindly acts. Kindness is said to cost nothing, but in his case there is a tremendous exception. It cost minutes and seconds of incalculable value to him, minutes and seconds which he might have used for his snatches of rest. No better proof of his real attraction for all men is needed than the attitude of the newspaper men who followed him across the country and up the coast. Men of this craft, who see the seamy side of everything, are not hero worshippers, have no respect for position and place, and are inclined to rate men below their true value rather than above it. There were other members of the party, some of them exceedingly close to the President, of whom they do not hesitate to speak slightingly. But for McKinley himself they have an enthusiastic affection, a sort of personal love. I am told by a Washington correspondent that such is the general private sentiment in the newspaper business throughout the country.

People are so selfish by nature! One who knew the extent of his labors and his burdens was irritated for him at the work added by the selfish insistence, miscalled hospitality, everywhere along his line of travel. In spite of official warnings to the contrary, they had always planned more for him than he could possibly carry out, even with his energy and industry and system. And when he cut his set program, departed from it in the smallest particular, there was always a noise and a howl. It was taken as a personal affront. The second day after Mrs. McKinley passed the most serious stage of her illness, the President was due at Oakland. Because it would have taken him too long to reach the city in the event of a change in the patient's condition and also, doubtless, because he was worn out by his double burden, the President did not go but sent the Cabinet instead. Even in that emergency and with that cause for his absence, Oakland and Berkeley took it hard and ungraciously. They thought of their yards of bunting and decorations, their brass bands, their welcome, not of the sick-bed and the loyal husband. "He went to San Jose; is it any better than Oakland?" was the universal comment along the streets. Local pride and individual selfishness were hurt. And that very afternoon Mrs. McKinley was in one of those fainting-spells from any one of which she might never have rallied.

Against that very stroke which fell last Friday the President was continually watched during his days in California. He was most incautious; he has always been so. He is the only President who has made it a custom to walk the streets of Washington alone; as such, he is the terror of the Secret Service agents set to guard him. On this trip, he kept John W. Foster, his special guardian, guessing night and day. He would take unexpected turns through the thickest crowds, giving a thousand chances to any crank or anarchist in this comparatively unknown country. Next to the President, Foster was the most burdened man in the United States. If he slept at all, no one knew it. In those anxious days, when the newspapers were keeping all-night watches before the house, he was the last person seen outside before the lights were turned down. Then, at intervals all through the night, he would emerge, stroll with studied carelessness around the house, speak a few words with the reporters shivering in the fog, and disappear again. Before the sun was up, he was out and around, scrutinizing the approaches, and whenever the President went abroad, Foster was at his elbow. It was current talk that the President tried persistently to "shake" him; if so, he never succeeded while in San Francisco. Foster was at the President's side when the shot was fired, but the plan of the anarchist, a most original and clever one by the way, was too deep for even his vigilance. But those who know him feel a secondary sympathy for him in the failure of his watchfulness.

Perhaps, for all his carelessness, McKinley knew the danger, felt it, lived with it, and preferred to take the chances like a brave, democratic ruler rather than be guarded like a Czar. A little-known incident of his visit would point to that conclusion. It was at the Union Iron Works, on the launching platform, a half an hour before the big battleship was sent off the ways. The President was early, and as the launching could not come off before high tide, he sat waiting at the table where the electric button was placed. On the platform around him stood half his cabinet, a Major-General, a Rear-Admiral, the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the City, and a score of minor dignitaries besides two hundred invited guests of lesser importance. Rich picking there would have been for an anarchist bomb that day!

There was a shed to the rear of the platform. Here, the photographer of "Harper's Weekly" set up a huge panoramic camera, a heavy affair, mostly glass, which he had brought all the way for the one event. In some manner he kicked this over; it fell twenty feet to the platform and broke with a mighty crash.

The President was sitting with his back to the shed. At the sound, he leaped to his feet and half crouched with his arms before his face, which turned ashy pale. The laughter of the crowd reassured him, and he sat down, laughing also, but he was trembling a little and the prespiration stood out on his forehead. The whole group on the platform saw this, and not one failed to appreciate. It tore from top to bottom the veil between the man's feelings and the world, exposed the terror of sudden death under which the best of rulers must live.

One other incident, this time to illustrate his good, common sense. This, also, was never published. The newspapers did not dare. It was the night of his reception at the ferry building. It will be remembered that there was something of a crush, that a few women fainted and one or two were injured, but it will be news to know that a disastrous panic was avoided by the merest fraction of an inch.

As is common to affairs of the sort in San Francisco, it was very badly managed. The crush was fearful; the militiamen proved ineffective in holding back the section intrusted to their care. The entrance of the President was the signal for a rush forward; the crowd pressed in from behind; the pack grew tighter, women began to scream and faint and men to push backward to counteract the resistless pressure from behind. The people were jammed, wedged, packed into

Continued on Page 6.

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

An unusually quiet and uneventful week. It is really remarkable how one can live week after week without attending a single function. The between season life is devoid of any interest. I have been in town all the week, going about with auntie, but not being entertained. She gave Mrs. Alexander of New York a luncheon, but as there were no girls, your dear child spent the day alone. I quite like Mrs. Alexander; she is a fine, strong-minded woman. Her idea in life is really to do her duty. She is very charitable, and realizes that her money was given to her for some other purpose than that of buying clothes and jewels. She built and endowed a Maternity Home in San Francisco connected with the Children's Hospital. She feels personally responsible for the manner in which it is conducted. Consequently it stands at the head of the Maternity Homes of America. She is deeply interested in the future of Jennie and Templeton Crocker, her brother's children, and was one of those who helped Burton Harrison to win Mary Crocker. This young lady was, from the accounts of her friends, a very peculiar, head-strong girl. Her grandmother had brought her up in the strictest of schools. Upon attaining her majority, she launched forth, spent money left and right, defying her previous guardians in the most remarkable manner. Then Mrs. Alexander invited her to New York, and within three months she was engaged.

Mary Scott, now Mrs. Walter Martin, was her best friend. Many people think the wealth that surrounded Mary Crocker was one of the great temptations in Mary Scott's life. She was determined to make a brilliant match and thus became Mrs. Walter Martin.

You said in your last letter, mama dear, that Mrs. Oelrichs was very worried about Lily's marriage. Do you really think that it will never come off? People out here say that Hermann Oelrichs is at the bottom of it all. He never had any special regard for the Martin boys, and knows absolutely the limitations of their income. Then you know, mama, Lily Oelrichs is a very handsome, attractive girl, with a splendid position in New York. In San Francisco anyone who likes can go into society. From all appearances, very few people really care anything about it.

Here one can ride in the street cars for miles upon miles, passing large, sumptuous-looking houses. Aunty only knows who lives in one house out of ten. Many of the nicest San Francisco people are not interested in society, not having any grown daughters. But the mothers belong to some club, and lead a semi-intellectual life. I heard one of the older society girls say one day last week at a tea:

"You know we have so little real amusement in San Francisco that we must interest ourselves either in cultivating our minds or in some charity." That is why San Francisco has a greater number of charitable societies than any other city in the Union.

I expect to spend a few days next week with Mrs. Hugh Tevis at Del Monte. Mrs. Lloyd Tevis asked auntie to let me go down there. You see it is pretty dull for young Mrs. Hugh as she dare not amuse herself to the slightest degree, as there are people all around her waiting for an opportunity to criticise. She has had a great deal of uncomfortable notoriety owing to her husband's early death and her first love affair.

The Downey Harvey girls are soon to return to New York to school. I should like you to invite them to stay for a week or so at Newport with you before they arrive in New Yew. Mrs. Harvey has been most kind to me and is one of the few women here who give dinners intelligently. It is not only a question of a good cook. She has interesting people to meet one. There are some who sing, some who are musical and one or two remarkable for their conversational ability.

I went to a dinner Mrs. Martin gave to the Harvey girls last week. Her house is really delightful. Such fine spacious rooms, and a dining room commanding a wonderful view of this great San Francisco Bay. Her silver is stunning. Most of it Irish, old family silver, but she did not say that it was her own family silver. As auntie bought most of hers from the silversmiths in Dublin, and it is old Irish family silver, I have drawn my own conclusions. Mama dear, I am happy to know that we belong to a good Dutch family and have our Family Tree. But Auntie is a Colonial Dame right enough. Half the "Inits" out here are either that or Daughters of the Revolution.

If I lived here I think I would belong to a woman's club and eventually buy a chicken ranch, it is such a quiet life. If you do not send for me before Xmas I shall marry, for every girl almost that I know is engaged. It is just in the air, and I am quite as likely as not to inhale a microbe. Each girl denies her engagements but she acts in such an "I own you," manner to her special man, that I always regard it as merely a question of time before she gets her trousseau.

It is not my fault, mama dear, that my letter this week is dull. It is simply that no one is doing anything of any importance.

ELIZABETH.

Some Glimpses of President McKinley.

Continued from Page 5.

the long, narrow hall; the entrances were hopelessly choked, the crowd was out of all control, was becoming aware of the danger and needed only a sudden shock to start a panic.

When the President rose to speak, he cast one glance over the throng before him and took in the situation. He turned to the ever-present Foster and whispered a few words. It was learned afterwards that he was giving instructions to be taken away the moment that he finished speaking. He delivered a very short speech, not over two or three minutes, and was then immediately spirited away. Everyone who stood by the platform realized that the general handshaking set to follow the speaking would, in all probability, have precipitated the rush and panic which McKinley saw coming, and which he averted by his prompt withdrawal.

The men who waited before the Scott house in those long two weeks realize the quiet but intensely thrilling scene that is going on day by day before the Millman house in Buffalo. The anxious watchers, treading tiptoe before that hushed, silent house; the realization that it is the center of the whole country, the point of focus for the hopes and prayers of the nation; the importance assumed by little things—the sudden arrival of a physician, the opening of a window; the appearance of a nurse or a secretary at the door—the three or four moments of suppressed excitement throughout the day, when the calm, polite secretary emerges with the terse official statement which means so much; the waiting crowds, vanguard of the world's interest, watching beyond the police lines. Only, in this case, there is a double strain and a double interest because it is the man himself and not his nearest and dearest who is lying close to death.

JOHN STOLLARD.

We have all heard of the use to which the large fire-flies of tropical countries are put—sometimes for ornament to a lady's ball dress, sometimes for a more practical purpose. It is said that certain specimens emit light enough to read by, and are made use of in that way when other light is not at hand. But a professor in the university of Lyons has gone several steps beyond the firefly in obtaining animal illumination. He has succeeded in cultivating luminous marine microbes in a liquid medium contained in small glass vessels. The nature of the liquid is not yet made known, but the professor's experiment is so far successful that a few of these queer little lamps hung about a bust in a dark room make it plainly visible. The light is feeble, but is sufficient, with several hours exposure, to make a photograph of the bust. With another form of lamp filled with phosphorescent bacteria, he obtained enough light to read by.

The "Monitor" quotes a passage from an article of a New Zealand priest, lately a visitor in San Francisco, which is worthy of note as illustrating how others see our strike. He says;

"Several strikes were afoot in San Francisco when the Archdeacon was there, one incidental on the refusal of the retail butchers (under threat of a stoppage of supplies by the trusts) to allow the cards of unionists to be placed in their windows. The method of conducting a strike in America was amusing to a visitor in view of our different New Zealand practices. There the employers placard their buildings with big letters pointing out that they are the injured parties, while the employees constitute themselves into sandwich men and parade up and down solemnly warning prospective customers against patronizing the proprietor who is a sweater and a wage cutter. If these men cease in their weary parade to try and state a case they are instantly pounced upon and borne away by a lynx-eyed constabulary."

POLITICAL COMMENT.

THE strike rules the political situation. All parties are waiting and withholding promises for the settlement which does not come. Could either side find a man who could hold the party allegiance and at the same time draw with the labor element, that man would win the nomination hands down and with every chance of election. He has not appeared and both sides are holding back, afraid of making mistakes at this ticklish stage of the game.

This is true of the Republicans even more so than with the Democrats, because the latter are to hold their convention last, and thereby will have an opportunity to profit by the mistakes of their rivals and at the same time enjoy a more extended period in which to "look around."

In the Labor Day procession, there were by actual count 11,000 men in line, most of whom were in all probability entitled to vote at the ensuing election. If these men stand in together, they can by united action, expect a change of 22,000 votes. Suppose that there is outside of the ranks of those who marched, one sympathizer for every three in line. That would mean a net change of 30,000 votes. Under a registration of 70,000 in this city, a vote of 55,000 is to be expected. The labor element, supposing the figures to be accurate, could easily hold the balance of power, and if the parties put up particularly weak men for any office, they might possibly slide a candidate of their own clear through. At any rate their leaders are in a splendid position to trade the ticket for patronage, and it would be no wild guess to predict some such result should the labor party hold together in the face of threatening internal dissentions.

With this condition of affairs, the position of the leaders is apparent. If any man could be found able to bring about the solution of the present labor troubles, he would be the logical candidate, and to him would be tendered the nomination for the head of the ticket.

The question of supervisors is dependent upon the same proposition. This is probably to be a year for a clean sweep by one party or the other—the head of the ticket will carry the whole thing. So no one is bothering about supervisors and everyone is looking for a mayor. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the party leaders of both sides are acting cautiously.

Candidates prominently mentioned have been thicker than flies. Chief Crowley was at one time under consideration by the Republicans. He was thought to be strong with the Irish and with the Democrats, but he was opposed as not being a sufficiently representative man.

Kirkpatrick is being pushed forward by the "Chronicle," which makes it almost conclusive that he is out of it, since the Republican faction opposed by that newspaper is in power with the party.

The Democratic party is holding its breath awaiting the decision of Phelan. The situation has not changed in that respect; the nomination is still his if he wishes it, and in spite of confident declarations to the contrary, he has made no decision. Everything is at sixes and sevens until he declares himself.

Doubtless Phelan, also, is waiting the outcome of the strike, which will have a direct bearing upon his candidacy as it has upon that of every one else in the running.

All will be quiet until the industrial crisis is settled or until events have gone so far that that there can be some prediction made as to the effect of a labor party.

The Board of Trade made an attempt last week to drag Governor Gage into it by petitioning him to call out the militia for the further protection of the water front. It goes without saying that Gage paid no attention to this request that he commit political suicide. He has cut his political eye teeth, and would send militia only in the case of a real emergency backed by the earnest request of Mayor Phelan.

Senator Flint has been here during the week, keeping track of his friends and taking stock. He reports gains for his candidacy south of Tehachipi. He admits that he has no "cinch" there, but claims to have broken up the unanimity of Gage feeling in the South. J. K. L.

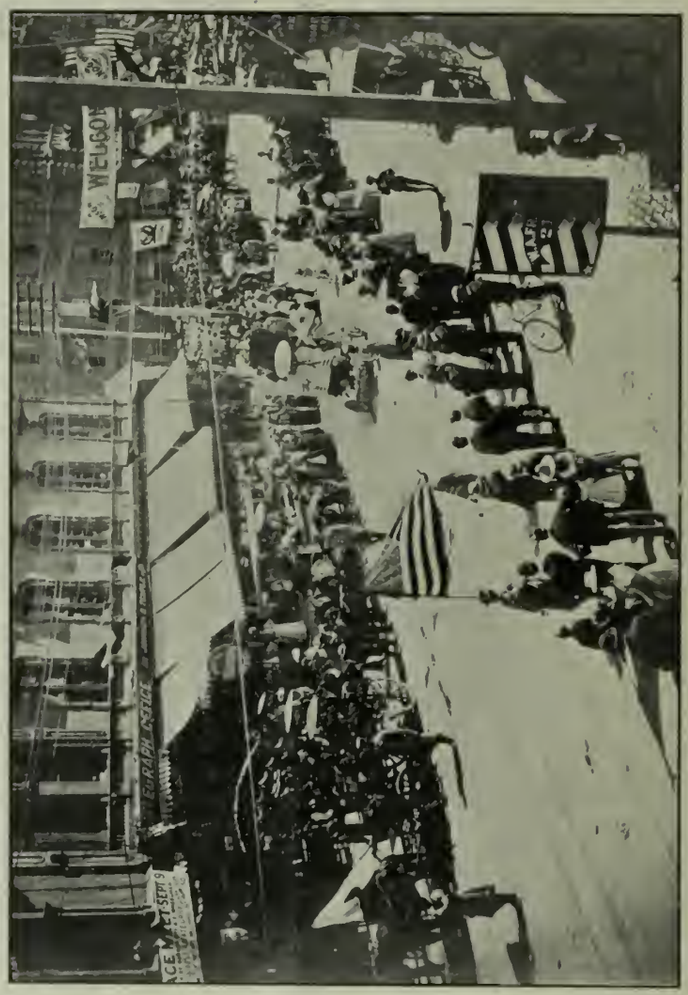
Catalina Island, it seems, must share its honors. It appears that Mr. Menier, the proprietor of Anticosti Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, was "overjoyed" this summer to find the tuna basking on the waters that surround his property.

A Quebec correspondent, writing to the "Sun," claims also, that some years ago Capt. Henry Webb of Milk Island near Gloucester harpooned thirty of these monsters, weighing in the aggregate 3,000 pounds; he goes on to ask superciliously if the tuna of Catalina Island attain anything like the weight of these fishes, etc.

Are we to lose all distinction in the eyes of the world? Vancouver claims a Yosemite. Our big trees are destined to the lumber mill and there seems to be nothing left but the Missions and the Southern Pacific.

Tableau from Act II, "A Voice from the Wilderness."
Edward Ellsner's Spectacular Drama at the Central.

Veteran Firemen.



Brooklyn Parlor's Automobile Banner.

La Vespera Parlor, N. D. G. W.

La Estrella Parlor, N. D. G. W.

The Admission Day Celebration at San Jose.

HARRY I. MULCREVY.
Chief Aid to the Grand Marshal.

ED. J. TAAFE,
Grand Marshal of the Order and of the San Jose Parade.

COLONEL THOMAS F. O'NEIL.
Of the First California Infantry, Chief of Staff to Grand Marshal.

THE Fifty First Anniversary Celebration of the Native Sons and Native Daughters of the Golden West, was, as are all of the celebrations of those organizations, both succesful and enjoyable, although at first it looked as if a damper or even worse would be cast over it by the cowardly assault on President McKinley. When the first news of the Buffalo anarchist's cowardly deed was received, workmen were busy festooning the streets of the Garden City with flags, shields, badges, and gay insignia, but with the coming of the news the work was stopped and never fully resumed. The fireworks and electrical illuminations were entirely abandoned, and many private residences that had been made masses of bunting in honor of California's special holiday were sorrowfully reduced to their everyday plainness by patriotic hands in deference to the stricken President. Thus the streets did not present the vividness of color that has characterized former celebrations, and though the only words received from those qualified to know were encouraging, still therewas the undercurrent of keen anxiety that caused many to pause in the festivies while the merry makers consulted the the bulletins.

Though many, overcome by the black news from Buffalo, remained at home, over ten thousand strangers journeyed from their homes to the Garden City to participate in the revelry. Special trains were run from the South over the Narrow Guage, down from Oakland, from the interior towns, and from San Francisco. The first of the visitors began to arrive early Saturday morning, and from then on, until midnight Sunday, trainload after trainload rolled in—happy, careless, frolicking, joking, fun-loving crowds of pleasure-seekers, banded together with the one idea of enjoying themselves, and bound to do so, although circumstances seemed to forbid public manifestations of enthusiasm. Altogether, they arrived nearly thirty different parlors, besides any number of delegations representing parlors which for one reason or another were unable to attend in a body.

Escorts, made up of representatives of the various San Jose parlors, met each train-load of visitors as they arrived and escorted them to their headquarters; arriving there, the guests registered, and were carefully provided with lodgings where to lay their weary heads when the gray hours of the morning should mark the finish of the nights festivities, and directions as to how best to satisfy the cravings of the inner man and woman: all these things provided for, the comfort of their guests assured, the hospitable Sons and Daughters of San Jose passed to them the freedom of the city, with carte blanche to enjoy themselves—and they did.

GEORGE Y. BOLLINGER,

H. W. McCOMAS,

T. W. HOBSON,

HOMER PRINDLE,

Four of the San Jose Members to Whom the Celebration Owes its Success.

Photos Bushnell, San Jose.

HON. JOSEPH R. KNOWLAND,
Of Halcyon Parlor, prominent in the last State Legislature.

JOHN T. GREANY,
Past Grand President and Assistant District Attorney in Department Six, mentioned for higher honors by his friends in the Order.

GEORGE SCHMIDT,
Post Master of Berkeley and President of Berkeley Parlor No. 10.

SECOND DIVISION — Marshal — W. L. Coombs; Aids—J. S. Selby, Robert J. Langford; Ladies' Band; Pioneers on Foot; Pioneers in Carriages; Mayor and Common Council in Carriages; Board of Supervisors in Carriages.

THIRD DIVISION—Marshal—Miss Ethel Pyle; Aids—T. W. Hobson, J. R. Trimble; First Infantry Band; La Estrella Parlor, N. D. G. W; Golden State Parlor No. 50, N. D. G. W; Fremont Parlor No. 59, N. D. G. W; Las Lomas Parlor No. 72, N. D. G. W; Buena Vista Parlor; Oro Fina Parlor; California Parlor No. 1, N. S. G. W; La Vespera Parlor, on Float; San Jose Parlor No. 81, N. D. G. W., in Carriages; Vendome Parlor No. 100, N. D. G. W., in Carriages; Grand Officers N. D. G. W., in Carriages; Grand Officers N. S. G. W., in Carriages.

FOURTH DIVISION — Marshal — Alexander F. Williams; Aids — J. S. Williams, F. C. Gerdis; Pensacola Naval Band; Pacific Parlor No. 10; Mission Parlor No. 38.

FIFTH DIVISION—Marshal—Fred Suhr Jr; Aids —H. G. Williams, A. N. Fredson; Golden Gate Drum Corps; Golden Gate Parlor No. 29; Fremont Parlor No. 24; Oakland Parlor No. 50.

SIXTH DIVISION — Marshal — W. E. Bamber; Aids—J. E. Lewis, D. Lowney; League of the Cross Drum Corps; Alameda Parlor No. 47; El Dorado Parlor No. 52; Stanford No. 76.

SEVENTH DIVISION — Marshal — Milton Besse; Aids—Spiro Radovich, William McDonald, Hastings Concert Band; Fourth Division, Naval Militia, N. G. C., Captain C. Lindsay commanding; Santa Cruz Parlor No. 90; Yerba Buena Parlor No. 84.

EIGHTH DIVISION—Marshal—Edward L. Rittore; Aids—J. N. Ross, F. W. Marshall; San Francisco Drum Corps; San Francisco Parlor No. 49; Santa Lucia Parlor No. 97; Bay City Parlor No. 104; Niantic Parlor No. 105.

NINTH DIVISION — Marshal — H. A. Mullen; Aids—Emil Camolle, Charles Ruppricht; Rincon Parlor No. 72; Eden Parlor No. 113.

TENTH DIVISION—Marshal—F. Barnett; Aids —H. T. Ansdro, H. D. Clark; Oakland Concert Band; Piedmont Parlor No. 120; Alcatraz Parlor No. 145; Halcyon Parlor No. 146; Brooklyn Parlor No. 151.

ELEVENTH DIVISION — Marshal — Emilio Lastretto; Aids — E. A. Duvenick, W. R. Milton; Alcalde Drum and Bugle Corps; Alcalde Parlor Drill Corps; Alcalde Parlor No. 154; Sea Point Parlor No. 158; Sequoia Parlor No. 160.

TWELFTH DIVISION—Marshal—E. D. Crowley; Aids—F. A. Lux, W. B. Lawrence; Hesperian Parlor Band; Hesperian Parlor No. 137; Menlo Parlor No. 185; Olympus Parlor No. 189.

THIRTEENTH DIVISION — Marshal — Joseph E. Quinn; Aids—John Olandt, Oscar Kranz; Precita Drum Corps; Precita Parlor No. 187; Presidio Parlor No. 194.

FOURTEENTH DIVISION — Marshal — J. Rose; Aids — Eugene C. S. Desparr, Frank Frietas, Marshal Drum Corps; Marshal Parlor 202: Army and Navy Parlor No. 207; Dolores Parlor No. 208; Marston Hose Company No. 2 of Berkeley escorting Berkeley Parlor No. 210.

FIFTEENTH DIVISION — Marshal — Nathaniel Hallifian; Aids—Charles E. Towne, Walter A. Meads; Marine Band; South San Francisco Parlor No. 157; Athens Parlor No. 195; San Jose Parlor No. 22; Palo Alto Parlor No. 82; Observatory Parlor No. 177.

L. C. PISTOLESI,
One of San Francisco's able attorneys, held in high regard by the Order.

MAJOR CHARLES BOXTON,
San Francisco's popular Supervisor who led a batallion of the First California Volunteers in the Spanish and Philippine wars.

EDWIN GOLDSTONE,
Of the Grand Hotel, prominent and well liked in the Order.

The Observations of Eunice.

1. Aim, Impulse, and Accident.

"AN infinite capacity for being pained," she observed, as we left the house in the wake of the Lion.

"He didn't disguise it very well," I replied, assisting her to an outside seat on the car, and then, when I was beside her, with that desire to be absolutely transparent which I experience only in her company, I added "yet I must confess I've also seen pictures that pained me."

"Oh, we all have, of course," she said charitably, "but not in a house like that. These people are frankly ignorant. They give their attention to comfortable chairs and dusting, rather than raving over Japanese prints, and hanging dead branches round the room to appear aesthetic. They may not be able to define a pre-Raphaelite,but they've lived and loved, and, for that matter, are still living and loving, instead of watering down old passions and editing them. (This I'm afraid was intended for me.) And what's more to the point," she added, with an attempt to be matter-of-fact; "They have a decent coal fire that keeps one warm—not a cold picturesque log and a bellows of quaint design with a hole in it, or a handful of chemically prepared driftwood. I think it unkind of a man, under such circumstances, to have involuntary spasms of pain before the pictures, even though his hostess is out of the room. She may not have good taste, but then, she doesn't painfully pretend it. At least she is consistent, and that is what saves the situation."

"And yet," I ventured, as we crossed Stockton Street, "I've known you to go into extacies over a Chinese sign though it hung from the dirtiest kind of a hovel. It seems to me there's incongruit of some kind in such a case."

"No, there is not," she asserted. "The effect is beautiful because it's spontaneous. It is this business of aping art that is hurtful. One feels pity for the unconscious—never contempt. Impulse is the sure guide to follow."

We were in the shadow of a dark warehouse, and I was seized with an impulse at that moment, which however, despite what she said, I dared not follow.

The car rattled into the glare of Dupont street; and stopped to discharge a string of Chinamen.

"Let us go over by the next boat," she said, "and take a look at the Chinese stores. I have to buy some presents."

I assented gladly, and we stepped off. It was bewilderingly bright in the store, and that may account for what followed.

Against the counter stood what appeared to be an old tapestry framed very roughly in black.

"What beautiful color and design," she murmured, stooping to examine it more closely; but, as I followed suit, the words died on her lips in a gasp. She drew herself back sharply, inclining toward me as she did so, as though she had seen something repulsive on the far side. I was taken unawares, and though I instinctively tried to avoid it, the result was that I kissed her sharply on the ear.

For a moment, while I stammered apologies, I wondered to what this good fortune was due; but I soon saw: a little red faced woman, a peddler, hastened toward us, bearing in her hand what was evidently a partner to the tapestry we were examining. It bore the motto GOD BLESS OUR HOME, worked in colored wools.

"Its wrong side round," she explained, hastily turning the tapestry which we had been inspecting and revealing the legend HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER. "They're very cheap—only five dollars each."

"No thank you," I interposed hastily; "They're not exactly what we want—at present."

Eunice laughed confusedly, but the peddler realized the opportunity of years, "Pay me five dollars for this," she urged, indicating GOD BLESS OUR HOME, "and I'll keep the other for you till you need it. Only five dollars,lady, and they will make your home happy."

There was something wrong with the door fastening, and Eunice suffered this with flaming cheeks while I struggled. When I finally succeeded in opening it we retreated in disorder.

She said nothing, till we were on the car, and then only in a cold voice.

"I think you behaved in a very horrid way."

"But it was not my fault," I urged penitently.

There was a disheartening silence and in desperation I determined to break it.

"Let us talk about something more interesting."

She made no sign that she heard.

"Talking about happy effects," I went on, ignoring her silence, "it seems that they may result from accident as well as from impulse."

"Impulse is some guarantee of continuity," she replied in her most judical tone; "but a happy accident is an event of a life-time."

ARTHUR DARCY.

The Girl Philosopher's Story.

"You know Tom," began the girl philosopher, twisting a new ring about her third finger.

"Yes," exclaimed the other two in chorus, "when is it to be?"

"You know Tom," began the other again, who would tell things in her own way or not at all. "And you know there was a fire at our house, in which the old maiden lady on the third floor had her nose seriously burned. What I am going to tell you is related both to the fire and to Tom. It was the evening after,and I was practising at the piano, trying to appear as though I were not awaiting him. Formerly, when waiting for the man whom I was going to marry, I would have been reading a book. But they all seemed to see through that. They knew very well that the book was a ruse, and that I was just making up my mind what to say after the first greeting. So I ceased reading, and nowadays practice on the piano."

"It is hard to know what to say after the first greeting," remarked the fluffy haired girl.

"Is it?" asked the sallow young woman, innocently.

"Yes," replied the philosopher. "One is apt to grow red and look silly. Then he always says, 'Well, what are you laughing for?' and you always reply, 'Nothing at all,' and then you giggle. He laughs in little jerks, and asks you how you are. You say, 'All right. Hasn't it been a perfectly lovely day?' I used to get a book just before he came and think out things to say during such trying moments, but now I play the bumble-bee song or something which is not too noisy, for I always manage to hear every footfall on the veranda. That evening after the fire I was singing"——

"What risks you take!" ventured the sallow young woman.

"So I failed to listen for the footsteps as usual," proceeded the speaker. "I had just reached a high note and was endeavoring to get that vocal quiver that is so fetching, when some one directly behind my chair coughed slightly. It was so sudden that I forgot all about the line of action I had planned. I had intended to be cool to him, for you see, I was most —er—cordial the evening before. You should never be too cordial to a man twice in succession, you know."

"I know," answered the fluffy haired girl, with a conclusive nod.

"But it was awfully sudden," said the sallow young woman. "Did you mistake him for a book agent?"

"No such good luck, or good behavior, either," admitted the philosopher. "I just said, 'Oh Tom!' and I am afraid I left some of my new powder on his coat. He seemed to be about as surprised as I, for he backed away several steps, and removing my hands gently from his shoulder, remarked, 'I am afraid you are mistaken.'"

"What!" exclaimed the listeners.

The philosopher nodded vigorously, and bit her lip, as though she was about to laugh or cry. "It wasn't Tom at all," she finally gasped weakly, "but an accident insurance man who had come to see about the maiden lady's burned nose. The maid answered the door, you know."

"What did you say?" inquired the fluffy haired girl.

"I must have stammered a little, but I remember saying that I thought he was some one else."

"And he?"

"He said he wished he were."

"Impudence!" ejaculated the sallow young woman. "You really should tell Tom at once, for as long as you are wearing his ring"——

"But it is not his ring," said the philosopher, defiantly holding up her hand. "It's the accident insurance man's."

Her companions looked at each other in speechless surprise; the fluffy haired girl finally managed to inquire:

"When?"

"Since one week after he came out to inquire about the injuries of the maiden lady. Wasn't she a dear to poke her nose into the fire?"—Chicago News.

A great many women are subject to spells of dizziness, spots before the eyes, and a ringing noise in the head. These symptoms are commonly associated with liver "trouble" as the result of a diseased condition of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and the allied organs of digestion and nutrition. It cures through the stomach diseases seemingly remote from that organ, but which have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and digestive and nutritive system. Hence, cures of heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, and other organs are constantly effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

There is no alcohol in the "Discovery" and it is free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

Some dealers may offer a substitute as "just as good" as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. There's more profit in substitutes for the dealer. There's more health in the "Discovery" for you. Don't be imposed on.

"It is with the greatest pleasure I write you the benefit my mother has received from your 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" says Miss Carrie Johnson, of Lowesville, Amherst Co., Virginia. She suffered untold misery with uterine disease and nervousness, and had a constant roaring and ringing noise in her head. After taking six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery she was entirely cured."

When a laxative is required use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Things Theatrical.

An almost ideal Vinicius, an admirable Petronius, have succeeded in vitalizing even that dull, religious drama, "Quo Vadis" at the Grand Opera House. The play in its present version—that of Stanislaus Stange—has, I believe, been presented to San Francisco play-goers several times before; but last week's performance will undoubtedly remain the best we have had.

The management has done all in its power to accomplish this end, and excellent scenery, effective costumes and good stage management deserve recognition. In spite of all accessories, however, "Quo Vadis" remains a bore; and it is only after three or four acts filled with mawkish sentiment and exaggerated religious feeling that one is rewarded by experiencing a genuine dramatic "thrill" in the fifth and sixth acts, where the actors, who did their utmost throughout, at last got their opportunity in the scenes in the Mamertine Prison and the circus.

Joseph Haworth's magnetic personality, eager animation, nervous force, and graceful bearing, combined to realize with singular vividness the young Roman tribune. He was excellent as the ardent lover, but even finer in the scenes where he could give his splendid vitality full play. Where others fail, he succeeds best. For example, in the last act, where Vinicius sees Lygia tied to the bull, Mr. Haworth gives a portrayal of emotional excitement, almost madness, that is beyond criticism. His beautiful voice and excellent elocution had full scope in the declamatory passages, notably in the wild address to Nero.

Mr. Mayall's Petronius, with its calm and elevated bearing and princely dignity, stood out in fine contrast to the youthful energy of Vinicius, and shared the laurels. Mr. Mayall's personality, his clear-cut, classic features, his repose of manner, all fitted him for the role. But he showed real ability, aside from these qualities. His tender gravity toward his nephew was wonderfully touching; and his play of expression, his graceful poses, his significant pantomime and by-play were absolutely convincing.

The women were all unreal, however, Miss Hall looked charming in her white draperies, but she did not realize the possibilities of the part, small though they are. Meekness became weakness, and innocence stupidity in her "Lygia." The impossible sentiments of the noble Christian maiden were evidently too much for Miss Hall, who succeeded so well last week in depicting a more earthly ingenue. The Empress Poppaea ranted and tore passion to tatters, till even the unskillful laughed; and Eunice uttered words—and nothing more. Nero, too, was grotesque; but the Chilo Chilonides of Mr. Gardner compelled some admiration for a part that is, in the play, in execrable taste.

* * *

The reviving of "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Alcazar is apparently gaining the support and recognition which it deserves, and both the management and Miss Roberts must feel some gratification in perceiving how quick and responsive has been the admiration of the public for their ambitious artistic undertaking. This vivacious comedy has not been seen in San Francisco for many years, and many have forgotten the days when the genius of Booth, the charm of Minna Gale, illuminated it. Even the later version of Daly, in which John Drew and that most admirable of all shrews, Ada Rehan, delighted us, has lost something of distinctness in our minds, and therefore this Alcazar undertaking is doubly welcome.

The performance is distinctly "popular," and the play has been cut to suit the impatience of a modern audience. Lovers of Shakespeare may regret the omission of the prologue, but the exigencies of time probably demanded it. As it is, the comedy holds the audience wrapt, and Shakespeare proves his mastery once more, in spite of changed ideals, times, and conditions. The comedy seems imbued with the joy of life, and animation is the keynote of the whole performance. If any objection can be made, it is that the humor is at times rather too purely physical. Shakespeare, of course, has horse-play in most of his comedies; and it must be confessed that the somewhat dreary low-comedy was not lightened by the actors. But what they lacked in dignity, they gained in vivacity; and if they seemed at all lacking in reverence for the Shakesperian atmosphere, the complete abandon of all the performers was refreshing.

Miss Roberts proved again that her forte is comedy. She had fewer affectations than ever before. She was breezy, tempestuous, and yet charming in her anger. While her interpretation was not particularly subtle or delicate, it was consistently intelligent. One excellent comedy idea conveyed by Miss Roberts should be noted. In the scenes where she agrees that the sun is moon, the old man a fair, young virgin, she suggested not so much that Katherine was really tamed, as that she was humoring a madman perforce. She was not meek, but seemed proudly yielding to the bludgeonings of chance. By one glance of the eye she told the story—an admirable bit of art. Her final address, too, was simple and forceful.

Mr. Whittlesey showed a full appreciation of his opportunities, and rioted in the exaggerated humor of the part. He was so excellent in his complete assumption of the Elizabethan husband that one almost felt convinced he believed the primitive sentiments which he uttered on the marital relation. His continual animation, his evident enjoyment of the role, were delightful. The scene in Petruchio's home, where he tries killing Katherine by kindness, was particularly excellent.

"Bianca" and "Lucentio" failed to realize the more delicate humor of their roles, so that the charm of contrast between them and the more vigorous Katherine and Petruchio was not emphasized.

MAIDA CASTELHUN.

* * *

The second week of "A Voice from the Wilderness" at the Central, has established the fact of its popularity. A great deal of the original, declamatory speech has been cut out, and the effect has been to lighten the play and quicken the movement. It is not yet a strong drama, but it is a gorgeous spectacle.

The historic interest of the drama, the conscientious modelling upon Jewish tradition, and the lavish expenditure behind this commendable accuracy deserve the recognition of theatergoers.

Continued on Page 19.

Form No. 11.

CABLE MESSAGE.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

INCORPORATED

THOS. T. ECKERT, President and General Manager.

TWO AMERICAN CABLES FROM NEW YORK TO GREAT BRITAIN.
CONNECTS ALSO WITH FIVE ANGLO-AMERICAN AND ONE DIRECT U. S. ATLANTIC CABLES.
DIRECT CABLE COMMUNICATION WITH GERMANY AND FRANCE.
CABLE CONNECTION WITH CUBA, WEST INDIES, MEXICO AND CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.
MESSAGES SENT TO, AND RECEIVED FROM, ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

OFFICES IN AMERICA:
All Offices (21,000) of the Western Union Telegraph Company and Its Connections.

OFFICES IN GREAT BRITAIN:
LONDON: No. 21 Royal Exchange, E. C. No. 109 Fenchurch Street, E. C.
LIVERPOOL: No. 8 Rumford Street. GLASGOW: No. 29 Gordon St. and No. 4 Waterloo St. BRISTOL: Backhall Chambers.

RECEIVED at San Francisco, Cal.

6 CO.GU. KO. PERTH 8, SCOTLAND. Aug. 17, 1901.

Sherwood,

San Francisco.

Received Royal Warrant King Edward.

DEWAR.

3:54 a.m.

Copy of Cablegram from Dewar's Scotch Distillery

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD

Will return and resume teaching a limited number of pupils on AUGUST 15TH. Applications for time or an interview can be addressed care of

SHERMAN & CLAY'S.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For
Brain Workers.

Strengthens the exhausted and confused brain, relieves nervous headache, and induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

A TONIC

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Half a teaspoon in half a glass of water, refreshes and invigorates the entire system. A wholesome tonic.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.01
Deposits, June 29,1901.....29,886,288.15

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....Daniel Meyer
Second Vice-President..H. Horstmann
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, John Lloyd.

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....$28,973,540
Reserve Fund..... 226,994
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier, R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Dan ielE. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

"FAUST," at the Tivoli, was given an extraordinarily good presentation this week. The cast embraced the most brilliant luminaries in that house's constellation; the opera was adequately staged—(why will they have such absurd floral arrangements in the garden scene? invariably, in every setting of this scene in my recollection, there have been impossible bouquets and nosegays blossoming unabashed on a single stem; carnations, lilies and roses drawing impartially such amazing nourishment from one parent vine, that they presently put forth marvelous stamens in the form of colored incandescent globes, at discretion) and the orchestral and ensemble work was quite up to the unusual standard set by Mr. Steindorff.

The modern school of appreciation, if one may call it so, has relegated Gounod to the dim background occupied by the Italian wreckage that "may be all very well for singing purposes, but has no complexity of motive, no psychological problem for the higher thought." That is, it thinks that it has relegated him there. But so long as elemental passion spurs the blood, so long as simple, tender sentiment stirs the heart, so long as men and women are still men and women—just so long will "Faust" live—a rose-misted dream of heart-searching sweetness. And it is popular in managerial circles, too. It is known there as one of the best drawing cards in opera repertoire. Monday night, the Tivoli was crowded to the doors. Agostini sang "Faust" very beautifully. He is not a perfect actor, as Gil Blas might have phrased it, but his fervor and earnestness go far to atone for his histrionic haltings. Dado acted his conception of Mephisto in the ponderous, elephantine style that seems to have become a tradition with interpreters of this part. Why should the hard-worked Mephisto gesture as if he were using dumb-bells? Why should he walk as if he had a tremendous responsibility lurking in his shoes? Why should he laugh as if asthma had claimed him for its own? I fail to see the point. If the real devil does not do business in a snappier style than that,—well. Dado also sang his music in fine voice and method. Salassa as Valentine was inimitable. I heard Campanari in the same part, and his rendering was in no wise to be compared with that of Salassa. Acting, voice, singing—everything was as you would have wished it. What satisfaction it is to be able to settle back comfortably in your seat in the restful conviction that there is one artist at least that very thoroughly knows his art and his part, and can be always relied upon to do what is expected of him! Salassa does all this. He is a master.

ESTEFANIA COLLAMARINI,
who made a Popular Hit in "Carmen."

MADAME BARBARESCHI,
Leading Dramatic Soprano at the Tivoli.

It was Dickens who said that of all the professions, that of the actor was the most exacting. He must be a man of the greatest natural endowments; he must have the widest reading added to a solid basis of scholastic education; he must be a reader of character, a diviner of emotions and motives; he must be a poet, an organizer, an executive. In all humility I would amend this to add that the operatic singer who would rank among the greatest must have and be all that the actor must, and very much more; for he is required to add to this list an entire profession, in itself one of the most difficult. There is a prevailing idea current that the musician is a mere workman in an unimportant profession. There is small use to combat this; but the mistake is one that is ludicrous when it is not made insufferable by pompous assininity.

Montanari as Marguerite was not convincing. She sang the Jewel Song about three-quarter-heartedly. See may not have felt in the best of condition, and to that we may attribute a coldness in voice and action varied by an intermittent feverishness of effort. Poletini made an effective Siebel and Miss Boston sang Martha with intelligence.

Collamarini introduced Carmen to the accompaniment of an overflowing house, a deluge of bouquets and "floral pieces," intense enthusiasm from the omnipresent wooden-headed and a triumphant victory over the encroaching adipose tissue. Judging by the applause, she is far and away the greatest artist in all respects that the Tivoli can boast. In the same ratio, Russo as Don Jose was a close second. If Collamarin was torrid, he certainly was a conflagration. Such fire, such animation—such singing! Dear me. And little Repetto did some of the very best real singing that ever went (comparatively), unappreciated. She is a sincere and wholly capable artiste. Ferrari as the Toreadore was in instant favor with the audience. The rest of the cast were satisfactory; notably Nicolini and Miss Gertrude Hopkins.

Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "The Passing of Autumn" by H. Clough-Leighter. Pub. by the Boston Music Co. "The Rose of Kenmare" by Frederic Field Bullard. Pub. by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Achille L. Artigues

PIANIST

Organist of Notre Dame des Victoirer

1248 McAllister St. PHONE Fell 1749

TEL. GREEN 12.

CHAS. P. DROLLA

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal

All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

MRS. W. H. HORD,

Piano and Guitar.

Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.

Residence, 2005 Oak St Phone, Page 1622

OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.

TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

BYRON MAUZY PIANOS

308-312 Post Street

SOHMER PIANO AGENCY

SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material, kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.

Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates

24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

* Memoirs of the Syndicate.

5. Concerning Richard Mansfield.

MANSFIELD'S friends are fond of explaining that his natural irritability of temper has been increased by his early hardships and trials, and that on the stage his near-sightedness causes him no end of annoyance; for he is almost helpless without his glasses, and of course can't wear them in his roles. Whatever may be his excuses, everyone admits that he has a villainous temper, and all sorts of stories are told about him on the Rialto. Usually "Dicky" gets the worst of it, according to these tales, but he doesn't seem to mind. He pays the fines the Court orders, and continues as he began.

One of the best stories the newspapers ever got hold of was his experience in a Chicago hotel. Mansfield was dining there, and finding his beefsteak too tough, complained to the waiter in his usual forcible language. The waiter evidently had no idea of the kind of customer he was meeting, and tried to explain; but before he had said three words, Mansfield, in a wild rage, seized the offending beefsteak and threw it at the waiter's head. Unfortunately his aim was not equal to his intentions. The beefsteak missed the waiter, and struck the opposite wall, ruining it beyond recovery with splashes of grease, gravy and gore. The proprietor of the hotel was naturally indignant, and brought suit against the tragedian. "The most distinguished actor on the American stage" was hauled up before the Court, and in the end had to pay for the beefsteak, the waiter's wounded feelings and the re-decoration of the wall.

Another time Mansfield's good taste—though of another sort—cost him dear. It occurred last winter when he was producing "Henry V." In the famous scene before Harfleur, where Henry addresses his men—"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more"—Mansfield has worked out one of the most careful and artistic bits of ensemble work on the part of the supers that I have ever seen. The men are packed in a dense mass before the walls, and during the first part of the speech they stand perfectly still, eagerness for battle and devotion to their commander showing in every face and attitude and figure. As he speaks, they strain forward eagerly, and just before—"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slip, straining upon the start," they bend forward, ready to storm the walls at the word. It is a wonderful stage picture,—and it speaks a lot for Mansfield's stage management that he accomplished this with the stupid, ignorant men that usually make up the supers, and had every detail perfect. But one night he met his Waterloo. A super had been discharged, and the new one was a typical, East-side tough, who had been picked up in a hurry. He looked about during the first part of the speech, smiled at his companions, and began shuffling his feet and moving out of his place. Mansfield looked daggers and made a sign for him to stand still; but the fellow, flattered at the notice he was receiving, moved forward, and got "out of the picture" altogether. That was more than Mansfield's fiery nature could stand. By way of a hint, he dropped his royal spear on the man's head with such force that the super could show the bruise in court two days later. Mansfield had to pay a fine and, as he himself said, he found it "an expensive pleasure to teach supers how to act."

But one of the worst things Mansfield ever did was last May, when he appeared as the speaker of the day at the graduating exercises of Mr. Sargent's American Academy of the Dramatic Arts. Usually this formal address is made the occasion for much bouquet-throwing, but Mansfield spoke so cynically and with so much sardonic humor that many don't understand to this day just what he meant. The fashionable Empire Theatre was crowded with an audience made up almost entirely of the fond mammas and admiring friends of the graduates, and everyone was in the height of elegance. Mansfield walked to his place, kept on his overcoat, stuck his hands in his pockets, and with his notes before him, read them in the most careless way; when he missed a point or found his notes badly arranged, he turned back without an apology—smiling coolly the while at the class and audience. He began by telling the class that public opinion to-day held that only men who had failed in everything else, and women who had no character left, went on the stage. Then he alluded to the many incompetents on the stage, and he warmed up more and more as he told of the bad manners most actors displayed in their roles. He advised the men and women of the class to go out as valets and footmen or ladies maids, if their early training had been neglected—and so on—adding insult to injury in the most coolly insolent manner. What made it worse was that he said these things to a lot of young men and women who had rosy dreams of "elevating the stage" and to their friends who had come to be elevated.

Of course, Mansfield can't approve of our American kind of dramatic schools—and he meant to show it. I'm not too fond of Franklin Sargent myself, but it's only Mansfield who would have the impudence to show his contempt after he had been invited to praise.

CHARLES SHOWMAN.

(Continued.)

* Advance Sheets from the new volume about to be issued by the Theatrical Trust Publishing Company.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610

609 Sacramento St.

HARRY NIEMANN

The Old "Tivoli" Favorite

Desires to Inform his Friends and the Public in general that his new

SHIRT FACTORY

is now open and ready for business. Harry will be found at the stor

719

Emma Spreckels Bldg.,

every day ready to receive his customers

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER

THE PRESS

Open all Night

—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—

Steam and Lager on draught

15 THIRD STREET

Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed

HORNLEIN & KRUMB

Phone Main 151

CAFE ROYAL

Fourth andMarket Sts., S. F.

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster

Formerly of Cliff House

Grand Hotel Cafe

New Montgomery St.

Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336

DON R. DUNBAR

Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes

N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood

"The Castle"

101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG

The True Blue.

308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.

Excellent Lunch Served.

—ESTABLISHED 1823—

WILSON WHISKY

—THAT'S ALL!

Bielenberg & Weniger

Sole Distributors

101-103 POWELL ST.,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE

Billiard, Pool and Club Room

(Never Closed.)

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET.

Small Talk.

Miss Sophia Pierce will remain in San Francisco this winter.

Miss Edith Simpson will return to San Francisco early in October.

The Misses Mills gave a tea to Miss Millicent Todd last Saturday afternoon.

Miss Elizabeth Bender returned last week from a three-months' trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Miss Emma Butler is still at the Occidental Hotel. She denies all rumor of her engagement.

Miss Sunshine Parsons is still with Miss Ethel Keeney. Both will return to New York in October.

Miss Ruth McNutt leaves San Francisco early in November to visit her sister, Mrs. Ashton Potter.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Crooks will leave for the East in October to spend the winter with Mrs. Crook's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Wright's new home in San Rafael will be ready for them in the middle of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pond and Miss Fanny Grant will return to San Francisco from San Rafael this month.

Mrs. Charley Baldwin, although slightly better, is not yet sufficiently improved to return to her home in Mountain View.

The Homer Kings will give a musical reception as a house warming. Later in the season Miss King will give a dinner dance.

Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh will be in San Francisco in October. The quiet summer in the mountains has almost completely restored her to health.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Green and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Buckbee expect to spend the winter at the Hotel Rafael. Mrs. Buckbee is fast recovering from her sprained ankle.

Miss Katherine Dillon is spending this week in Menlo Park as the guest of Mrs. Gus Taylor Later she will return to San Francisco to prepare for the winter festivities.

The Holbrooks will return to San Francisco in October. Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Margaret Salisbury and Miss Lucy King have been Mrs. Holbrook's guests during the last few weeks.

Templeton Crocker will not leave San Mateo to enter college for another year. He is not physically as robust as his grandmother would wish, and spends most of his time in out-door exercise under the guidance of a tutor.

Mrs. Edie is still with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kip, in San Francisco.

Miss Mary Kip will spend this winter in New York as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Lorillard. Later she will accompany her to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin expect to return to San Francisco this month. They will furnish their new house at once, and spend this winter there. Owing to the recent bereavement in Mrs. Irwin's family, she will not entertain at all.

One of the most attractive new houses in San Rafael is that built by Mr. Frank Johnson for the Gilman-Browns. It is situated on a hill commanding a fine view of Marin County and is in every way a perfectly appointed house.

Mrs. Salisbury is arranging all the details for the yearly dances, which she has made so popular to the young people of San Francisco. To all accounts and purposes these will be the only dancing parties this season. Her invitations will be out early in October.

The Morgans expect to return to San Francisco the middle of October. They have had an ideal summer at Monterey and declare that they can conceive nothing more delightful than Monterey with an establishment of ones own. Besides having ability as a pianist, Miss Ella Morgan is a wonderful housekeeper.

Miss Caro Crockett spends a few days every week in San Francisco getting her trousseau in readiness. She is keeping the names of her bridesmaids a profound seeret, and they likewise are respecting her wishes. Notwithstanding that her wedding will take place very soon she manages to spend a few hours every day on the Golf Links in Burlingame.

Mrs. Walter Martin's residence in San Mateo is one of the most attractive homes in that county. The house is artistic and furnished in excellent haste. Mrs. Martin thoroughlly understands the art of managing a large establishment, indefinitely better than many who have kept house for years. Miss Susan Green spends her time with Mrs. Henry Scott and Mrs. Walter Martin.

EDWARD HALL, President. WM. J. BIGGY, Vice-Prrs. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.

United States Laundry Association

LAUNDRY—3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.

(Near Valencia)

TELEPHONES Office, South 420 Laundry, South 418

OFFICE 1004 MARKET ST., near Powell.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

TRADE MARK

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original.) Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,

155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.

VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRED

Engraving Department

Mysell Rollins Co.

22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... PAPER

COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.

Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

C. A. GARTER C. W. CROSS

Law Offices of

Cross & Garter

Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.

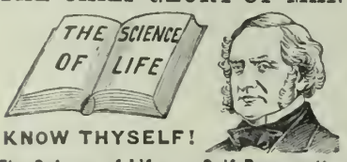
Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence

1021½ Market St. S. F. Cal.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood,
THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

Don'tBorrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR —

VAUGHN LEADLEY,

Solicitor for

J. F. SNOW & CO.,

Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.

Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 22 Grant Ave. Tel Main 1744.

A. K. DAGGETT. Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

The War on Anarchy.

EVEN before the assault upon President McKinley, the Secret Service agents of this and other civilized countries had been looking forward to a revival of political crime throughout the world.

Late advices from London, says a correspondent of the New York Sun, describe the extraordinary precautions taken to guard the life and person of King Edward.

The preliminary counter-move already taken is the more than doubling of the plain-clothes police hovering around the person of King Edward and charged with his protection. Their first great ordeal has been to see him safe through his journey to Germany for the Empress Frederick's funeral and his subsequent stay as a private citizen at Hamburg. As he will not modify his daily routine or give warning of his movements even an hour or two in advance, the anxiety of the detectives is extreme.

This branch of the British police is, however, regarded as remarkably well-equipped. It is the result of the personal organization of Chief Superintendent Melville, a man of the highest energy and courage, who personally broke up seven years ago the only Anarchist group which ever tried to operate in England. On entering the service, Melville was first sent to France at the expense of the English Government, where he was employed, not in the French police, but in learning the language colloquially as a clerk in a firm. Afterward he joined the French detective service to study its methods, and is as well known in all the great cities as he is in London. Others of his men went through the same course.

This special force looks forward to a very active time of it shortly. King Edward's methods have in no way lessened their work. There are those who say he wishes to imitate in some respects his nephew, the German Emperor. He certainly is delighting in sudden movements and has added considerably to the difficulties of the police. His frequent use of a motor car is one of these. The police cannot follow the swift car he employs and they have to make the best arrangements they can at short notice. As he uses the car to go down to Windsor the opportunities of any evil disposed persons are greatly enlarged.

It is not generally known that the King has his own staff of police and that they are quite a different body of men from those who used to guard Queen Victoria. The head of her police was Mr. Frazer, a fine old Scotchman, who was daily informed by her Majesty herself of her proposed movements. Mr. Frazer has gone with all his entourage and the chief of the King's police is Mr. Spencer, who for years had the task of looking after him when he was Prince of Wales. Mr. Spencer is not so much in the confidence of the King as was Mr. Frazer in that of Queen Victoria. There is no display of the precautions which exist made at Marlborough House. The entrance to this residence of his Majesty is distinctly commonplace. Two clumsy wooden gates flank it, with sentry boxes on each side for the guardsmen on duty. The soldiers are there simply for ornament. A couple of constables stand outside the gates ready to open them for the entrance of carriages, carts and other vehicles, for the same gates are used for the royal carriages as for the milk carts. Within the gates are several low buildings. One is the gatekeeper's lodge, the others are devoted to the use of the police. The vigilance of the special service men is kept awake chiefly by the look-out for the kind of lunatic who is constantly attracted to the vicinity of royal palaces.

It is from Italy that the Anarchist danger is always feared. The Italian and French ports have all their representatives from Melville's select body of men who watch the departures, and should a suspected person cross the Channel, from that moment every one of his movements is known. We have here just now Malatesta, but he finds himself quite powerless owing to the watch kept upon him. For the same reason Louise Michel, fiery petroleuse of the Commune, is helpless and cannot even proclaim 'Vivel' Anarchie!" without finding a policeman at her elbow. Still there are a number of Anarchists in London, living mostly in the streets off Tottenham Court road near the foreign district of Soho.

I had some slight insight into the way in which Melville's force dealt with them on a great occasion just prior to the last jubilee. Not one was arrested as an anarchist. What happened was that for a week or so beforehand men on Melville's staff strolled about the streets abonching on Tottenham Court road. As they never appear as witnesses in any of the courts they were unknown. They usually spot the man they wanted and most carefully walk over his feet or run against him with some violence, and there was an immediate row. Up would come a big, heavy officer in uniform who at once accused the anarchist of being drunk, or disorderly. "Come along o' me," would be the remark, or if the anarchist resisted, so much the better. He was forthwith guilty of resisting the police, and any of his friends who assisted him were scooped into the pool. The result was a total clearance of recognized anarchists from London.

Another period which tried the detective force very hardly was when the German Emperor unexpectedly turned up to await the outcome of the illness of the late Queen. Yet so well was the thing done that he was met by several members of the Special Service branch who never left him till he was clear of the English shores. It is all done in the most unobtrusive fashion. In no English paper was mention made of the fact that Chief

Continued on Page 19.

SUITS
CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED
BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY
40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.
Ring up Red 5294 We run two wagons.

Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat may result in an Incurable Throat Trouble or Consumption. For relief use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Nothing excels this simple remedy. Sold only in boxes.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Sept. 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. Oct. 3. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Sept. 4, 8, 13 18, 23, 28. Oct. 3. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Sept. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Oct. 4.
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)
Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.
Steamer State of California Wednesdays 9a. m.
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and *Newport. (*Corona only)
Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.
Steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions** of **mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Things Theatrical.

Continued from Page 14.

Mr. Neill replied this week to the critics who have remarked on the long stage waits in his productions by changing the scenery "in full view of the audience" and giving the public notice of the same through the press agent.

It is to be noted that Miss Dean, the true star of the company, drew small parts in the final bill. There is such a thing as succeeding too well to please the authorities.

* * *

There is an attractive bill at the Orpheum this week. Powell the magician continues to entertain. The "Unbleached American," Ernest Hogan, is an old favorite and as popular as ever and altogether there is no lack of interest from start to finish.

* * *

At The Theatres Next week.

Grand Opera House—Joseph Haworth in the old tragic favorite, "Richelieu."

Columbia—Thomas J. Seabrooke in "A Modern Crusoe," a play by Sydney Rosenfeld, new here.

Central—"A Voice from the Wilderness," pruned, rearranged and improved, will run until further notice.

California—Opens the winter season with the Durno Emmett combination in vaudeville. Richard Jose, the contra-tenor, is a headliner.

Alcazar—"Taming of the Shrew" has been so successful that it will run for another week. Following that, Miss Roberts will close her season with "Sapho."

Tivoli—"Carmen" and "Faust," the two popular successes of the Grand Opera season, on alternate nights.

Orpheum—Dorothy Morton of comic opera fame heads the new bill, which promises to be an exceptionally good one. The Misses Delmore and Company present an original musical sketch "The Bridegroom's Reverie," said to be a novelty. Mr. and Mrs. Karsy have a musical novelty in a giant instrument, the, "Myriaphone," seventeen feet wide by fourteen high. Stella Lee, comedienne, and Marsh and Sartella, novelty singers and dancers, are the other new people.

The War on Anarchy.

Continued from Page 19.

Superintendent Melville and several of his men walked alongside of the Kaiser and the King through the streets of the West End when the coffin of the Queen was being conveyed to Paddington station en route for Windsor. Nor did any of the descriptive writers who saw that wonderful scene at Windsor, when the sailors took charge of the gun carriage, remark that among those who came down from London in a funeral train were Mr. Melville and some of his chief assistants. But they were there, making no show but with eyes apparently in the back of their heads, for that night a man who was known to be mixed up in revolutionary circles was discovered making a disturbance in a back street of the Royal Borough and was placed where he would have a matter of fourteen days' opportunity to get sober—supposing he was drunk—and also to reflect on the quaint ways by which constitutional police gain their ends without making them too plain to the general public.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD, (N. Y. C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

The Quick Route to the East
THE "Overland Limited"
Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Th n Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.
Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.
D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal.

BUFFALO
$87
ROUND TRIP
LAST
PAN-AMERICAN
EXCURSION

Tickets on sale October 3d and 4th at all main line points in California on the

Southern Pacific

Inquire of agents.

E. O. McCormick,
Pass. Traf. Mgr.

Flor de Claus Spreckels

Choicest Havana Cigars

H. PLAGEMANN & CO., Importers

709-711 Market St.,

Adjoining Call Building

San Francisco

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MIAN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC
AND OTHER DISEASES
CURED
Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST. near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

Borrowed Plums

A Cheerful Wight.

"Yes, be's always bappy when he's hunting for work."

"What a cheerful disposition! And is he never discouraged, never sad?"

"Only when he finds it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

* * *

A Trifling Drawback.

Janet (to neighbor who has been on a visit to recently married daughter)—So you've got back, Mrs. Jamieson! And how did ye leave Kirsty?

Mrs. Jamieson—Oh, very nice and comfortable. A fine house, and just everything she needs, hut she cannot tolerate her man. Still, I suppose there must aye be a something.—(King.)

* * *

Not New, But Good.

A clergyman, taking occasional duty for a friend in one of the moorland churches of a remote part of England, was greatly scandalized on observing the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quietly abstract a half-crown hefore presenting the plate at the altar rails. After service he called the old man into the vestry and told him, with emotion, that his crime had been discovered. The verger looked puzzled. Then a sudden light dawned on him. "Why, sir, you doan't mean that ould half-crown of mine! Why Oi've 'led off' with be this last fifteen years!"—*Denver Times.*

* * *

Just Once.

It was Charley's first game of golf. His patient friend had taken him sadly around the eighteen holes and watched him hack the ball into small bits and cut up the green as though it had been ploughed by shrapnel. After the game Charley and his patient friend were talking to a few of the golfers on the clubhouse veranda.

"That was a beautiful shot you made this afternoon, Charley," said the patient friend.

Charley hrightened up and flushed happily, while the young women looked at him admiringly. "Which one?" he asked, eagerly.

"Why," said the patient friend, "the time you hit the ball."—*Chicago Tribune.*

* * *

The Realistic School.

Vivian's residence is much in the way of book-agents, itinerant tea and coffee merchants, enlarged-photograph artists, and improved-silver-polish philanthropists.

Vivian was reciting in exceedingly new words the old, old story of Peter's release by an angel from prison. All had gone well and glihly up to the point where Peter had found his way to the house of a friend.

"Very well. What did he do then?" inquired the listener.

"He—he rapped at the door."

"That's right. What next?"

There followed a somewhat lengthy pause. Then an inspiration came to the triumphant young historian.

"Why, I guess he asked 'if the lady of the house was in.'"—*Leslie's Weekly.*

* * *

Too Strenuous.

"What experience have you had?"

"Well, I lived in Chicago ten years"——

"Humph! That isn't experience; that's martyrdom."—*Indianapolis News.*

* * *

"The portions of steak are ratber small this morning," said Mrs. Starvem, apologetically; "I'm sorry"——

"I think it's very considerate of you," replied Mr. Starboard, "since it's so very tough."—*Philadelphia Record.*

New Importation of Millinery
Being Constantly Received
Calimberti
MODES DE PARIS
240 Post Street below Stockton,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.
California Northwestern R'y
The Picturesque Route of California.
Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips
On SUNDAYS
HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip
From SAN FRANCISCO To
St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Sbellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.
No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.
TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY
Ticket Offices—650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office—Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.
H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

A WISE PRECAUTION
BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

AUTOMOBILES
WE BUILD TO ORDER
GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.
All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.
CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
FACTORY—346 McAllister St.; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

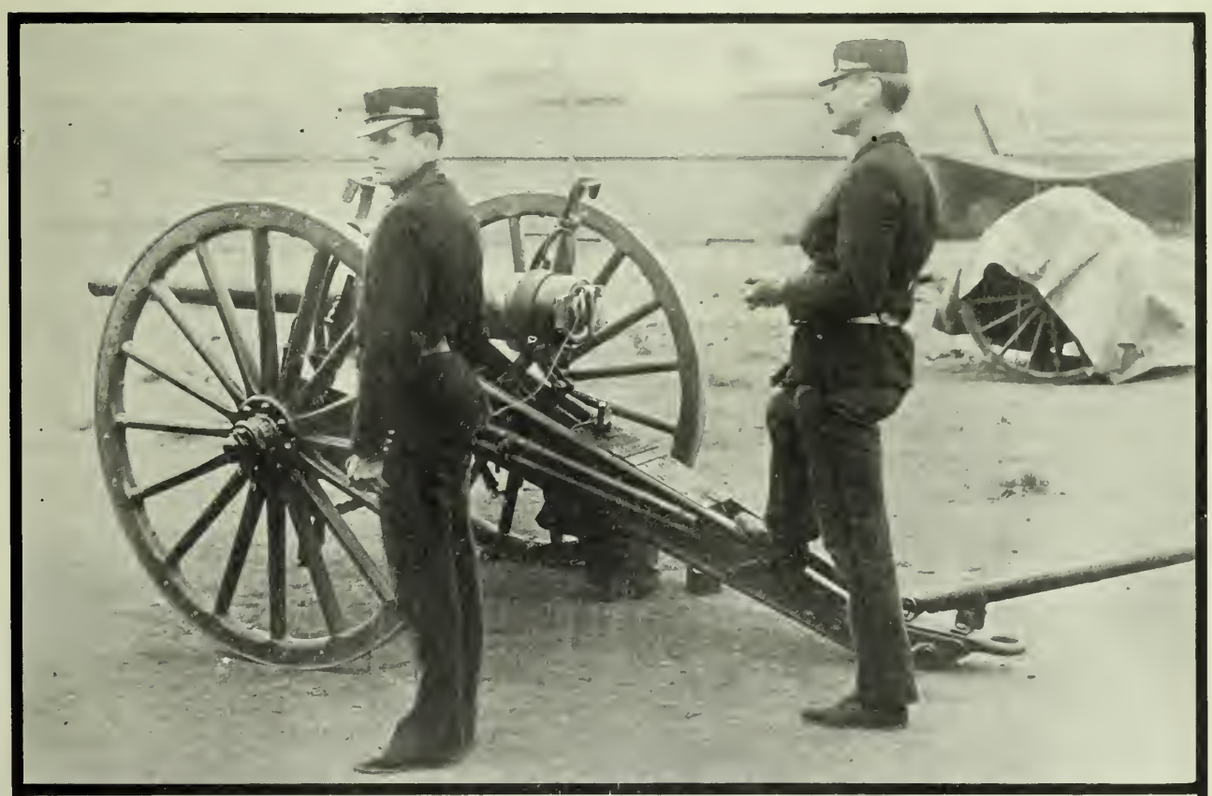
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper Information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

CALIFORNIA

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 17. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS



The Army's Tribute to the Nation's Dead.

Firing the Half-Hour Guns at the Presidio.

Photo Dana

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—September 21, 1901.

A Duty of Society.

The battle is definitely joined between decent society and the "yellow" journal. The exposure of the way into which the yellow tribe was leading is the one bit of good which has sprung from the great evil perpetrated at Buffalo this month. We were lazily accepting the howling and sensational newspapers as a necessary, unavoidable evil. Self-respecting people have known all along what they were, but it is doubtful if they realized where they were leading, what such influences mean, and the moral shock and incentive to get together and fight them was lacking. Now it has come. The thing stands forth as it is. The veil is torn.

By a strange combination of circumstances, the man who, as an indirect result of the crime, has become the head of the nation, is in himself one of the deadliest enemies of this form of anarchy. His first political fight was waged against their corrupt allies who were squeezing the poor and debased element of New York. He won against their abuse and slander, and he has been the target ever since for their lying and unclean attacks. There was a momentary cessation of hostilities during the time when he was conspicuous in the Spanish War, a truce inspired only by the fact that the sensational papers were howling for war and could not afford to slander one of the national military heroes. When he became governor of New York, they opened upon him again, and when he was nominated for the vice-presidency their hatred became hysteria. The attack made in the "Examiner-Journal" two days before the election, in which he was accused of murder upon two counts, was the very climax of sensational journalistic abuse in this country. And from the time of the election forth to the very day before McKinley was struck down, he was the point of the administration which they assailed. He had once broken up the dirty work of Tammany and they could not forget.

If the honest and thinking people of this country fail to follow their present impulses and settle back into tolerance, we may expect, as soon as Mr. Hearst and his journals have recovered from their grief over the death of President McKinley, such vilification and vile caricature and infamous abuse as was never before leveled at the executive of this or any other country.

* * *

At present, the whole nation is aroused upon the subject. After the initial attack, the "Examiner" entered a feeble protest against "making political capital" out of the nation's grief. But within a week every journal of standing in the country was making the same capital. Even the New York "Sun," the best newspaper in the world and the most conservative in the United States, departed from its all but invariable rule of avoiding journalistic controversy to score the "Journal" and to republish a "heart to heart" editorial of last May which indirectly advocated political assassination. Last Sunday in this city, nearly every clergyman took the assassination as a theme for his sermon. Excepting those of one single denomination, there was hardly a sermon preached which did not contain a condemnation of the sensational press. Perhaps no question of national import raised since the Civil War has so bound together the sentiment of right-thinking people.

* * *

It is all very well to talk, now that the martyred President is just laid in his grave and the assassin is waiting his sure punishment, but the question is what we are going to do about it? Are we going to refuse to buy the sensational newspapers, to give them our advertising patronage, to tolerate them in our homes? Or are we going to condemn them, rail at them, and then buy them because we want to see what is in them and advertise in them because the number of their dupes is so large that it pays?

There is only one effectual way to dispose of the evil. So long as our laws are as they are, so long as these papers continue to have political "pushes" behind them, we have no practical legal redress. A quiet boycott, a refusal to treat with them at all, is the effectual method, and of this method the best part is the withdrawal of advertising patronage. They are run to make money. When they cease to do so, they will cease to be. Hit them in the pocket.

The New President.

Even aside from the genuine grief which he must feel for the event which has thrust upon him the highest honors in the gift of the nation, Theodore Roosevelt must accept his new honors reluctantly, as inherited and not earned. He is a fighter, the sort of man to prize nothing for which he has not struggled. But fate has decided, and he is President of the United States.

The shot which killed the third of our martyr presidents sounded the death of an era. Until this time, the lives and careers of the men at the head of national councils have harked back to the Civil War. Excepting Cleveland alone, every president since 1868 fought as an officer in the Union army. Their chief advisors, their leading Congressional supporters, all took part in that great national struggle. Now, history jumps thirty-five years. The new president leaped into prominence with a bound during the Spanish war. Before that, his fame was merely local. The men who are mentioned as his chief advisors—Lodge, Root, Long—all made their records in that struggle. Indeed, the assassination of McKinley may come to be regarded by future historians as the conventional date for the close of a great era in our history, the age of material progress and nation-building.

In many ways, Roosevelt is unique among our later presidents. He is the first since the younger Adams that comes of a lineage that can be called aristocratic. He is the first one who has ever dabbled in letters,—he having begun his career as a writer rather than a man of affairs. He has risen from comparative obscurity in three years. The changes in this time have been so sudden and so rapid that no one has caught him to put "strings" on him. He enters the chair with few political connections and under few political combinations.

This, together with an honesty which has never had the slightest slur cast upon it, is his chief virtue. His chief fault, as viewed now at the beginning of his administration, is likely to be a stubborn and over-aggressive Americanism. He is more of a fighter than a diplomat, and if he fails in carrying out those plans of his predecessor to which he has bound himself, it will be from lack of diplomacy rather than from lack of intention.

San Francisco and the China Trade.

With the abandonment of Peking by the allied armies and the return of the Chinese government to control of the country, the China trade, temporarily suspended during the past year, will be resumed and doubtless resumed in proportions never guessed before the Boxer trouble. The Manchurian trade, a large factor with the United States, has been lost to us in the shuffle, but the demand for European-made goods, awakening just before the late unpleasantness, will be felt from all other sections of China. In anticipation of the return of normal conditions, several large orders for flour and lumber were placed last month in the North.

This revival of the Chinese trade means more to San Francisco than to any part of the country. This is the logical port of entry; geographically, this is the London of the Pacific. But it will never get the monopoly or even the bulk of the China trade unless some effort is made to get it, unless business men, mercantile bodies and governing bodies wake up and "get a move." A little less small politics and petty labor squabbling and a little more concerted energy is the crying need.

* * *

Recent reports from the scene of the war confirm the former impression that Northern China is all one vast coal bed. Within easy reach of the sea-coast, there are deposits of first-quality anthracite, equalling in area all the other known coal beds of the world. Placed as they are, they stand nearer to the Pacific Coast than to any other part of the Caucasian world. With their area, their proximity by land and water, they bid fair to solve the problem of manufacturing fuel. And when shortage of American and European coal begins to be felt, which scientists say may be within the next fifty years, this will give California and the Pacific Coast an advantage over all the world outside.

The mastery of the Pacific is waiting for us, if we have but the foresight to take it.

THROUGH THE WEEK.

THE season of national mourning has turned the public attention away from the big strike, which has meanwhile gone merrily on. The gradual re-opening of establishments with non-union help has gone steadily forward, while the mob-violence of strikers has increased. The average daily assault list is about twenty reported cases, with many others which never reach the public ear. The hoodlums have grown bolder; last week, a supposed "scab," leaving the Grand Opera House, was dragged out of the crowd and beaten into insensibility. Another man was hammered within an inch of his life before the ferry depot. The police have acted wisely and sensibly in concentrating a force at the storm center in the region of Sixth and Howard, where two or three serious riots have been narrowly averted.

The number of serious injuries to non-union men would, if computed, reach far into the hundreds. They would include a number of permanent injuries. The most atrocious was the act of the bullies who broke a man's wrist,with a sledge to render him incapable of working to support a wife and three children. Then there was a pleasant little incident of a gouged-out eye, all for the great and glorious union cause.

* * *

The Emporium has taken the lead in a good movement by withdrawing all advertising from the "Examiner." As is well known, the big store is under the Labor Council. The management went to the root of the trouble, found the "Examiner," and applied the remedy. It means $40,000 a year to the "Anarch of the Dailies." It is understood that other large advertisers have also withdrawn their patronage, but the yellow standard bearer continues to insert their display "ads" without pay in order to keep up appearances.

* * *

There is no doubt that the Hearst combination is hit hard by the turn of public sentiment against the water-front strike and by the feeling created by the death of President McKinley. North of Market, the circulation has been practically wiped out. In one office building, there were thirty copies delivered before the commencement of hostilities along the water-front; now, there is only one. This is only a fair sample. The "door-step subscriptions" in the Western Addition have almost faded away. On the other side of the slot, the gains have been very slight. The deluded followers of the unions cheer the "Examiner" when they pass on parade, but they read it in the corner saloon where one copy serves for twenty readers. On the Overland trains, there is usually a strong "Examiner" demand, perhaps because people will do things while traveling which they would be ashamed to do at home. But since the assassination of the President, the train-boys have been bringing back great bunches of the "Examiner," while the "Call" and "Chronicle" have been snapped up at once. It is said that it is hard to stop a subscription to the yellow howler now; an order to discontinue is disregarded, so that part, of the circulation, like much of the advertising is "paper."

It is said that when the management of the Emporium cut off the "Examiner" advertising they were warned that they would regret it. This threat took shape a few days later in a pure blackmail proposition. They were informed that the "Anarch" had facts to prove that the salaries paid are insufficient and that the shop-girls are in constant peril from the advances of certain members of the corporation. These facts, the "Examiner" felt it a duty to print.

"You are waking up to your duty rather late," was the answer returned by the Emporium.

* * *

By the way, Mr. Hearst is lost just now. It comes from an authority no less than President Wheeler of the State Unviversity that Mrs. Hearst, having grown tired of the antics of her son's organ in this city, summoned him with a dire threat of squeezing on the checks. He started from New York, and while he was somewhere midway, the news came from Buffalo. Since that time, the longest leased wire in the world has been kept hot with messages from New York and back enquiring his whereabouts.

* * *

To leave the subject of W. R. Hearst, which is really the question of the hour, it is amazing to note the indifferent attitude of the American public during the period that has followed Presinent McKinley's death. The theatres were closed on the day of his death and his funeral, but between times there was little indication of the national sorrow. Even on the night that the news was known the cafes were thronged as usual. This attitude may, perhaps, be another of the baneful effects of the yellow press. By every repetition of slander the name of McKinley had become a word to be bandied lightly from tongue to tongue. Or it may be that we as a people do not betray our feelings—that we are fatalists, and realize that our sorrow cannot be mended by a show of concern. Yet there is deep feeling in the hearts of the people, as we see from the accounts of the summary punishment meted out to detractors of the dead President's name. A church-goer has been ridden on a rail and ducked, a minister of the gospel has been tarred and feathered, and two drunken hoodlums, here in San Francisco, have been sentenced to six months hard labor; and all this for no worse crimes than saying that McKinley was a political demagogue, or for tearing down his draped portrait—offences that only his death has made heinous in our eyes, offences that a month ago would have passed unnoticed. It is his death that has made all the difference, and while this violence is undoubtedly an expression of sorrow, it betrays also the sense of guilt common to us all, for many of us have aided and abetted this ridicule and calumny which we now regret.

* * *

At the death of Queen Victoria the houses of amusement in England were closed and remained so till her burial. Even the poorest classes wore black, paying for crape with money which should have bought bread. And yet the death of Victoria was not unexpected, she was old and feeble and her time was at hand. Here, on the other hand, despite the shock, the bitter surprise,of our calamity,we have set no long season of mourning, but are pursuing our ordinary callings apparently unmoved. The difference, it seems, is a matter of convention. Our sorrow is no less deep, but the expression of such personal sorrow—always inadequate—is necessarily a matter of precedent. There was no order of the court for us here—no set course to follow, so we have each observed our neighbor, and, in the end, gone quickly about our business.

Where we do stand condemned,is in the ignominous trading on the excitement which took place in Buffalo, and yet this was hardly to have been avoided; the spirit of the huckster was ruling in the exhibition city, competition had been fierce; so that the repugnant bidding for the traffic to the house of death was a logical consequence.

In all our trouble the sympathetic attitude of the public and the press of Great Britain should show us how genuine is their feeling. Precedent was disregarded. The papers were bordered in black, and the President was mourned as no man has been since Gladstone.

* * *

In connection with Andrew Furuseth's declaration that he "knows of no acts of violence" being committed by strikers, it is interesting to learn that a reporter, dropping suddenly into Furuseth's office the other day, found him in close consultation with a striking teamster. The man was exhibiting an ordinary sling shot, such as boys use in play but larger, and explaining its uses a "scab" persuader. He proposed to use buckshot for ammunition and to fire from upper windows where the police could not "spot" him at work. He further informed Furuseth that he had disabled two "scabs" by that method on that very day. It is presumed, therefore, that Furuseth is enlightened.

* * *

It may not be generally known that the resolutions of respect to President McKinley given out by the Executive Committee of the Labor Council were passed over the heads of the governing body. On the Friday night when the President was shot resolutions were proposed. There was a murmur of protest from the house, and President Goff managed to change the subject so that the matter was dropped. They met again on the following Friday, when the death of the Chief Executive was hourly expected, and resolutions were proposed again, only to meet with a storm of protest and to be quietly shelved by the chairman, who saw what the effect on the public would be if the motion was lost. Next morning the Executive Committee, realizing that something had to be done,met hurriedly and passed the elaborate resolutions printed in the dailies. They were never put to a vote in the Council and never would have been.

The uncertainties of political betting were shown last year in the case of the contest in West Virginia. The success of Mr. McKinley was conceded in advance, but as to his majority opinions differed. Some wagers were laid by sanguine Republicans, that he would carry the State by not less than 20,000. These bettors lost, the official McKinley plurality in West Virginia having been 19,999.—N. Y. Sun.

POLITICAL COMMENT.

STILL all the political situation hangs upon the decision as to the candidates for Mayor. The Labor party has been more fortunate than the older organizations in that they have found one in Eugene Schmitz, president of the Musicians' Union and the foreordained candidate for the place. The Republicans and Democrats, on the other hand, are awaiting the man of the hour.

Among the Republicans, the fight has narrowed down to a choice between two candidates, Colonel George Stone and Colonel Kirkpatrick of the Palace Hotel. The others are pretty well out of it. Reginald Webster, regarded as a possible candidate all along, has made a fierce effort to get the nomination, but is definitely out of it. He has on his hands too many small antagonisms which, the managers of the party feel, are likely to militate against him as a candidate. There is no one very great objection, only a number of small ones.

Charles A. Murdock is also mentioned. In the middle of last week it looked as though he also was out of it, but the determination of the Horace Davis club in the Forty-first to stand firm for him as their candidate to gather in the loose ends in the Convention with the hope of making him a dark horse choice is decidedly for him. He is a slight possibility. His strength lies in his attitude toward the labor unions, toward which he has been friendly without gaining the enmity of the merchant class.

Horace Davis is one of the might-have-beens. Had he not made the fatal error of leading a forlorn hope and getting soundly beaten, he could have the nomination now and with every hope of success. He has friends on both sides of the ever-present labor controversy, and he would catch the eye of the laboring class by his refusal to join the Employers' Association. But his one defect is fatal.

Colonel Stone has managed to keep himself in the public eye and has a good many strong indorsements. He is one of the men who are continually "mentioned" for something or other. He has emerged always in full sight of any vacancies. He has been in past time mentioned for governor, for collector of the port, for chairman of the State Central Committee, which position he now holds, by the way, and for Mayor. His business is against him. It is given as "railroad contractor," and the enemy is almost sure, in the event of his nomination, to distort this into a campaign argument.

In nominating Kirkpatrick, or in advocating his nomination, the managers of the party have to take into account the powerful effect of the personnel of a candidate in the political affairs of the city, and, for that matter, of this state. It accounts for some of the amazing contradictions in former elections. In this campaign, the personal strength of the men is largely to be determined by their attitude toward the strike disturbances. In this regard, Kirkpatrick is satisfactory to the managers of the party. A large employer of help, he has never had any serious labor trouble, and is popular with his employees.

On the Democratic side of the fence, Supervisor Tobin has been extensively mentioned as the possible successor of Mayor Phelan at the head of the ticket. He has many of the elements of success as a candidate. With the Irish voters, the name alone is one to conjure with. He is as rich as any candidate need be. He stands and has always stood for good government. He began as a green hand at politics in the last election; since then, he has had valuable experience as head of the Board of Supervisors and acting mayor. His connection with the Hibernia Bank gives him great prestige in a business way, and he is personally popular.

The main question for Tobin to consider is whether or no he ought to make his try for the office this year, when the Republicans are so strong and the Democrats so relatively weak. He is a Phelan man, and whenever Phelan gives up his hold on party affairs, Tobin is scheduled to step into his place. Tobin could probably have the place at the head of the Democratic ticket whenever he wanted to make a fight for

President McKinley in Union Square, May, 1901. *Photos Dana.*

it, and in an election with anything like fair and even Democratic prospects with the very best of chances, he will be mayor in time if all goes well, but to sacrifice himself now by taking long risks on the unpopular ticket would be political folly. His game is a waiting one. At present, Phelan is as strong as ever in the party and may decide to make the run.

The "Examiner" is to have a candidate of its own in the person of Charles Wesley Reed, whom the ex-organ of the Democracy will try to rush through the Democratic convention in the face of the Phelan-McNab combination. How on earth the "Examiner" hopes to nominate a candidate in the councils of the party which it has abandoned and "roasted," doth not appear to the layman, especially in view of the fact that the paper is openly backing the Union Labor party and Eugene Schmitz. The plan as outlined is to pull Schmitz down in case Reed is nominated, offering him instead the presidency of the Board of Public Works or some equally fat public office. The "Examiner" could compel such a change of front the more easily in that it has put up the funds for the labor convention, $10,000 being the cost quoted.

With Hearst's practical defection from the local party, Phelan has an opportunity to become the "angel" of the local Democracy. In time past, whenever there was a call for money in an emergency, Hearst was the man looked for to furnish it, his reward being the hold gained thereby in the party. The passing of Hearst as an influence throws the position open, and Phelan may have it if he feels that it is worth his while. J. K. L.

Big Insurance Transfer Effected.

Regular Policyholders in the Pacific Mutual Greatly Benefited by the Change.

The largest transaction that has ever occurred in local insurance circles has just been comsummated by which THE PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA transfers its Industrial (weekly payment) business to the METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York. The magnitude of the transaction can scarcely be realized by those not familiar with this branch of insurance.

Its Industrial business in which it has been engaged for the past six years has always been profitable, but with the advent of the METROPOLITAN, the largest Industrial company in the United States,competition would have been very keen,and the management of THE PACIFIC MUTUAL knowing its Industrial policyholders would be fully protected in the policies of the METROPOLITAN thought it wise to realize a handsome profit by transferring its business and devoting its entire attention to its Life and Accident Departments.

The PACIFIC MUTUAL has been engaged in business over thirty years, has paid over twelve millions of dollars to its policy holders, and is now doing a larger business than ever before. With the money realized from this transfer, it has been advanced to the foremost rank of Life Insurance companies in the United States. Its percentage of Surplus to policyholders now is larger than that of any other company doing business here.

The holders of regular policies in the PACIFIC MUTUAL have been greatly benefited by this transaction and the Industrial policyholders by being transferred to the METROPOLITAN, noted for its liberal dealing, will undoubtedly be well cared for.

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

Such a quiet week! Owing to the death of the President no one has really had any special heart to entertain or be entertained. How terrible it does seem, mama dear. I do not wonder the shock upset papa, as you said in your letter it had. Well, grieving does not help very much now, but I only wish the fate of the assassin could be put into the hands of the women of San Francisco. Death by hanging or electrocution is so very mild. The disgrace is really what counts in that, and of course to a man of that sort disgrace cuts no figure at all. I should alter the Constitution, had I any pull, and arrange a novel but brutal manner of dealing with anarchists and their kind.

Well, mama dear, this is not a letter on punishments, but just a resume of some of the things your dear daughter has been doing this last week. In my last to you I quite forgot to tell you of the Walter Martins' barn dance. It was jolly and quite impromptu and Burlingamey. This barn is a stunning affair, although of course not magnificent like those we have at home, or the Carolan one out here. But it makes an admirable place for storing horses and traps and after all, that is really the use of a barn in this world. First of all they decorated the interior with greens and flowers and hundreds of electric lights and made the traps into "cozy corners," sent down to San Francisco for the supper and the music, which helped make the affair a wonderful success. Mrs. Walter Martin really astonished me. As a hostess she is superior to the rest of the Burlingamites. I could not help complimenting her. Walter I do not like at all. I am glad that I am not married to him. He is so disagreeable and yet so generous. Of course, like all young married men, he has to be very obviously "boss." Once in a while Mary gets indignant; then there is a fuss. Walter goes off pouty to San Francisco and returns with a handsome piece of jewelry or some nice present. Of course, Mary must make up then, but that is not the sort of thing that would endear my husband to me. But then you have always treated me as though I had a mind of my own, while Mrs. Scott has treated Mary quite as though she had not, and perhaps she does not mind it. I know that she seems happy, and I like her infinitely better than any of the other girls down here.

You said in your last that you were dead tired of the name of Burlingame and the people there too; but honestly the people who live in Menlo Park, San Mateo and Burlingame are the only ones who really have a good time during the summer. In town at present there is not a thing going on. There is nothing at all worth while at the theatres. Small teas late in the afternoon which are not interesting, are the only form of entertainment. You see, being a stranger, I am not so very close to these girls. Leontine Blakeman and Mrs. Walter Magee are my two best friends in town. Charlotte Ellinwood, too, has invited me to tea, but none of the others have bothered particularly. Auntie is very annoyed because she has always done so much for the girls, just because she liked them, and yet they have not reciprocated where I am concerned; none really, but the country people. From them I receive invitations every few days.

Notwithstanding all that, taking them on the whole, I quite like San Francisco young women. They are very full of life and would get more fun out of it if they only knew what to do. They never have really warm weather and that kills many forms of entertainment—moonlight night affairs, for example. They have a fine beach, and could find any number of ways of enjoying out-door fun, were there a little less fog and wind and a little more heat.

Auntie is exceedingly distressed at the sad accident to Mrs. Burton Harrison's brother, Templeton Crocker. He is a weak sickly boy with a great ambition to be an athlete. Saturday afternoon, while he was driving to his home in San Mateo, the horse became frightened, ran away and threw the poor boy out. He was badly cut and one of his legs was broken right above the knee. His grandmother was almost in despair, poor old lady. I really feel sorry for her. She has no other interest in life but these children. Mary, the one we know as Mrs. Burton Harrison, was most unmanageable and quite broke her grandmother's heart.

On account of this accident, Mrs. Alexander is to remain here for a week or so to await results. One really never knows these days how an accident may result; the doctors know so much and are so terribly scientific that they are quite apt to make grave mistakes. Look at the President and then think what hope we all had for his recovery.

Everyone feels badly to hear that the Morgans have given up their house for the winter. I feel particularly so for Therese Morgan who, it seems to me, is a most attractive young woman. She is really ambitious to be someone, and yet one of the most unpopular of the younger girls. I suppose it is her manner. Hypocrisy, I believe, is one of the greatest of the virtues. It is so much better breeding not to let anyone know how one really regards personal affairs. But the people out here have not come to that yet. The girls have unnecessary little bickerings amongst themselves, and never realize how exceedingly uncomfortable it is for their friends.

I see a good deal of Knox Maddox, which pleases Auntie very much. She does every-thing to bring us together and is succeeding admirably but, mama dear, I told you before I left home that I was very fond of my artist friend, even if he be a "detrimental" as you insist he is. Well, love is half the battle of life, and papa has no one to leave his hoard to but me. Still I am always open to a love affair.

But it will hardly be a Californian who will win me. I am hard to please and I am not particularly keen on living here always.

The Prestons are home again. Everyone is wondering how soon it will be before Edith's engagement will be announced. She is so strikingly handsome and with her European clothes she even bewilders.

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZABETH.

The Personality of President Roosevelt.

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt, now President of the United States, decided, as Police Commissioner of New York, to meet a body of strikers in a struggle involving considerable abuse of non-union men, he addressed the representatives of the union in these words:

"Gentlemen, I asked to meet you hoping that we might come to understand one another better. Remember, please, before we go further, that the worst injury any one of you can do the cause of labor is to counsel violence. It will also be worse for himself. Understand distinctly that order will be kept. The police will keep it. Now we can proceed."

This forcible utterance by the new President of the United States, which has a direct bearing up on the existing strike situation in this city, is quoted from "The Making of an American," an autobiography by Jacob Riis, now running serially in the "Outlook." The author was associated with Roosevelt in the most interesting stage of his career, the fight which he, as Police Commissioner, conducted against sanitary rottenness, police corruption, and yellow newspaper rule, in the New York slums. The current number of the series, written before anyone dreamed of this sudden turn in national affairs, is a timely description of Roosevelt the man, as one of his chief lieutenants saw him. The story opens with the appearance of Roosevelt in the New York "Sun" office directly after the appearance of the book "How the Other Half Lives," written by Riis, who was then a "Sun" reporter.

I was out, and he left his card, merely writing on the back of it that he had read my book and "come to help." That was all, and it tells the whole story of the man. I loved him from the day I first saw him; nor ever in all the years that have passed has he failed of the promise made then. No one ever helped as he did. For two years we were brothers in Mulberry Street.

In 1901, Vice-President of the United States.

Not that we were carried heavenward "on flowery beds of ease" while it lasted. There is very little ease where Theodore Roosevelt leads, as we all of us found out. The lawbreaker found it out who predicted scornfully that he would "knuckle down to politics the way they all did," and lived to respect him, though he swore at him, as the one of them all who was stronger than pull. The peace-loving citizen who hastened to Police Headquarters with anxious entreaties to "use discretion" in the enforcement of unpopular laws found it out and went away with a new and breathless notion welling up in him of an official's sworn duty. That was it; that was what made the age golden, that for the first time a moral purpose came into the street. In the light of it everything was transformed.

The police force became an army of heroes—for a season. All the good in it came out; and there is a lot of it in the worst of times. Roosevelt had the true philosopher's stone that turns dross to gold, in his own sturdy faith in his fellow-man. Men became good because he thought them so.

By which I am not to be understood as meaning that he just voted them good—the police, for instance—and sat by waiting to see the wings grow. No, but he helped them sprout. It is long since I have enjoyed anything so much as I did those patrol trips of ours on the "last tour" between midnight and sunrise, which earned for him the name of Haroun al Roosevelt. I had at last found one who was willing to get up when other people slept, including, too often, the police, and see what the town looked like then. He was more than willing. I laid out the route, covering ten or a dozen patrol posts, and we met at 2 A. M. on the steps of the Union League Club, objects of suspicion on the part of two or three attendants and a watchman who shadowed us as night-prowlers till we were out of their bailiwick. I shall never forget that first morning when we traveled for three hours along First and Second and Third Avenues, from Forty-second street to Bellevue, and found of ten patrolmen just one doing his work faithfully.

One was sitting asleep on a butter-tub in the middle of the sidewalk, snoring so that you could hear him across the street, and was inclined to be "sassy" when aroused and told to go about his duty. Mr. Roosevelt was a most energetic roundsman, and a fair one to boot. It was that quality which speedily won him the affection of the force. He hunted high and low before he gave up his man, giving him every chance. We had been over one man's beat three times, searching every nook and cranny of it, and were reluctantly compelled to own that he was not there, when the "boss" of an all-night restaurant on Third Avenue came out with a club as we passed and gave the regulation signal raps on the sidewalk. There was some trouble in his place. Three times he repeated the signal calling for the patrolman on the beat before he turned to Roosevelt, who stood by, with the angry exclamation:

"Where in thunder does that copper sleep? He orter'd tole me when he giv' up the barber-shop, so's a feller could find him.'

We didn't find him then, but he found the Presi-

In 1898, Colonel of the Rough Riders.

In 1899, Governor of New York.

President Roosevelt in the Stages of his Political Career.

dent of the Board later on when summoned to Police Headquarters to explain why he had changed his sleeping quarters. The whole force woke up as a result of that night's work, and it kept awake those two years, for, as it learned by experience, Mr. Roosevelt's spectacles might come gleaming around the corner at any honr.

Looking after his patrolman was not the only errand that took him abroad at night. As Police President, Mr. Roosevelt was a member of the Health Board, and sometimes it was the tenements we went inspecting when the tenants slept. He was after facts, and learned speedily to get them as he could. When, as Governor, he wanted to know just how the Factory Law was being executed, he came down from Albany and spent a whole day with me personally investigating tenements in which sweating was carried on. I had not found a Governor before, or a Police President either, who would do it; but so he learned exactly what he wanted to know, and what he ought to do, and did it.

The yellow newspapers, then, in New York as now in San Francisco, were either open or secret supporters of strike violence, and resented Roosevelt's address to the strikers quoted at the head of this article. There happened to be an unclean variety show in the same building with the strike headquarters. The lie was told and industriously circulated in the sensational press that Roosevelt went there to visit the performance. How the President missed a chance to retaliate is thus told by Mr. Riis:

It is a tradition of Mulberry Street that the notorious Seely dinner raid was planned by his enemies in the department of which he was the head, in the belief that they would catch Mr. Roosevelt there. The diners were supposed to belong to his "set."

Some time after that I was in his office one day when a police official of superior rank came in and requested private audience with him. They stepped aside and the policeman spoke in an undertone, urging something strongly. Mr. Roosevelt listened. Suddenly I saw him straighten up as a man recoils from something unclean and dismiss the other with a sharp: "No, sir! I don't fight that way." The policeman went out crestfallen. Roosevelt took two or three turns about the floor, struggling evidently with strong disgust. He told me afterward that the man had come to him with what he said was certain knowledge that his enemy could that night be found in a questionable house uptown, which it was his alleged habit to visit. His proposition was to raid it then and so "get square." To the policeman it must have seemed like throwing a good chance away. But it was not Roosevelt's way; he struck no blow below the belt. In the Governor's chair afterward he gave the politicians whom he fought, and who fought him, the same terms. They tried their best to upset him, for they had nothing to expect from him. But they knew and owned that he fought fair. Their backs were secure. He never tricked them to gain an advantage. A promise given by him was always kept to the letter.

Ethel Theodore Alice Quentin Kermit Archibald

The Children of President Roosevelt.

From Harper's Weekly.

A Tenderfoot's Cooking.

True to his promise of initiation the day after my arrival, Doc and I descended to the basement, and there, under his guidance, I proceeeed to acquire the faint beginnings of a rudimentary knowledge of cooking. Rudimentary! I should say it was. There was an unnecessary barbarity about Doc's method which might have revolted a Hottentot. The staple dish on the ranch was boiled mutton, as giving least trouble. It was in an iron pot, and by adding a little water and another fragment or two of meat, and setting it on the stove, breakfast, dinner and supper were well advanced toward preparation. Having got thus far Doc would sit down and light his pipe. At meal times the iron pot was placed bodily on the table and, as the guests would naturally take the first pieces that came to hand, it followed that the lower regions of the interior of the pot were not always investigated. I do not mean to say that they stayed there indefinitely, but I do assert that as long as there was room for doubt whether they would "go" again or not, Doc gave himself the benefit of it. On this first morning he appeared to have no hesitation. The iron pot was placed in position on the stove. Then Doc made bread—baking powder bread. This, when made properly, is palatable enough, but one needs to take a little trouble. A rolling pin and a bread board came into play, but to use these you have to stand up. Doc's way, with a tenderfoot to help him, was to have the pupil bring the materials—flour, baking powder and salt. These brought, the flour in a large tin pan and the baking powder and salt in tin cans, Doc, still in a sitting position, hastily shook a little of each ingredient on top of the flour along with some ashes from his pipe, asked for water, poured in enough to make it stir easily, gave the whole thing what he described as "a few swipes with a spoon," tumbled the batter into a baking dish, which under his directions I had rubbed with a bacon rind, thrust it into the oven and kicked the door shut. "Ye micht grind some coffee," said Doc exhaustedly. Having done this and then having laid the table as Doc directed, by piling knives and forks and spoons and cups and saucers and plates in one confused heap on its bare surface, I went out and shouted "breakfast!" —J. R. E. Sumner, in Longman's Magazine.

We have been regarding the theory of the mosquito's agency in the transmission of malaria germs, as something new, but the following extract from the journal of the late Alexander Fisher M. D., R. N., shows that it was held as far back as 1864: "July 6, 1864.—Ajiabambo. An anchorage 150 miles down the Gulf of California from Guaymas. Several of the boats communicated with the shore there, their crews landing, and some proceeding inland fifteen miles from the ship to a ranch. . . . Although the appearance of the low, sandy, bushwood-covered land inland from the beach showed a likely habitat of malaria, one circumstance was pointed out to me as indicative of the absence of malarious poison, which was, that there were no mosquitos, with an assurance that where they do not exist there is no chance of fever."

The Seamy Side of Israel.

Some Impressions Behind the Scenes at the Central Theatre.

Photos by Mattner and Neuhaus.

Robert Downing as John the Baptist.

"Oh, yes, you're from the Wave. Mr. Downing will be here in a few minutes."

It was seven o'-clock, and the serious business of the performance had already commenced. Two special policemen arrived, pinning stars to their breasts as they came. The "supers," laughing, healthy girls, and serious men,began to come one by one. At intervals appeared more prominent figures: Herod,calm and dignified; Pontius Pilate,brisk and business-like,showing no symptoms of a guilty conscience; and, finally, passing unmolested through the crowd which had gathered at the entrance—John the Baptist, disguised in a frock coat and silk hat.

"Glad to see you. You want to view the play from the inside, I understand."

"That is the editors wish," I replied truthfully (I have learned that what I want doesn't often matter.)

I followed my host through the dark theater and, being politely warned of a step, fell behind, employing my right leg in antenna fashion. The step was not to be found, and Mr. Downing's footsteps grew faint in the distance. I decided that I had passed it, and ran forward to avoid the total loss of my guide. I found the step, however, and so suddenly that I came near biting off the end of my tongue.

Giving me carte blanche to wander where I would, he proceeded to change. He had the assistance of an ancient Hebrew, whose white hair and beard led me to think he was old enough to be pensioned off. I began to wax indignant, and was about to make a note of it, when a youthful voice betrayed the deception. He was a "super" arrayed for the fray.

The actors were arriving continuously. There are over one hundred and twenty-five in the cast, and the place hummed with conversation, laughter and greetings at intevals resounding loudly through the passage ways.

The stage itself, to my inexperienced eye, appeared like a huge storage warehouse. At one corner were gathered the smaller and more costly properties; baskets of moulded fruits, valuable rugs, vases, palms, and all the necessary paraphernalia. In the wings stood a city of some dimensions; castles, statuary, streets, all packed neatly, side by side. Overhead hung the different scenes, each like a portcullis; and in every vacant space was a row of colored lamps—a scale of primary colors—to be used later for illumination Steam escaped from underground fittings, and there was about it all an air of readiness that helped to drive away my doubts; for it was close on time, and there was as yet, no sign of the promised wilderness.

Salome in Neglige.

At this juncture Mr. Downing opened his door. His identity was already dimmed under the disguise of skins and sandals. He sat at his dressing table with a point of Hoffman's "Head of Christ" before him. His good-humored countenance had already undergone a tragic change. His cheeks appeared hollow, his color was that of an ascetic. By the skilful use of his crayons he elevated the end of his eyebrows and obtained a startling soul-awakened expression. A natural beard was added with a liberal use of liquid glue and human hair and was then trimmed in barber-fashion to the desired proportions. A turban, and a peculiar arrangement of the garment completed the figure of John the Baptist, as approved by Rabbi Voorsanger. He was mechanically perfect.

When I emerged from the dressing-room the creation of a wilderness was in full operation. A small army of scene-shifters was at work. Baskets full of cudgels and others full of rocks appeared and their contents were spread lavishly over the floor. The rocks were made of cloth and stuffed with horsehair, and the pilgrims, arranged in graceful positions, seemed to find their pillows of stone softer than did their forefather Jacob. Distant hills were lowered from the ceiling, and under the shelter of a cactus plant two pilgrims sat up and denounced anarchy.

Presently, from behind the curtain, the orchestra began to tune up faintly. Then commenced the overture. This was a signal for the hurried departure from the scene of the plain-clothes men. A man with the voice of a town-crier called out "Act one," and the play had commenced.

I stood in the wings by the side of John the Baptist, who surveyed the scene with a calmly critical eye. An accidental touch at my elbow caused me to turn round, and I nearly leaped srieking into publicity. There stood the leper—ghastly beyond words. He smiled reassuringly, but I was unnerved and crept away.

I found a man in whom there was no guile. His name was John, and his task was keeping flies off Herodias, with a large pink fan. He wore no wig, he used no paint, and yet he filled his part perfectly. He was an African, handsome as a picture, with his short natural beard; and he was immensely proud of his profession.

A roar of applause from the audience told me that John the Baptist had appeared. I heard the

Simon Notes the Effect.

The Leper and the Spots.

Herodias Making Up.

Herod Building his Frown.

wind whistling over the hills of Judea, and instinctively held on my hat, until I found the man who made it turning a large wooden wheel under a band of silk. A body of Roman soldiers charged out at this point, the leader clashing a formidable knout on his shield. There was a further round of applause from the audience, and Act I was over.

Then the perfect organization became evident; the sticks and stones were gathered into their baskets, miles of the Hebron desert disappeared into the roof, and at the same time someone let half the back streets of Jerusalem down with a run on my left shoulder. After that alarming accident, in my desire to avoid further disaster, revolved warily like a rapid-action, improved lighthouse. A warning shout from the roof caused me to look upward in alarm, and suddenly round a corner some one came lightly but swiftly and hit me on the belt line with an unsheathed elbow—a very dangerous weapon. I turned in anger but my pain vanished. It was the elbow of a very charming danseuse, and it's amazing what a difference it made. I felt cured by a kindly passing smile, and yet if it had been a scene-shifter an elaborate apology would have seemed insufficient.

The "supes" began to appear in multitude for the second act, the wings were crowded as the whole force was in action. In his own room, John the Baptist was enjoying a cigar. Herod preferred cigarettes, and Herodaus sat chatting with her menials.

The rythmic patter of feet, and the applause from the audience, told me that the girls were dancing, and I found as they came into the wings two by two that whatever else in the play was simulated, their enjoyment was not. Their laughter continued long after their part was over, though in the more tragic representations also I noticed that it took an appreciable time for the lines of sadness and anger to fade away from the face.

Another act was over, and the scene-shifters and property man planned and hammered again. The outstretched tiled floor was rolled up as poor Daudet wished that the highways and rivers of violated France might be when the Germans came. Gas-fitters, house-builders, electrical engineers, and plumbers, too, if I am not mistaken—I saw them delving deep into the stage, and it looked like drains—commenced the erection of a gorgeous palace.

A soldier of the Legion, clad sparsely in tights, stood wrapped in an overcoat. I assured him that if he would only have the courage to appear as he was, he would be the sensation of the evening, and entirely eclipse Mr. Downing. He considered this for a moment, but shook his head. Notoriety had no attraction for him. He wanted to hold his job.

"That's a funny kind of play" he said with an approving air, "something different from the average. I suppose that's the Town of Israel behind there——" he indicated the back street that came so near spoiling this article.

"Listen!" he said suddenly, raising his hand, "he's choking her!" And we heard the faithless Herodias gasping in the hands of her husband.

The men who manufactured the thunder and the lightning with drum and magnesium wire—the local agents of Zeus, and "Cauld Boreas" who made the wind, filled me with interest; but the man who painted dawn and evening roused me to enthusiasm. In a little room at the left hand corner of the stage he stood before a switchboard which was literally a huge palette, each color being represented by a colored lamp. At the hour of dawn, when the followers of John lay sleeping, he began by switching on the first faint amber light. All over the stage the color responded, and then like some eager artist, he laid on color after color till the day was full. In time to come, this may be a task for our great men, and a sunset by Whistler or John la Farge be a star item on the program.

The last strains of the chorus died away, and the play was over. As I stood again at the entrance to the theatre, I saw the musicians stringing out with their instruments swathed like sickly children. And after them followed the tired players, singly and in groups.

DAVID ATKINS.

Soldiers and Peasants.

A Phonetic Crank.

THERE is an original crank in San Jose. A pamphlet printed in that city on a system of phonetic spelling entirely new is being widely circulated. It is headed

AN APLIKSHUN FOR A FRANCHIZ TU KONSTRUKT A RALWA.

TO THE ONRABL MMBRS OV THE UNITD STATZ LEGISLATUR:

A few extracts and a reproduction of the author's photograph, which is printed on the last page of the pamphlet, will speak for themselves:

JNTLMN: The awthor ov thic ptiishn wud b vere thankful tu ne wun or al ov the onrabl mmbrz of Kongrs hu wud asist thic entrete tu a far konsidrashun, if posibl. Thic subjkt iz herbi preznted in bref rgumntativ form, thru the hoop that ur onrabl bode wil tolrat a sufishntle xplisit owtlin ov an ntrpriz propzd tu tst The Industrel Ko-oprativ sistm, and rndr imperativ survus tu the labring klas ov the kuntre. Wherfor, thic ptishnr haz dvizd a plan for the konstrukshun ov

Prof. Paul Plato Poze.

a ralwa tu b noon az The Unyn Surqt, dzind tu xtnd direktle along and ntirle arownd the koost and bowndre lynz ov the Unitz Statz; or, if agreabl tu the Mexican Guvrnmnt, it iz propozd tu xtnd The Unyn Surqt arownd the teritore ov Mexic. Jntlmn, thic subjkt iz preznted bi an individul huz jnrl obzurvashun ov the untold domstik disordr that prevalz amung the poorer ppl ov thic komparativle prosprus "land ov librte" haz promptd him tu orijinat thic elaborat plan for the bnefit ov evre laborr in the kuntre, for the industrel, komurshl and pursnl akomodashun ov al the ppl, az the intnshun iz tu ekwip The Unyn Surqt Ralwa with elektrik instd ov stem lokomoshun, and uthr uneek apurtnnez that wil rndr it the most populr plezur rowt, the grat "hune muun" trip, if u plez; and posible ov futur militare konvnync tu the Unitd Statz Guvrnmnt. But the spshl fetur ov thic ralwa ntrpriz is the vast rfrmashun it iz propozd tu akomplish amung the klas noon az "the unmployd," a sorowfule dmoralizd multitud ov unfortunat, diskurajd, inkomptnt, dzzd, ignornt, drunkn, kriminle inklined human kreturz konstituting a surqlating rme ov tnz ov thowzndz ov trampz, public begrz, raalrood "ded btz," secret malfaktrz maantaand in domstik peril bi the ppl, a disgrac tu ne kuntre supozd tu b sivilizd and Christianizd. * * * It iz that fredum which iz a mnac tu sivil progrs. It iz that nv and tmtashun and gormandizm that aymz at soshl xturminashun, and prezurvashun ov owr monstrus slf. It iz the Great Amerikn Spshlte. "The Hobo," an rme ov profshnl idlrz, 500,000 strong. It iz sad tu c populr sntimnt trying tu arst the lawz ov Evolushun. It iz dredful tu c slfishns opozing the inevitabl. Progrs iz what we maak it, ov korc, but it awt tu b difrnt, as Natur wud hav it.

If thic ptishnr wer suprintndnt ov Sunda skuulz in hiz rezidnt site, with the maor, the ministr, the juj and the doktr az klasmatz, ther wud b but wun permannt lsn, uuntil it wer studed, komprehnded and aplid, and that wub b,

The fown iz wild with hudlumz,
And the dogs r wild with flez,
And mishunarez slawtring Chinez.

Kompar the area, the populashun, thd aj and the karaktr ov France with the Anrkel stat ov California. Tha tch the wurld an unprecdntd lsn in kriminl progrs. Now, tha hav a gud Samaritan in Kongrs, protsting agnst "coolie labr," but he don't reprezent the landlord ov hiz stat upon that point, for the Chinaman undermind the whit man in a most edmirabl manr. He wurkt for smalr wajz, he ndurd murdrus purcqshun, he waz striktle sobr, fathful and reliabl, until he krept gradule intu favr, and xedz the whit man tuda in mne instansez. Tha sa he iz unklen, but pa him avraj wajz, as he iz ofn prefurd az a famile kuuk, and a survnt gurl kud not b more stif, whit and spotls. It iz no uc for the gud Samaritan tu opoz him. The fraz "coolie labr" iz simple stigmatik and insolnt. What if it iz "coolie," Irish or Yankee, just so it iz onst labr, farle paad? * * * The Geary Xkluzhun Law shud not b renud. If the gud Samaritan wud propoz a bil tu bhed 100,000 ov hiz "nativ son" hudlumz, he wud rndr fre labr a mor abiding bnefit; ther wud b pc for poor John Chinaman, for he haz kum to sta, nehow, "ale same Melike man, what fo u too muche fulob Hip men."

Jntlmn: If u wil prdu thic atmtd intruzhun, I ntret ur faarabl revu ov the Unon Surqt Raalwa, if u wil obsurv to what xtnt mankind iz rele krusifid upon a kros ov gold.

So ma the whelz ov progrs rol along, regrdls ov the non-progrsiv lemnt hu hoopz dela, onle tu maak thmslvz in the rac ov lif. So ma we rob kontnshun ov a hundred yers ov sntimntl frawd and strif ov ignornc tu hold the raanz that lev us strnggling in advursite, or isolatd on thoz prejudishl hytz that nv kan not rech.

Whn De Lesseps propozd the Panama kanal, he undrstud hiz bizns; whn Collis P. Huncington propozd a transcontinntl raalwa, he undrstud hiz bizns; so iz The Unyn Surqt a praktikl propozishn that awt not tu b dfurd.

Jntlmn: The owthor ov thic ptishn ntretz The Onrabl Legislatur tu konsidr the fakt that wun ov the namz afixt tu thic dokumnt iz an adoptd nam; not a sudonym or non d plum, but a slf elektd nam, and withowt dtald xplanashun ov hiz reznz for such chang, for privat, pursnl, domstik or publik, but morale sakred kawzez, he hoopz the onrabl Legislatur wil not suspkt the integrite ov hiz akshun, nor demand the rsitashun ov disagrebl xprensez ov trajede and domstik and publik impropriete, in ordr tu grant hiz rekwstd privilij, that he ma pcfule pursu, in a purle publik kpasite, hiz koncnshus impulsez ov librte and hapins, and konform tu hiz apointd bizns transakshunz without suspishn, snsur or reproch, if The Legislatur wud maak the chang from Clay Taylor, the orijnl legal nam ov thic ptishur, tu Paul Plato Poze. I am, Onrabl Jntlmn,

Urz obdntle,
CLAY TAYLOR,
(PROF. PAUL PLATO POZE)
San Jose, Cal.

President Theodore Roosevelt's account of his mountain-lion hunt last winter in Colorado will appear in the October and November numbers of "Scribner's" under the title "With the Cougar Hounds." The heroes of the chase are the intelligent hounds who are trained to chase the cougar and the linx into the trees. A great deal of new information in regard to the cougar is contained in the first of these articles. Both will be fully illustrated from photographs by Philip K. Stewart, who was one of the hunting party. Stewart was a well-known Yale athlete.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Taleum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You will find the Mennen Taleum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

While they are accumulating knowledge on the profound sciences, are often so ignorant of their own natures that they allow local disease to fasten on them to the ruin of the general health. Backache, headache, nervousness, point to a disordered or diseased local condition which should have prompt attention.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription may be relied upon as a perfect regulator. It stops enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. *It makes weak women strong and sick women well.*

There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription" and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

"Your letter just received," writes Miss Rose Kilfether, of 43 West Sharpnack St., Germantown, Philadelphia, Penna. "Words fail to express how thankful I am to you for your advice. I must confess that for the length of time I have been using your medicine I have found it to be the most wonderful and best remedy for female trouble that I ever have tried. Sorry I did not know of your 'Favorite Prescription' years ago."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager, Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR

VAUGHN LEADLEY,

Solicitor for

J. F. SNOW & CO.,

Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.

Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 00 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 306.

EDWARD HALL, Presidsnt. WM. J. BUGY, Vice-Prrs. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, See'y and Man'g'r.

United States Laundry Association

LAUNDRY—3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.
(Near Valencia)

TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418

OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST.,
near Powell.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch. in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material: kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St, bet. Stockton and Powell

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

Small Talk.

Miss Carrie Taylor is the guest of Miss George Pope in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope will return to San Francisco in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Grant will return to San Francisco early in October.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the hostess at a tea given to Mrs. Alexander last Friday afternoon.

Miss Miriam Moore will spend the winter in San Francisco with her sister Mrs. Ed. Pringle.

The Martins have taken the Sheldon house on Steiner street. They expect to entertain a great deal this winter.

Mrs. Walter Scott Martin had a large luncheon at her home in San Mateo on Wednesday, in honor of Miss Suzanne Green, who is at present her guest.

Miss Cora Smedburg is taking a serious interest in the study of architecture.

Miss Edith McBean will go East next month and after Christmas to Coronado.

Miss Florence Ives has gone to New York for a three months' visit to her cousin there.

People in general are satisfied that the engagement of Peter Martin and Lily Oelrichs has been definitely postponed.

There is no truth in the rumor that Miss Jennie Flood's house is either to let or for sale.

The Carolan Fete for the Armitage Orphan Asylum has been indefinitely postponed owing to the death of the President.

The Lieutenant Roosevelt of the Marine Corps to whom Miss Eleanor Morrow is engaged, is first cousin of President Roosevelt. These young people will be married next February.

Mrs. Philip King Brown and her small son have been guests of Miss Ella Goodall in Oakland for the last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Taylor will spend the winter with the E. W. Hopkins on California street. Mr. and Mrs. Gus Taylor will return to their Franklin street home in November.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore of Oakland with their daughters Miss Carmen and Jacqueline Moore will spend the winter in San Francisco.

The Flood house on Broadway will not be ready until January. The family will leave their country place at Alma next month and spend the early part of the winter in the Freeborne house on Jackson street.

Mrs. Malcolm Henry and her two children left on Monday for Washington. Mrs. Henry will spend a few weeks with her sister Mrs. Guy Scott at the Scott home in Virginia on her way home.

Mrs. Ashton Potter has not been very well since her arrival in Texas, but is gradually recovering. Her sister, Miss Ruth McNutt will visit her in November.

The latest accounts from Mrs. Fred Sharon of Miss Florence Breckenbridge's health are far from satisfactory. She is very low-spirited and finds solace in nothing but her music.

Mrs. Charley Baldwin will soon go to Colorado Warm Springs. She is better than when she went to Tahoe, but not yet sufficiently strong to return to her Mountain View home.

Miss Suzanne Blanding has returned to San Francisco. She intends pursuing her French studies very diligently this winter as she hopes to go to Europe next year with her brother Tevis Blanding.

The H. E. Huntingtons will soon return to San Francisco. Since their uncle's death they have blossomed out to a marvellous extent and intend entertaining very lavishly this winter.

Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Dillon expect to leave their Jackson street home in November. They are undecided whether they will go East or to Coronado for the winter.

The Ed Schmiedells are at last reinstated in their very attractive home on the corner of Washington and Steiner Streets. The house is distinctly Shakesperian, and built in order to get all the sun possible and yet be pleasing to the eye. Mr. George Howard is the architect.

The friends of the Hutchinsons in Oakland are deeply distressed at the sad ending of Prentiss, the eldest son of the family. Until a serious illness a year ago, he was one of the brightest of the Oakland young men. He never quite recovered his strength but his recovery was expected to be merely a question of time.

A great deal of amusement has been created at the Hotel Rafael by the amateur tennis tournament. After three weeks of the best playing that has ever been seen in the State, these games are really humorous. Mrs. Malcolm Wright, Mrs. Ed Hopkins, Miss Helen Dean and Mrs. Fremont Older are the best players.

There are but few young married women in San Francisco who are so popular as Mrs. Tom Bishop who was Anna Voorhies. She has a most attractive home on Hyde Street near Sacramento, where she has lately been the hostess at several small dinners. Anna was the greatest favorite of the Voorhies girls and married one of the most popular young men in San Francisco.

The news that Mrs. Ivan Coleman and Miss Carrie Gwin had taken a town house for the winter came in the nature of a surprise to their friends. Miss Gwin is in mourning and will necessarily be very quiet. There are not many women in San Francisco who are more charitable than Miss Gwin.

Miss Caro Crockett and Miss Edith Stubbs will be married in October. Miss Crockett will have a large church wedding but only a few of her most intimate friends will be invited to the house, Miss Edith Stubbs, will have a large church wedding. She has so many intimate friends that it is difficult for her to make distinctions.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29,1901.....29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President..... B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....John Lloyd.
Second Vice-President..Daniel Meyer
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt,

San Francisco Savings Union
535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901 .....$28,973,540
Reserve Fund..... 226,994
Paid Up Capital 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier, R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.
42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG ..... President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER
THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336
DON R. DUNBAR
Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes
N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood
"The Castle"
101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG
The True Blue.
308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served.

—ESTABLISHED 1823—
WILSON WHISKY
THAT'S ALL!
Bielenberg & Weniger
Sole Distributors
101-103 POWELL ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE
Billiard, Pool and Club Room
(Never Closed.)
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.
924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET.

Things Theatrical.

Bulwer's famous old tragedy "Richelieu," with its time-honored stage traditions and suggestions of the good old days when the "legitimate" actor ruled his mimic world, must always bring with its production a flood of reminiscences of the days of Macready, Forrest, Booth and Barrett. Most of us have not seen any impersonation of Bulwer's Cardinal Statesmen save that of Edwin Booth; and the modern actor must therefore almost invariably submit to a comparison with that prince of players.

The production at the Grand Opera House, as a whole, would suffer little by comparison with earlier ones. The general intelligence of the performance was noticeable, the staging and setting excellent, notably the interior of the Palais Cardinal, and the really beautiful gardens of the Louvre, both of which called forth much admiration.

As to the chief character, and "Richelieu" is, more than most dramas, a play of a single character, Mr. Haworth gave an interpretation that was interesting and novel, if not entirely convincing. In Mr. Haworth's repertoire, as in the lexicon of youth, there seems to be no such word as fail; none the less he seems temperamentally less suited to this role, than to any other in which he has appeared in San Francisco. Mr. Haworth is always artistic, and therefore his impersonation of the wily priest, the subtle statesmen, the loving father was not too unnatural. He had the presence, the intelligence, the technique to execute an interesting portrait; but the portrait was neither as true to Bulwer's conception, nor as consistently developed, as one could have wished. But Mr. Haworth's vital temperament, his Celtic animation and exuberant spirits, so splendid an endowment for most roles, really militated against him here. The physical weakness, which Bulwer emphasizes so strongly in the character, was not convincingly suggested; the subtlety of the cardinal was a bit too theatrical; there was not the true atmosphere. The artificial dignity of the old play seemed to affect even so unaffected an actor as Mr. Haworth; and in some of the passages, notably the soliloquies, he came perilously near to mouthing his speeches.

On the other hand, wherever vigor and strength were required, this "Richelieu" was impressive and even masterly. The declamatory passages were given with excellent spirit, and the famous scene where Richelieu hurls the curse of Rome at de Barradas, showed the actor at his best; the ringing voice, the blazing eyes, the splendid pose were electrifying. If one did not know that Mr. Haworth has appeared in this part before the best explanation for the unevenness of his Richelieu would be that he has not yet lived himself into his character, for that is the effect produced. His methods are a bit too broad in some places, too modern in others. The polishing of rough edges, the fitting of all parts into an harmonious whole, these are still needed.

De Malprat, "ready, frank and bold," was not quite all that Mr. Mayall's hands. Mr. Mayall lacks the swagger, the humor, the abandon necessary in this picture of the seventeenth century soldier and lover, and one regretted that he had to lay aside the classic calm of Petronius with his draperies.

Miss Stone's Julie was adequate to the small demands of the part, and de Barradas, while rather stagey and not quite diabolical enough, was yet satisfactory.

MAIDA CASTELHUN.

* * *

"A Modern Crusoe" at the Columbia, was a failure. It is a play of a mechanical era past and gone. Even Sydney Rosenfeld's retouching failed to save it. Thomas Q. Seabrooke is a fair comedian and Everson a charming woman, but it was too much for them.

* * *

Dorothy Morton, an attractive woman and a good singer, was the star of this week's Orpheum bill. "The Bridegroom's Reverie" is a pretty little fantasy.

Among the many honors accorded DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY has been the Royal Warrant recently granted by King Edward. The Royal Family has accorded this honor to DEWAR'S SCOTCH for many years past. It is a compliment which the judges of Scotch whisky think highly deserved.

At The Theatres Next week.

Central—"A Voice from the Wilderness" reaches the end of the run, and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" succeeds it.

Tivoli—"Nabucco," new here, and one of Salassa's star parts, and "Carmen."

Grand Opera House—Joseph Haworth in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a dramatization of Stevenson's novel.

Alcazar—Florence Roberts in "Sapho." This closes her dramatic season.

California—Hoyt's "A Texas Steer," followed after a week by West's minstrels.

Orpheum — The mastery of the Svengalis, which has remained unsolved in New York, will be presented next week. The Svengalis not only read the thoughts of the audience but forestall them. Press Eldridge, a monologist, reappears after four years absence, and the Parros Brothers from Berlin make their first appearance here as acrobats.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

A TONIC
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Half a teaspoon in half a glass of water, refreshes and invigorates the entire system. A wholesome tonic.
Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

SUITS
CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED
BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY
40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.
Ring up Red 5294 We run two wagon

A WISE PRECAUTION
BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER
TRADE MARK.
A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.
"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving.
Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original.) Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

ATTENTION!
We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge
A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT
In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to
THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving
Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRED
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... PAPER
COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.
Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

C. A. GARTER C. W CROSS
Law Offices of
Cross & Garter
Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.
Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell
Office and Residence
1021½ Market St. S. F. Cal.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

No less than five freaks in the world of tone have come under my spectacled observation during the past week. The first was in the form of a newspaper advertisement, and stated that the advertiser guaranteed to teach the art of accompanying in twenty lessons. This is sufficiently surprising. I, in company with a certain number of equally ignorant persons, have stupidly imagined that accompanying was a gift and could not be taught;—real accompanying, I mean: but then it is distinctly unsafe nowadays to pin our faith upon any of the orthodox ideas and theories that came to us with our milk, as it were. We may now announce to a rejoicing world that the period of uneasiness resultant from incompetent accompanists is happily past. Accompanying as an art is taught by a lady in a lock-box whose number can be learned by consulting the "educational" column of the "San Francisco Chronicle."

Freak the second is a singing club in the city of Oakland and its claim upon the public attention rests upon the fact of its membership including only those gentlemen whose age has reached the tottering altitude of sixty years. A freak is defined as something outside of the natural channel of events or things, and in this sense I refer to this club of old men. There is a quality at once infinitely pathetic and infinitely stirring in the thought of a number of brave old spirits huddling courageously together and singing in the very teeth of the menacing reaper. Emile Souvestre, the French philosopher, in his "Pleasures of Old Age" makes one of his characters to say:—"Whilst others retire for life into flannels and nightcaps, like mummies in their wrappings, I mingle in every stirring, I grow young again by contact with everything that buds and blossoms and sings beneath the sun. Humanity itself seems to labor for my amusement and occupation; it is but a small return on my part, then, to take an interest in all that contributes to its profit, and to illuminate my windows at each of its victories." Such a spirit is much more than admirable, it is glorious; and the thought of that singing club of old men should put the whinings of the younger in the face of difficulty to a lasting shame.

The third freak is an immense instrument operated by Mr. and Mrs. Karsy at the Orpheum. It is an uncanny affair of different sized revolving wheels that give out a weird, sonorous tone when touched by the operator. It is quite worth a visit to hear. At the Orpheum, too, there is Dorothy Morton who sings anything from coon songs to light-opera waltz refrains with equally good style and with a very good voice. J. Aldrich Libby, once dear to us in the "Trip to Chinatown," still sings as well as of yore, but sings a song about the assassination of President McKinley that is simply horrible. At this time such a brutal song is in the vilest taste and should be withdrawn. The Misses Delamore sing and play various instruments acceptably.

Using the definition given above in the same sense again, we come to the announcement of the opening of a studio by F. Loui King, formerly of San Jose, under printed (in his advance circular), conditions that smack of the millenium. He aims to "create a musical atmosphere around those committed to its care that will make blossom into full bloom all those sacred buds of talent and genius in organisms, by nature, sensitive and refined; an atmosphere that will still further ennoble and strengthen the delicate fabric of minds born for good purposes and deeds." Bravo, Mr. King! May time's degrading and corroding touch be stayed from the beautiful fabric wrought in your circular. May you ever have the moral strength to live up to the first, rather than dwell upon the material aspect of the second sentence of your clause, numbered five, and which reads:—"To look upon the vocation of teaching music as an art, rather than a calling for pecuniary benefit. By attention to the first, the latter will result."

Miss Edith Pariser of Alameda has been married to Mr. Geo. H. Whitney of the same place. Miss Pariser is well known among Alameda's musical population. Miss Priscilla A. Davies, formerly known as a singer in this city, has been united to Mr. Fred C. Finkle of Los Angeles. The musical season is unfolding its sleepy wings, feather by feather. One of these assumed the form of a recital given by the pupils of the Bonelli Conservatory of Music, and a recital by Miss Grace Carrol, who has just returned from eastern study. We are promised some very pleasant things this year, and the unfolding of the wings should reveal a very gorgeous bird, indeed. However, that is still in the air—as the marksman said when he missed the eagle.

Dorothy Morton at the Orpheum.

Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire:—"Absence" by Henry J. Curtaz, published by the Curtaz Co., "My True Love hath my Heart," by Jas. H. Rogers, published by the Boston Music Co.

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD
Will return and resume teaching a limited number of pupils on AUGUST 15TH. Applications for time or an interview can be addressed care of
SHERMAN & CLAY'S.

Achille L. Artigues
PIANIST
Organist of Notre Dame des Victoirer
1248 McAllister St. PHONE Fell 1749

MRS. W. H. HORD,
Piano and Guitar.
Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.
Residence, 005 Oak St Phone, Page 1622
OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.
TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot-blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramento St.

HARRY NIEMANN
The Old
"Tivoli"
Favorite

Desires to Inform his Friends and the Public in general that his new

SHIRT FACTORY

is now open and ready for business. Harry will be found at the stor

719
Emma Spreckels Bldg.,

every day ready to receive his customers

* Memoirs of the Syndicate.

6. Concerning Strrs

(Continued.)

"BEHIND the Scenes" is supposed to be a very wonderful and interesting world, and there are lots of people who would think themselves mighty lucky if they could see a few of the great stars, minus grease-paint and in ordinary clothes, working away on a dark stage at a difficult piece of business, or putting the finishing touches to a hard scene. The truth is that a good deal of the interest wears away with the novelty, and a good deal of the charm with the make-up; and many of the stars couldn't shine half so brightly before the footlights, if their admirers saw them behind the scenes.

For instance, the polished drawing-room hero is often an out-and-out boor who keeps on his hat during rehearsals, quarrels with the leading woman for first place, and leers at the "extras;" the pale, romantic, young juvenile, whose brown curls win so much admiration, proves to be perfectly bald, and swears on sight; while the sweet, smiling ingenue with whom every man on Broadway is in love, may be a sallow, cross-tempered lady of thirty-five who fights with everyone in the company.

You see actors and actresses, as a rule, live so much in a world of their own, and are so much apart from the rest of the world, that they don't care much what the outside world does or thinks. A star or a leading man or woman learns to think that the world begins and ends with his particular company and play; and so he gets to be a regular Czar behind the scenes, unless he's the exception that proves the rule.

It's fun to hear the minor actors, the understudies, or even the "extra" ladies and men sizing up a star; and maybe some of the stars wouldn't be quite so bumptious if they could hear some of their comment. This is about the way the satellites sum up things: Gillette is terribly sarcastic, and loves the center of the stage almost as much as flirting with the girls. Mansfield is a perfect brute, and it's best to keep out of his way all you can, unless you happen to be a very pretty extra girl, when he has been known to be very decent. Drew is a good-natured fellow, who doesn't pay much attention to his associates if they do fairly well; he gags and jollies things along when he's in a good mood, and likes to break up the others. Faversham, they say, is usually "lovely," and all the extras thought he'd be "sweet" as a star, when he was announced last season.

But it's even funnier to hear the understudies talking about the women-stars and leading women. John Drew's leading women, Ida Conquist, is one that catches it particularly. They all say that she's "snippy," and that being made leading-woman last season was too much for her; and so the extra's hate her good and hard. They say that she's forever talking about "my scene," and that if any one dares whisper in the wings, or if a stage-hand passes along the back of the stage during "my scene," he's sure to catch it from her.

Maude Adams is a big contrast to her. Everybody in her company loves her, and all the extras are wild about her. She is very kind to them and wins their hearts by giving them theatre tickets to the other theatres, and presents on Christmas and New Year's day. If people make a noise during her scene or talk in the wings, she stands it, if, it's the fiirst offense, or only an accident; or she sends word after the scene, and asks them to be more careful. She has a great habit, too, of joshing on the stage, like Julia Marlowe; and the people who have seen her looking thin and white and consumptive as "L' Aiglon," coughing her life away—wouldn't guess that she's often playing all sorts of pranks and laughing behind her cough at some fool super's bad acting.

Henry Miller, again, is a terror. He is the most nervous fellow behind the scenes, and swears terribly. He uses language to the under-studies—men and women both—that isn't as nice as it might be. When he was in San Francisco, rehearsing "The Only Way," they say the only one before whom he tried to speak decent English was Margaret Anglin. When she would come in sight, he'd make a wild effort for a few minutes; but he'd usually end with an oath that would start everyone to life. Then poor Miss Anglin would smile faintly, and say "Oh, Mr. Miller!"—and the same thing would begin over again.

CHARLES SHOWMAN.

* Advance Sheets from the new volume about to be issued by the Theatrical Publishing Trust Company.

Flor de Claus Spreckels
Choicest Havana Cigars
H. PLAGEMANN & CO., Importers
709-711 Market St.,
Adjoining Call Building
San Francisco

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Fifty years of success prove these troches the simplest and best remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, Bronchial and Lung Troubles.
In boxes—never sold in bulk.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Sept. 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. Oct. 3. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Sept. 4, 8, 13 18, 23, 28. Oct. 3. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Sept. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Oct. 4.
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)
Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.
Steamer State of California Wednesdays 9 a. m.
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and *Newport. (*Corona only)
Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.
Steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.
For further information obtain company's folder. The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

MONDAY

AND

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

THURSDAY

THE

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

CALIFORNIA

LIMITED

ON

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained.

SANTA FE

"GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

It is said that certain people cannot sing this song but anybody can go away back East and sit down in the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road. These trains carry Nickel Plate Dining Cars in which are served American Club meals at from $.35 to $1.00 each.

Call or write for free book showing views of Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Jay W. Adams, P. C. P. A. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

The Observations of Eunice.

2. Outward and Visible Signs.

"HE appears to be cultivating a past," was her first word, as we broke away from the crowd which surrounded the celebrated author.

At the moment it was my desire to cultivate the present, as I had not seen her for a week.

"It seems to me, Eunice," I began, "that you hunt big game as a sportsman instead of as an admiring naturalist—pursue it merely for the pleasure of pulling it down. Suppose, now, that you take the sympathetic standpoint; imagine that you are famous yourself, and that your ambitious admirers desire to learn of your commencements—seek the preliminary symptoms of fame, as it were—to enable them to prognosticate their own cases—what would you do?"

"I would tell them nothing whatever" she replied, "I would speak only of the weather and topics of current interest."

"You would tell them nothing of your early aspirations?" I asked incredulously; "nothing of your day dreams, of the air castles so paltry in the retrospect; nothing of parental discouragement, of your first acceptance, of your letters from Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, nothing of all this?"

"No, I would simply continue the work which made me famous and let the public glean what they could from that. Look at Meredith now, what do we know of him but his work?"

"Meredith isn't popular," I returned; "he's simply literary, and beside that, he is not an American, or he'd have had the cover torn from him long ago. You see the people, here, must have domestic information; it enables them to interpret, as they say, and that of course is the great thing. It is only a further mark of ability in a public character that the facts the admirers get are significant."

"Well, then, what would you do if you had written anything worth while?" retorted Eunice.

This was a stunning blow, for she held an autograph copy of my poems in her possession.

"Oh, I thought that out long ago," I began as soon as I found my composure, "you see a man in my position has to be ready for the ebb-tide. In the first place I'd employ my artistic instinct in giving to the public suitable reminiscence. I would commence at infancy and, by a process of selection, indicate a line of development of which the only logical climax was fame. I would then send autograph copies of my work to unintelligent friends. I would build an "artistic" house and paint it the color of a thrush's egg or of a linnet's wings. I would if possible change my name. If these efforts appeared too normal for a popular author, I would then wear silk knickerbockers and long hair, and write a life of Emerson. I would give private readings to old ladies. I would hint at a more fickle mistress than my art and pine away with passion unrequited; and while not alluding to the lady's name I would make it plain enough to allow notices of our engagement to be inserted in the paper and denied."

"Our engagement," said Eunice scornfully.

"Yes, the lady's and mine," I explained with strenuous innocence.

"And while you were doing all this how would you find time for yonr work?" asked Eunice hurriedly.

"That would be a consideration of minor importance. Precedence has established a course. I would issue select editions de luxe bound in old brocade, or decorated shark skin—something aesthetically appropriate; no two would be alike, and each would be artistically ragged on the edges, and the taint of the professional would be avoided by having the printing on the cover as poor as possible. At intervals, when interest slackened, I would have my wife color the initials by hand or insert marginal notes. I would distribute the type, destroy my wood-blocks, and if necessary get a divorce from my wife so as to render further illumination impossible."

"It would be easy and awfully pleasant for your wife," she commented kindly.

"Yes, wouldn't it," I responded. "Society at her feet—male and female adorers by the dozen——"

"Oh, I referred to the divorce," she put in.

I struggled blindly for a new lead.

"We have all the elements of literary success within us, then," she continued, taking pity; "either we are imaginative or realistic. All that the majority lacks is a publisher."

"A publisher and the nerve of an advertising actress," I corrected. "A male writer should be handsome. A female writer, on the other hand, no matter what she writes, should avoid the appearance of musculinity or boldness; she should be convincingly modest—out of print, and should appear ill-fed and wear glasses. I am afraid, Eunice, that you are not predestined to literary fame unless you marry an author."

"Or you either," she responded cruelly.

HELP WANTED

DETECTIVES:—We want a sharp, responsible man in every city and town to do secret service work; $4.00 a day and expenses for actual service; postage for reply. International Detective Agency, Milwaukee, Wis.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

TEL. GREEN 12.

CHAS. P. DROLLA

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal

All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

BUFFALO

$87

ROUND TRIP

LAST

PAN-AMERICAN

EXCURSION

Tickets on sale October 3d and 4th at all main line points in California on the

Southern Pacific

Inquire of agents.

E. O. McCormick,
Pass. Traf. Mgr.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Than Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans-Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal.

Borrowed Plums

The Right Man.

First Politician—Well, they're going to nominate McMiler. Has he a clean record?

Second Politicion — Clean as a whistle Never was known to refuse a cash offer.—*Life.*

* * *

Had Read of Them.

He was showing his country cousin the sights in the harbor

"That big ship," said he, "is a man-of-war, and the little vessel on this side is a tug."

"Then that dear little one is a tug-of-war," replied she cheerfully. "I've read of them."—*Leslies.*

* * *

An Unnecessary Qualification.

"What office is Grapbter reaching for now?"

"He wants to be superintendent of a deaf and dumb asylum."

"When did he ever learn the sign language?"

"Never learned it at all. You don't have to learn it to hold that job. You can always get a cbeap assistant, you know, if you ever have occasion to talk to the mutes."—*Chicago Tribune.*

* * *

The Sanctity of Cats.

A Sunday-scbool teacher in Carthage, Ill., has a class of little girls, and it is her custom to tell them each Sunday of one little incident that has happened in the week and request the children to quote a verse of Scripture to illustrate the story. In tbis way sbe hopes to impress the usefulness of Biblical knowledge upon the little ones. One Sunday she told her class of a cruel boy who would catch cats and cut off their tails. "Now can any little girl tell me of an appropriate verse?" she asked. There was a pause for a few moments, wben one little girl arose and in a solemn voice said: "Whatsoever God has joined together let no man put asunder."—New York *Tribune.*

* * *

Smoother off The Track.

The following story is told by a traveller about one of the local railways in Ireland:

"We we bounding along," he said, "at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and the whole train was shaking terribly. I expected every moment to see my bones protruding through my skin. Passengers were rolling from one end of the carriage to the other. I held on firmly to tbe arms of the seat. Presently we settled down a bit quieter—at least. I could keep my hat on and my teetb didn't cbatter."

"Tbere was a quiet looking man opposite me. I looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to appear cheerful, and said:

"'We are going a bit smoother, I see.'

"'Yes,' he said; 'we're off the line now.'"—*London Spare Moments.*

* * *

They had been engaged, but had quarreled, and were too proud to make up. Both were anxious to have people believe that they bad entirely forgotten each other.

He called at her home one day to see her fatber—on business, of course. She answered the doorbell.

Said he: "Ah, Miss Jepkin, I b lieve. Is your father in?"

"No, sir," sbe replied, "father is not in at present. Do you wish to see him personally?"

"I do," he answered, feeling tbat she was yielding, "on very particular personal business," and he turned proudly to go away.

"I beg your pardon," she cried after him, as he reached tbe lowest step, "but who shall I say called?"—*Answers.*

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Bes FRENCH DINNER in the City

FOR FIFTY CENTS

At the Maison L'Aiglon

S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.

Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MIAN 5066

Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.

Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC AND OTHER DISEASES CURED

Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application. Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST. near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

California Northwestern R'y

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Shellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices 650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

AUTOMOBILES

WE BUILD TO ORDER

GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.

All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,

FACTORY—346 McAllister St ; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

This Paper not
be taken from

STATE

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 18. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

Moving Day in the Philippines.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—September 28, 1901.

A Secure Government.

A contrast between the conditions prevailing now when President McKinley has just been laid in his grave and those prevailing after the passing of President Garfield proves conclusively that Americans have advanced, during the past twenty years, in the science of governing themselves. When Garfield died, panic reigned in the stock-market; disastrous failures followed. The new President found it necessary to change most of his advisors, so that there was a costly shifting in high places in Washington. The prosecution of the assassin was so badly handled as to make us the laughing-stock of Europe. His case was allowed to drag along for a year,and the progress of the trial was clogged and hampered by formalities. Meanwhile, the criminal was allowed to give himself that advertising so dear to such natures.

Now, with the country larger and infinitely more important by reason of its place in the world, the change is made with hardly a perceptible slump in the stock market. The old advisors retain their places; among government office-holders, it is as though nothing whatever had happened except one unexpected holiday. Best of all, justice is being dealt out to the criminal swiftly, with no delays and appeals and with no qualifications. He is not permitted to advertise himself, nor to get his opinions in the newspapers.

We are learning what a republic is and how to handle it. The comparison gives hopeful presage for the overthrow of municipal corruption and Tammany control and the other evils incident to Republican government as practiced in the United States.

Two Kinds of Statesman.

The refusal of Governor Gage to order out the militia to protect the water front and the refusal of Mayor Phelan to withdraw extra police protection from the strike district measures the difference between the two men. Each acted in the only way open to him. In the absence of an actual state of riot clear beyond control of the local police, no governor has the right to call out state militia. On the other hand, the removal of police protection, as the strike leaders themselves know best of all, would mean the death or injury of every non-union man along the wharves.

Each acted as circumstances forced him to act. The difference lies in the manner of doing it. Gage, the politician, answered in a bombastic document written with one eye on the labor vote. Phelan, the public servant, with a chance to adopt half measures and make a pretended surrender and keep both sides in good humor for the influence on votes, came out like a man and refused to consider any proposition to deliver the city over into the hands of its union enemies. As was the case with Judge Sloss in the boycot decision, he was offered a political bribe to betray his trust and he refused it.

This will not help Phelan among the enemies he has made by his honesty, nor among the worshippers of the union fetish, but it will mean for him the right sort of "influence" among the right sort of people.

The Fighting Priest.

Father Yorke is loose again. To do the man credit, he is honest, although allied with dishonesty, and sincere, although the sworn friend and ally of Hearst insincerity. The one fault of the reverend father, outside of his monumental prejudice, is his fatal habit of getting drunk on his own voice. And when he saw his political organ assailed, it was more than Yorke flesh and blood could stand. He rushed boldly to the platform and to print and broke his own record. Even his famous denunciation of Mayor Phelan, wherein he compared the head of the city to a yellow dog because he showed proper respect to a dead ruler, and his insulting speech on Queen Victoria while she lay dead and unburied, were as nothing to his rabid and tasteless utterances in defense of false unionism and in support of the unspeakable "Examiner."

Is it not about time that Archbishop Riordan rid us of this priest? He was temporarily removed to Rome the last time he pulled the town about the ears of the church. His permanent removal is in order. He has been given a second trial and has failed again. Surely the Archbishop, who has expressed himself as the uncompromising enemy of the yellow press, and who is above all other things a diplomat, cannot tolerate such a war on decency as is being waged by this fighting priest of his diocese.

A Plea for Moderation.

The pendulum has swung to the other extreme; the American people are as hot against anarchy and all things anarchistic as they were indifferent before the assassination of President McKinley. There is a disposition in the American mob to beat and attempt to burn anarchists for the name only. The police in widely separated parts of the country are bidding for popularity and notoriety by arresting anarchists wholesale, charged with a "plot" which never existed. They have been egged on and abetted by the same yellow newspapers which are now arraigned as accomplices and are trying to set themselves right before the people by discovering mythical conspiracies.

The person who tilts at anarchy for the name alone is, of course, foolish and illogical. With nine-tenths of the so-called anarchists in this country, the thing is only an intellectual theory. They are many of them men of the highest culture who believe that the final destiny of mankind is the perfection of the individual to such an extent that government will be unnecessary. Such anarchists no more believe in the shedding of blood to further their course than does the average Republican or Democrat.

On the other hand, the anarchist who is advocating murder as a means of ending government is an accessory before the fact to every king-murder committed in the world. But the mob-minded who try to destroy anarchists for the name alone and without reference to the means which they advocate are guilty of an anarchy of their own.

The law will destroy Czolgosz and do it, from present indications, with none of the disgraceful delay which marked the conviction of Guiteau. The law should further treat as an accessory any man or woman who has advocated the murder of rulers as a means of political salvation. But neither the law nor the people have the right to punish or censure for a mere name.

One Rev. Charles Edward Locke, who formerly lived in San Francisco, officiated at the funeral services over the late President McKinley at the Milburn House in Buffalo says the Sacramento Bee.

If he had stopped there, his name might be spoken with respect. But he evidently used his eyes and his ears—even when he was praying with the lips and not from the heart—to gather mental notes for a dispatch which he sent that night to a paper in New York, one in Chicago and one in San Francisco.

In that telegram he depicted President Roosevelt standing "close to the casket, bowed with grief." He described Senator Hanna's sorrow as "pitiful." He portrayed the friends of the President as "deeply impressed"—with his own management of the funeral ceremonies, we suppose, for he says "the service was one of unusual tenderness." And he points the reader to "the most lonely heart of all" * * * "just at the head of the stairs," where "Mrs. McKinley wept softly."

The picture of Rev. Charles Edward Locke adorns—or, rather, is a fit accompaniment to—his description of the scene which appeared in the San Francisco paper. We suppose his face also lent encouragement to his article in the New York daily and the Chicago journal.

The act was shameful and disgusting, if not blasphemous. What sort of minister of Christ can he be who—while supposed to be praying over the dead—has the energies of mind, and eye, and ear bent on gathering material for a nauseating article describing mournful scenes which he, of all men, should be the very last to describe—an article which was an insult to the weeping widow and an affront to that Christ whom this minister has perverted to his own notoriety-seeking if not avaricious uses?

Side-Lights of Life.

Speaking of the stage, its centre of gravity is often the comedian.

Girls cry at a wedding to keep the bride from suspecting that they envy her.

Human nature is a man's excuse for acting like a hog.

Perhaps the man you think is a fool thinks you are in the same class.

When fortune knocks at the door of a lazy man the chances are he is somewhere trying to borrow a chew of tobacco.

A girl's idea of a flatterer is a man who is always saying nice things to other girls.—Chicago News.

THROUGH THE WEEK.

TRUTH and opinion aside, it must be admitted that the editorial in last Sunday's "Examiner," wherein justification for the course of the paper is attempted, makes an excellent defence of an untenable position. It is so good as a piece of writing, that it is likely to have more than a little influence with the people who let others do their thinking for them—and of such is the clientele of the Hearst dailies. It looks like the work of Livernash, than whom there is no better special pleader on any newspaper.

The issues are all dodged with remarkable skill, the claim that the Hearst combination is the salvation of honest labor is thrown very much to the fore, and the universal outcry against yellow journalism is laid to journalistic "failures." To leave local issues out of the question, the most pronounced and eminent of those failures is the New York "Sun." Indeed, this whole "failure" talk is ridiculous when it is probed. The chief end and aim of such newspapers as the "Examiner-Journal" is the making of money. It is an open secret that the syndicate has drawn heavily all along from the Hearst estate, and this in spite of the heavy circulation brought about by appealing solely to the mob spirit of the populace. The pulpit utterances upon the subject are the hardest of all to down, partly because the yellow monsters have always pretended an alliance with the clergy. This plea of counsel for the people is evaded by silence, except for an inference that the clergy, like the government, the country, the broad ocean and everything else but the "Examiner," is in the hands of the trusts.

There is only one telling point. This is where the "Examiner" brings it out that, had Mr. Bryan been elected and murdered, the Republican papers would have lain themselves liable to criticism by printing caricatures of him. While this is in a measure true, there are caricatures and caricatures. Those which the anarchist combination have been hurling at McKinley, and especially at their own valiant enemy Roosevelt, were far beyond anything before conceived in political insult, either here or abroad. It was left for the "Journal" to think of raking up a false charge of murder against a vice-Presidential candidate only three days before an election.

* * *

In connection with the assertion of the strike leaders that there is no organized violence, it is interesting to note that, owing to the increased number of assault cases,the daily newspapers are putting extra men on the receiving hospital assignments. The work is too heavy for one man.

Here is a case of last week which never got into the dailies. A longshoreman on the water front was assailed by a mob of thirty strikers and asked if he would quit work. He answered that he had a wife and family to support and therefore could not. He was felled at once by a swing on the jaw. As he lay on the ground, the thirty took turns in delivering good, heavy kicks on his head and body. He was left unconscious and carried home with a broken rib.

Another case occurred in the headquarters of the striking teamsters. As is well known, the teamsters are receiving strike benefits from all over the world. It happens, however, that all the leaders can afford to pay over to their dupes is $6 a week—a dollar a day.

A married man with a sick family complained last week, saying that it was not enough for his needs. Casey & Co. refused to give any more.

"Then I'll have to go to work," he said.

The words were hardly out of his mouth before he was knocked down and beaten into insensibility.

* * *

In soliciting funds from the East, the strike leaders have been giving it out that there are 20,000 men idle here, and collecting on that basis. The number of men on strike never reached that at any time, and now it is depleted by the men of sense who have gone back to work. Of the actual strikers, a very good proportion have simply changed occupations; they are making less money than they did in their former employment, but still they get a living. The number is certainly below 5,000; probably very much below.

* * *

Americans are taking hope again over the chances of our yacht, "Columbia," against Lipton's new "Shamrock." The "Constitution" was a failure, and now the old boat is called upon to be a double cup-defender. Hers will be double glory if she wins, but it looks doubtful. American experts who have examined both in dry-dock say that, unless she developes some unexpected weakness, "Shamrock" is a sure winner.

The one great hold of the "Columbia" is her crew, said to be the smartest all-round aggregation of yachting tars in the world. Most of them are Americans,though the skipper is a Scotchman. To win through the smartness of an American crew would be better than to win through any superiority in construction. If we win, therefore, it will be with greater glory than ever before accrued to an American yacht. If we lose, we lose to the most sportsmanlike and popular yachtsman who ever came over after the old trophy.

* * *

Recent statistics from the Department of Agriculture state that, if all the land now planted out in fruit trees comes to bearing without accident, the country, with its present commercial outlets, will be flooded with cheap fruit. The Department points out that the only possible remedy will be the creation of foreign markets.

California being the great fruit section of the country, these facts strike very close home. They mean that it behooves us to find a market. There are plentiful outlets all over the world, if they are only cultivated. Early in the eighties, this was experienced by the prune men of the Santa Clara valley. When the first prune trees were planted, the product brought such enormous prices that a craze ensued, and thousands of acres of grain and grazing land were converted into orchards. When these came into bearing, there was a period of over-production in which hundreds of growers failed. Then the Santa Clara people began to look for an outlet. This was found in the East, and was cultivated by a systematic campaign which was so successful that the acreage was multiplied many times before another stringency in the market was felt. The California fruits must be advertised abroad if the next decade is to see the growers prosperous.

* * *

In Iceland, where, by-the-way, they have more freak laws than anywhere else on earth, a measure has just passed to the statute books providing that anyone who finds a boy smoking cigarettes has a right to spank the boy and seize the cigarettes.

On the heels of this new departure in legislation comes a definite announcement from the London "Lancet" to the effect that of all forms of tobacco, cigarettes are least harmful. The three sorts, in order of pernicious quality are first the cigar, then the pipe and then the cigarette, and there is coming to be little doubt that the old-time hatred of the cigarette was a pure prejudice, founded partly on the fact that small boys gained from them their first introduction to the use of tobacco, and partly on the same motive that makes the miner or cowboy shoot at the tenderfoot who drinks sherry instead of red-eye whisky.

* * *

The gradual improvement in the time and records of our California Academic Athletic League due, mainly to the missionary endeavors at the University of California, brings the performances of our schoolboy athletes veay near to the best Eastern standard. In four or five years, the figures for the hundred yards dash have been brought down from something over 11 seconds to 10 2-5 reached last Saturday in the Bay Cities' field day and equal to the best ever done, up to last year, by the school-boy athletes of New York.

California has an ideal climate for this branch of sport. Athletes can train all the year round outdoors, instead of clinging to indoor training until far into the spring. With equal methods of training, the state should forge ahead of the East. In fact, with the performances among preparatory athletes up to their present standard, there is no reason why the next University of California Eastern team should not be a startler. Since, for geographical reasons, the best native track athletes of the grade schools are trained under the eyes of Berkeley athletes and enter college there instead of at Palo Alto.

* * *

In certain directions the practical inventive faculty of the American is hampered. This is not owing to any inherant defect, but to the restrictions of the law.

Certain ideas, however, which it would not be feasible to patent here might be presented to the notice of the Chinese Empress or the Sultan of Turkey, and among them that of Robert B.Pearcy, municipal judge, Princeton City Court. The following is an extract from his letter to the "New York Herald:"

"After discussing the modes of punishment that should be inflicted upon the assassin, Leon Czolgosz, the first should be to make a box just the length and width of the assassin and make it out of three-inch well-seasoned oak lumber,put together with 40d nails, and then saw the box in two with a redhot crosscut saw, running at the rate of one stroke per minute."

POLITICAL COMMENT.

THIS issue goes to press just before the opening of a Republican Convention, the first results of which will be known by the time that the paper is in the hands of its readers. Of the Republican Convention, it can only be said that the program for the opening session is to meet, ratify the committees and adjourn. If this is done, it means that the Burns element is supreme, or at least so strong as not to be dragged into a fight unawares.

The fight in this convention will develop into a struggle between Burns and his allies on one side and Martin Kelly on the other. Since the primaries, Kelly has been turned down by the managers. He has had no hand in their councils and has been ignored in the matter of appointments. Realizing this early in the game, he went to work with consummate skill, got his forces into line and prepared to go it alone. He is allied with the "Call" to nominate Laumeister, and the combination has been taking in the Ruef people, although it is not yet certain to what extent. Kelly may show formidable strength.

This situation may afford a chance to the Murdock people for grasping the balance of power, and Murdock's nomination is not an impossibility. Still, if I were doing any predicting, I should name Asa Wells as the Burns candidate and the probable winner.

At the moment of writing, the Democrats live in a state of grave doubt. Extreme pressure on Phelan continues, but he is still firm. Everything is tied up pending the settlement of the issue between him and his advisors. It is conceded that Tobin will in no event be the nominee. Only three others are mentioned, all at present municipal office holders—Supervisor Brandenstein, City and County Attorney Lane and Supervisor Booth. Lane is the first choice of many, and his nomination may resolve itself into a question of finances. He would be a very strong candidate. Brandenstein's youth is urged against him. He has every other qualification. Booth is open to the same objection as is urged against Lane.

It seems to sizzle down to Lane and Brandenstein. The former has always had tremendous personal popularity and a reputation for strict honesty. He has won far and away ahead of his ticket in three hard campaigns. He is rather weak in newspaper support, owing to his heading off certain designs of the business offices on the city treasury, but strong in friends.

Brandenstein is a man of undaunted ability, a Harvard graduate. He belongs by class with the employers, but has stood all through the labor troubles for the laboring class, in so far as one can reasonably support the unions in such a fight as the present. He has done this without breaking his influence with the employers. He has held a foremost place in the present Board of Supervisors, to which he was elected at the head of the ticket, and has done so without dangerous entanglements. J. K. L.

The Eureka Exposition.

The sixth annual exposition of the Eureka Agricultural and Mechanical Fair Association is in progress there this week. It is proving very successful. The large Occidental Pavilion, where the exposition is being held, is crowded every day and evening. The exhibits are unusually fine this year and many pleasing additions have been made to the amusement features. Roncovieri's exposition band of thirty-five pieces, from San Francisco, gives two concerts daily. Miss Ina Allen, contralto soloist, from San Francisco, appears on each program. Her singing has made a pronounced hit.

In connection with the exposition, there was four days' racing at South Park. Out fo respect to President McKinley, the exposition was closed Thursday and the citizens held memorial services on that day. Wednesday was city school children's day at the fair and Friday county school children's day.

The directorate is to be congratulated on the success of this enterprise. However, Eureka is a town of enterprise. It is one of the most progressive and thriving cities on the coast, and though it is, to some extent, hampered by lack of railroad facilities, still the town is fully abreast with the march of progress in every other respect.

Ballade for Those Who Erstwhile Knew Monterey.

Where are the ladies, gay, demure,
Of soot-black hair and Spanish eyes;
Modeste sweet; Benicia pure;
She for whom Xander gained the prize,
And gave for fee his soul in tow?
The gifts he brought to swell her pride—
Whence hath vanished their pearly glow?
They ebb out with the going tide.

Where are the artists, fame-renowned,
These wind-swept shores have known so well:
Tavernier, and the one who found
Mid moon-bathed walls new beauties dwell?
Where are the others, small and great,
Who did in these adobes bide,
Who battled with their fears and fate?
They ebb out with the going tide.

Where is the master, he who came
Ere 'neath his spell a world was laid,
When "RLS" was not a name
Set on fame's roll to never fade?
Where is O'Connell, genial, true,
Who to its beauties fain would guide
All whom Art did with love endue?
They ebb out with the going tide.

L'Envoi

Prince, you may ask what wind you will,
And each will this refrain confide:
All that have dreamed on sea and hill
They ebb out with the going tide.

BELLE KANT.

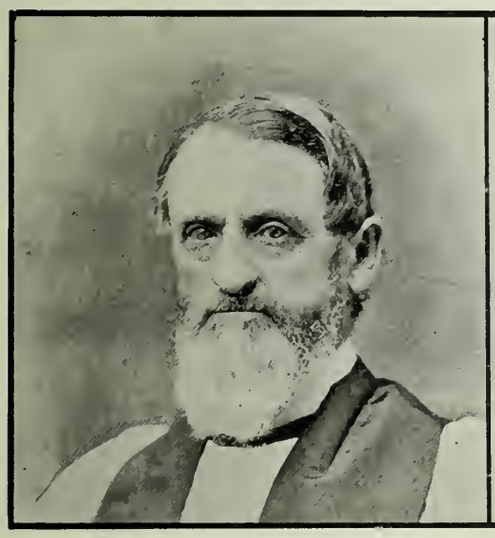
An Evansville, Ind., man is suing several beautiful women of that place because they held him in a public street and kissed him until he nearly fainted. By establishing excursion rates to Evansville the railroad might work up a good business now. The country is full of men who still have vacations coming to them.

Some Leading Figures in the Coming Episcopal Convention.

RT. REV. THOMAS UNDERWOOD DUDLEY,
Bishop of Kentucky and greatest Orator in the American Church.

RT REV. SAMUEL DAVID FERGUSON,
Native Missionary Bishop of Hayti.

RT. REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE,
Bishop of Albany and probable Chairman of Bishops.



RT. REV. BENJAMIN WISTAR MORRIS,
who will preach the Opening Sermon.

RT. REV. CHAS. CHAPMAN GRAFTON,
Father of the Ritualistic Movement in America.

RT. REV. THOMAS MARCH CLARK,
Presiding Bishop of the American Church.

The Academic Field Day at Berkeley.

Start of the Hundred Yards Dash.

The Pole Vault.

To the Grand Canyon of the Colorado Awheel

FOR two hundred miles the muddy, yellow waters of the Colorado, churned to a mad foam, tear along the rugged bed of a canyon a mile or more in depth. A score of Yosemities might be hidden in the great gorge where the river breaks through the pine-clad plateau of northern Arizona, It was here that Nature set her masterpiece, to which pyramid and Parthenon are as naught.

Seventy-two miles of stage-road lie between the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and Flagstaff on the line of the Santa Fe-Pacific. Few there are of our seventy odd millions, who take the journey, though it is made with a certain degree of comfort. Even women tourists do not hesitate at the stage-ride. They feel repaid with the view at the end of the trip for ten hours of jolting over bowlders in a vehicle which threatens to topple at every sudden turn. The road is mapped for bicycles, too,and the Coconino wheelmen give an occasional run from Flagstaff. A stage follows them to pick up the weary, who begin to drop out all along the way from Hell's Half Acre to Moqui.

A STORM IN THE GRAND CANYON.
Above on the plateau the sky is clear, but the clouds surge from peak to peak within the walls of the great chasm.

Two of us—W. N. Bush, principal of the San Francisco Polytechnic High School, and the writer—made the trip in the early part of October, 1897. Ours were bicycles geared for the smooth lanes of Golden Gate Park and the roads about the Bay. This high gearing doubled the tediousness of the journey through the hummocks of the pine forests, across the spurs of the San Francisco mountains and along the cowpaths of the mesa, where cacti seemed to lie in weight for a chance to puncture.

It was daylight when we left Flagstaff. A frost lay on the ground, for at an elevation of 7000 feet the nights are cool and snappy even in October. For four or five miles the road parallels the railway, and then turns into the natural park, which flanks the eastern slope of the mountains. There are nine miles of easy grades and hard roadbed with the shadows of the pines as protection from the sun's glare. At several points, confusing branches lead off to the cliff dwellings in Walnut Canyon and to the caves once inhabited, it may have been, by the ancestors of the Pueblo Indians of today. Here and there are patches of fine cinders, the not very remote output of the craters which lie all about this section of Arizona. Then comes a drop from the mesa to a little valley, used as a sheep range, and the wheelman's difficulty begins. The stage has cut great ruts in the soft soil. This gives the rider the option of the sharp ridge,or the left-hand or the right-hand rut. Whichever selection he makes he will rue his choice. Weeds border the ruts, a tangle growth covers the ridge, and the wiry branches wind about the spokes witha persistency of evil.

Beyond are the hills with many a weary climb, a steep way, strewn with bowlders from the mountain torrents, which come tumbling down when a cloud bursts on the peaks above. The tops of the higher summits are bare but half-way up, their flanks show the yellow sheen of the aspens,gaudy with the touch of the frost. The pines form a fringe of sombre green below.

As we toiled with the ascent, off to the east higher and higher rose Sunset Peak, ruddy-brown and bare. There is an Arizona tradition that never a day in the year fell so cloudy but that the sun found some rift through which to bathe the peak in light. From sunrise to sunset it throws back a mellow glow.

Hell's Half Acre is not half named. Struggle through it with a wheel and you will increase its dimensions, too. By some strange juxta-position of the cycling map the Garden of Eden lies next

LOOKING ACROSS THE GRAND CANYON FROM THE SADDLE OF AYER'S PEAK
Although it is midday the foreground appears black from the dense shadow cast by the canyon's wall, beneath which the camera stood

AYER'S PEAK WITH ITS CASTELLATED SUMMIT.
The photograph plainly shows the farther wall of the canon, thirteen miles away.

THE GRAND CANYON FROM MORAN'S POINT.
In the foreground are ruins of cliff dwellings. The muddy waters of the Colorado are plainly seen below. Overhead a storm is brewing. Beyond the farther wall of the canyon is seen the faint line of a mountain chain in Utah, a hundred and more miles away.

to it; but the Garden is a myth, for where we should have found it, it was not; only a repetend of the Half Acre on a scale somewhat less, habitat of the horned toad, and of at least one tarantula, which I saw and killed.

After jesting at the expense of myself, my wheel and the misfortunes of both, Bush had constituted himself an advance guard, steadily increasing the distance between us. Twenty-eight miles beyond Flagstaff are crossroads, both a menace and a puzzle to the strange cyclist. There is a signpost from which the signs had fallen. Bush found the boards nearby, fitted them to the rusted nails, read wrong, (he had been warned at Flagstaff always to turn to the left) and took a rough mountain trail, which led him some five miles off the main road. He found his way by climbing to the top of an old crater where he could see, miles ahead, the two ruts the wheels of the stage had made, towards which, shouldering his bicycle, he trudged in an air-line.

Half an hour afterwards I reached the signpost from which the signs had again fallen. The most inviting way at the crossroads leads to the right. There is a long vista of a down grade. It was well for me just then that two horsemen came in from the south and warned me to keep straight ahead. The way to the right, which opened with such promise led to the Little Colorado and the Mormon settlement at Tuba City. It is a waterless stretch of nearly seventy miles upon which many a luckless wheelman has gone astray. This is the road which an officer of the Coconino Cycling Club once took. Hours afterwards a rescue party found him almost dead of thirst. When an Arizonian can miss his way in this wilderness it is not at all strange that a tenderfoot, as a newcomer to the territory is called, should go astray. The chance of meeting a human being is of the slightest; there is less chance for the discovery of water. To go without it for a few hours is agony, to be without it for the twenty-four sometimes means death.

Some miles beyond the Tuba City crossing is a little plateau covered with scrubby juniper. The way to it is through a break in the mountain wall. There the road which runs to the west of San Francisco Peak forms a junction with that which we had taken. Thence to the stage relay station at Cedar Ranch thirty-five miles from Flagstaff the grade descends and the wheels run of themselves. To the weary bicyclist this little stretch of downhill is a mighty relief. It was past noon when we reached Cedar Ranch. Water, ice-cold, piped from a nearby spring, was there; the first we had had since leaving the railway. The exertion in the thin, dry air had so parched throat and tongue that we reached this, the midway point on the journey, almost speechless.

The latter half of the trip to the canyon's rim presents less difficulty. Bicyclists avoid the stage road after leaving Cedar Ranch, and ride the cow trails. These lead away from the road oftentimes a half mile or more, and the wheelmen must then risk a ride across the stunted vegetation, dodging the little clumps of spiny cacti, until he finds a path more nearly paralleling the line followed by the stage. There are some miles of plain sloping off towards the Little Colorado, and then comes a series of gulches through which the roadway winds until it strikes the edge of the great Coconino pine forest, which covers the plateau to the south of the Grand Canyon. At Moqui, almost to the last relay station, wheels showed signs of punctures. There was riding of flat tires and a final walk of ten miles into Thurber's Camp. Wrecked wheels and riders when they returned to Flagstaff went by stage.

Thurber's Camp lies on the very brink of the canyon. There is a comfortable log cabin, containing sitting room, dining room and kitchen, and ample lodging accommodations are provided in floored tents.

I caught the first glimpse of the canyon by moonlight. Not 300 yards from the camp is one of the best points of vantage along the whole 200 miles of this gigantic fissure. The color tones which are so varied by day were lacking, much of the panorama lay in shadow, but the view could disappoint no one. The shimmering needles, which crown Ayer's Peak raising its battlements out of a bottomless abyss, stood out in the foreground. To the right a series of gorges led down to the river, which could be faintly seen. To the left an endless chain of canyons seemed to sweep off towards the dim divide, where the river must find its way. Castles of rock rose on every hand out of the depths and back of all lay the grim, dark wall which marked the other side of the canyon.

Photographs flatter most landscapes as they do most persons. It is not so with the Grand Canyon. Neither photographs, paintings, nor words do it justice. The realization is greater than the anticipation. There is a vastness of detail that seems almost infinite.

Along the river above Thurber's are many rocky promontories from which as many change-

Continued on Page 9.

THE RIDER GIVES HIS WHEEL, THE OUTER POST, THE PLACE OF HONOR.
The camera fails to reach the lower depths. There is a sheer drop of a thousand feet. Ayer's peak and the saddle connecting it with the canon's rim are seen, and beyond the saddle the faint line of the Colorado river shows.

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

We are still living in the hope of future amusements. It does seem so absurd, for you know almost everyone who entertains at all is at home. There is no real calling, there are no dinners nor luncheons of any size, and life is very sad and dreary.

I might just as well tell you now, mama dear, that if Miss Roosevelt makes her debut in Washington this year, and there is the least anticipation of any gayety, you will not be able to keep me out here in San Francisco. I must have some amusement. I was advising auntie to take me there for six weeks, but she has just rented a house on Pacific avenue for the winter, so I fear she will not leave. She tells me that this winter will be quite gay. The young, newly married people will give dinners and luncheons, and there is a dancing club here called "La Jeunesse" most of the patroness's call it "the" la Jeunesse, but of course that is merely a matter of education. As auntie would say in her most supercilious manner, "a lack of it, dear" But to continue, this "La Jeunesse" club has been reorganized. It is to be more select than it was last year.

The Fortnightly is really the swell dancing club in San Francisco. Mrs. Salisbury alone controls it. She is a woman of a wonderfully attractive personality, and has, to be extremely slangy, executive ability to burn. She is of an old Southern family—the real true South. If she knows a young girl to be refined, notwithstanding the fact her father and mother may not have an ancestral tablet on their wall, she takes her into her club. The consequence is, one meets the nicest people in town. At the Fortnightly there is no attempt to decorate the halls, nor to give elaborate suppers, but every man and girl whom I have met tells me that the Fortnightlies are the real thing.

La Jeunesse is different, or at least was. There was a board of managers, each of whom had her individual ideas on who was who in San Francisco. Each had a few friends with whom it was necessary to curry favor. The consequence was last year La Jeunesse was a mixed affair, though the halls were beautifully decorated and the suppers exceedingly elaborate.

Notwithstanding that, the managers are certainly amongst the nicest of the married women in San Francisco. Everyone hopes this year they will use more judgment in their invitation list. They wanted auntie to help out, but a look from me banished the idea from her mind. I feared that I might have some work to do, and I am not here to help San Francisco society to have a good time.

Mama, dear, you can fancy how dull we are when the chief topics of conversation are Edith Stubbs' and Caro Crockett's weddings. Wherever one goes one hears of either one or the other. Edith is a tremendous favorite, and Caro is exceedingly unpopular, although I have found her sweet and amiable, "only because of your aunt's position," her girl friends tell me. Mrs. Henry Scott is so good to Caro. I think that I like her better than all the other women, with the exception, perhaps, of Mrs. Russell Wilson. Mrs. Henry Scott has nothing to gain from her real thonghtfulness to all her daughter's friends, for she has married well, and occupies a position quite unequalled by any girl in town.

Mrs. Russel Wilson is nice because she is a sincerely good wife and mother. The husband is really very ill, and her eldest daughter Emily exceedingly delicate, but one would never know it from Mrs. Wilson. She is interested in everyone's joys and pleasures, and never bores you with her troubles. I'd really like you to know her. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, is her direct antithesis. She is quite devoid of tact, and is never known to entertain anyone without first thinking well and seriously if it is worth while from a social point of view. Uncle says that women are like horses. The whole thing depends on the way they are broken.

I have not spoken to you for some time of the Tobins. They are down in San Mateo and Burlingame the greater part of the time. The married one, Joe, may be nominated for the Mayor of San Francisco, but Mrs. Tobin, a stunningly attractive woman, does not want it. She thinks he will be away from her too much. I do not blame her, for he is a nice chap. The other Tobins, his sisters, brothers and nephews, are thinking of building in San Mateo, and are looking for a suitable place. It is difficult to find, for the nicest places are all owned by people who will not sell. There is one man, a wealthy San Franciscan, who has a stunning one all laid out but everyone fears that he will build an hotel on it. Uncle has heard that he is forming a syndicate to build one. Of course, everyone would be awfully angry, because this place is in the center of the nicest homes down there. An hotel, too, brings such a crowd of people. This man is a bachelor, and is not interested in the people of the place. If I were to advise the different settlers, I should buy the place and make it into a Park, rather than have an hotel in their midst. I advised Clement Tobin to get his mother to buy it for a home. They could have such fun. Think, mama, only two girls, one of whom is engaged to one of the nicest fellows I know here, and five boys. Loads of money and all full of fun.

The Hobart place in San Mateo is very attractive, especially the house. I am going down there to stay next week, and will tell more about it then. Mrs. Hobart is a beautiful girl, though awfully sad-looking. Her husband Walter is such a terribly unbalanced sort of fellow, he is horse-crazy. She expects some day to see him in the poor-house, and naturally she worries. She was one of the girls who was not rich before she was married, and knows what money means. I like her sister-in-law, Mrs. Lester, the best of all that family. She has the artistic temperament more strongly than any other young woman I have met out here. The sister, Mrs. Charley Baldwin, is interesting, too; she has a rare gift of sketching—sort of caricature work—which, had she needed it, would probably have helped her make a name for herself among the pen-and-ink artists of the world.

Now, mama, dear, forgive the numerous criticisms, but when you demand a letter every week I must write you something.

ELIZABETH.

The **Japanese Theatre in Festal Attire.** *Photo by Y. Tomikawa.*

On the first three days of last week, there was given, at Union Hall, an interesting presentation of Japanese drama attended by almost the entire Japanese colony. Americans were excluded, and the play was witnessed only by the people of the Sunrise Kingdom.

The parts were played by amateurs, the female characters, with the exception of one, being represented by men. The settings were very simple, and where we would demand a literal reproduction, the Japanese were satisfied by conventional signs. Passion, the only vital part of a play, after all, was apparent to the uninitiated, but details, such as horses, were indicated by gestures and easily imagined by the sympathetic Japanese. Soliloquy was voiced by a personage hidden behind the scenes, while the meditating actor sat dumb before his audience.

Unlike a Chinese play, which is of indefinite duration, this was completed in the evening.

The accompanying photo shows the unique decoration, and the simplicity of the stage setting.

Small Talk.

Mr. Douglas Waterman has retured from Nome after a very successful five months sojourn in the mining country.

The Loughboroughs have not rented their house this year. They will spend the winter in San Francisco where they expect to entertain quite lavishly.

The Drowns will not return to San Francisco until shortly before Christmas. They are now in France, where both Mrs. Drown's daughters are studying the language.

Miss Edith Stubbs will be given,during the next three weeks, several luncheons. Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Salisbury, Miss Ethel Cooper and Miss Dillon also intend to entertain her in some way.

The latest news from Dr. Fletcher McNutt is very gratifying to his friends and family. He has been most successful in his studies in England, and is doing some interesting work at present in the London hospitals.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee are spending a few weeks at the Magee ranch in the hills near Fruitvale where they pass most of their time hunting and riding, few being more expert horsewomen than Mrs. Magee.

Miss Ethel Dean, the sister of Mrs. Walter Magee, has returned to Vassar College. This is her last year at that institution. She is a wonderfully bright, clever girl, though not endowed with so much beauty as her sister.

Miss Caro Crockett is being entertained extensively at San Mateo and Burlingame. Mrs. Walter Martin gave her a luncheon last week. Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Mountford Wilson and Mrs. Crockett have given dinners in honor of her and her fiance.

Mr. Ellery Stowell will be one of the dancing men specially missed this winter. He has gone for a trip around the world with a friend from Philadelphia. They will spend four months in China and Japan just for the pleasure of seeing a new country.

Mrs.Bent-Ethel Cohen—was royally entertained during her ten days visit to Honolulu. She is one of the brightest of any of the girls who has ever married into the army and a general favorite. She expects to be in Manila about two years and will be missed by her San Francisco girl friends.

The wedding of Mrs. Irwin's brother is making quite a stir in Honolulu. Mr. Ivers was a bachelor well up in the forties. His approaching marriage is looked upon by his family with a great deal of pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Ivers will spend some time with Mrs. Irwin in her new house this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moody have taken the Moody residence at North Beach for the winter. Mrs. Moody senior and her daughter Eda will go abroad later in the year, and expect to remain away about two years. They are at present at the Palace Hotel.

The friends of Thomas McCaleb,and their names are legion among the Pacific Union Club men of this city, regret that he will not return to San Francisco until next March. His health is much better than it has been for some time, so he feels that he does not need to dread the severity of a New York winter.

There have been very few young people in San Francisco entertained so extensively as has Miss Isabeile Palmer of Oakland, who is soon to marry George Wheaton. The Requas, Palmers and Magees have all had popular young daughters, but Miss Palmer has so far headed the list for the number of entertainments in her honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean are the proud possessors of a small son. The friends of the Deans are wondering whether he is to be Walter the third or called after his grandmother "Hager Dean." That sounds a little biblical for the son of Walter. Miss Helen Dean is in San Rafael confined to her room with a badly sprained ankle.

Miss Edith Preston is most interesting in her accounts of her European travels. She prefers the Orient to Europe, and had many quaint and humorous experiences, with the Japanese especially. She said that the Austrians and Germans stare more at girls than any other men. She forgave the Italian men all their faults, for they were so very handsome. Miss Norma Preston is looking particularly pretty and is very much stronger since her travels.

The De Youngs will be in San Francisco within the next two weeks. They went abroad to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of their eldest daughter. She has now been placed under the tutelage of a titled lady in England. Later, Miss De Young will be formally introduced at the court of St. James by the American Ambassador. She is an exceedingly talented girl, having enjoyed a European education both in languages and music. On several occasions she has been specially complimented by her skill at the harp, which is her favorite instrument.

There is much speculation as to what entertaining Mrs. Oelrichs will receive upon her arrival in San Francisco. With the exception of the De Youngs, Martins and Miss Jennie Blair, she has not been particularly agreeable within the last year to San Francisco people. Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt will also visit San Francisco, but whether she will remain here or go at once to the southern part of the State has not yet been decided. As Birdie Fair she was much less of a favorite than was Tessie who, by her sweet graciousness and tact, won the hearts of all her girl and men friends.

Delayed mention is made of the funeral of C. Mortimer Stanley, late photographer of the San Francisco "Chronicle," who was suddenly stricken with heart failure while at his office work. Services were held at the parlors of J. C. O'Connor, Thursday, Sept. 12, at 10:30, Rev. Dr. Nelander officiating. The hymns, "It is Well with my Soul" and "Abide with Me" were beautifully rendered. There were many elaborate floral tributes from the employes of the "Examiner" and "Chronicle," with both of which papers he he had been connected.

Mr. Stanley was a promising young art photographer, a devoted son and a faithful worker. He leaves a mother, now childless, and a fiance to whom he was to have been married in the near future.

Grand Canyon of The Colorado Awheel.

Continued from Page 7.

ful views may be had. Two of the most celebrated are Moran's Point and Bissell's Point. The artist painted his great picture from the point, which bears his name. At Bissell's, some time ago, two Yale students were killed by a stroke of lightning. Go where you will, look where you will, the scene enchants you.

It was my fortune to view a thunder-storm in the Grand Canyon from the rim, and to see a cloud burst on Bright Angel, one of the most conspicuous of the pinnacles. Clouds surged from gorge to gorge with the musketry accompaniment of thunder. Rain fell on one peak, while another, not half a mile away, smiled in the sunshine. There was a vividness of color, which it takes a moist day to bring out. The prevailing tone in the canyon is a subdued red. There are tints of yellows and buffs and sage-greens. Pines and junipers with their restful verdure relieve the eye. Away below the Colorado rolls its muddy volume furiously along the chasm. With the perpetual shift of light and shade the scene constantly changes. New castles and pinnacles, unseen before, come into view with kaleidoscopic rapidity. The buttressed walls of the abyss disclose their secrets charingly. Dome and minaret glint with a stray ray from the sun, again to pass into shadow and disappear that some new charm may strike the eye. It is Nature's lecture without words, but illustrated in a way that the cunning of man can never imitate. Her stereopticon may not be copied.

From a hundred points you may look sheer down a thousand feet. You may stand on one of a score of overhanging rocks where you can not see the hither wall—only the bottom of the chasm. From out the depths rise great cones like volcanic isles out of the sea. The canyon has its thousands of ramifications. There is a labyrinth of lesser fissures, which join the central gorge. The farther wall lies thirteen miles away, and between, it is as if the bottom had dropped out of the earth, save where the jagged peaks rise from the very heart of the canyon. Across and to the north a hundred and more miles away, the dim blue line of a mountain chain in Utah stands against the horizon. Between canyon wall and mountain is a pine-covered tableland, plainly green in the foreground and gradually merging away into the indistinct.

The walls of the Grand Canyon rise from five to seven thousand feet above the bed of the river. There are few places where they may be scaled. At various points cliff dwellings are found, perched for the most part on pinnacles seemingly inaccessible, but in extent and variety they do not compare with those in Walnut Canyon near Flagstaff.

There are views to be had within the canyon and from the river's channel well worth the seeing, but the rim presents the points of vantage. Several trails descend to the river. Hance's new trail is the one most traveled. It zigzags for seven miles along the bluffs like an almost infinite series of Z's. Hance, the guide, is a character. He has a little homestead on the rim and spends his spare time and dollars in repairing the trail. The task is an endless one, as every few weeks there is a washout and the work has to be done again. The trip by trail to the river is made with mules and is not without its spice of danger.

FRED W. STOWELL.

The Observations of Eunice.

3. The Business of Religion.

"I was surprised to see you at church this morning," said Eunice, as we exchanged greetings on the sidewalk.

"Do you speak of church in the abstract, or of this church in particular?" I asked, resenting the imputation of frivolity.

"In the abstract," she said soberly. "This is the church which we are both supposed to attend, and yet it is the first time we have met here this year."

"But you usually attend in the morning, don't you know, Eunice," said her aunt; "and I suppose Mr. Gray comes in the evening." (The aunt was one of those kindly persons who labor continually to make the rough places smooth, so that conversation goes as uneventfully as a married pair along a sidewalk. There would be no pitfalls, no curbstones, and consequently no involuntary antics if these folks had their way. As long as the sewerage is covered, the rougher the better, say I. A conversational antic may be graceful or awkward. There lies our opportunity.)

"I'm afraid ——" I began.

"Aunt dear," broke in Eunice, "Mr. Gray unfortunately asked me the name of the strange parson, although Mr. Topic has been preaching here since April."

"I'm afraid," I resumed, "that I have not attended church as I should. I purpose being more regular in future —in the morning."

"You are pleased to be flippant," said Eunice coldly; "is it because the subject does not interest you?"

"Not at all; flippancy is the serious man's cover. May I turn the tables Eunice, and ask you why Californians do not attend church? I'm afraid my reasons would smack of defense."

"The apparent difference between California and the East is due chiefly to the absence of moral compulsion here. In San Francisco the true attitude of people is betrayed."

"Then the alleged superiority of Boston, instead of meriting admiration, is only a measure of its hypocrisy?"

"No, but a measure of its conventionality."

"Then we should find the same reasons for non-attendance both here and in Boston, the difference being that convention enables Bostonians to swallow camels where we turn aside."

"Yes, and the reason is mainly the fault of the church. The music, for example falls between the desire for variety and the limitations of the choir. We have painful unintelligible anthems. We have opera singers in our choirs, who would not be there if they could secure regular engagements. We suffer solos in which the singer takes the high notes as a performing dog takes hurdles at the circus. What we have been brought to look for is kind of sacred vaudeville; and a logical development will be designs for stained glass windows by modern artists, projected on gothic sheets from a stereopticon."

"I think that's really a brilliant idea," I broke in; "we could have a biograph attachment."

"From the vaudeville standpoint it is a good idea; but that is not the thing men seek in a church; nor do they want materialistic sermons in which progressive ministers point out the golden business opportunities of the Pacific Coast. The worship of God need be neither instructive nor entertaining. There is a greater need in man."

"And that?" I put in.

"It is the instinctive desire of worship. The desire that drives even your South of Market 'tough' to the country on a Sunday. The desire gets dissipated in drink and dancing, of course, but it was none the less real at the outset. It is the desire of beauty, of God."

"Is there a remedy then, or is there the need of a remedy?" I asked, very willing to have the conversation one-sided.

"The remedy is needed I think," she continued earnestly; "and it is simplicity, simplicity in architecture and liturgy. Let us go back to the big simple things; the plain teachings; the simple singing of children. Let us get rid of the idea that a great design in music is any less permanently beautiful than a great design in painting; and let us get rid of the business of religion, this literary criticising of criticism, and get down to foundations."

"You will not deem my questioning flippant?" I asked.

"No!"

"Are you not giving rien to an aesthetic impulse peculiar to a cultured being like yourself? Would not the very remedies you propose prove purgatives instead of tonics to the church? Not righteous, but sinners, are to be called."

"If one calls sinners by name, are they likely to respond?" asked Eunice. "Let the call be no more invidious than a peal of bells, so that they may enter unannounced. Catering to the critical appetite of sinners is a thankless task. This morning we had third rate music, fourth rate singing, and a political discourse that does not deserve to be classed. It is only the hyper-righteous who attend that sort of thing. The sinner knows better, he reads his paper and goes to the Sunday matinee. You were conspicuous," she added as an afterthought.

"It is you who are flippant now," I returned.

"No, you were conspicuous," she re-asserted. "You are known by nearly every one." (I bowed.) "I mean by nearly every one in that church" she continued, laughing at the rise and fall of my complacency. "And you are classed, I believe, among the men who count themselves above the need of worship. Not as a scoffer," she added, anticipating my protest, "but as a tolerant neutral; and I cannot blame you. Men are free, here in California, to do as they will, and in that very fact lies our salvation. The pendulum of opinion is free to swing to its limits; it is not weighted with the church. Because of this the gulf will widen until men's eyes are opened."

"So you hold me blameless then?" I asked.

"No, I cannot say that I do; but I am in no position to judge. You are swelling an unintelligent protest, instead of tearing down or reforming. You are merely drifting, and the credit is not with you that this blind drifting is its own remedy."

"I think that you should be appointed parson, Eunice, if we found a new church; you make a most convincing preacher."

"The credit of that does not lie wholly with me," she responded kindly.

I was shy of her compliments, after the last, and, while I hesitated, the aunt broke in:

"I'm sure, Eunice dear, that Mr. Gray has been a most patient listener to your sermonizing. He's quite an inspiration."

"I'm sure I'm very willing," I said. "Eunice, if my listening inspires you, you may always count upon me."

"Oh, you would inspire anyone," replied Eunice.

"I really had not flattered myself."

There was no reason," she retorted: "The inspiration of the cynic isn't virtue."

Won Without a Struggle.

She looked up at him suddenly, after he had waited silently and patiently a long time for her answer.

"I suppose," she said, "that a man pays a compliment to a woman by proposing to her, no matter what the circumstances surrounding the case may be."

"Yes," he replied, "you might regard it as a compliment—but, Miss Picklingham—Mercedes—darling—it was not to compliment you that I asked you to be my wife. It was not"——

"I know, I know," she answered; "I believe you are sincere in your protestations of love for me. Yet I must be on my guard. You must do something to prove that you do not want me for my father's money—that it is your heart and not your brain that is suing for my love."

For a moment he seemed bewildered. He opened his mouth as if to say something, but apparently was unable to think of the words he wished to say. Then suddenly he held out his hands, showing the deep yellow stains of cigarettes upon his fingers.

A glad light came into the maiden's eyes and, grabbing off his hat, she looked into it, seeing that the tag showed the size to be 6¾.

"Ah, darling—dearest!" she cried, flinging herself into his arms; "take me—I ask no more. It is—it is—your heart that speaks! I see you have no brains."

Muscle

Does not make the man. "*The blood is the life*," the vital force of the body. So it not infrequently happens that the man who looks to be a picture of physical strength falls a sudden victim to disease.

A proper care for the blood would prevent many a serious sickness.

The cleansing of the blood is perfectly accomplished by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It drives out the impurities and poisonous substances which corrupt the blood and breed disease. It increases the activity of the blood-making glands, and so increases the supply of pure blood. It builds up the entire body with good sound flesh.

There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery" and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

The dealer who offers a substitute for the "Discovery" does so to gain the little more profit paid by inferior medicines. There is nothing "just as good" for the blood as "Golden Medical Discovery" therefore accept no substitute.

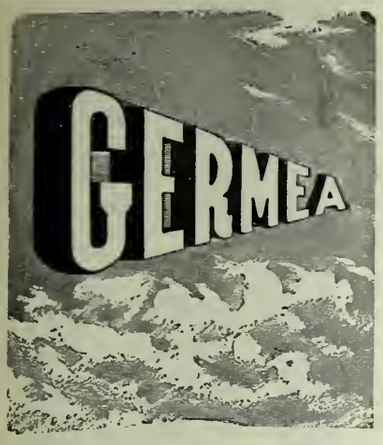
"I took five bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' for my blood," writes Mr. William D. Shamblin, of Remy, Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory. "I had 'ring worms' on me and I would burn them off and they would come right back, and they were on me when I commenced using 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and they went away and I haven't been bothered any more."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

TRY THEM FOR Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.

Fac-Simile Signature of John L. Brown & Son on every box.



Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught. Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material. kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.

Etchers and Engravers of

Printing Plates

24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

* Memoirs of the Syndicate.

7. Concerning Stars

Of course, there's a lot of small pegging at the Trust in these days and it's kicked up no end of a rumpus in some small papers like "Life," that don't know a good offer when it's made; but let me tell you running it is no bed of roses. Sometimes I am ready to sell out and retire, I am so discouraged.

Now there's the critics. We saw from the first that we had to get them in line and we did it—mostly. They caused us some anxiety at first; but they were easier than we thought. Some were worked by big liberality in extra seats—that came in handy when we wanted to paper houses—some were worked through their vanity, by letting them come to rehearsals and pretend to give us points, and one or two had to be bought. Of course, criticism cannot really down us, but it makes trouble.

Our great trouble now is with the public, who won't always take the word of the critics, and don't understand when they pay $2.00 a seat that this is a purely business proposition. They've spoiled many a good play by talking about how things are done in France and Germany. You can't make them understand that there isn't a theatre in Europe that makes the average rake-off of one of our houses. That talk about a subsidized theatre, foolish as it is, makes some trouble. Look at the subsidized houses and companies in Europe. There's not one of them that knows how to advertise, and advertising, as everyone knows, is all there is to the business here.

These things have to be watched. There's never any telling when they're going to smash a good proposition. This make things uncertain, and certainty is what we're working for.

There's never any telling, either, when the whole thing is to be smashed by a break-away among our actors. You see, when we organized eight or nine years ago, we expected lots of actors and actresses to hold out. Actors are a pretty conceited lot, and it was to be expected that some of them would think that their "art" was bigger than their managers. But we counted on getting them all in before we finished.

Just as we expected, Francis Wilson staid out, and Mansfield and Nat Goodwin and a lot of small fry. But they all ate out of our hands when we laid down our inducements—all but the women. They have made us trouble all along, and they're the ones that may knock us out in the end though it's unlikely. Funny, isn't it? Like a ship being wrecked by a mouse. But women are fighters when they've got something definite to fight for, like percentage on receipts and salary. Three of those against us now are the only ones that count—Mrs. Fiske, whom I can't help respecting even if she is making a fool of herself about art—and Amelia Bingham, who might be a real star if she'd come in and let us advertise her, and Henrietta Crossman. Mrs. Fiske has the backing of the "Dramatic Mirror" and her husband, but she's the pluckiest of all. She has her own fool ideas about "art"—funny, but such a successful manager as Daly had the same wheel in his head—there's a weak spot in every man and woman, I suppose. In some big cities, where we control all the theatres, she plays in barns or in lecture halls. She hasn't beaten us, as she started out to do, and she won't, but she has won for herself, because somehow she makes it pay. There are lots of fools in the world, and her independent rot advertises her with a good many of them. She has a theatre of her own in New York now, and will cut into our receipts a little until we find a way to shut down on it.

I don't believe in slang or vulgar language, except on the stage where it pays, and I hope that I'll be pardoned for saying that we "didn't do a thing" to Henrietta Crossman last year. She opened on us at the beginning of last season, when we refused her a theatre to play "Mistress Nell." We didn't believe in her then. It was one of our mistakes, for she got a house of her own and made the hit of the year. Then we wanted her, but she held out, played in a second rate theatre, formerly a music-hall, and crowded it with New York swells.

That would never do, so we got at Aarons, the proprietor and lessee and a friend of ours; we induced him to make it hot for her and he did. She had to get out and cancel her engagement, and she told the New York public some nasty things about Aarons and the trust, but we had the last laugh and enjoyed seeing her squirm, because we had every other house cinched. She went on the road then, and made big money. Now she's expected to act in Mrs. Fiske's theatre. That is one trouble. They're getting too close together. I told Dan at the time that he was foolish to turn down my proposal for getting Tammany to sell us the New York franchise to build theatres. It would have headed off this sort of thing and saved a world of bother.

Amelia Bingham has a rich husband who is a business man. She made it pay last year in Clyde Fitch's "Climbers." She was too successful to please Abe and Dan and me, especially when we saw that she had all the making of a real true star. We've really got it in for her and her husband heavier than for Mrs. Fiske or Henrietta Crossman, and we're going to win out if it takes all six of us. It is a bad example for our stars to see anyone else making big money outside—makes them high and mighty and unwilling to take what we give them.

It's had a bad effect already. Here's Hackett, while not really at outs with us, trying to manage himself because Dan wouldn't give him enough, and his wife, Mary Mannering, broke away last year. Then Edward Morgan is going across the water to be starred. We've got to prove we're the only one's in the market, and in the end we're going to do it. The only point where I'm uncertain is that plucky little harridan of a Mrs. Fiske. What a star she'd be now if she'd only give in to us!

But this talk about "art," and "spoiling actors"—wouldn't it make you tired? Then ain't it what they want? We give them stars, and gorgeous costumes and plays we're sure they'll like because they've been tried abroad already or have been written first as novels that made a hit. We give them the best costumes to be had for money and the finest scenery going and real silk and lace. If we try to make up by running the same play a hundred and fifty nights to save cost of production and keep it going by advertising our actresses' coats and hats and dresses, it's only getting back the money we lay out and keeping up profits. It's good business.

And that's what we're all here below for, anyway—business.

THE END.

* Advance Sheets from the new volume about to be issued by the Theatrical Publishing Trust Company.

HELP WANTED

DETECTIVES: We want a sharp, responsible man in every city and town to do secret service work; $4.00 a day and expenses for actual service; postage for reply. International Detective Agency, Milwaukee, Wis.

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

SAN FRANCISCO.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.60
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29,1901.....29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....John Lloyd.
Second Vice-President..Daniel Meyer
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney. W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

H. Horstmann. B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, Ign. Steinhart. Emil. Rahte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt,

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....$28,973,540
Reserve Fund..... 226,994
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.: W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier. R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD

Will return and resume teaching a limited number of pupils on AUGUST 15TH. Applications for time or an interview can be addressed care of

SHERMAN & CLAY'S.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

ON next Monday night San Francisco, a glutton for punishment but ever smiling, will come up to the scratch to be delighted or dismayed at the first appearance of the famed "Floradora" at the Columbia Theatre. For months past the insinuating strains of "Tell me Pretty Maiden" have been percolating into the public interest, and now that we are to have the original maiden, together with the few at home like her, we are on the imminent verge of another epidemic of eager incapacity from the un-crushed amateur. You know how it runs: "Oh, Mr. Jones! Have you heard Flowerdora? Yes? Well, could you sing that "Tell me Maiden" song? I have the music here—Oh, I'm so sorry; I had hoped—Yes, I know it, but my wretched little voice you know—I wouldn't dare, really I wouldn't—Oh dear, you're such a tease. A-hem—A-HEM! This weather is dreadful on one's throat, isn't it? Excuse my accompaniment please; I never do get the bass right, but then you're a tenor, so it doesn't matter, does it?"

The company includes the original Floradora Sextette of ravishing chorus stars and all of the metropolitan cast of principals. Of first interest here will be Will T. Carlton of the Carlton Opera Company and Miss Laura Millard, formerly of the Tivoli forces. Let us trust that our interest in the production will be a natural one, as these attractions that require an "acquired taste" are just a trifle difficult. Mrs. Wm. Archard of Oakland is to join the Floradora troupe here, and has signed a contract with the management for a long engagement.

The local sky of musical activity begins to brighten with the aging year. This week has seen three concerts of some importance, given too late, unfortunately, for comment at this writing. They comprised a piano recital by Belle Claire Chamberlain, one by Mr. William Piutti and a third by Miss Annette Hullah assisted by Mr. H. A. Barnhart, a basso-cantante new to us. Miss Hullah is a pupil of Leschetizky, and Mr. Barnhart has studied with Corteszi of Florence, and Randegger of London. The Jewish holidays have been strewn with garlands of modern and traditional song. At the Temple Emmanu El, the music, under the direction of Cantor Stark, was a conspicious success. It included two especially fine compositions for soli and chorus by Mr. Louis Von der Mehden, Jr.

"La Bohemienne" will be the title of a new musical magazine which is to be launched by the Misses Valentine and Carnot, two young ladies of this city who have perceived afar off the hideous fact that San Francisco has no musical mouthpiece worthy the name. They propose to set this right without loss of time by the immediate issuance of the aforesaid journal, which is to be a monthly publication and which will be largely devoted to the interests of the teacher and pupil. There should be a field for this paper.

Mr. Minetti is to have a rival quartette pitted against his combination, this season. It is to be known as the Zech Quartette, and I am told that it is hard at work on some complete novelties to San Francisco. Among these will be given during the season of four concerts: Brahm's quintet for clarinet and strings, Greig's G minor, a work of Bordini's, a Shumann quintet for piano and strings, (Belle Claire Chamberlain, pianist), and compositions of Dvorak, Tchakowski, etc. The personnell of the quartette is: Mr. Wm. S. Zech, first violin, Mr. Edward B. Lada, second, Mr. Fuhrer, viola and Mr. Adolph Lada, 'cello.

Verdi's "Nabucco" is an opera that leaves you in a very mixed state of mind. It is at once a pleasure and an aggravation. The first, from the many fine solos, trios, duets, quintets and concerted numbers that abound; and the second, from the flat, colorless orchestration and the jerky, disconnected thread of the story. The first act holds the famous bass aria familiar to most of us, and a rattling trio that shakes things up with convincing emphasis; while the finale of the first scene in act three displays a quintet and chorus of the most stirring character. The vocal score overshadows the instrumental portion of the work throughout. Very much

FRANCIS GORDON,
A "Floradora" star at the Columbia.

of the success, for it was a success of unmistakable proportions, was due to the superior interpretation given it by the comfortably adequate cast. Of these, the first was Salassa in the title part. Aside from his magnificent voice and singing, his conception of the visionary king driven half mad by his success at arms and assumption of the Deity, only to be ignominiously deposed and driven to the wilderness, was a finely drawn characterization. Salassa never overacts; his noble simplicity is the keynote of an extraordinary personality. With all the generous enthusiasm accorded him by the public, I still think him comparatively unappreciated. He is within hailing distance of greatness. Dado was excellent and the rest of the men satisfactory. Barbareschi made Abegaille a war-maiden in very sooth. She was an heroic figure in all respects and her voice was a clarion-tongued tocsin of rampant rebellion. She understands the comparative values and never mistakes screeching for dramatic strength. Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "Merry May-Land" by Wm. H. Spear. "Go, Heart, to thy Savior" by Chas. Willeby. Both Pub. by Boosey & Co.

Achille L. Artigues

PIANIST

Organist of Notre Dame des Victoirer

1248 McAllister St. PHONE Fell 1749

MRS. W. H. HORD,

Piano and Guitar.

Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.

Residence, 1005 Oak St Phone, Page 1622

OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.

TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

SUITS

CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED

BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY

40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.

Ring up Red 5294 We run two wagons

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Gives
Good Digestion.

If your dinner distresses you, half a teaspoonful in half a glass of water will give quick relief. Makes digestion natural and easy.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS,
$1.00
HUNDRED
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,
No. 24 Post Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... PAPER
COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.
Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

C. A. GARTER C. W CROSS
Law Offices of
Cross & Garter
Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.
Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell
Office and Residence
1021½ Market St. S. F. Cal.

Things Theatrical.

At the Alcazar Miss Florence Roberts makes her farewell in "Sapho."

The criticism of the play itself is a past issue. From a certain class it is sure of attracting a full house irrespective of the acting.

Miss Roberts, however, has not to depend wholly on this undiscriminating interest. Taking into consideration the role assigned to Sapho in this version, her presentation is most convincing and praiseworthy. Her impersonation of the sinning woman through triumph and desertion, the cunning of her wiles, and the abandonment of her despair, does not once fall from its convincing pitch. She rather shines by contrast with the others. Lucius Henderson, in his role of Jean, is not much more than passable. The part has many possibilities which are smothered by set poses and inaction; though it is not fair to say that this is entirely the fault of Mr. Henderson.

Two strained positions, each leading to a climax in the play, are not appreciated till they are past, by the uninstructed observer, and dramatic opportunities are thus lost. It is not made clear, as it might be with a word or two, that Jean is unaware of the identity of Fannie Le Grand; nor is it any more clear that Jean, later, is ignorant of the relation of the child Joseph to Sapho, till he makes it apparent at the climax of what should have been a tense situation.

Little Dody Schultze, both by size and her very non-committal name, keeps the women of the audience intent on her Joseph. On the whole, it is a weak version of the novel, only partially justified by the good acting of Miss Roberts.

Hoyt's "A Texas Steer," at the California, enjoys success of a certain kind. The play itself is one of the many of its class that have escaped oblivion. It bears to more serious drama the relation which the dime novels bear to literature. There is no great demand for histrionic ability made upon the actors. Good-natured horse-play is generally amusing, and this production is well within the capacity of the company which presents it.

* * *

Miss Charlotte Graeber, elocutionist, who has not been heard in San Francisco for several years, makes her return bow at Sherman & Clay Hall on Friday evening, October 4. The evening will be devoted to readings from Dickens, of whose works Miss Graeber is making a specialty. The program will include selections from "Pickwick Papers," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Old Curiosity Shop," and "Holly Tree Inn." Mr. George H. Kalthoff, violinist, will assist.

* * *

The San Francisco Conservatory of Music gave its regular pupils' recital at the Alhambra Theatre on Friday evening of last week. The attendance was unusually large, standing room only being announced at 8 P. M. All of the students did creditable work and showed excellent training. Special mention may be made of little Bessie Grigg who carried the audience with her; also Miss Gertrude Vincent, and Miss Mamie Muncie, although the latter young lady through extreme nervousness, did not do herself justice.

The rendition of the San Francisco Conservatory Mandolin Club was an enjoyable feature of the evening. Prof. Bonelli is well worthy of the highest praise, both as a teacher and director.

* * *

Next week.

Central—Dramatization of Stevenson's "Kidnapped" to be presented.

Tivoli—"Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci."

Grand Opera House—Joseph Haworth in "The Merchant of Venice."

Alcazar—"Liberty Hall," presented by a new stock company.

California—"A Texas Steer" is succeeded on Sunday night by West's Minstrels.

Columbia—"Florodora" follows "A Modern Crusoe."

Orpheum—Wilfred Clark and company appear for the first time here in a sketch entitled "In the Biograph." Boyce and Wilson, a popular black face team, also make their first appearance, as does Madge Fox, a coon song singer and acrobatic dancer. Arnold Grazer and Blanche Trelease will introduce in their entertainment, the celebrated "Mysterious Mirrors." The Svengalis, Press Eldridge, Dorothy Morton, and the Parros Bros. will continue to entertain.

Among the many honors accorded DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY has been the Royal Warrant recently granted by King Edward. The Royal Family has accorded this honor to DEWAR'S SCOTCH for many years past. It is a compliment which the judges of Scotch whisky think highly deserved.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

Flor de Claus Spreckels
Choicest Havana Cigars
H. PLAGEMANN & CO., Importers
709-711 Market St.,
Adjoining Call Building
San Francisco

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER

THE PRESS

Open all Night

—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—

Steam and Lager on draught

15 THIRD STREET

Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed

HORNLEIN & KRUMB

Phone Main 151

CAFE ROYAL

Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster

Formerly of Cliff House

Grand Hotel Cafe

New Montgomery St.

Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336

DON R. DUNBAR

Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes

N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood

"The Castle"

101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG

The True Blue.

308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.

Excellent Lunch Served.

—ESTABLISHED 1823—

WILSON WHISKY

—THAT'S ALL!

Bielenberg & Weniger

Sole Distributors

101-103 POWELL ST.,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE

Billiard, Pool and Club Room

(Never Closed.)

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Tale of a Shirt.

A prominent physician, who has an office in a downtown skyscraper, bought early this spring a supply of gorgeous neglige shirts. One of the new garments which he had made at a cost of $3.50 each was so peculiarly atrocious that he wore it but once. When he came down to breakfast one morning with the awful red and green plaid adorning his manly form, his wife at once gave notice that if he went down town with it on she would sue for divorce. She also warned him that a view of the shirt would certainly be fatal to his more delicate patients. Feeling chastened by this rebuke, the doctor took off the nightmare and went down to work in white linen.

That evening another young doctor called at the physician's home, and the subject of the wonderful shirt was mentioned. Finally the garment itself was brought down and displayed, and the matter was settled by the acceptance of an offer of 50 cents for the shirt made by the younger physician.

The new owner of the shirt put it on one day and started to walk down Clark street on his way to one of the railroad stations. On the way, the shirt caused almost a riot among the excitable denizens of the Levee, and the doctor took it off that night for the last time. A few days later, by way of a joke, he sold the now famous garment to a young cousin for 25 cents. The latter put on the shirt and went to a roof garden, where the plaids and stripes attracted so much more attention than the vaudeville performance that he took his departure before the entertainment was more than half through.

That night burglars broke into the house of the doctor's cousin, and among the property they carried off was the shirt. The burglars were never arrested, and in a week or two, all the parties who had been interested in the rainbow forgot its existence.

Last week the original owner went up into Wisconsin to spend a few days fishing. One evening a wild-eyed farmer rushed into camp and inquired if there was a doctor on hand. The physician admitted his identity, and was asked to hurry back to the farmer's house where a man had been badly gored by a bull.

The victim was lying groaning on a couch in the dining room when the doctor entered. After his wounds had been bound, the doctor noticed something about the shirt which the unfortunate man wore. He looked down at the bosom, and there, in red embroidery were his own initials. It was indeed the famous garment which had had such a strange history.

"It's no wonder the bull hooked him," said the farmer. "He ought to know better than wear a shirt like that."

As a matter of common humanity the doctor secured possession of the ill-omened shirt and sunk it in the lake, where it will be powerless to cause any further riots or accidents. —Chicago Tribune.

* * *

A British View of American Strikes.

The American Steel Trust appears to be winning its contest with the workers in steel. The latter did not hold together. Chicago, for example, deserting them, and the non-unionists, instead of helping their rivals as those rivals expected, showed readiness to fill their places. The strike therefore is collapsing, with much loss to its leaders in credit and influence. Mr. Pierpoint Morgan, who is evidently a fighting man, is said to declare that in future he will not negotiate with unions unless they accept charters of incorporation and can be sued for damages for breaches of agreement. This demand, if conceded, might at first strengthen the unions, but it would speedily change their character, as it would make them practically great contractors for labor under effective responsibilities. The conditions of life in America seem on the whole unfavorable to unionism. Wages are high, there is no general poor law, and the Federal system interferes with unity of tone. Their great disadvantage, however, is the almost universal hopefulness. When every man looks forward to being a master he regards the men's demands, in part at least, from the master's point of view. We imagine, too, though we do not assert this, that the position of foreman, who are very influential, is much better in the States than in England.—Spectator.

* * *

One Tombstone for Two Wives.

"I used to say I'd haunt anybody who called me a 'relict' in case I became a widow," said the girl who has just come back from the South to a writer in a Washington newspaper, "but now I have seen something which makes 'relict' sweet to my ears, though it was not of a widow it was written. I'd rather live a relict twenty years than escape that title by lying beneath such a tombstone as I saw down South—in Savannah, I think it was. It was a tall, white marble slab, and on it was chiselled:

"'Sacred to the memory of Jane Jackson'—I don't quote the real names, you understand—'beloved wife of John Smith, and Louisa Jones, his second wife, beloved also,'

"If Jane and Louisa don't haunt that man for his stinginess, it's because they can't; that's all."—Buffalo Commercial.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You will find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,

Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR

VAUGHN LEADLEY,

Solicitor for

J. F. SNOW & CO.,

Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.

Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 22 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

EDWARD HALL, President. WM. J. BIGGY, Vice-Prs. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.

United States Laundry Association

LAUNDRY 3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.

(Near Valencia)

TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418

OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST.,
near Powell.

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610

609 Sacramento St.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Sept. 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. Oct. 3. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Sept. 4, 8, 13 18, 23, 28. Oct. 3. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Sept. 4, 9, 14. 19, 24, 29, Oct. 4.
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)
Steamer Santa Rosa. Sundays 9 a. m.
Steamer State of California Wednesdays 9 a. m.
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and *Newport. (*Corona only)
Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.
Steamer Bonita, Tuesdays, 9 a. m.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained

"GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

It is said that certain people cannot sing this song but anybody can go away back East and sit down in the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road. These trains carry Nickel Plate Dining Cars in which are served American Club meals at from $.35 to $1.00 each.

Call or write for free book showing views of Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Jay W. Adams, P. C. P. A. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Poultry-Raising in The South.

"We are doing a very great deal for the Negro," mused the southern visitor, as he lit his cigar after dinner—"perhaps too much. For instance, a few years ago I was somewhat interested in poultry. I had a fine flock of fowls, but try as I might, it seemed impossible to get ahead on it in numbers. We never had any of our own poultry on the table, and seldom an egg, since I ordered all of them set. In fact, I suppose my hens led the most sedentary life of any fowls ever in captivity.

"I finally determined on the boldest plan ever conceived South of Mason and Dixon's line. This was nothing more or less than to send my chickens up every night in a balloon. I accordingly purchased a medium-sized ballon, and had it inflated from the gas-main. In the place of the basket I attached a wide rope-ladder, let the balloon up so this just cleared the ground, and my chickens readily went to roost on the rungs. I then paid out twelve hundred feet of line and fastened it to a post. In the morning we drew the balloon down and found the flock intact. I congratulated myself on having outwitted the colored man and brother at last. We repeated the operation every night for a week. I had taken the precaution to have my retaining line a small wire cable, so that it could not be cut. The second night we found an African trying to climb it. He had got up about seventy-five feet, but came down rapidly on my man appearing with a weapon. After this we greased the cable, and had no more trouble in that way. Still, I keep no chickens now."

"Colonel," said the host, solemnly, "you won't mind, I hope, if I ask you why?"

"Certainly not. Everything went well for a week, and my hopes were high. I subscribed for another poultry paper and bought a dozen hand-painted china egg-cups. But at the end of that time a young son of Ham, just home from some sort of school for the higher education of his race, put on a pair of rubber gloves at two o'clock in the morning, cut an arc-light wire in the street, dragged one end into my back yard, attached it to the wire cable of the balloon, and sent up a current of two thousand volts, which paralyzed every last fowl, and brought them fluttering down like autumn leaves, with two hundred Niggers, sir, waiting for them! Now what business has a darkey, I'd like to know, to understand anything about electricity?"—Harry V. Marr in Harper's Magazine.

A Chinese Editorial.

There are many people besides Dr. Parker who regard an editor's position as a "soft thing," and a certain number of these persons have made their appearance in unaccustomed China, where they are expending much time and labor in the correction and godly admonition of the editor of a native paper, whose robust reform proclivities are offending against the immutable laws of his land. Driven at length to defend himself, the harassed journalist addressed to his critics a brief editorial, of which the following translation gives an idea of the Chinese conception of sarcasm, erroneously declared to be non-existent by many travelers. After a preliminary acknowledgment of fallibility, the article proceeds:

"In future nothing which may be described as new will appear in these columns, and thereby prevent people's understandings from being enlightened. None but bigoted members of the conceited literati will ever be called to assist upon the editorial staff. We shall confine ourselves to the affairs of the last dynasty, carefully avoiding all reference to the family that now rules China. We shall give our special attention to fortune telling, witchcraft and kindred subjects of truth, of which no one has any doubt. A place of supreme importance will be given to the revered teachings of geomancy, and we shall show that a man's good luck or misfortune is controlled by the stars. We shall respectfully beg his majesty to observe the old customs, and that the mandarins follow their excellent and time honored methods of transacting business. We shall resist with all our strength every attempt to introduce reforms, and lest we should be tempted to record any current events, we resolve from this time forward to dispense with the service of all reporters as a useless waste of money. We hope in this way to earn the goodwill and support of all our readers, firmly believing that if we faithfully do according to this honest and admirable advice, the benefit will be manifested to all."—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Than Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

HARRY NIEMANN

The Old "Tivoli" Favorite

Desires to Inform his Friends and the Public in general that his new

SHIRT FACTORY

is now open and ready for business. Harry will be found at the store

719

Emma Spreckels Bldg.,

every day ready to receive his customers

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

BUFFALO

$87

ROUND TRIP

LAST

PAN-AMERICAN

EXCURSION

Tickets on sale October 3d and 4th at all main line points in California on the

Southern Pacific

Good for return until October 31st from Buffalo; from Chicago within 60 days from date of sale.

Inquire of agents

E. O. McCormick,
Pass. Traf. Mgr.

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MIAN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC
AND OTHER DISEASES
CURED
Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application [illegible] Dr. Gordin 544 PINE ST. ne[illegible] our short bloc[illegible] north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address

Borrowed Plums

Manual Labor.

"So your son is learning a trade."

"Yes. He is to be a novelist."—*Life.*

* * *

An Ambitious Lady.

Husband—The doctor says if I keep up this race for money I'll break down when I'm forty.

Wife—Never mind, dear. By that time we shall be able to afford it.—*Life.*

* * *

The Exception.

"We insure persons of every avocation," said the accident-insurance solicitor, except—"

He spoke in a confidential, you see-how-it-is-yourself tone of voice.

"——that of innocent by-stander. We are philanthropic, and all that, but we are not foolish."—*Harpers Bazaar.*

* * *

Testing a Theory.

"And do you really insist upon kissing the bride?" asked the somewhat jealous young bridegroom.

"Of course," replied the Western justice who had just performed the important ceremony. "You see, young chap, I am disputin' them cranky scientific theories about kisses communicatin' disease. I kissed over two hundred brides last year, an' I ain't seen the first sick day yet."—*Chicago News.*

* * *

"That mob scene was handled with splendid effect," said the critic.

"Oh, yes," replied the manager, "you see, we hire the villian's creditors to go on in that scene."—*Exchange.*

* * *

"Nowadays all monarchs learn a trade," remarked Mr. Darley.

"What is the King of England's trade?" Mrs. Darley asked.

"Judging from the large number of orders he has conferred, I should say he is a decorator."—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"What an effeminate boy young Doodley is"

"Yes, he's always smoking cigarettes."

"His cousin Mabel is quite the other extreme, very mannish."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, she smokes cigarettes."

Philadelphia Press.

* * *

Personal Interest.

"You know, of course, Colonel," remarked the bartender, "that Kentucky is producing about 30,000,000 gallons of whiskey a year now?"

"Have you any idea, sah," asked Col. Hankthunder, raising his glass with a steady hand, "whah we get the rest of ouah supply?"

Chicago Tribune.

* * *

His Explanation.

The colored witness, being asked his age, said to the court:

"Well, suh, I was a young man w'en freedom broke out."

"What year was that?"

"Hit was de year de Yankees come in, suh."

"You do not seem to have a very accurate idea of time?"

"Oh, yes, suh; hit was 'long 'bout hogkillin' time!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

California Northwestern R'y

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Shellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices 650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

AUTOMOBILES
WE BUILD TO ORDER
GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.

All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
FACTORY—346 McAllister St ; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 19. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

The **First Football *of* the *Season*, California vs. Reliance, *Sept.* 28.**

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—October 5, 1901.

The Strike Settled.

The Teamsters' strike with all its allied strikes, is off. The unions have capitulated; horse, foot and dragoons, bag, baggage and cart, hook line and sinker, they have laid down to the "enemy." It is true that, as a sop, a small amount of increased overtime pay has been allowed the teamsters, who made up one-tenth of the strength of the whole strike. The "union principle" has not been recognized, in spite of the joyful declaration of the "Examiner." The unions struck for the "right" to give orders to the employers as to whom they should or should not employ. Instead of conceding this point, the employers are specifically "allowed" by the unions to retain such of the beaten and battered non-union men as have proved satisfactory.

In such a strike as this, nobody wins, and our only cause for thanksgiving is the fact that it lasted no longer. The wage-earners have lost two millions in pay, and the employers, who can stand it better, as much or more in profits. The farmers of he interior have lost a part of their crop. The state has lost a seed of China trade which has been diverted to the northern ports to germinate into a dangerous growth of rivalry before the century is a decade old. The unions have lost prestige and power to strike for real grievances—a result that always follows such an unsuccessful and fruitless strike. Three men have lost their lives and others have lost small matters of eyes, scalps, bones and blood. And all for what? For the attempted recognition of a ghostly union principle among unskilled laborers, a thorough-going economic fallacy.

Let us look on the bright side. What has anyanyone gained? The teamsters have gained collectively a few hundred dollars a year in increased overtime, Casey, Furuseth and company have gained in notoriety, and the officers of some of the unions have gained "expense accounts" from the strike benefit fund. That is all.

Oh, yes, we forgot. The Examiner has gained 7,000 circulation, ample repayment to the grateful public for all its own losses.

Now that it is over, let us place the responsibility where it belongs. Who cost the community, capitalist and laborer alike, four million dollars? Who inflicted untold loss upon the farmers? Who turned the stream of China trade? Who made the conditions that made three murders and three hundred maimings? Who placed the unions of San Francisco in such a position that they cannot strike with any hope of success for many years? Who half-starved five thousand families for two months?

One man did all this, one ferret-brained, lying, dishonest labor demagogue. His name is Jefferson Davis Pierce, and he is a star organizer of the American Federation of Labor. He came out here in the Spring with the industrial situation peaceful, and announced his determination to "unionize" the city—at ten dollars a charter, his regular fee. He stirred up the whole trouble and kept it going until it passed beyond his control. And now that it is over, now that his dupes are building up the wrecks of their small fortunes and beginning anew, he is sneaking away with his salary and his wife's salary and his fat fees for organizing unions and his expanded account for traveling expenses and sundry other small items of profit to be acquired by a good, hard-working, high-purposed labor leader.

He is welcome to his money, this enemy of the working class. No one else wants it, because there is blood upon it.

The Worldly Side of the Episcopal Convention.

Another convention of this great convention year is opening in San Francisco. It brings several thousand people, mostly pretty well up in financial standing. In fact, the average wealth to the person is probably higher than in any other assemblage which ever gathered on the Pacific Coast.

The Epworth Leage brought some twenty or thirty thousand people mostly young and in moderate circumstances. The interest aroused among them tended mainly in the direction of bringing desirable settlers. This convention, composed as it is of rich men and women or those in touch with the wealthy class, should tend to interest the Eastern capitalists who have hitherto rather underrated the resources and possibilities of the Pacific Coast. In this way, the two gatherings are complements of one another. Were it not for the nasty little strike which took the edge off from a summer's business activity, this could be considered a banner year for California.

Probably our visitors will make allowance for this state of affairs. Morgan, the heaviest financial gun of them all, has seen strikes before and knows how they work. Bishop Potter, the brains of the church in this country, has been bunkoed into writing a series of articles for a local howler so that he doubtless knows and understands and whether or no our Episcopalian friends settle for themselves the question of divorce and of high versus low church, they may be expected to help settle for us the material question of attracting capital to California.

* * *

Let us hope that it is not a violation of hospitality to call attention to a need more pressing in the Episcopal Church of America than the revision of the canons on divorce or of high vs. low church, and yet a question which is most vital to them. It is the question of spreading their influence and doing their work among the masses. The Protestant Episcopal Church in America is the church of society. Strangely enough, this branch of Christianity, which is most closely and intimately allied to the Roman Catholic, the church of the masses and of the poor, holds apart from the poor, from the great mass and bulk of humanity, and confines its influence almost solely to the rich and well-to-do. Just exactly why this is, no one has been able to say. The Roman Catholic Church, nearest to it in ritual, and the Methodist Episcopal, nearest in doctrine, are churches of the people, counting their members among high and low alike but drawing mainly from the poor and the uncultivated. Surely, then, it can be neither the ritual nor the doctrine. Perhaps it is a survival of the old days before the Revolution when the aristocratic Tory party all clung as a matter of loyalty to the Established Church, and to the succeeding slavery days in the South, when, because the darkies embraced Methodism as being best suited to their needs, the aristocratic slave-owners drew the line and supported the Episcopal communion.

Popularity, often the reproach or the damnation of a man, is the end and glory of a church. All churches are supported mostly by the "higher" classes, conducted by the 'higher" classes, ministered to by priests and clergymen drawn from the "higher" classes. Each one has work to do, across the line, and if one has failed to do that work, it means a shirking of responsibility or failure in method.

Be it said to their credit, the Episcopalians have not shrunk from the attempt, at least not in late years, but they have failed in method. They have gone across the line with a patronizing, condescending air which has driven away the self-respecting among the plain people and attracted only those who came for the advantage to be gained. It has, unfortunately, been the history of too many Episcopal missions that they draw the "grafters" like flies, and practically no one else. There is nothing that a true American hates quite so much as being patronized.

This is a practical theme for the convention: Why do we not reach the masses? Why are we the church of "society" alone? Why, when we cross a certain line of financial standing, do we repel rather than attract? The true answer and the application of that answer would mean the breath of new life into the Episcopal Church of America.

A New Outbreak.

A year after the declaration that universal peace reigns in the Philippines and six months after the rebel leader has been captured and sworn allegiance, an army detachment is surprised in a "pacified" island, and sustains the heaviest loss inflicted in any one engagement since Dewey slipped into Manila harbor. It makes the Philippine situation look rather unpleasant and hopeless.

The truth is that we have on our hands a white man's burden which is to be borne not for one year nor even two or three, but for a good half century. The people with whom we are dealing have some of the unpleasant characteristics of the American Indians who, although close to our military base of supplies, kept the United States Army hustling for something like a century. The Sioux and the Apaches and the Utes were "pacified" a dozen times in two-score years only to break loose again when the soldiers turned their backs. We must expect to whip the savage tribes in the islands and whip them again and keep on whipping and educating them, until we rear a new generation with sense enough to see just what is against them and what they have to expect.

THROUGH THE WEEK.

OWING to the high wages paid to the "scabs" during the strike, normal conditions are more likely to prevail quickly than they would under other circumstances. A number of these "scabs," in the nature of things, were drawn from the transient section of the city's population—students, artists, adventurers and the like—attracted by the spice of danger which lent dignity to work that ordinarily would have seemed monotonously laborious, and tainted with disgrace.

University students, of course, will have to vacate their positions, and, at union wages, there is neither the inducement of profit nor glory. They have probably made a good deal of money and in the California way are itching to spend it.

Here every man with $50 is a capitalist, and has a gold mine, a ranch, a patent, or a clew to buried treasure up his sleeve. He buys a "load of grub" and goes prospecting; he buys stocks and implements; he hands over "the further necessary sum" demanded by the patent agent; or he consults a medium, fits out a ship and goes treasure hunting. Failing these he plays the races or even the nickel-in-the-slot machine. Neither the money nor the man stand still.

The union men therefore, the men with families more particularly, will find it easier to get employment than they would in other countries where starvation rather than fortune occupies the thoughts of the people.

* * *

After damning everything done by the physicians in attendance to save the life of President McKinley, the "Medical Record" concludes that "everything possible was done to save his life." Now that all is over, it becomes apparent that the thread of hope to which the nation clung was very, very slender. It comes out that in the Civil War surgeons refused to waste their time upon abdominal cases, that in subsequent wars, when surgery had made greater advances, wounds of that character were fatal in ninety per cent of the cases. When it is considered that soldiers engaged in warfare are, almost to a man, young, strong, and in training, it will be seen how slight was the chance for an old man, burdened with flesh, out of training and weak of heart.

* * *

The "Examiner" showed, in its issue of last Tuesday, juggled figures to prove that the circulation had increased by 7000 and over, during the month of September. The Anarch further offered to throw open its books to the inspection of the Employers' Association or any of its "hirelings." Of course, the Hearst paper is safe in making this offer, because there is no likelihood that anyone will take it up, and because there is nothing so easy to "fake" as a circulation on paper. But even if the actual increase in papers issued is 7000 copies, the real, paid, permanent circulation has fallen off.

It must not be forgotten that the past month, with the assassination of President McKinley, his doubtful illness and subsequent death has brought about the greatest demand for newspapers current in years. Even the Spanish war caused no such general demand. The other city dailies, did they care to show their books, could prove an increase of even greater amount.

Then, the great stoppage of the yellow organ among respectable people has had little effect on the apparent circulation, because the "Examiner" will not stop. It goes on just the same, except that it is delivered free. This wholesale drop in circulation has made itself felt in business office receipts, but not in the amount of issue. Still again, it is being given away wholesale in all the suburban towns, where detection is harder than in the city.

At the time when the paper first broke over the line and came out openly in defense of the strike, a number of hoodlums were turned loose South of the Slot with a promise of a dollar for every subscription which they brought in. It was easy to get subscriptions in that region at that stage of the game, and they rolled in by the hundreds. The difficulty came when the business office tried to collect. Not ten per cent of these "subscribers" ever paid or ever will pay. Of such are the seven thousand.

* * *

Gradually, the far-seeing and deep-thinking men of Europe are awakening to the possibility of that great Pacific empire to which California is the point of entrance for the United States. Sir Havelock Ellis, a deep historical and economic thinker, mentions this in the current number of the "Contemporary Review." He says boldly that in another century the center of life for the world will have passed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that Russia, with her genius for governing semi-barbaric nations, will be the dominant power on the Asiatic side of the great ocean, and that her rival for world supremacy on the other side will be the United States. As a natural consequence, California will be on the dominant edge of the nation.

Who knows but that, when we all come back as ghosts in 2001, we will find San Francisco the metropolis of the country, with the capital moved for convenience from Washington to Sacramento?

* * *

The first football games of the present season were brought off last Saturday, California playing Reliance, and Stanford Olympic, both games on the college grounds. Today the colleges will reverse opponents, Stanford taking on Reliance and California Olympic.

Today's scores will give something of a line upon the comparative strength of the college material. Last Saturday, so far as could be judged, the preference lay with Stanford. Both college teams fumbled woefully, which was perhaps to be expected within a week of the actual line-up. Stanford had a pretty stiff line to oppose the superior weight of the Olympic men, and her backs got away very well together. California, with only four experienced men, displayed some very ragged work. Part of the new material is promising, if it can be shaken together in the short season of this year.

As between Olympic and Reliance, old rival who meet this season for the first time in four years, the advantage seemed to lie with the former. They had out heavier and better men last Saturday, and they showed that they are taking to training more seriously. They have an undoubted superiority in the back field, where "Locomotive" Smith is playing with all his old steam. These two clubs will probably take the Thanksgiving date, left vacant by the change of schedule in the colleges, and should furnish a battle royal.

* * *

The Yankee boat has done it again. On Thursday, "Shamrock II" got the wind she was praying for, and the "Columbia" waltzed in ahead after a race just as pretty and twice as exciting as the light-wind victory of the week before. It seems pretty nearly certain that blow low blow high the next race will go with the other two and Sir Thomas will go home without his cup.

We have a right to feel kindly toward the weather clerk, because he has given us the variety of breezes necessary to prove "Columbia" and Skipper Barr superior in both high and low winds. Had all three races been drifting matches the "Shamrock" might have gone back claiming superiority in a blow; had all three been tempests, the British carpers—of whom, to be sure, Sir Thomas Lipton would never be one—might be in a position to assert that the Shamrock was a light-weather boat and stood no chance in a heavy sea. But the yachts have had both and the Yankee seems to have the cup in her hold.

Of course, there is many a slip, and no three out of five contest is won until three races have been safely accounted for, but at present the "Columbia," already a cup winner, looks like the winner.

* * *

A noticeable tone of annoyance colors the comments of the press upon the abduction of Miss Ellen M. Stone, an American Missionary in Turkey; and while it shows that we have not yet come to the point of using missionaries as bait for insults to our flag, it also shows a singularly unprogressive attitude. Missionaries may offend their compatriots in a foreign land by narrowness of creed and a lack of adaptability, but they have always been the pioneers of sanitation and education and have also been foremost in preparing dictionaries thereby opening means of communication between country and country. They establish the outposts of civilization, and even if they are as fanatical, misguided and narrow as they are represented, nevertheless, from a materialistic standpoint they are worthy of support. Suppose Miss Ellen M. Stone had been a journalist.

Letters have been received from New Zealand which show that Mr. Al Canby will, in all probability, reach San Francisco in about a week. Mr. Canby returns to New York to take charge of the Kyrle Bellew play for Lieber & Co. Mr. Canby has been exploiting the genius of Ghirardy, the violinist, in the antipodes, and rumor says with profit to himself and the great musical artist. Mr. Canby's contract with Liebler & Co. was made last spring before he sailed for Australia.

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

Such havoc in my brain! Fancy four luncheons in one week and as many dinners. That is what lies before your dear child. Besides that, the prospect of a tremendous amount of gayety for I have received my invitation card to the Fortnightly and La Jeunesse. My Fortnightlies are already all taken. The first I am to dance with Percy King. He is a very nice fellow—asked me immediately. The second with Knox Maddox—auntie said I should have kept the first for him, but I could not manage it. The third with Sam Boardman. He is supposed to be the most exclusive young man in town, so that I feel really honored. The fourth with Fred McNear. He belongs to Georgia Hopkins, but I am to have him for that evening. The others I shall tell you of later. Phil. Tompkins is one. I know that I shall enjoy that one,as I like him so much. For La Jeunesse partners I expect to have all army and navy men.

Now about the luncheons. Lucy King, Percy's sister, gave one to Edith Stubbs on Tuesday. There were all Edith's great friends, but I missed Bernie Droun. I hear about that popular girl wherever I go. She will not be home until December. Ethel Cooper, Charlotte Field, Katherine Dillon, Margaret Salisbury and that crowd were there. On Thursday I went to Katherine Dillon's. It was a decorative affair. In fact quite like the sort of thing we should give ourselves. The artistic arrangement of the flowers particularly attracted me. There are four sisters here who do flowers for a living and truly, Mama, they are quite artistic enough for New York. Then on Friday Mrs. Russel Wilson gave one to Caro Crockett. I like her house, and you know my devotion to Mrs. Wilson. It was very elaborate, and at first formal, but when the Hopkins girls sit down for a five minutes together they brighten up the whole crowd. Before it was over, one could hardly hear oneself speak. A girl's luncheon is a noisy affair. Everyone speaks at once and as loud and shrilly as possible, but it is fun and one does not need to be on one's dignity as one is at a dinner. When there are men, one does not care particularly to jolly up; auntie always begs of me to be most guarded. She tells me of the awful things that have been said of certain girls who foolishly took a cocktail and those who looked on spoke of it for months afterwards.

I nearly forgot to tell you about Mrs. Alvord's dinner last Thursday night to Sunshine Parsons. Mrs. Alvord is a rich widow with quite a pompous manner, and a very kind heart. She is the fairy Godmother to Ethel Keeney and Leontine Blakeman. Leontine needs no Godmother, she is the most popular young person I know. Even auntie's servants say to me "Oh Miss Elizabeth it is Miss Blakeman's we all admire so much."

Why it is, I do not know,but she is a 'winner.' I very much fear that she is engaged to an army officer who is now in the Philippines. But such is the irony of life. I so well understand, Mama, dear, the sorrow of being separated from the object of one's affections. There are here about six girls whose hearts are sore owing to the absence of the man of their choice; Azalia Keyes, Leontine, Charlotte Ellenwood, Katherine Dillon, Emma Butler, Grace Spreckels, Charlotte Field and Carrie Taylor. But most of these girls are interested in some man in town who serves to make the time pass pretty comfortably.

To return to Mrs. Alvords's dinner. It was most elaborate and deliciously cooked. There were fourteen guests, some of the men I had never met before. They were a jolly crowd, and we had a capital evening. Sunshine Parsons and Ethel Keeney will go East in the end of October. It seems too bad that Sunshine cannot remain longer, for she has made any number of friends, and is most popular with the men. Her friend, Mr. Newcombe, sat on one side of me. He is a typical Easterner, but not a New York man. He is a nice fellow and quite head over heels in love with California.

All the people here belonging to the Episcopal Church are simply wild about the congress of Bishops. Of course, being Unitarians we are beyond the Pale, but I know several Roman Catholics who are as much interested in it and in them as though they were taking a vital part in the affair. There will be about two hundred tremendous swells in town. Most of auntie's friends are to have Bishops as their guests. How I'd love one! You know, Mama, I have always contended that the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal Church owed their tremendous popularity to their millinery department. There is such an opportunity for a display of beautiful lace and vestments, and all those most attractive things, and then there is the ritual. That is so interesting. There is no knowing but that I shall drop Unitarianism some day, and belong to a more interesting religion.

Still the Bishops arrive! Every Southern family is entertaining one, every one but my dear aunt. I would never like Mr. Foute. He is the head, one might say of all the ministers, but such a puffy, clumsy sort of man. Caro Crockett is to be married by him. The rector of Trinity, Mr. Clampett, I quite admire. He knows a good deal about preaching and seems a charmingly polished man. Mr. Weden of St. Luke's is very good. He has ideals and demands a great deal of his congregation, and being rather young and tremendously enthusiastic his congregation loves

Continued on Page 5.

Reliance Launching a Line Play.

A Mix-up.

The Berkeley—Reliance Game.

An Unknown Chinatown.

THERE is another Chinatown in San Francisco, a Chinatown that is not known to the tourist. It has a population of from 100 to 500, which is made up of quiet waiting men and children, and a few women. These are immigrants who claim to be merchants, but have been denied admittance by the Chinese Bureau.

Under the law all who are not native sons (in which case habeas corpus proceedings are resorted to, and the custody of the man falls to the county jail where he can see his lawyer) are supposed to be taken back to China by the steamer on which they arrived. The steamship company, however, has made an arrangement with the Federal authorities by which an upper portion of the Pacific Mail Dock is substituted for the ship; and in this place, known as the detention shed, the Chinese are lodged pending the settlement of their cases.

When the steamship arrives, the Chinese who are refused admittance by the inspectors in spite of their certificates, are, with the aid of an interpreter, permitted to make statements of their cases for appeal. Their photographs are shown to the American citizens who are named as witnesses for identification. If the American can supply the name which belongs to the portrait the man is passed; if he cannot do this but can give the name of the firm in which the applicant claims to be a partner it is considered strong evidence of the man's bona-fide.

The utmost care has to be taken however. If a Chinese laborer desires to pay a visit to his native land, he is usually clever enough to buy a nominal partnership from one of his merchant compatriots. In consideration of this purchase price he is taken to an American customer and introduced as a partner. He is paraded in this light for a short time, and finally procures the necessary witnesses and departs, nursing in his heart a reasonable hope of return.

Some of these pseudo-merchants outwit the authorities, but more often they are shipped back ignominiously to their own country.

In the interval they are guests of the steamship company, and make the population of this unknown Chinatown; but only as long as they pay their rent. When their board and lodging become a matter of charity they are promptly shipped back whether the question of their rights have been settled or not.

This Chinatown is filled almost to the ceiling with bunks which are arranged in stands of forty. Most of the stands being two bunks wide, five long, and four high. Taking into consideration the dimensions of the townsite it may without exaggeration be called a city of sky-scrapers.

Some of the prisoners lie sleeping in their bunks; a few join together for their embyro chess, or a game that resembles dominoes; a few are reading and writing; but the majority set idly about the room on narrow wooden benches, quietly smoking, and waiting for something to turn up.

The narrow passages—the alleys—are filled to overflowing with Chinamen of all sizes and castes dressed in anything from costly silks to pajamas, and are littered with baggage of every description;—Saratoga trunks, boxes of polished wood fastened with queer old metal locks, and big covered straw baskets shaped like ginger jars, corresponding in virtue of their majority to the American Saratoga.

As in the better known Chinatown, there is a great deal of gay color. There are silk covers on the beds, and brightly colored blankets, and the same heavy smell of smoke and clothes.

Certain conditions of this place are necessary, but others are not. The precautions against the admission of visitors who might coach the wily Chinese, the locked doors and the barred windows which make the place a prison; these are unfortunately necessities. The wiles of the Chinaman are well established. With a little coaching he is anyone you please: given the aid of a few intelligent friends he finds it as easy to establish an identity as the average man finds it to establish an alibi. His abhorrence of red tape is something more than philosophic. Formality is his bete noir. Once through an open window the whole tiresome business of identification is dispensed with.

This idiosyncrasy of the Oriental is known to the Federal authorities, and a fine of $500 is imposed on the steamship company for every prisoner who escapes. It is not hard, therefore, to imagine the annoyance that ensued when it was discovered that eleven guests had departed one night in a bunch, escaping through an open window, and thence across roofs to the freedom of the street; or again when five escaped in a new and unexpected direction, covering their retreat by means of an artistically hung blanket.

These experiences are both costly and valuable to the Steamship Company, and it is asserted confidently that there are seldom successive escapes through the same hole. When the steed is gone the door is locked—it is probably slammed, under the circumstances, with some spirit.

The unnecessary conditions however, are so bad that a Chinaman arrested for attempted escape might logically plead self-defense. By a rough measurment, the shed is 50 feet wide, 75 feet long and 12 feet high, giving a total cubic area of 45,000 cubic feet. In addition to this, there is the air space from several small outlying rooms, the cramped women's quarters which contain twelve bunks, the water closets, and a lavotory. This, however, is offset to some extent by the nature of this extra space, and by a corner of about 1200 cubic feet which is cut out of the room. Reckoning 8 cubic feet for the luggage, bunk and bedding of each man (a very safe allowance) there is left a total air space of about 41,000 cubic feet, or 82 cubic feet per head; that is to say, each Chinaman when the place is full has as much air as if he were occupying a cage of between four and five feet square.

Sometimes as many as five hundred are living in this room. Most of the windows are fastened and the doors are locked. The roof is ventilated as far as possible, but even with an open roof conditions would be unbearable. There is not even sitting room outside the cramped bunks for the inhabitants. There are at the worst five hundred beds which have been slept in, mingling their stale odor with the clouds of tobacco smoke and the exhalations of hundreds of prisoners. Things are so arranged that, as an interpreter puts it, one quarter of an hour's residence will give one the liveliest kind of a headache. Twenty minutes is as much as one wants. Think of the Chinamen then who have suffered it for six months.

Elizabeth's Letter.

Continued from Page 4.

him, and he has a great deal of influence over it. I don't know really whether Mr. Foute exerts an influence over his congregation, but I do know that he has the first people in San Francisco at his services every Sunday. All the Tevis-Crocker-Salisbury crowd are among his elect.

There are to be any number of dinners in honor of these Prelates. The Pierpoint Morgans will be entertained extensively and will do some on their own account, too, I suppose.

But later I can tell you more of this, so will close for this week. ELIZABETH.

Wasting Time.

Two of our prominent citizens who live within a thousand miles of where the writer is domiciled met in the public road the other day, when the following conversation occurred:

"What's the news?"

"They've captured Aguinaldo."

"Captured who?"

"Aguinaldo."

"What's he been doing?"

"Killing folks."

(Excitedly) "Who has he killed?"

"Oh, lots of people."

"Where is the scoundrel?"

"He's in jail."

(More excited) "Let's get a crowd and lynch him."

"It would be too expensive."

"Expensive! What's going to make it expensive?"

"He's too far off."

"Why, ain't he in Moultrie jail?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Well, where is he then?"

"He's in jail at Manila."

"You mean Camilla, don't you?"

"No, I mean what I say."

"How far is it?"

"About eight thousand miles."

"Get up, Jack!" As he moved on he was heard to ejaculate: "Got no time to talk with every fool I meet in the road. Eight thousand miles! Why, that's clean outside of Gregory. Aguinaldo? Don't believe there is such a man in the world. Never heard of such a place as Manhiller before. These fellows what don't do nothing but read newspapers are mighty smart. Get up, Jack; lost half an hour talking with that slophead when I ought to been home planting 'taters."—Moultrie Observer.

POLITICAL

THE Republican convention has met and adjourned and at the present writing the Democratic convention has met and adjourned without nominating. The Democratic candidate for Mayor will undoubtedly be named Friday night. Until the two tickets are known comparison of their respective strengths would be premature.

The Republican convention which has just adjourned was a model in manufacture and promulgation of the slate. It went through with hardly a hitch except the delay caused by the frantic attempt of Frank McGowan to escape nomination. Otherwise all was smooth sailing and program from start to finish. Even the disgrunted forty-first took its medicine and laid down without a protest.

The manner in which the controllers of the convention handled it was significant. It was evident that they considered the Republican party to have a cinch this year which nothing could affect. No attempt was made to conciliate Kelly, the "Chronicle" or the "Call," and they were absolutely ignored in the first make-up of the ticket.

This at first sight looks like bad politics but it may not be so. If the party wins this election, it may result in the annihilation of Kelly as a political factor, and the elimination of a turbulent element in the party councils altogether.

The effect of the settlement of the strike is yet to be seen. There is little doubt that the Labor ticket will be greatly weakened by that occurrence. Already rumors of dissension are beginning to be heard, and it would not surprise many if it were to peter out altogether before election day. It was a piece of luck for the Governor that he emerged at the opportune moment to announce the strike-settlement over his signature, and that incident will add largely to the arguments in favor of his re-nomination.

What the attitude of the big dailies will be during the campaign is still a matter of conjecture. The "Chronicle" and "Call" have both been ominously silent since the convention adjourned, and how they can support the ticket nominated as a direct rebuke to them is a problem.

The "Examiner" also is in a predicament. The Democratic organization is bitterly hostile to it, and the Labor party which it created and fostered has gone back on it.

J. K. L.

The Episcopal Convention

The legislative conclave of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, in some ways the most important convention that ever gathered on the Pacific Coast, opened Wednesday of this week in Trinity Church with a great procession of bishops and visiting clergy and an elaborate choral celebration of Holy Communion. It was a service of great impressiveness, rendered doubly impressive by the important nature of the gathering this year.

For the Bishops in secret session and the House of Delegates in open meeting are to consider two or three of the greatest questions which ever confronted the Episcopal Church. They are to consider first of all the divorce question, a very live issue, politically as well as socially, in these days. If the proposed new canon is adopted, it will mean the practical excommunication from the Anglican communion of all persons who have been divorced and remarried. This will mean that some of the strongest members throughout the country will have to desert husbands or wives or leave the church. More than this, it will mean that the whole body of Episcopal clergy are to declare war to the knife on political divorce.

More important than this to the Church itself, although less so to the public in general, is the definite junction of battle between the high and low church wings. This has never before been brought to an issue in the church of this country. It came up in England a quarter of a century ago, and has raged there since with ever-increasing fury. If history is to repeat itself here in this country, the proposal to drop "Protestant" from the official name of the Church is to be the signal for much ecclesiastical warfare.

Because of these two measures, the eyes of the Church in America are now all on San Francisco. The third change is less important to the Church at large. It is the motion to let the cross follow the flag in Hawaii. The islands have come under our control since the last convention, but the Episcopal Church there remains, as always, under the Church of England and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Episcopalians of Hawaii might be contented to let it so remain for the present were it not that the representative of the Church at present on the ground is a man of no great popularity. The manner of making the change involves questions of international courtesy and diplomacy which have never before arisen and must be handled with extreme delicacy.

The New President of the Southern Pacific.

The uncertainty of the public, and the troubles in the sphere controlled by the Southern Pacific have at last come to an end in the appointment (by himself on retirement of Mr. Hays) of Mr. H. E. Harriman to the Presidency, and the immediate nomination of Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt as assistant to President.

There could hardly have been a more satisfactory arrangement: Mr. Harriman represents the monied interests, and, while he is a thorough railroad man, his interference will be nominal: Mr. Kruttschnitt stands for brain, energy, and above all for practical experience.

With exception of the traffic management, which still remains in the charge of Mr. J. C. Stubbs of Chicago, all the responsibility now devolves on Mr. Kruttschnitt. He is head of the operating department which covers the sub-departments of maintenance of way, and transportation, and hereinafter receives all reports hitherto sent to the President.

This appointment is considered by railroad men to be well deserved. Mr. Kruttschnitt's promotion is only another step in his rise from the most humble to the highest position in a great railroad system. On July 1st, 1878, a little over 23 years ago, Mr. Krhttschnitt received his first appointment as civil engineer with Morgan's Louisiana and Texas Railroad and Steamship Company, now the "Morgan Division" of the Southern Pacific Company; from January 1st, 1880, to April 1st, 1883, he served as road master, assistant chief engineer and general roadmaster. April 1, 1883, he was appointed chief engineer and superintendent, and on October 1, 1885, upon the consolidation with the Southern Pacific Company, he was appointed assistant general manager, and on July 1, 1889, general manager of the Southern Pacific Company's Atlantic system, extending from El Paso to New Orleans. On October 1, 1895, Mr. Kruttschnitt was appointed general manager with headquarters at San Francisco, his jurisdiction extending over the Atlantic and Pacific systems, the lines in Oregon and the Sonora railway in Arizona and old Mexico. His appointment to the position of the assistant of the President means, virtually, that he is to be the local head of the company.

Pierpont Morgan impresses one as a large man, thick of chest, with a big head set close down on burly shoulders, features large, an extraordinarily prominent nose, keen gray eyes, deep set under heavy brows, a high, fine forehead, a square, bulldog chin, says Ray Stannard Baker in "McClure's," of the most noteworthy visitor to the Episcopal Convention. His hair is iron-gray and thin, and his mustache is close-cropped. For a man of his age and size, he seems unusually active, moving about with almost nervous alertness. He is a man of few words, always sharply and shortly spoken. When a man comes to him Mr. Morgan looks at him keenly, waiting for him to speak first, and his decision follows quickly.

A young broker, who had never met Mr. Morgan before, went to him not long ago to borrow nearly a million dollars for a client. He told Mr. Morgan what he wanted in half a dozen words, and handed him the list of securities to be deposited as collateral. Mr. Morgan looked sharply at his visitor, "looked at me as if he saw clear through me," as the broker expressed it, then glanced swiftly down the list. "I'll take the loan," he said, and passed the borrower on to one of his partners. That was all. The whole transaction, involving a loan larger than the yearly business of many a small bank, had not taken a minute and a half, and Mr. Morgan's side of the conversation had consumed not more than a dozen words.

Mr. Morgan knows to the last degree the psychology of meeting and dealing with men. The man who sits in his office, a citadel of silence and reserve force, and makes his visitor uncover his batteries is impregnable. That is Mr. Morgan's way—the way he dealt with a certain owner of coal lands in Pennsylvania who knew that Mr. Morgan must have his property, and so had come down prepared to exact a good price, to "thresh it out with Morgan." Mr. Morgan kept him waiting a long time, and then he came out, bulky, cold, impressive, looked the coalman in the eye, and only broke the silence to say, "I'll give you $—— for your property." And there the bargain was closed. His way is to deal brusquely in ultimatums; he says: "I'll do this," or, "I'll do that," and that settles it.

This is Pierpont Morgan, a powerful factor in one of the great departments of human activity, a man endowed with extraordinary energy and capacity.

Crowd Waiting for the Procession.

Bishops Entering the Robing Room.

Bishops Morris and Doane.

Bishops Coleman and Nicholson.

The Procession Passing through the Crowd.

Head of the Line.

Opening of The Episcopal Convention at Trinity Church, October 2.

A Story of Newspaper Life.

"THE GREAT GOD SUCCESS," is a plainly told tale of a successful newspaper man. It is carefully planned and written in a direct—almost colorless—style; and while it cannot be called great literature, it is intensely interesting even to those who are not able to see through the thinly veiled disguises of the principal characters.

The hero, a man named Howard, after graduating from Yale, decides to be a reporter, and applies for a position on the New York "News Record." He is taken conditionally, and the story opens with his introduction to a fellow reporter named Kitteridge who gives in his conversation the key-note—hopeless yet enthusiastic—of the life:

"Journalism is not a career. It is either a school or a cemetery. A man may use it as a stepping-stone to something else. But if he sticks to it, he finds himself an old man, dead and done for to all intents and purposes years before he's buried."

"Journalism is the dragon that demands the annual sacrifice of youth. As soon as we get a little older, we shall be stale and, though still young in years, we must step aside for young fellows with new ideas and a new point of view."

"We must work while others amuse themselves or sleep. We must sleep while others are at work. That throws us out of touch with the whole world of respectability and regularity."

"And if we wish society, what society is open to us? What sort of young women are waiting to entertain us at one, two, three o'clock in the morning?"

At the end of six weeks Howard is told kindly that he will not do for the work. He is given two more weeks to look about him, but he refuses to give up till the last moment. He studies the papers, confident that he can succeed if he can only catch the trick.

A favorable opportunity presents itself and is seized. The tide turns and bears him to fortune.

He occupies rooms in a district which the author calls the edge of Bohemia.

To the north lay fashion and wealth, to the east and west, respectability and moderate means; to the south, poverty and squalor, vice and crime. All could be seen and heard from the windows of his sitting room.

Scraps of a score of languages—curses, jests, terms of endearment—would float up to him. Or perhaps later the only sound to disturb the city's sleep would be that soft tread, timid as a mouse's, stealthy as a jackal's—the tread of a lonely woman with draggled silk skirt and painted cheeks and eyes burning into the darkness, and a heart as bitter and as sad as no money, no home, no friends, no hope can make it.

At this period there enters into his life a girl who in her love for him sacrifices all, holding him till her death, knowing his every weakness and thereby enthralling him, pitting successfully against his ambitions, her love, selfish only in this. He urges marriage from a sense of justice, but she knows him better than he knows himself, and refuses:

"No, my instinct is against it. Some day—perhaps. But not now, not now. I want you. I want only you. We are together out here—out beyond the pale. Inside, others would come in and surely come between us. I want no others—none."

Death in a short time removes her from his life—a pathetic figure made happy at the last by his love, love which she sees however is born of pity:

"But you have loved me. If I were to get well, you would not. Ah, if you knew, if you only knew how I have wanted your love, how I have lain awake night after night, hour after hour, whispering under my breath 'I love you. I love you. Why do you not love me?'"

After a brief period of sorrow, ambition enters his life. He is given a place on the editorial staff, and his chief, shrewd cynical and time-serving, edits the energy of his assistant.

At this stage he enters "Society," and meets the other women of his life, Marian Trevor, a well educated beautiful woman, who is engaged to be married. Her fiance, Danvers, "is a good deal of a chump, but a decent fellow—good looking, good natured, domestic in his tastes, and nothing but money."

Howard and Marian Trevor feel at once that they are under the control of a power stronger than convention, and a strange, irresponsible love-making ensues:

"I never met any one like you," she said. "I have always felt so sure of myself. You take me off my feet. I feel as if I did not know where I was going and didn't much care. And that's the worst of it." * * * *

"And—what? Isn't there any more to the story?" Marian's eyes were shining with a light which she was conscious had never been there before.

"And—and——" Howard stopped and faced her. His hands were thrust deep in the pockets

A Scene from "Florodora" at the Columbia Theatre.

of his overcoat. He looked at her in a way that made the color fly from her face and then leap back again. "And—I love you."

"Oh"—Marian said, hiding her face in her white muff. "Oh."

"I don't wish to touch you," he went on, "I just wish to look at you—so tall, so straight, so—so alive, and to love you and be happy."

He permits Marian Trevor to go to join her fiance, only declaring his love. She, almost involuntarily honest, breaks with Danvers, while Howard goes back to his work:

At last he was forced to face the situation—in his own evasive fashion. "I will work for her," he said. "Until I have made a place for her I dare not claim her. So much I will concede to my weakness. But when I have won a position which reasonably assures the future, I shall claim her—no matter what has happened in the meanwhile."

During an absence of some months in Europe Howard is made editor of the paper. He proceeds to reorganize it, hoping to produce a paper which should have the progressive features of yellow journals, and yet retain its old reputation and authority. In this he succeeds beyond his hopes.

On Marian's return from Europe he decides that he can marry. They both feel the difference in their tastes. The paper is his life: Society is hers. He takes her to the office, however, and at last kindles her enthusiasm:

"I never before realized how we have destroyed distance," said Mrs. Carnarvon.

"I don't think any one but a newspaper editor completely realizes it," Howard answered. "As one sits here night after night, sending messages far and wide and receiving immediate answers, he loses all sense of space. The whole world seems to be in his ante-room."

"I begin to see fascination in this life of yours." Marian's face showed interest to enthusiasm. "This atmosphere tightens one's nerves. It seems to me that in the next moment I shall hear of some thrilling happening."

There had never been any question about their love, and at this moment of enthusiasm Marian believes that they can also become comrades. She resolves to interest herself in his work—to work with him, and they commence what promises to be a life of complete happiness. Gradually, however, they drift apart in sympathy.

He had started his career with an intense loyalty to the principles of democracy, a loyalty that attracted his wife though she could not accept the principles. In his editorial capacity at first he attacked the demagogues of her set—her own friends, and even the owners of the paper. In his desire for wealth, however, the ardent spirit is stifled, and for a while, only the semblance is maintained. Then at last, finding a large investment of his own would suffer by a continuation of his policy, he swings. This is the beginning of corruption. He feels his deception and tries to bring his wife to see his changed standpoint, but vainly.

At last comes the chance to acquire the controlling interest in the paper, which Howard seizes:

He was looking out over New York.

Twenty years before he had faced it, asking of it nothing but a living and his freedom. For twenty years he had fought. Year by year, even when he seemed to be standing still or going backward, he had steadily gained, making each step won a vantage ground for forward attack. And now—victory. Power, wealth, fame, all his!

Yet a deep melancholy came over him. And he fell to despising himself for the kind of exultation that filled him, its selfishness, its sordidness, the absence of all high enthusiasm. Why was he denied the happiness of self-deception? Why could he not forget the means, blot it out, now that the end was attained?

The story finishes with a Presidential campaign, the monied interests fighting against a sane democracy—a party which Howard in the old days would have supported heartily. His wife though alienated by her social occupations and ambitions, still believes in his integrity,but while the issue is being fought Howard wavers, and finally is bribed by promise of office to throw in his lot with the party he had opposed. Not till then does his wife discover the truth:

When had the man she loved departed? When had the new man come? How long had she been giving herself to a stranger—and such a stranger?

"Yes—I," he repeated. "I have come over to your side." He laughed and she shivered again. "Well, what do you think?"

"Think?—I?—Oh, I think——"

She burst into tears, flung herself down at his feet and buried her head in his lap.

"I think nothing," she sobbed, "except that I—I love you."

He fell to smoothing her hair, slowly, gently, patronizingly. His face was composed and he was looking down at her trembling head and agitated shoulders with an absent-minded smile. How easily this once dreaded crisis had passed! How he had overestimated her! How he had underestimated himself!

He is appointed Ambassador the Court of St. James, and in London, standing with his wife before his own portrait at the Royal Acadamy, he hears his history as it appears to others—a merciless analysis of his success—of his downfall:

The two men passed on. Howard and Marian looked guiltily about, then slipped away in the opposite direction. He helped her into the waiting hansom. As they were driven homeward she cast a stealthy side glance at him.

"Yes," she thought, "the portrait is a portrait of his face; and his face is a portrait of himself."

He caught her glance in the little mirror in the side of the hansom—caught it and read it. And he began to hate her, this instrument to his punishment, this constant remembrancer of his downfall.

"The Great God Success," by John Graham, Frederick A. Stokes Co. For sale by A. M. Robertson. $1.50.

A Hindoo Hamlet.

It is not generally known that Shakespere's plays are immensely popular in the East Indies, where they are performed in the native Hindustani by Parsees. These people have made their own traditions, scorning the help of white men, and have made generous adaptations to suit the native taste. "Comedy of Errors" was the first of the series, and made a tremendous hit. Some twenty-five years ago, it was followed by "Romeo and Juliet," "Pericles,'" "Winter's Tale," "Othello," "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," and "Twelfth Night." The most popular is "Hamlet," which once ran fifty-six nights in Bombay.

The play has been changed to suit native prejudices, and a heavy comedy element introduced. The female parts, as in the Chinese, Greek, and Elizabethan Stage, are played by boys. Ophelia, in the present "Hamlet" company, is a tall, gawky lad, clad in a sort of chemise—and nothing else. The play is changed to give her a second lover and a score of maids, with whom she does a dance. An English observer says of the costumes:

Hamlet himself is no longer a Dane, but "Prince of Damascus." Hamlet was clothed more or less as we are in the habit of seeing him, though a stiff European collar was a strange set-off to his presumably mediæval costume. The other male characters wore heterogeneous clothes of the pantomine class, while the women had so little on that there is nothing much to say about their fashions. Clearly the ancient city of Damascus must have been a very hot place when Hamlet was Prince. Queen Gertrude wore the strangest robe I have seen on the stage. Low necked and fitting close to the body like all the others, it had a lengthy train which might have lent a regal dignity to the wearer but for the fact that it was cut short in front so that its lowest extremity hung about eight inches above the knees.

The play is an ingenious jumble of real Shakespere, Hindu buffoonery, song and dance turns and fairy legend, with plenty of genii. At one stage of the action, Ophelia is lured away by Marcellus, but Hamlet appears in time to kill him with an up-to-date American revolver.

An Author's Story.

The following confession of a novelist as to the method in which he wrote one of his books is not without interest. He had had the story outlined in his notebook for a long time, and ought to have been able to write it, but did not feel able. Then one day he happened to think of it again,and saw, almost as if it had been a stage scene, the little tableau with which the book was to close—one of those ends which are also a beginning. So he began to work and in a short time had completed the three first chapters. Then—for no reason that he can give—there was a jump,and he wrote the chapters which are now numbered XXI and XXII, the last in the book. Then he went back and wrote straight on from IV to XVII.

The story had been with him so long that it was the easiest thing in the world to write it, and so he got through this part of the work with remarkable celerity. In the eighteenth chapter nothing happens. Every day for a fortnight he rose, breakfasted and tried to write that chapter. Every night he tore up a big pile of manuscript which he knew to be hopelessly bad. Then he got desperate. The chapter should be written and should stand, whether good or bad. He wrote it and left the house, because it was bad,and he had resolved not to tear it up. Next day he wrote Chapter XIX, and on the morrow he rewrote Chapter XVIII, and somehow or other contrived to get into it all that he had failed to get before. Then he wrote Chapter XX, and the book was completed.—London Morning Post.

The largest diamond found of late years in the United States was turned up recently in an Alabama back yard. The surrounding earth had been brought from a distance with some plants, and its origin could not be traced. The gem weighed four and a half karats.

The Observations of Eunice.

4. Natural Limitations.

ACT III was over. The row of seats upon which we sat was indicated by a curving line of profiles, commencing, so far as I was concerned, with Eunice's, and ending at the further aisle with a Jew's—a splendid head, the incarnation of power, indolently scornful in attitude and expression. Between these two, each represented a different type,each was a human hieroglyphic, telling us, as we found—with one or two exceptions—the same story.

"Let us establish a Disposition Bureau," I suggested; "after all, why should a man object to being informed of his tendency any more than the color of his hair."

In response to the prolonged applause the curtain, rose and the principal actor appeared again, bowing his acknowledgments.

"What would you tell that man for instance if he came to your Bureau?" I asked. "You say he has mistaken his vocation. How would you demonstrate it to him?"

"I would first collect his fee, for it is easy to see he is opinionated. Then I would tell him that his good acting is a matter of dogged determination, and that the same quality pitted against less heavy odds would win him undoubted success, say in finance or politics. His nose and chin show his disposition, and his forehead more particularly indicates a lack of what is called "temperament."

"So predestination is no fable: a man comes into the world damned already by the shape of his chin; his face is his fortune—good or bad."

Eunice thought for a moment. "It seems so, but I dont know. I imagine we are only handicapped, not damned. The wind of impulse seldom blows straight to Heaven. Most of us are tacking and we'll be judged by the gains we make,I hope. Its not our own doing entirely; a Jew is always a Jew, and an Irishman is always an Irishman. One could tell them if one were blind just as well as if one had no clew but a portrait."

"Isn't it sometime a matter of associations ? I asked. We meet a man who fleeces us—such a thing happens daily—he may be a confidence-man, or perhaps a lawyer. Now the fact that a fleecing is always a surprise proves that our mental chart is not infallible, but this image burns itself into our minds,and henceforward hook-nose, black hair, a certain setting of the eyes, stand for scoundrel. On the other hand, I know a girl of the most charming disposition, unselfish and bright, with perhaps a slight cynical tendency; consequently whenever I see a girl with similar features I surmise similar virtues. Is it wise?"

"I should say it was very risky" she replied laughing.

I had thrown a bouquet, and I thought it fair to give her an opportunity to do the same. "Suppose a man came to your Bureau with evidences of no positive qualities. His chin neither weak nor strong; his nose neither Napoleonic nor nor the opposite. Suppose he endeavored to be amiable and honest, and was cursed with so extreme a self-consciousness as to be able to disguise it. Suppose his virtues and vices were matters of the will, what would you advise?" I asked.

"You sound serious," said Eunice, half laughing, and blushing a little. "Is it a question of moment to you?"

"It is," I answered, with a luminous intonation in my voice.

"If I were you—I mean he,I'd——" She hesitated.

"Yes, what?" I asked eagerly.

"I'd keep a chicken ranch."

I WEIGH 175 lbs.

Former Weight 135 "

Gain 40 lbs.

There are people who say that the benefit derived from the use of put-up medicines is imaginary. It is not the case with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which makes weak women strong and sick women well. A woman may imagine she's weak, or may fancy she's sick, but *her imagination can't add forty pounds to her weight.* The positive proof of the curative power of "Favorite Prescription" is found in the restoration of health which is recorded in face and form, of strength which can be tested, and weight which can be registered in pounds and ounces.

The general health of women is so intimately connected with the local health of the womanly organs that when these are diseased the whole body suffers loss. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures womanly diseases. It establishes regularity, stops weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"I am very glad to let other poor sufferers know what Dr. Pierce's medicines have done for me," writes Mrs. Edwin H. Gardner, of Beechwood, Norfolk Co., Mass. (Box 70.) "You know I wrote to you last summer. I read what your medicine had done for other people, so thought I would try it, and I found it was a blessing to me and my family. I began in June and took six bottles of your medicine, and three vials of 'Pellets.' I took your medicine a year when I had a ten-pound girl. I had the easiest time I ever had with any of my three children. I have been very well since I took your medicine. I took three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' three of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and three vials of 'Pellets.' I had no appetite and could not eat much without it distressing me before I took your 'Favorite Prescription,' and I only weighed 135 pounds. Now I weigh 175."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

DETECTIVES:—We want a sharp, responsible man in every city and town to do secret service work; $4.00 a day and expenses for actual service; postage for reply. International Detective Agency, Milwaukee, Wis.

Signora Adelaide Ristori, the rival of Rachel, the real Queen of the Stage, retired in her Roman Palace, is devoting her time to her family, to charities and to the encouragement of art in whatever form it appeals to her. Her life has been a model to actresses, never marred by a scandal. Two of her children are in the household of Queen Margherita, the widow of King Humbert, and Signora Ristori herself has the right of way to the ex-queen's apartments.

Signora Ristori has shown many a kindness to Americans visiting Rome and never forgets her American or Italian friends living on the Coast. Not long ago she sent a picture to a friend in San Francisco, which we reproduce and which represents her in the protagonist role of Suor Teresa in Giacometti's drama bearing this same name for title.

SIGNORA RISTORI.
From a photograph in the possession of Professor Ventura.

The young lady kneeling before her is Italina Piamonti, who appeared as leading lady in America with Salvini the elder when he first brought an Italian company to the States.

The devotion of Signora Ristori for Queen Margherita is shown in the fragment of a letter written to Professor L. D. Ventura of this city one month after King Humbert was murdered. It reads:

"I would never stop had I to enumerate the angelic traits of that heavenly soul. All adore her; the people when passing before her palace stop in enchantment to get a glimpse of her, and when she goes to walk in the country, the country folk run to meet her and kneel before her. You ought to have seen the reception she was honored with when she came back to Rome after the awful crime of Bresci!

"Such enthusiasm was never witnessed before. When she came with her son, the king, to the balcony, wrapped up in her mourning robes, the people went mad, wept, cried knelt down in the dust. To say that we have abrogated the capital punishment, only the fear of which made anarchy tremble!"

On the Oakland Ferry.

All on the Oakland ferry,
Passing to and fro,
Good and bad, and gay and sad,
The restless people go;
The rich, the poor, the sane, the mad,
The high ones and the low.

For pleasure they are merry,
Or mute to duty true;
To marry or to bury,
To revel or to rue—
They congregate and hurry,
The Gentile and the Jew.

One wears the drab of sorrow,
And one the scarlet shame—
And one, who strived to borrow
From both the key to fame,
Leaps groaning—and tomorrow
Is as today the same.

One sows his days to folly
To reap his nights of sin;
And one, all melancholy,
Watches the tide come in,
And longs to cast him wholly
Into the peace within.

They pass, and idly ponder
Upon the ships around;
How this brings tales of wonder
From foreign lands new-found,
And this one, clothed with thunder
Maketh a dreadful sound.

They pass, and strive to measure
The ships of journeyings:
One fills its sails with pleasure,
One seaworn folds its wings,
And one departs with treasure
Of potentates and kings.

Each with its unknown story
Of human weal or wail;
To compass love or glory
They hoist the daring sail,
And face the promontory,
The bullet and the gale,

They pass—a crowd of faces—
Motes dancing in a beam,
As each its mate displaces,
The restless people seem;
And so the ferry passes,
A phantom and a dream!

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You wil find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

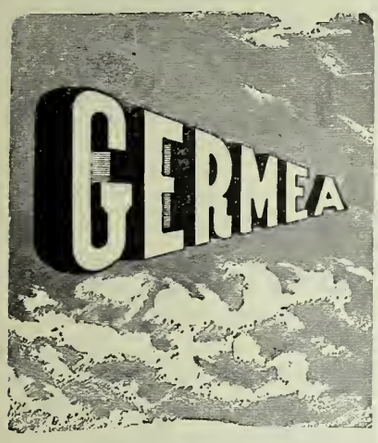
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Among the many honors accorded DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY has been the Royal Warrant recently granted by King Edward. The Royal Family has accorded this honor to DEWAR'S SCOTCH for many years past. It is a compliment which the judges of Scotch whisky think highly deserved.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD,(N. Y.C. & St. L. R.R.) offers Eastern passengers three elegantly appointed vestibuled express trains daily between Chicago and New York and Chicago and Boston. For sleeping car reservations and full information address JAY W. ADAMS, Pac. Coast Pass. Agt. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.



Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material. kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Things Theatrical.

Shylock is a name which stands for all we ever dreamed of avarice and revenge. It has come to be a word epitomizing a range of passions, and having for each of us a different meaning and intensity, as have love and fear and hope. Where then is the man who can play the part successfully, and suggest again this potent name—Shylock?

Joseph Haworth tries and, in a measure, succeeds. In his avarice, in his scornful sufferance of insult, and in the scathing logic of his attack on the Christian merchants, he is triumphantly Shylock; but his anger is too boisterous, and his logic lacks the sneer; he disappoints with the continual suggestion of impulsiveness.

There is also the feeling that he errs in making a bid for sympathy. In the early scenes, he justifies his hatred of Antonio; his miserly mouthing of "ducats" is felt to be the trick of a merchant for terms, so that, at the end, his mourning of the jewel carried away by his daughter, and the abjuring of his religion appear for a moment incongruous. We have felt sympathy for Shylock and have to adjust our views.

He was well supported. Adele Belgarde gave a very pleasing personation of Portia, failing, however, at times to make herself heard, and hardly coming adequately to the support of Shylock in the Court-of-Justice scene. His credulity and his approval of the lawyer could only have been justified by a more convincing representation of her part.

* * *

"Florodora" has come; we have seen it and are conquered. It fulfills all the purposes of a musical comedy. In a piece of that light and fluffy order, good music or a book of literary tone or a sustained and consistent plot are not expected nor wanted. To be amusing, to have tunes that can be whistled, to have amusing incident, to require no strain on the intellect—in short, to be a rest to folk of common mould after a day of hard work this is the end and aim and object of a musical comedy. "Florodora" fills the bill. The audience went away whistling the tunes, than which no musical comedy can hope for greater success.

The libretto forgets itself and hits genuine dramatic level just once, that time in the character of "Lady Holywood," charmingly enacted by Grace Dudley. The rest of the company can sing a little and act a little less. The girls of the double sextette are up to specification in looks.

* * *

Maude Sorensen.

One of the interesting features of an early program at the Orpheum will be the appearance of a trio of some of the cleverest of San Francisco's prodigies. It is the reappearance of Miss Maude Sorensen, perhaps the most versatile and best educated child of her age in the world. The trio also embraces Master Tom Dunn, who is said to have no superior as a singer of his age in this or foreign countries. Besides there is little Gladys Sorensen who makes her first entry in male character, playing the office boy in the sketch entitled, "The Manager's Fate." In this comedy, Maude will impersonate no less than six different characters, first as a good society lady, next as a leading lady, then a swell society dude, a coon song and dance artist and a ballet dancer. As a ballet dancer she is already recognized as the equal of Cavaleggi, Barthoe and others. Over two thousand dollars have been expended for this sketch for costumes, scenery and paraphernalia. Following the engagement in this city, the trio go East and then to the leading cities of Europe.

* * *

The opening of a stock company season at the Alcazar is always a thing for note in San Francisco. It is the bread and butter and cheese of the theatrical season. Whenever Eastern importations are dull, here is a stock company right at hand, giving us a good run of standard plays and giving them with intelligence. As we have to thank the Tivoli for all our acquaintance with grand opera save for a three-weeks glance in the "season," so we have to thank the Alcazar for our only view of most of the current plays.

"Liberty Hall" opens a new season with new people pretty well up to the Alcazar stock standard. M. L. Alsop is a good, easy natured actor, the man for the trying position of lead in a weekly-change stock company, where natural method has to make up for studious interpretation. Alberta Converse and Carrie Lamont, the double leading ladies, are actresses of the same school. The rest of the company is fair and the stage management, once an Alcazar weakness, is capital.

* * *

Signor Richard Luchesi, assisted by the Harry Samuels String Quartet and a string orchestra will give a musical afternoon at Sherman and Clay Hall on October 11. The program will include selections from his own compositions, from Wagner and from Saint Soens.

At The Theatres Next week.

Central—"Kidnapped," is withdrawn on Saturday to be followed by "Beacon Lights."

Tivoli—"The Masked Ball," is to be alternated with "Nabucco" which still continues to draw.

Grand Opera House—Joseph Haworth appears in "Hamlet," a part which he has achieved a notable reputation.

Alcazar—"Too Much Johnson" is to be presented—an old-time favorite.

California—Hermann appears on Sunday night.

Columbia—"Florodora" is continued.

Alhambra—"The Brownies in Fairyland" is to be played again by over 200 children after an interval of a year. It opens today, and continues till Tuesday.

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER
THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336
DON R. DUNBAR
Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes
N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood
"The Castle"
101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG
The True Blue,
308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served.

—ESTABLISHED 1823—
WILSON WHISKY
—THAT'S ALL!
Bielenberg & Weniger
Sole Distributors
101-103 POWELL ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE
Billiard, Pool and Club Room
(Never Closed.)
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.
924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET.

Small Talk.

Mrs. Avery McCarthy and Miss Helen Wagner will go East for a few months early in October.

Mrs. Walter Martin was hostess at a dinner given to Mr. Laurence Scott and Miss Caro Crockett this past week.

Miss Florence Ives will return to San Francisco in time for the opera season. She is at present in New York, where she is being royally entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Magee will spend the winter at the Richlieu. They have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin at Burlingame.

It is to be hoped this year that the girls will not be complaining of the youth of men. Young men who were dancing two years ago are quite old stagers now.

The Presidio will be gay this year. There are to be some of the real old time hops. What army post would not have a good time with thirty unmarried lieutenants stationed there?

The invitations for the Scott-Crockett wedding are out. There are one hundred and twenty-five to the house and six hundred to the church. This will be one of the most popular weddings of the year.

Mrs. Salisbury has sent out over a thousand invitations to this year's Fortnightly Dancing Club. Should all the invitations be accepted, it would be necessary to find a larger hall than "Lunt's" on Polk street.

Coronado will be very popular this winter for there will be several war ships stationed there, and brass buttons ever attract the girls, partly because naval officers are nearly all dancing men and men with a great deal of time on their hands.

Mrs. Henry Allen had a few people at luncheon at her home in Ross Valley recently. The Wyatt Allens will not take a house in San Francisco this winter, but will spend a few weeks from time to time with the Henry Allens, who have rented the house they had last year.

The Homer Kings expect to do a great deal of entertaining this winter. Miss Hazel will return to college, but Miss Genevieve will make her formal debut at an "at home" which her mother will give later in the season. The Homer King house on Broadway and Octavia is specially adapted for entertaining, and from an architectural standpoint, one of the few "correct" houses on that street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin have rented the Blair house on Van Ness Avenue for the winter. Miss Celia Tobin will soon return to San Francisco. The Raoul Duvals have taken a place in Rugby for a few years. The county of Warwickshire in which Rugby is situated is one of the best hunting counties in England.

Miss Maye Colburn will sail for Honolulu as the guest of Miss Polly Dunn the latter part of November. Miss Dunn is to be married to Mr. MacFarlane early in December. Miss Colburn will be maid of honor. Later Miss Colburn will return to San Francisco when she will go East to spend a few months with relatives.

The engagement is announced of Doctor Walton Thorne and Margaret Wilson. Doctor Thorne is a nephew of Doctor W. E. Thorne. He is one of the Walton family of Virginia. Mrs. Wilson is a San Franciscan, a particularly bright, attractive woman. They will be married in the early part of next year.

Miss Florence Deming and Mr. Hawley will be married on the twenty-third of October. Miss Deming is a very charming, well bred, young lady, and noted for her quiet charitable work. Her father died a few years ago, leaving a large fortune between her brother and herself. She will go to Honolulu on her wedding tour.

The Doctors' Daughters have decided that they will give some sort of a musical entertainment this year instead of a doll show. The last year's doll show was very poorly patronized, and though expenses were made, it did not pay as it had on previous occasions. Miss Blair is busily engaged in arranging an entirely novel form of entertainment. This is one of the most worthy charitable institutions in San Francisco,

Mrs. Samuel Knight was the hostess at a very charming luncheon given at the University Club last week in honor of Mrs. Augustus Spreckels. Mrs. Mountford Wilson has also entertained Mrs. Spreckles. Miss Lurline Spreckels is a most ingenuous young girl. She remarked to her mother a few days ago: "Mother, why are people all so nice to me? I have not been here for such a long time, I should have thought a great number of them would have forgotten me."

She does not know that her mother was one of the greatest favorites San Francisco ever had. She kept a veritable open house at her home in San Mateo, and many is the girl who thanks Mrs. Gus Spreckels for helping her out in some love affair.

HARRY NIEMANN
The Old "Tivoli" Favorite
Desires to Inform his Friends and the Public in general that his new
SHIRT FACTORY
is now open and ready for business. Harry will be found at the store
719
Emma Spreckels Bldg.,
every day ready to receive his customers

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR
VAUGHN LEADLEY,
Solicitor for
J. F. SNOW & CO.,
Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.
Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 60 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

EDWARD HALL, President. WM. J. BIGGY, Vice-Prrs. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.
United States Laundry Association
LAUNDRY—3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.
(Near Valencia)
TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418
OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST., near Powell.

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,
Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.
TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 306.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29,1901.....29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....John Lloyd.
Second Vice-President.. Daniel Meyer
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary .....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt,

San Francisco Savings Union
535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901 .....$28,973.540
Reserve Fund..... 226 994
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier. R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000.000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 330,000

Authorized to act as Execu or, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG..... President
W. A. FREDERICK..... Vice-President
H. BRUNNER..... Cashier

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD

Will return and resume teaching a limited number of pupils on AUGUST 15TH. Applications for time or an interview can be addressed care of

SHERMAN & CLAY'S.

Achille L. Artigues
PIANIST
Organist of Notre Dame des Victoirer
1248 McAllister St. PHONE Fell 1749

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

"A BOOK of ver-ses underneath-the-bough, A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou beside me, singing in the wilderness—Ah, wilderness were Paradise enow."

That is the soprano and tenor duet in Liza Lehman's setting of some excerpts from the immortal Omar. She has dubbed it "In a Persian Garden," and it was sung in Oakland last Tuesday night by a quartet which included Mrs. Carrie Brown-Dexter, Miss Grace Carrol and Mr. Algernon Aspland, with Mr. Wm. B. King as director and accompanist. It was a very smooth rendition and won that sparing meed of approbation which the reticent Oaklander feels that he may conscientiously dole out.

"A book of verses un-der-neath-the-bough—" That is the rhythm of this haunting little duet; and haunting it is, in right good earnest. It rings in my ears by day; it accompanies me to the threshold of sleep and then, when I have let slip the latch-string of consciousness, it creeps slowly through the keyhole into my apartment of dreams, and to every turn of the unsleeping mind's kaliedoscope it chants with sustained tenderness its tireless cadence—"A book of ver-ses un-der-neath-the-bough"—After all each one of us is but half a duet. Unhappy his case and desolate his lot who has not his complement of a partner "third above" or "third below" to help him sing the Song of Life. Some there are who think they tread the roughs and smooths of their existence alone in solo independence, but a closer look will destroy the illusion. If their affinity passes them by, unknown, as the proverbial ships pass in the night, they hook their wagon to the star of something less tangible but equally absorbing. They may sing with Ambition the duet of Fame; they may chant with Avarice the praise of Greed; they may line out with Learning the hymn of Knowledge; they may voice with License the gospel of Pleasure; but no man walks alone: there is "beside him in the wilderness" the "thou" apportioned for his accompaniment through the vales of shadow and on the mountains of light.

There was a duet concert at Sherman-Clay Hall last week that was notable for its introduction to us of Miss Annette Hullah, pianist, and Mr. Harry Barnhart, Basso-cantante. Mr. Barnhart is the proud possessor of a remarkably pleasing voice which he uses with the utmost effectiveness and with a truly refreshing unaffectedness and simplicity. His control of tone color was displayed in a range of songs that embraced a gamut of bristling demands on that very necessary quality. Mr. Barnhart will be a welcome addition to San Francisco's colony of melodious strugglers—and how we do struggle! The morning light stirs our heavy eyelids; and ere yet consciousness returns with the day's first glance, one trained hand seeks the trusty hammer and we dress with the other hand while casting diligently about in our minds for victims that we may "knock" with neatness and dispatch throughout the long and happy, happy day. Away with compositions "In Praise of Song, etc., etc. What we really want is something universal; something that appeals to every man, woman and child connected with the elevating art of music. Turn us out something "In Praise of the Hammer" and receive the broken-voiced blessings of an appreciative world.

The Tivoli had a duet program this week, also. The double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and I' Pagliacci" drew a big audience to the little opera house on Monday night. The former opera received much the better interpretation. It went off with the big swing that this tremendous tone tragedy must have to be effective. Barbareschi was Santuzza. And she was Santuzza. She did the best acting in this role that she has given us this season and the range of the part lies better in her voice than do the higher roles, for Barbareschi is not a high soprano; she is a mezzo with a wide range. Agostini abated nothing from his standard, but I think he stood too far front when singing the serenade before the curtain rises; his voice was too intimate with the audience for the best results there lacked that impersonal effect of dreamy distance that lends such a mystic quality to this beauiful solo. Poletini's Lola left nothing to be desired and the Alfio of Ferrari was sung in his accustomed style. Of "I' Pagliacci" one can say that the choruses and the orchestra, and Salassa as Tonio were delightful and that Castellano is doing his best work of the engagement in this part. Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "Tell it Not," by "A. L." Pub. by Boosey & Co., "April's Lament," by H. Clough-Leighter. Pub. by the Boston Music Co.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Teledo, O.
☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.
Murphy, Grant, Co.

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else
Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. W. H. HORD,
Piano and Guitar.
Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.
Residence, 1005 Oak St Phone, Page 1622
OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.
TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

Among the Authors.

The gentleman adventurer, popular in fiction of late years, is the hero of E. W. Hornung's "Raffles," a sequel to "The Amateur Cracksman" by the same author. It is a collection of short tales, with a connection of one character and one incident binding them together, and it is an advance on the earlier story.

Raffles is Sherlock Holmes reversed. He uses the same phenomenal powers of body and mind for the commission of crime that Holmes uses for its detection. It seems a pity that the two could not have lived and been pitted against one another for a battle royal. On his private side, Raffles is so faithful as a friend, so constant as a lover, that the reader is drawn into an immoral sympathy. Certainly, no rogue ever lived like this one; the real, genuine rascal has not this private side, but the author makes you believe it for the time.

Yohn's idea of Raffles.

Only the end is weak. The author had to dispose of the man somehow. The gallows which Raffles deserved under the law is an ignoble end, so he is sent to the Boer war where, instead of turning traitor as he might be expected to do, he unmasks a traitor and then dies as as a patriot. Published by Charles Scribner's sons. Price, $1.50.

* * *

In "The Right of Way" Gilbert Parker comes to his own. For the past decade, his has been the most brilliant pen writing English on this side of the water. The late craze for the historical romance, for all its long editions and high prices, brought forth nothing half so good as his "Seats of the Mighty." But he has always seemed a bit crude, unpolished, unfinished—young beyond his years.

"The Right of Way"—in contrast to his other works, a modern novel and mostly set in the town—is smooth and finished and yet absorbing and powerful. He shakes off the Scott influence which lay all about his earlier books and finds a style of his own. And he loses neither his interest, nor his hold on character, nor his sense of plot.

It is a curiously interwoven tale of a brilliant but unbalanced man who loses all respect of friends. He is revived by a moral shock, and is winning back to strength and control when a tragedy ends his life. The theme, stripped to its essentials, is a bit like that of "Hamlet."

Published by Harper & Brothers and illustrated by A. J. Keller.

A salutation of respect in China, says Mr. Barrett, former Minister to Siam, is to comment on the mature and even venerable appearance of one's guest. When the Minister to Siam, who was than twenty-eight, called officially on Li Hung Chang, he was accompanied by a prominent missionary, a man eighty years of age, with white hair and beard, who was to serve as interpreter. Unknown to Mr. Barrett, the missionary and the Chinaman had had a falling out some years before. Li came into the reception-room, saluted Mr. Barrett cordially, and bowed stiffly to the patriarchal interpreter. To the youthful Minister the Premier said:

"I congratulate you, sir, on your venerable mien;" and then, nodding toward the octogenarian, he asked: "And is this your son?"

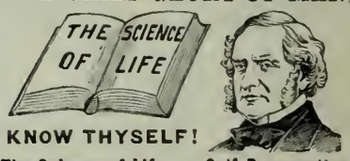
HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... PAPER
COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.
Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

C. A. GARTER C. W. CROSS
Law Offices of
Cross & Garter
Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.
Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For
Brain Workers.
Strengthens the exhausted and confused brain, relieves nervous headache, and induces refreshing sleep.
Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

ATTENTION!
We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge
A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT
In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.
In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking; our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to
THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Strength, Vitality, Manhood,
THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN.


KNOW THYSELF!
The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,
A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, ONLY $1.00. In paper covers, ONLY 25c. Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN, from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.
☞ The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.
☞ The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

A WISE PRECAUTION
BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

Plate Engraving
Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRED
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

SUITS
CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED
BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY
40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.
Ring up Red 5294 We run two wagons

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
TRY THEM FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.
Fac-Simile Signature of John I. Brown & Son on every box.

BUFFALO

$87

ROUND TRIP

LAST

PAN-AMERICAN

EXCURSION

Tickets on sale October 3d and 4th at all main line points in California on the

Southern Pacific

Good for return until October 31st from Buffalo; from Chicago within 60 days from date of sale.

Inquire of agents

E. O. McCormick,
Pass. Traf. Mgr.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Oct. 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. Nov. 2. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Oct. 3, 8, 13 18, 23, 28. Nov. 2. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Oct. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Nov. 3.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)

Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, and Redowdo.

Steamer Corona, Thursdays, 11 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month.

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

A Sudden Awakening.

"That is the window of my own especial den!" said a pretty girl to a young man who was walking home with her from church, and she pointed to the third story window of her father's house on the other side of the avenue which they were about to cross. It was an attractive little bit of color, for there was a stone window box outside, gay with spring flowers that contrasted prettily with the dainty muslin and lace curtains draped across the opened sash. As the rest of the handsome brownstone house was conventionally and uninterestingly severe in its aspect, the girl's window seemed typical of its attractive owner, and the young man looked admiringly at his pretty companion.

"How beautiful your flowers are!" he said, wishing "that his tongue could utter the thoughts that arose" in his mind about her. "It is the prettiest window box on the avenue. You must take a lot of care of your flowers!"

"Oh, flowers invariably know who love them!" she replied sentimentally, "and they always bloom when I coax them."

The youth said to himself that he did not wonder; he was trying to put the involuntary thought into appropriate words when they reached the house and his opportunity was over.

"Some day, perhaps, I will show you my den," she said, with a bewitching little smile at parting, "but I must know you better first. I only ask my most intimate friends up there."

Her escort left her, thinking that it would not be his fault if he were not soon a good friend of the charming chatelaine.

Yes, he was evidently hard hit, for the next morning going down town, he went half a block out of his way to pass her house and was rewarded by seeing Miss R. at her window in a fetching blue teagown, watering her flowers with a Dresden china teapot—as pretty a mental picture as a man could wish to have to carry around with him in the dry-as-dust atmosphere of downtown life.

"I like a girl like that," he said to himself more than once during the day. "A real girly girl, who loves flowers and pretty things that make home bright. Not an up-to-date sport or an intellectual being that knows more than is good for her." And the next morning he went out of his way again to pass her house. A fresh wind was blowing, and this time there was no girl with a Dresden china watering pot at the window, but the flowers smiled radiantly in the bright spring sunshine. And just as he was passing, the golden globe of a daffodil which had been presumably broken off by the wind, floated down to the pavement. With an irresistible impulse, he crossed the street (he was certainly falling in love) and picked up the flower which had fallen from her window.

"I cannot tell you," he said, describing the incident later to a sympathetic woman friend, "what a queer sort of shock it gave me! It was artificial! The window box was filled only for show and, like her pretty speeches about her love for her flowers, was pure sham. I think it was about as quick a cure as ever a man had!"—N. Y. Tribune.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

"GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

It is said that certain people cannot sing this song but anybody can go away back East and sit down in the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road. These trains carry Nickel Plate Dining Cars in Which are served American Club meals at from $.35 to $1.00 each.

Call or write for free book showing views of Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Jay W. Adams, P. C. P. A. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Than Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

TEL. GREEN 12.

CHAS. P. DROLLA

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal

All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence

1021½ Market St. S. F. Cal.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained

Flor de Claus Spreckels

Choicest Havana Cigars

H. PLAGEMANN & CO., Importers

709-711 Market St.,

Adjoining Call Building

San Francisco

Borrowed Plums

Consumer—I say, what kind of a cigar do you call this? It's the worst tobacco I ever tasted.

Dealer—Beg your pardon, but you are wholly in error. There isn't a particle of tobacco in that cigar. It is so easy to be mistaken, don't you see?—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

His Unremitting Kindness.

"I wrote to him the other day that I thought it would be kinder for me not to remit the check he asked for. Now he writes: 'Dear Father: I shall never forget your unremitting kindness.'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

* * *

Military Orthography.

A British soldier who is at this moment serving in South Africa recently sent a letter to the War Office containing a word that baffled the imagination of every clerk and official to whom the puzzle was submitted. The mysterious word was spelled "yfe." It was repeated several times, and seemed, indeed, to be the main subject of his communication. At length it occurred to one of the clerks to consult the hall porter—a grizzled veteran quite unhampered by board school accomplishments.

"Can you tell us the meaning of this word, Simpson?" asked the brilliant clerk.

"I should think I could," replied the veteran, with mild contempt. "Y-f-e spells wife, of course. What else could it spell?"—*The King.*

* * *

One Kind of Conjunction.

"What is a conjunction?" asked the teacher.

"That which joins together," was the prompt reply.

"Give an illustration," said the teacher.

The up-to date miss hesitated and blushed.

"The marriage service," she said at last.—*Chicago Post.*

* * *

Sensational Journalism.

Sixty-nine pages of rubbish,
Twenty-two pages of rot;
Forty-six pages of scandal vile,
Served to us piping hot.

Seventeen hundred pictures—
Death, disease and despair;
Lies and fakes and fakes and lies
Sandwiched in everywhere.

Thirty-four sad comic pages,
Printed in reds, greens and blues;
Thousands of items we don't care to read
But only two columns of news.

—*Press and Ink*

* * *

In the Next War.

Naval Commander—Is the motion picture machine in readiness?

Subordinate—Yes, sir.

Naval Commander—Are the witnesses placed at the proper stations?

Subordinate—Yes, sir.

Naval Commander—Is the stenographer ready?

Subordinate—Yes, sir.

Naval Commander—Has my lawyer been notified by wireless telegraph to begin preparations for my defense?

Subordinate—Yes, sir.

Naval Commander—Then let the fight begin.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

* * *

The Exception.

He—What kind of a woman is that beautiful Mrs. Swift?

She—Well, with one exception, she makes every man she meets sorry that he isn't her husband.

He—And the one exception?

She—Oh, he's sorry that he is.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Palace Hotel

Every feature connected with the management of this Hotel was introduced for the purpose of adding to the comfort, convenience and entertainment of guests.

The policy of providing luxuries such as have made the Palace famous will continue in force, and innovations calculated to still further increase its popularity will be introduced.

Desirable location, courteous attaches, unsurpassed cuisine and spacious apartments are the attributes which have made the Palace the ideal place for tourists and travelers. American plan. European plan.

New Importation of Millinery

Being Constantly Received

Calimberti

MODES DE PARIS
240 Post Street below Stockton,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MIAN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC
AND OTHER DISEASES
CURED

Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application. Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST. near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

California Northwestern R'y

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Shellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices—650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

AUTOMOBILES
WE BUILD TO ORDER
GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.

All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY.
FACTORY—346 McAllister St; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 20. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

Frank J. Murphy.
The rising young attorney who distinguished himself by procuring a verdict of acquittal in the Clancy case.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.
Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS
TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—October 12, 1901.

Democratic Aristocracy.

In commenting upon the organization of a State Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, a contemporary notes that the members are mostly Daughters of the American Revolution or Colonial Dames. The statement is significant of a certain tendency in American society, a swing backward to aristocracy. First, there were the Daughters of the American Revolution, descended from men who fought in the great war of the Republic. Then an inner circle of this order discovered ancestors who had been of service to the Colonies before the Revolution, and grouped themselves into the Colonial Dames. Later, a still more select circle traced their genealogy back to royalty and founded an inner and exclusive group in which membership depended on the blood of kings.

It is a woman's movement, because women are the natural aristocrats of the world. Court pomp, and social ceremony and all the pageantry surrounding royalty are of their discovery and invention. All class distinction, not depending on wealth, is their founding. It has been said, not without justice, that the typical woman is not happy unless she has her foot upon the neck of someone below her and her lips on the foot of someone above. Yet men have followed the lead, as they always do, and have founded corresponding societies. In certain sections of the East, these orders have almost as much prominence and draw nearly as much social deference from the order of snobs as do the inferior orders of nobility in Europe.

Now aristocracy may be all very well. It may be for the final good of the race that certain people should be set aside from others on the score of blood and should build up a fence between them and the world. Into this question we will not enter. But it is more than ridiculous to see the good ladies of these orders set up their hereditary aristocracy in the name of the men who made and founded the American Republic. Almost without an exception, they were the bitter foes of class distinction. They were fighting a system which sprung from the principle of superiority through birth, and the republic which they established provided absolutely against any recognition of that principle. It is a little strange to see these American ladies setting up a system of aristocracy in the name of democracy.

Tammany on the Defensive.

In some ways, the new campaign against Tammany now opening in New York seems to promise better results than any of the previous "moral waves." It is more intelligent, better organized and, in the main, better officered. Hysterical and sensational notoriety hunters like Dr. Parkhurst are in a strict minority; the leaders this time are calm, cool and able men with more or less brains and, for the most part, with honest convictions against the species of foreign immigrant rule fostered by Tammany. In a very peculiar way, the martyrdom of President McKinley and the accession of Theodore Roosevelt have been contributing causes toward the general end. Roosevelt fought his first great political battle against Tammany. Consequently, almost all his biographies being published just now tell the story of his fight, of the corruption which he discovered in high and low places and of the means employed by the Tammany leaders to down him. It makes good campaign material.

On the Tammany side, Croker, the uncrowned King of foreign New York, seems to be a bit shaken in his position. There are signs of a break away among some of the more influential of his district leaders. He is growing old and a bit careless. His last stay in Europe was so long that a gang of subsidiary bosses got into power and perpetrated the pool-room frauds which have brought new disrepute upon the house of the tiger. Croker would never have done it. He makes the city and criminal classes pay better by methods that would be less obvious.

All this leads to the hope that this unique kingdom within a republic is nearing its downfall. It is an end much desired by all parties, especially by the reputable wing of that party under whose cover Tammany has done its stalking.

An Evil and a Remedy.

The time is near when American cities must consider seriously the question of pawn shops. Among the ultra-respectable, and conservative members of the community there is a general disposition to regard the sign of the three balls as a mark of disreputability, and all that walk thereunder as social outcasts. This may account for the indifference of our rulers toward a most flagrant evil.

To the poor in general, the pawnshop is as much a necessity as is the money lender to the rich. In illness, in sudden need, in private calamity, the submerged tenth have no security to give for money loaned except their personal belongings, and no place of recourse but the pawnshop. In a similar crisis, the well-to-do merchant or professional man goes to a money-lender and gets a mortgage. There is no reason why the one transaction should be considered respectable and the other disreputable except the false modern idea that poverty is of necessity disgraceful.

The injustice of the system as it stands comes in through the interest paid. The well-to-do man thinks himself ill treated if he has to pay ten per cent a year. The poor man is lucky if he gets off with a hundred per cent. Today in San Francisco, the general interest charged on a loan of five dollars is fifty cents per month, one hundred and twenty per cent a year. When the sum loaned is smaller, the interest is even greater. On an article valued at one dollar, the interest charged is twenty-five cents—three hundred per cent a year. Further, the maximum sum advanced upon any article is usually about one-fourth of its selling value.

In California the law was called upon some years ago, and it was enacted that no more than two per cent monthly interest should be charged in any event. That law stands on the books a dead letter. It was found that no one would sue on a violation of this statute, because of the prejudice before noted, against admitting publicly a pawn-shop transaction. In many shops it is now the custom to make the borrower sign an agreement waiving provisions of the statute. This is probably illegal, but it serves as a "bluff." It is rarely needed, however. The victim generally pays up without squirming. It seems hardly fair that the poor man, on security just as good for the amount loaned, should pay from twelve to thirty times as much interest as the man of easy circumstances. The law has failed in dealing with private establishments of this class. Yet it is a grievance and a pressing one. Mexico and certain European countries have solved the problem by municipal pawn-shops, loaning money by fixed proportion on a fair percentage and charging a uniform rate of interest. The American cities, and especially those of the Pacific Coast, should swallow their prejudices and adopt the idea.

A New Leak.

A rush of Chinese immigrants along the Atlantic border between the United States and Canada has lately been filling all the jails on the United States bank of the St. Lawrence river. The officials of that region, less sophisticated in Celestial ways of doing business than the canny judges of the Pacific Coast, have been taking Chinese testimony as to their eligibility to land, and as a consequence about half of them have come through although it is probable that not one in twenty is eligible to land under the existing law.

This sudden and unexpected increase in Chinese immigrants caused the government officials to make a few investigations on their own account. They established, almost beyond doubt, that the movement was the work of a syndicate, headed and controlled by whites, and moreover, that the supposed "merchants" and "students" were contract laborers, virtually sold into slavery to the company which had advanced their passage money. Thus two laws were broken, the one against admission of Chinese laborers not on this side before the exclusion bill was passed, the other aganist the importation of laborers under contract.

The syndicate theory accounts for much of the practical and un-Chinese intelligence shown in smuggling immigrants across the Mexican and British Columbia border. There is much work to be done by the Federal authorities in tracing and running down this group of criminals

THROUGH THE WEEK.

It is whispered that before the delegations leave town, they may have their say officially or unofficially on the subject of Sunday observance in San Francisco. The wide-open character of the San Francisco Sabbath had its share of attention from the Christian Endeavorers and the Epworth League. They held up their hands in holy horror, but they kept their opinions to themselves. It happens however, that the clergy and laity of the Episcopal Church have a characteristic disregard of the opinions of other people, and their sense of guest-duty may yield to their sense of moral duty when it comes to resolutions. This sect is not especially strong on such points of morals as the use of liquor and tobacco, but it comes down hard and heavy on Sabbath observance.

* * *

It was rather hard luck for Dr. Huntington, by the way, to have his pet measures defeated by one vote in a recount. For twelve years, he has fought, in the convention and out, to support a broader application of rules regarding ritual in the case of missionary dioceses. His amendment provided that congregations not yet ready to accept the Book of Common Prayer but in accord with the Episcopal Church in doctrine should be allowed under their own request to come under the spiritual control of a Bishop. It was intended as an assistance to missionary work and was pretty well supported by the progressive element and opposed by the mossbacks. The latter won, as has been said, by one vote. After having lived for a day under the belief that he had won his cause, Huntington must now wait another three years.

* * *

It seems certain now that Great Britain is to consent to abrogating the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and permitting the United States to hold the Isthmian Canal, the only stipulation being its absolute neutrality in time of peace. Practically, this means the concession of everything for which the United States government has been asking. The canal will undoubtedly be commenced soon after the next session of Congress.

It has become a question whether the opening of the Isthmian Canal is to be an unmixed blessing for the Pacific Coast. Before 1898, it would have been without a doubt. But now, the Pacific has been opened up, and every day and week our trade with the Orient is increasing. Most of the goods sent from here to the Far East are manufactured or raised on the Atlantic Coast; our concern in the transaction is that we are the port of entry. With the canal dug, this trade will touch us not at all, and our main concern with the China trade will be the disposal of products raised or manufactured in the West.

This is, of course, looking many years into the future. Before the great waterway is opened, we will have built up a thriving trade which will be halved in a year with the canal's completion. There is a question if the advantage gained in non-direct communication with the Atlantic Coast will make up for this loss.

* * *

Now that Sir Thomas Lipton has gone home without the "America's" cup, it may be said that in all fairness the next series should be sailed on neutral territory. In races as close as those developed in this series, a knowledge of the waters is an undoubted advantage. Captain Barr has sailed New York harbor so much that he knows every eddy and every twist in the current, while it was an unknown sea to Captain Sycamore.

This is not saying that the race was won on this knowledge, but only that, under different circumstances, it might have been. With fifty years of victory, we can afford to give every point that threatens the fairness of the race. Some neutral sea should be the scene of the next cup contest.

* * *

It seems now as though the old Nob Hill, once the residence of the builders of California and the center of the city's social life, is to be the people's acre in San Francisco. Three of the half dozen great palaces that crown the hill are given to the people, two of them being the finest houses in San Francisco and among the finest in the country. The Stanford, Hopkins and Huntington mansions have gone over to the people, and now there is a rumor that the Flood property will follow. The Crocker family with its numerous branches is the only one that is likely to keep private holdings in the Nob Hill district.

There has been a perverse fate in it. This crown and glory of the city, decorated through means which were believed by many to have been taken from the people, has reverted to the people. Fate has been stronger than human will.

* * *

Mrs. Huntington's announcement that the property is to be given to a hospital—which one she does not state—may make some trouble for her until she announces her preference. Hospitals, in common with other charitable institutions, are not at all modest in the matter of asking for gifts. The guess is missed if within a week every hospital in San Francisco has not presented claims or prepared to present claims for the possession of this house, which is admirably situated and suited for a sanitarium.

* * *

Even the sessions of the Episcopal Convention, which have not discussed matters of any great interest to the men and women outside the church, have been well worth attending as a study in debate and forensic oratory. There are few bodies in the world, there is none in this country, where the oratory is of higher and more polished quality than in the House of Deputies. The delegates number some of the most able clergymen and some of the keenest lawyers in the country. The two days' debate on the extension of Episcopal authority to congregations outside the rule of the church brought forth a discussion that was an intellectual treat. The listeners forgot the comparative triviality of the subject in the enjoyment of the game of thrust and parry played by men who understand polished debate from the ground up.

Next week will witness the really stirring debate of the convention in the clash between the high and low church parties. As has been noted here before, this is the opening of an issue that has disturbed the Church of England to its foundations. It may have as far reaching an effect in this country, and the session at San Francisco bids fair to be historic for the Protestant Episcopal church in America—or the church in America, as the ritualists prefer it..

* * *

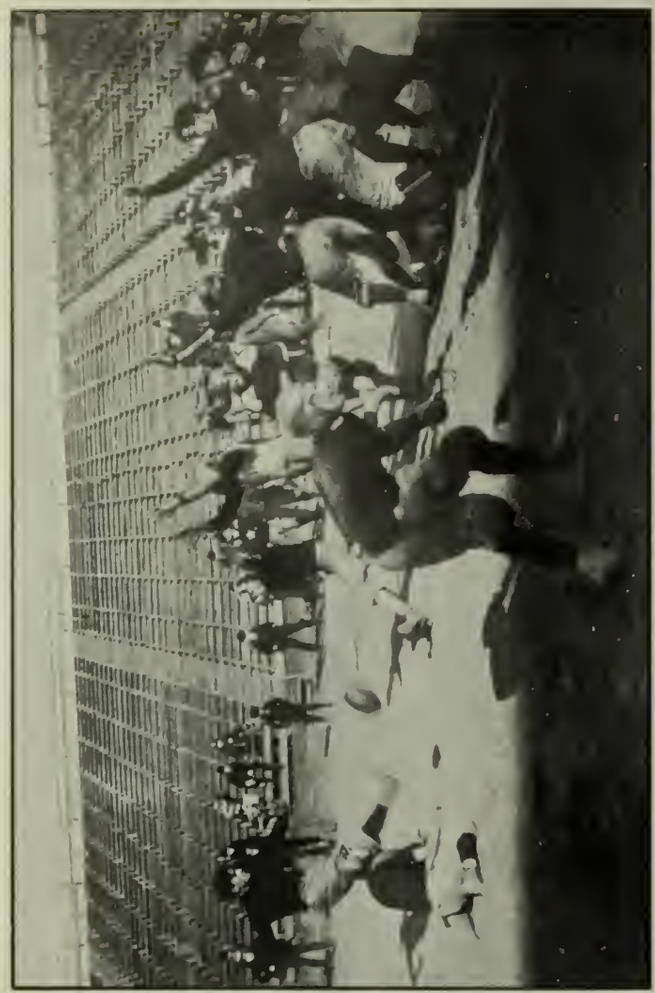
It seems now as though the Hawaiian question were practically settled as far as the Episcopal church is concerned. Rev. Usborne, formerly of Toronto, has failed in what looks like a small attempt to stir up sectional feeling in the Episcopal church of Hawaii. Usborne is the man who went to Honolulu in 1897 with the purpose of "building up" an American Episcopal church in the islands, where Bishop Willis, who owes his allegiance to the Archbishop of Canterbury, had been ministering for something like thirty-five years. Meantime, the Hawaiian Islands have passed from an independent monarchy to a part of the United States, and Usborne thought that he saw a chance to gain recognition for his church in opposition to the Willis interests. He accordingly asked the convention to take his church under the wing of the national organization, leaving the Willis church out in the cold.

Now that the convention has opened, it transpires that Usborne has but three American citizens in his American church, and a mighty small following of citizens of any land. Willis, whom he has rather slurred in his communications to the church, comes forward like a man and a Christian and says that he is quite willing to hand his church over in toto to the control of the American church. He offers a church property worth $101,000 and including Chinese and Japanese missions, schools and cemeteries under the conditions that a bishop coadjutor be appointed who shall help him with the work in his advancing age and that the American church shall assume the responsibility for the finances, which have been running a bit behind. His proposition will doubtless be accepted and that of the militant Usborne ignored.

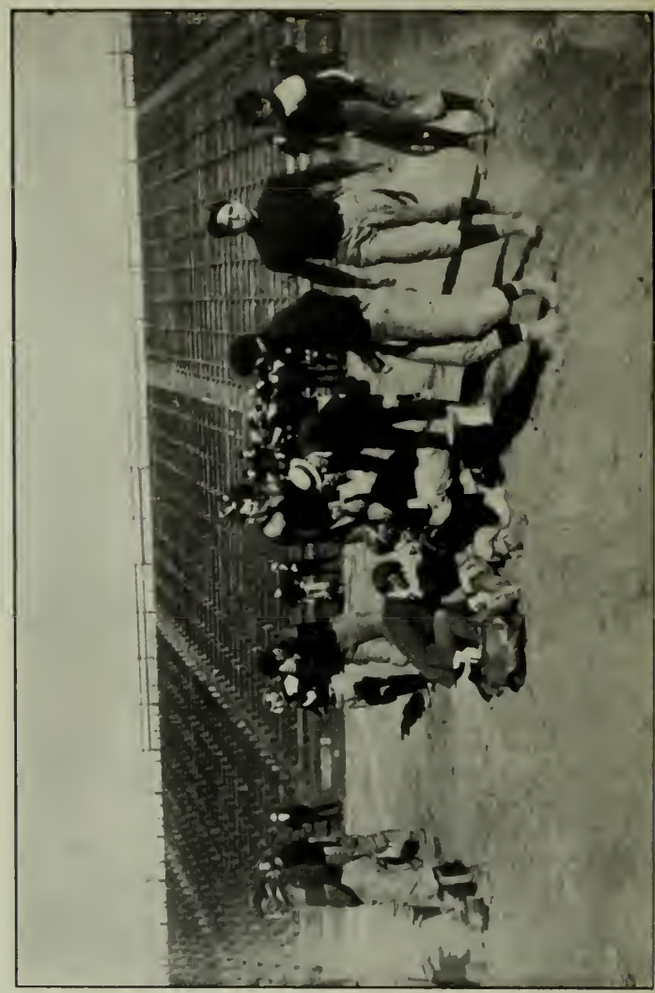
* * *

The shovel-hatted bishops are a bit more liberal in their sightseeing than were our friends of the Epworth League. Of course, they have taken the Chinatown trip and the sail around the bay. Everyone who lives in San Francisco for a week does that. But the prejudices of the conservative were jarred a bit when a party of them—under proper guidance of course—took in the Barbary Coast from shoal to shoal a few nights ago. There will doubtless be a little realism and ginger instilled into a few of the sermons launched from Episcopal pulpits in the next year or two. The Barbary Coast can show a few examples that beat anything of their kind on earth.

Stanford vs. Reliance, Saturday, October 5.



Traeger's Trial for Goal.



Laid Out.

Traeger Breaking up a Reliance Play.

Umpire Brown Sees a Foul.

Evolution in Football.

The place kick threatens to revolutionize football, both on the Pacific Coast and in the East. Here, it won the intercollegiate game last year, and has this year been tried in all four games between the universities and the athletic clubs. Last Saturday, it was worked successfully, Overall, the giant U. C. guard, who promises to develope into one of the greatest all-round athletes ever turned out in the West, made by it California's single score against Olympic. This is only one try out of four, but the season is young yet. When the teams get into better shape, it may be expected that more than half the tries will be successful. Indeed, Traeger of Stanford has missed his two attempts by a mere hair's breadth.

The place kick has the call on the old-time drop-kick for goal in its accuracy and certainty. In drop-kicking, a player was an expert if he could land one try out of three. In place-kicking, a fairly cool, expert man with a good line before him can put the ball over the bar in three trials out of four. As a result, teams possessing good place-kickers try to score a goal rather than a touch-down whenever they get within thirty yards of the line. This is not a good thing for the game. It tends to the development of a star system, and the boast of American football has always been that it is not a "star" game, that every position is of equal importance. If this manoeuver reaches its expected importance this season, it will be a case for the rules committee.

* * *

To those who do not understand the game, the photograph of Traeger's try, reproduced on page 4 will serve for an illustration better than any description or diagram. The rules say that a goal from field (counting five points) may be made by a drop-kick, which, in its turn, is defined as a kick wherein the ball touches the ground before it is struck by the foot of the kicker. In the old drop-kick, the kicker dropped the ball and caught it with his toe as it touched the ground. In the new place-kick, a quarter-back kneeling before the player who is to kick, receives the ball and holds it on the ground before the player in position for an accurate kick. It is made exactly as a try for goal is made, except that the whole process must be gone through like lightning before the opposing line can interfere. In the illustration, which is, by-the-way, a remarkable photograph of a difficult subject, Riatt the Stanford quarter-back is still in the position in which he knelt to hold the ball, Traeger has just sent the sphere from his foot, and the players of the opposing line are breaking through with their arms thrown in the air to stop the ball if possible. This try was accurate, but was not given quite force enough to reach the bar.

Vale.

There's again been a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip—
Quite as close as we cared, Cousin Lipton.
We'd have grudged it a trip in the British-built ship
That you, sir, were so narrowly whipped on.

We'll admit it is hard that the way should be "Barred"
To the end you'd in view, Cousin Lipton;
But how we'd have been jarred, if you'd broken our guard
And accomplished the errand you shipped on!

Your defeat is our gain—may it lessen your pain!
And you've made us sit up, Cousin Lipton.
Here's to meeting again!—It's a mighty long lane
That your cousins will never get tripped on.

Pennsylvania Politics.

THERE are indications of warfare in the air; municipal contests are approaching and the combatants are using their heavy guns to find the range.

In Pennsylvania there seems to be no difficulty in finding range; there is a large mark. The difficulty is to make any impression upon it. In the "Outlook" appears an article by Clinton Rogers Woodruff, entitled "Philadelphia's Republican Tammany," and in the "Atlantic" an article on the "Ills of Pennsylvania" which is inconsistently unsigned.

The charges brought by Mr. Woodruff are definite. The civil service has been used as a cover for political reward, the examinations being held behind closed doors, and the Mayor's nominees being uniformly passed with averages of 100. Contracts are awarded to political friends at absurd prices. (Here Mr. Woodruff specifies a case: In the matter of garbage disposal Philadelphia now pays $2.64 per ton, as against 63 cents per ton in Boston. A bid for $10,000 less was put in by a company not in the "swim." This was accepted but the police by interposing difficulties made it so costly for them to fulfill the contract that they were glad to get out, leaving the work to the "machine" man who is unmolested). Electric lighting was awarded to a favored trust at 30 cents a lamp in face of a bid from a responsible company of 20 cents.

In 1900, councils passed the Keystone Telephone ordinance giving to a corporation composed of the Mayor's friends valuable privileges estimated to be worth at least five million dollars, without compensation to the city and with no restrictions, and without protection to the city's interests. The Trades League and the Municipal League protested against the ordinance to Councils and to the Mayor, pointing out its defects and the utter lack of safeguards, but to no avail. The Mayor left the Chamber where he had perfunctorily listened to arguments against the ordinance by prominent citizens, and retired to his private office, where he almost immediately signed the ordinance after he had consulted with several of the more influential politicians.

The indefiniteness of such charges, particularly as to the cash value of franchises, as a rule, helps to keep them from the serious consideration of the public; but the recent affair of the Focht and Emery bills to obtain street franchises is as disagreeably definite as one could desire:

The Mayor, whose private secretary had positively announced that the ordinances would not be approved on June 13th, on June 7th hastened back from the ceremonies incident to the opening of the new United States Mint, and signed every one of the fourteen bills without a hearing, without a consultation with a single bureau chief, and in the face of John Wanamaker's offer to pay the city $2,500,000 for the same privileges which were given to the Mayor's friends for nothing.

In the "Atlantic" article a "Pennsylvanian" goes into the question of cause. He quotes the forcible Pensylvania behest, "Hold your nose and vote the straight ticket."

You can't have corrupt politicians without some moral deficiency in the mass of the voters. And that is precisely what you have in Pennsylvania. If Mr. Quay ever reduces the lessons of his valuable experience into a Confucian book of maxims the first will be "Every man has his price." For carload lots, f. o. b. at Baltimore to serve as repeaters at the Philadelphia elections, $1.00 per head; for members of the legislature at a critical pinch $37,000; for a respectable business man and church official to lend the dignity of his name to a Quay meeting, a reduced assessment on his property, or a franchise to a company of which he is director; for a socially ambitious "rauveau-riche" the appointment of his son as under secretary of a foreign legation.

State hospital appropriations are sold for religious backing. "Reformers" are financed by their seeming opponents, and manage to fill a "long felt want" with the minimum damage to the Quay machine. Organization is so perfect that everything can be turned to advantage by the men who now hold power. They control the fortunes of their minions, they can bribe or threaten, they control the civil service system, and when it comes to the issue it is found that they control also the ballot boxes.

Philadelphia is characterized very cleverly by comparison with New York and Boston in the following sample letters of introduction which bear on their faces the stamp of probability.

In Boston: "Permit me to introduce Mr. Jones who graduated with highest honors in classics and political economy at Harvard and later took a degree at Berlin. He speaks and writes French and German, and if you employ him I am sure his learning will make his services extremely valuable to you." In New York: "The bearer, Mr. Brown is the young fellow who took hold of Street and Company's Chicago branch when it was so run down, a few years ago, and built it up to a hundred thousand a year. He also made a great hit as Jackson and Company's representative in London. He's a hustler, all right, and you'll make no mistake if you take him on." In Philadelphia: "Sir,—Allow me the honor to introduce Mr. Rittenhouse Penn. His grandfather on his mother's side was a Colonel in the Revolution, and on his father's side he is connected with two of the most exclusive families in our city. He is related by marriage with the Philadelphia lady who married Count Taugenichts, and his family has always lived on Spruce street. If you should see fit to employ him, I feel certain that his social connections would render him of great value to you."

It is this lust of social position, and consequent neglect of civic duties which is responsible in the Pennsylvanian's opinion for the ills of his state. The Quakers have held back so long in the fear of soiling their hands that they are almost powerless. Publicity has become a disgrace. The love of peace has become love of ease and avoidance of responsibility.

If they should follow in the footsteps of the revered founder of their colony they had better buy new territory and "trek." If they calmly endure the evil conditions of their State as they exist today, they will show themselves possessing some of the less praiseworthy qualities of the great Penn, making as he did when he extorted ransoms from the victims of the Bloody Assizes, for his friends at court, the most pleasant position for himself in regrettable circumstances.

It will not only be "Hold your nose," but "shut your eyes and stop your ears, and vote the straight ticket—and then hold your breath."

POLITICAL

THE peculiarity of the political situation has increased in magnitude since my last letter, and as then outlined interest centers on the actions and attitude of the big dailies.

The "Chronicle" and "Call" still maintains an impressive and dignified silence and the "Examiner" follows their example except for a single editorial which has proved a veritable Chinese puzzle, whose solution has so far baffled the politicians.

The "Call" has started, or is at least nursing a so-called non-partisan movement which contains as advocates of pure politics such well-known gentlemen as Nathan, Bibo and Charles G. Nagle.

The "Chronicle" is unaware that the campaign is even on.

But the "Examiner's" contribution is the one which has kept them all guessing.

In an editorial on Monday, it comes out boldly and advises its readers to vote for Tobin. The editorial is entitled "The Difference between Wells and Tobin." At the same time the editorial enumerates many of the weak points of Tobin, apparently in order to extenuate them. Whether the article was intended to aid Tobin or to injure him while ostensibly taking his part, there is considerable difference of opinion. It is undoubtedly one of the cleverest things which has been written for a long time.

The "Examiner's" hold on the situation rests entirely upon its influence with the Labor Party. It gave birth to that organization and nourished it and kept it alive. It was a bitter pill for the paper when the Democrats turned down Reed. Had they not done so, a truce might have been much easier to patch up. It remains to be seen whether the "Examiner" will pull down Schmitz or keep him in the running.

To forecast election results is a little difficult so long ahead of time, because so many things can and will happen down to the very day before the election which may change the whole aspect of things. My prognostication at the present time would be Tobin, rather than Wells or Schmitz, this being based purely on the doctrine of probability.

South of Market, the general run of opinion is that the fight is between Tobin and Schmitz with Wells out of it. North of Market, that the fight is between Tobin and Wells with Schmitz out of it. If Tobin, therefore, is fairly strong in both places with the others exceptionally strong in one and weak in the other, it seems to me that Tobin's chances ought to be the best.

As to the respective strength of the two tickets, it is hard to say. The material of the Democratic board is far superior to the Republican in point of respectability and general standing in the community.

Unfortunately experience has taught us in the past that the best men are not the ones who are elected. Last year the board ran under exceptionally favorable auspices, and the present excellent board was the result. Whether they will do as well this year, with very strong opposing influences, remains to be seen. J. K. L.

Small Holdings.

A short article in the "Land of Sunshine" signed by H. Durham, reopens a subject which deserves consideration.

He writes of a little farm of only one acre which, though lying in the midst of a number of great estates in the Sacramento Valley, ranging from 5,000 to 100,000 acres, in his opinion, was comparatively more prosperous than any of them.

From this acre, the proprietor and his wife not only win a living—which is good as nothing but a farmhouse living can be—but they also manage to put by $400 a year; and it is this surplus that shows their wealth, it being more than many a so-called well-to-do city man can hope to save. His hope is usually to pay up the $400 he is behind.

As the owner admits, however, this prosperity is partly due to the foolishness of his neighbors who do not take the trouble to keep kitchen gardens on their great holdings, but depend on fare, poor as that of the prospector—canned goods, dried fruits, etc., living on what the groceryman can provide and, thus giving him the market that makes this cash surplus possible. But it is certain that at least a good comfortable living can be made out of a few acres of carefully tended land.

The value to the country of this method of farming is appreciated in England, and allotments are provided for working men on the outskirts of the town and villages. English landlords also, realizing the profits which accrue from such cultivation, ask and obtain higher rentals for land let out to market gardeners.

There are disadvantages of course to be set against the freedom and independence of such a life in California, though it would seem that there could be no hardships sufficient to weigh against the miseries of city poverty. In the country congenial company is lacking, education is not readily obtained, and social stagnation is consequently an accompanying condition. But for these ills there are remedies.

The establishment of colonies by the help of some philanthropic agency is possible, as is shown by the work of the Salvation Army, and of the Mormons. By co-operation, fruits can then be marketed in quantity at the same time, avoiding thereby the loss occasioned by small shipments. Good education for children could be provided, and there would be no fear of stagnation where these small holdings lay clustered together.

If this movement "back to the country" took a more prominent place in rescue work, there would be fewer perennial cases of distress. Dr. Barnado of London, who sends to Canada every year hundreds of waifs and strays, has proved this conclusively. Instead of filling the prisons as many of these children would in the course of events, they go to make sturdy independent men and women, adding beyond calculation to the welfare of the country.

The railroad companies with their great holdings of land probably realize the importance of this movement, and their intelligent encouragement would do a great deal to forward it. One of the English Eastern Railways running into London makes special rates, and offers special facilities, for the shipment of small fruit and dairy produce, providing cases of uniform size to the farmers upon demand, and making possible a class of business very profitable to itself.

Mme Vittonio Repetto who scored in the "Masked Ball."

Signor Nicolini of the Tivoli.

Belle Thorne at the Orpheum.

Musical Supplement to ths Wave, Saturday, Oct. 12.

Mr. Paul Steindorff, Musical Director at the Tivoli.

When the Stars Sing Together.

By S. Homer Henley.

FROM the audience side of the great folding half-curtains, the "I' Pagliacci" overture came mufledly to me standing in the front wing, "left," chiefly busied in effacing myself from the observation and devious paths of artists and stage-hands alike. The orchestra is more than half way through the introduction to the immortal "Prologue," and from the dressing-rooms under my feet comes faintly the "ah-ah-ah-AH !-ah-ah-ah" of Salassa's great voice warming up for his clown solo before the curtain. The music rolls on and very presently it is within twenty measures of the cue for Salassa's entrance, and still that painted gentleman serenely trolls his "ah-ah-ah-AH !-ah-ah-ah" in the depths below. By this time I am distinctly nervous and glance about me in fidgety concern; but my trepidation is not divided with anyone in sight. I think that surely this is the fated time when the cue will be missed, the orchestra will stop abruptly, the audience whisper pitying or disdainful comments, and the management and artist have a heart-to-heart talk. Fifteen bars—ten bars—some chorus girls come casually up the narrow stairs behind me; the scene shifters lounge languidly about with pocketed hands and i different eyes; across the shadowy stage Mr. Witt, the stage-manager, leans composedly against the landscape, lost in a dreamy reverie; one of the girls glances at me with a half-condescending coquettishness, switches her short skirt with professional abandon and instantly forgets my existence.

Five bars !—I give up all hope, when—a soft-footed rush, a flashing glimpse of a red and white polka-dotted figure skippety-hopping past like a school-boy, and Salassa is looking quizzically at the audience through the parted curtains.

The solo ended, and while the applause storms on in a wave of sounding flesh-beats, Salassa dashes madly around the big stage in a dizzy waltz, singing a mezzo-forte "Tra-la-la-la-BOOM !-la-BOOM !-la-BOOM !-la-" Then, with a barely subdued war-whoop of pure animal spirits, he drops his gayety as a cloak and is before the people again with that characteristic air of proud dignity which marks all his public performances.

Another burst of enthusiasm from the "front" and the curtain is rung up on the regular opera. The chorus come buzzing from the wings in a glaringly affected state of suppressed excitement; Barbareschi labors pantingly up the tortuous staircase calling frantically for "Oh, SOMEBODY please" to supply her with a necessary stage property which is aggravatingly missing at the critical moment. It is providentially discovered, she seizes it gratefully and sweeps on the stage wreathed in wholly unaffected smiles of pleasure at her warm reception. Presently Quinto Zani, one of, if not the best looking of the male artists drifts to my side, and I promptly set about pumping him anent everything I can think of. No, he is never nervous in public, except it may be the very natural trepidation consequent on a first production, or in the event of his voice not being in the best of condition. (He is not unique in this self-collected quality, for Salassa, Barbareschi, Castellano, Politini, etc., individually informed me that they not only were not nervous nowadays, but had never been. There are some several thousand American professionals and students whom I know that would give their ears to be equally blessed.) No, he and his compatriots suffered comparatively little from the insidious San Francisco cold; yes, he had one at the beginning of the season, but a Dupont street druggist had given him a medicated compound for inhalation which had given him quick relief; no, there was no secret remedy known only to Italian artists which was a general panacea for all the indispositions to which the singer is generally heir, the only secret, if there really was one, lay in the fact that moderation in all things meant health and normal conditions; for the rest, plain food and plenty of it; before singing and between the disconnected stage appearances, a little weak coffee drunk warm was the best thing for the voice. (A little time after this a young girl emerged from the cavernous depths below the stage bearing a steaming vessel full of a darkish liquid; this was for Castellano after his big solo in the first act. The time arrived, Castellano burst through the curtains of the mimic theatre, seized the cup from the waiting girl, drank deep and was away again to acknowledge the furious applause. I approached the girl. "Coffee ?" I asked. "No, Mister; tea," she answered. I glanced at it. It looked like tea and I was about to turn away when a little cloud of the steam smote me in the face. I smiled—the girl smiled.) Yes, he liked the life of an opera singer, but soon he would be content to return to mother Italy and enter a merchandise business with his brother-in-law; yes, the other artists felt that way too; art was good, appreciation was good, the money was good; but only for awhile; after a time the comfortable joys of domesticity outshone anything the lyric stage could offer; a snug little shop, a wife, (or husband,) your friends—well, what would you ?

Just here he broke into a gentle laugh. I was curious. He explained that Barbareschi who was but a few feet from us in the view of the audience, had forgotten a part of her recitative and had told him so in an audible aside. Between Barbareschi and ourselves stood Cortesi with the prompt book, for it was Montanari's part, and Montanari was ill, and Barbareschi had jumped into the breach at a moment's notice and undertaken the difficult role—one which she had never learned. Before she was half through one phrase the watchful Cortesi had hissed out the next. And now he is joined by Politini the contralto. She needs no score but joins her sibilants to his in each recurring phrase. She knows every word and note of the opera. Now comes the irrepressible Salassa dashing off the stage and seizes the yielding Politini to whirl her away in a romping waltz down to the back of the house. If ever there was a great, healthy grown child, this big man with the big brain, the half-mournful, half-humorous eye, the bounding vitality, the overflowing youth (for all his fifty-three years), the gentle courtesy of large simplicity—this is he. An artist and a gentleman.

Across the stage the chorus sits quietly about on convenient lumber, talking in subdued tones. At my side a chorus man has deposited some of the stage money used in the first scene. It is the identical tin "buzzer" dear to the heart of infant America. In an angle formed by some unused scenery, a girl who looks as if she might have stepped out of an Egyptian frieze of the time of Ptolomy, is practicing a dance step. Her eyes are very wide, narrow, and black as shoe buttons. Her cheek-bones are high; her jaw is firm and square. Over and over she practices the step with grave intentness, bending to watch her feet with critical eye. To the right, down a long, dark passage-way, a faint white light straggles dimly from Glasgow Alley. At the end of the passage are the costume and property rooms. A sign on the wall reads:—"Towel money now due. This means you !" Near the center stage-entrance sits Mrs. Witt with her arms full and overflowing with the tiny maidens of the "peasantry." Two stage-hands in gaudy black and yellow sweaters talk "fight:" "Ah, this man Gardiner's a wonder; that's right, I'put you wise, he's a wonder—he's got 'em all skinned to death—."

The scene ends, and I make a bolt down stairs to get out of the way. I find the press-agent, Mr. Wilson, and in company with the photographer, we sally into Salassa's dressing-room. He signifies his willingness to be photographed as he is, sprawling lazily before the dressing mirror. He enjoys it thoroughly, and the news spreading, he is replaced in quick succession by Barbareschi, Castellano, Zani, Ferrari, etc. I am introduced to the artists. Their manner is one of courteous indifference. Clearly anything outside of the pale of their world and interests counts for nothing. They say, "How do you do, Mister ?" in a dismissing tone, and then, on second thought, they add—"What paper you screeba for ?"—I hold out a copy. "Aha ! Well, you send me one copy please. Yes ?"

Very amiable people these; quick to oblige, possessed of the most steadfast courtesy, pleasant to the point of affection with one another. All the dressing-room doors stand open and a cheerful stream of excited little calls and laughs eddy in and out. Cheerfulness and high animal spirits seem, indeed, to be the main surface characteristics of these sunny children of golden Italy. Salassa, Ferrari and Nicolini occupy the same room and the other people are doubled up in a like manner. Each does the thing which suits his moment best with breezy independence, but with a careful regard for the feelings of his neighbors.

At the far end of the dressing-room corridor is the musician's room, and here Mr. Steindorff plays four-handed whist with his musicians on a footing of perfect equality. The air is thick with cigarette smoke, the players completely absorbed in their game—a bell sounds, the hand is hurriedly played out and they disappear into

the black chasm leading to the orchestra enclosure. Across the hall is the chorus-men's room. Here you get the criticism of long and varied experience; criticism that counts, for the average chorus-man is not only a musician, but a voice student as well, and his verdict is one that the most confident might well fear. But oh, the hopes, the uncertanties, the longings, the jealousies, the heart-burnings, the despondencies—the hell of a chorus-man or chorus-woman's life is one of the most pitiful things in the world; but they stay in it till old age tears them reluctantly, grudgingly away like an old tree wrested by the roots from its bed of years.

Away scamper the grown up children of song, each singing lustily some snatch of something or other in fearful discord, pushing and struggling pell-mell down the narrow stair-case, utterly oblivious to everything but themselves, and perfectly happy; and we emerge from the world of tone into a jangling, scuffling, garish, rattling world of mere noise, blinking our dazzled eyes in the cold light of the late afternoon.

Among the proposals made for exhibits to the management of the Pan-American Exposition, was a working model of a scheme for disposing of human bodies by dessication instead of burial or cremation. Another man wanted floor space for a beverage which promoted health in the human user but put microbes and bacteria of all known diseases to instant death. He offered his secret for sale cheap. Still another theorist proposed to advertise the fair by getting its business card stamped on all eggs sold in the United States.

The Observations of Eunice.

5. Convention.

"The speed of a fleet is governed by the speed of the slowest vessel contained therein." This was the substance of my thought as we returned from an oppressively chaperoned excursion. Things had been decidedly slow.

"How do you justify convention, Eunice?" I asked.

"Convention is a meeting together to remedy old wrongs, and discuss plans for the future; and—"

"Let's be conventional then," I put in hurriedly. "I didn't mean Episcopal Convention, though," I explained, laughing, "I was thinking of the chaperone."

"Convention is a fence to guide the clumsy." Eunice was blushing, and corrected her definition with spirit; "It is generally hung with signs to those who are not utterly stupid."

"I should say it was hung with burglar alarms," I returned. "It is by retribution, not by warning, that one discovers oneself on the fence."

"It depends on your blindness," said Eunice: "an interposing barrier is always a painful surprise to the blind."

"It seems to me, Eunice, that if convention is a fence it is set oftentimes so as to give to certain legitimate pleasures the sweeter flavor of transgression. What virtue has a fenceless orchard to a small boy?"

"What pleasures do you mean?" asked Eunice. "I see nothing unreasonable in our rules of conduct."

"I do. A man cannot enter into conversation with a strange girl who may chance to sit by his side on a street car, much as he'd like to. Think of hearing the views of an absolute stranger at will. Why we'd double our life's experience in a week—and we daren't venture, as things stand now. If we attempt to climb the fence there is always the possibility of a bad fall on the other side. Isn't there?"

"It's a probability" replied Eunice; and it's right that it should be. What other protection have we against the bore?"

"What do you do with a bore under present circumstances."

"Oh, I just endure him," said Eunice, laughing a little, "you know that."

This was ambigous enough to be let alone.

"If you enclose too large an area with your fence of convention," I said, "you give a man excuse to climb over."

"And if you enclose no area whatever," replied Eunice, "one has to play policeman all the time to head off intruders. Things are better as they are."

I wish my mother could see me now, a-gatherin' news on my own,
When I ride like a General up to the scrub an' ride back like Tod Sloan—
Remarkably small on my 'orse's neck to let the shots go by.
We used to fancy it risky once
(Called it a reconnaissance once),
Under the charge of an orf'cer once,
But now we are M. I.!
That is what we are known as—that is the word you must say
When you want men to be Mausered for one and a penny a day.
We are no dollar Colonials—we are the 'ome-made supply;
Write to the London Ikonas! Ask for the
——M. I.—Rudyard Kipling in McClure's.

A "I'Pagliacci" Rehearsal—Barbareschi, Politini, Salassa, Castellano.

Leading Music Teachers of Sa

Sir Henry Heyman.

Miss Beulah George, Pupil of H. B. Pasmore.

Signor Fernando Michelena.

Miss

Joseph Greven.

Madame Rosewald.

James Hamilton Howe, M. B.

Willar

Otto Bendix.

Miss Grace Freeman.

Prof. E. S. Bonelli.

A. J

rancisco. See Pages 12 and 13.

William F. Zech.

Miss Kathryn Madden.

F. Loui King, A. M. B. M.

Mrs. Elizabeth Regina Mowry.

Mrs. Grace Morei Dickman.

Mrs. Kathryn Day Boyns.

Achille Artigues.

Mrs. Marriner Campbell.

Miss Eleanor Connell.

Some Leaders in the Musical World.

Paul Steindorff.

Mr. Paul Steindorff, the present musical director at the Tivoli, has had an unusually interesting and successful career.

He was born at Dessau, Germany, in 1864. His musical tendency was soon discovered, and in 1880 he was sent to Leipsig where he studied under Jadassohn and Reninecke, going thence, after three years, to Berlin to continue study with Scharwenka.

In 1884, at the age of twenty, he made his debut as orchestral leader in Koningoberg, continuing there two years till he decided to try his fortune in America.

He made his first appearance in New York in 1886, and from that time has been associated with a continuous series of operatic successes.

For three years he was conductor at the Thalia, New York. He then led opera for Manager Morissey, and directed the first presentation of "Cavalleria Rusticana" in English in the United States. For four seasons, one of which was spent in London, he was the director of Lillian Russell's Company and then of the Alice Nielsen Company.

In 1897 he obtained a coveted distinction in the appointment to the conductorship in New York for the Society of Musical Art at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Since the beginning of this year, he has been Musical Director at the Tivoli, and in that time has come to be a well-known figure in San Francisco and a universal favorite.

* * *

Sir Henry Heyman.

This distinguished musician occupies a unique position because of his many sterling attributes and breadth of artistic interests. A solo violinist and ensemble player of rare merit, a capable conductor and "facile princeps" Dean of the violin teachers on this coast. By virtue of his unusual ability as an instructor of the "king of instruments" he has produced many exceptionally fine pupils who now rank first among the violinists on this coast. He has also gained for himself an international reputation, his pupils being admitted with honors to the principal conservatories and music schools of Enrope as well. A prize graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Leipsig, a vice president of the College of Violinists, London, England, a prominent member of the Bohemian and other clubs, honorary member of various societies, honorary secretary of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, knighted and appointed royal Hawaiian solo violinist by his late Majesty, King Kalakaua. He is held in highest esteem by all who know him and beloved by his pupils. He enjoys the personal friendship of innumerable celebrities in the world of art—in all a public spirited citizen, an honorable and successful man in the truest sense of the word. During the recent visit here of our late lamented President, William McKinley, Henry Heyman was unanimously chosen to prepare the musical programs and personally conduct the grand orchestras at the most important functions—another proof of his recognized ability and popularity. He has also done more than any other musician to advance musical interests and musicians on this coast.

* * *

Miss Jennie Drew.

In teaching music as in everything else, fashions change from year to year. The wise teacher keeps in touch with the latest methods and, while rejecting the false, selects the true, and profits by it.

This selection of everything good in up-to-date methods marks the teaching of Miss Jennie Drew, who has a large clientele of promising pupils both in this city and in San Jose.

Progressive as she is, it is Miss Drew's principal aim to develope the individuality of her pupils, and to encourage the study of the best masters, not only for the knowledge of music gained thereby but also for the broadening mental effect. Her continual appeal is for artistic interpretation. During the past season, Miss Drew has been giving a series of pupils' recitals in San Jose which have been marked features of the social life in that city.

* * *

H. B. Pasmore.

Mr. Pasmore's work as a teacher of singing is commended by Wm. Shakespeare, Geo. Henschel, Anton Schott, Marie Barnard and many other musicians of note. Emma Nevada pronounced his pupil, Miss Beulah George the best trained young singer she had heard in America.

Anna Miller Wood, Frances Graham, Pauline Joran, Jacobina Wichman, Gertrude Auld, Marie S. Lathrop and many other singers more or less noted, owe their continued successes to the thorough training they received from Mr. Pasmore.

One peculiarity of his work is that those who go through the prescribed course retain the freshness and beauty of voice for many years.

Mr. Pasmore's studio is at 1424 Washington street.

* * *

Signor Fernando Michelena.

Signor Michelena, a noted tenor, was born in Venezuela in 1857 and, showing talent, was sent by the Government to Italy to complete his musical education.

His career in this country has been notable. He has sung with Emma Juch, Nevada and Emma Abbot; and has sung also in concerts with Seidl and Sousa and at the Tivoli, as everyone knows, in San Francisco.

For the space of four years he has been making a specialty of voice placement and production, and teaching articulation, correct breathing and solfeggi. He also finishes pupils for oratorio, concert and opera. Several of his pupils have operatic positions, and others sing in church choirs.

His studio is situated at 761 Eddy street, between Van Ness and Polk.

* * *

William F. Zech.

Mr. Zech was for many years with Andreas Moser, Franz Newmann, Prof. Carl Halir and the Royal High School of Berlin. In addition to the severe schooling which he judged necessary to arrive at an artistic finish upon the violin, Mr Zech has had an immense amount of experience in ensemble playing. He was leader of a string quartet before he studied in Europe, and while in Berlin had a private quartet of his own. Since he returned to San Francisco he has given several private recitals, and has been concert master of Fritz Scheel's Orchestra. He has been very successful in teaching, and has organized a fine string quartet, comprising Messrs. E. and A. Lada, Mr. Fuhrer and himself. He will give public concerts toward the end of October.

* * *

Miss Kathryn Madden.

This young artiste, was pronounced by her master, Martinez, to be one of his most brilliant pupils.

She is a noted concert player, teacher of pianoforte, and accompanist. She has a large class of pupils with whom she has been very successful.

Her future is full of promise, and her influence with the coming music generation is likely to count for a great deal. Her studio is at 694 Van Ness Avenue.

* * *

F. Loui King, A. M. B. M.

Professor King has been engaged in Conservatory work for over twenty years, and has built up the institution which bears his name and from which have graduated so many first-class pianists.

He is now located for half the week in San Francisco where he gives instruction in pianoforte and theory, students having thus the advantage of taking the course here, and receiving the degree of Bachelor of Music from the King Conservatory of Music. Professor King also receives private pupils in pianoforte playing at his studio, 721 Geary street.

* * *

Joseph Greven.

This eminently successful teacher, who is justly proud of having produced some of the finest young voices that have ever come out of California from apparently mediocre material says of his system and its results:

"We have to thank it to the latest scientific observations through the laryngoscope that we are able to produce beautiful and strong voices, where there seem to be little or none. The correct way of breathing and breath-saving, the natural way of opening and closing the mouth, the relaxing of the throat, a beautiful and even vocalization, a resonnant front placing of the notes, and many little corrections of faulty voice-production will enable us to do wonders with the human voice. But—even when the voice is there —'ideal singing' can be obtained only, where musical ear, taste, intelligence, soul and heart are developed harmoniously. Study the old Italian masters besides your mechanical exercises; listen only to true music and then bathe your entire spiritual being in its wave."

* * *

Willard J. Batchelder.

Mr. Batchelder has been teaching for over twenty years in San Francisco, and is naturally very well known. He is a representative of Dr.

Curtis's system of tone work, and has turned out many successful pupils.

Many of Mr. Batchelder's pupils have attained prominence both here and abroad, and are earning large salaries; among them are Mrs. Olive Reed Cushman of New York, Frank Belcher, who is now in London, and Mrs. Eva Tenny, soprano at Trinity.

* * *

Madame Rosewald.

Madame Julie Rosewald has just returned from a trip to Europe and has resumed teaching in her studio at the Hotel Grenada. Her tour was taken mainly for health, but incidentally she took time to compare the prevailing systems of vocal teaching in France, Germany and Italy. It is interesting to note that she finds the French system to be, on the whole, the best. Of further interest is the fact that California is known abroad, where all artists go to finish, as having furnished more good voices than any other section of the world.

Madame Rosewald has turned out her quota of these California singers. Among her notable pupils have been Mabelle Gilman, one of the best church singers in the East, Anna Miller Wood of the Boston symphony orchestra, and Miss Marie George.

* * *

James Hamilton Howe, M. B.

Mr. Howe is organist and director of St. Dominic's Church Choir. He is also prominent as teacher, composer, and director of chorus and orchestra. He is director of the San Francisco and San Jose Oratorio Societies; and of the Summer School of Music at Pacific Grove.

Mr. Howe is successful as a voice teacher, and has published a work upon that specialty. He has written works also for pianoforte, and organ; for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. Many works of larger form have been brought out under his baton.

His studio,which is unique in its way, is at 131 Post street.

* * *

Mrs Elizabeth Regina Mowry.

Mrs. Mowry comes from an aristocratic Southern family; she studied music under skilled instructors, and is a linguist of ability.

Dr. H. J. Stewart writes of her voice as being "a pure soprano of unusual compass and power, yet with exceptional sweetness of tone, and fully equal to the most exacting operatic roles, in several of which she has already appeared successfully."

Harry Gates, former editor of "Music and Drama" and others, praise highly the sweetness, flexibility and power of her voice.

Her proficiency as a pianiste is almost as marked as her superior talent and ability as a dramatic singer.

* * *

Mrs. Grace Morei Dickman.

Mrs. Dickman, or Grace Morei as she is better known in the East and Europe, is one of the foremost figures in musical circles in San Francisco.

She studied for two years with Juliane in Paris. Madame Fedor,and Madame Homer who is to sing in San Francisco with the Grau Company,were fellow pupils. She also studied with Alberto Randegger the great oratorio master in London.

She sings in the First Presbyterian church of Oakland.

Her vocal studio is situated at 131 Post street.

* * *

Mrs. Kathryn Day Boyns.

Mrs. Boyns has won recognition since her return from Europe as an exponent of the new school of philosophy concerning the training of the voice.

In Europe all her available time was spent in studying and hearing the best music of London and the Continent. She has studied also with Miss Marie Withrow and is imbued with the ideas that have made her teaching so successful.

Her studio which is unusually artistic is at 811 Leavenworth street.

* * *

Otto Bendix.

Mr. Bendix is a native of Copenhagen, Denmark, and comes of a musical family.

He studied first in Copenhagen, under N. W. Glade; then in Berlin under Kullack, and after two successful years he went to Wiemar, and completed his studies under Liszt.

From thence he returned to Copenhagen as teacher in the Conservatory, and in 1880 was offered a position in the New England Conservatory, Boston.

Since then he has frequently appeared as virtuoso in our principal cities, and his name has become very well known.

The nature of his labors precludes any great effort at composition, but he has written an octette for piano and wind instruments that indicates very certainly his abilities in this direction.

* * *

Miss Grace Freeman.

She who would teach musicians must be herself a musician. Miss Grace Freeman, one of the most successful teachers of the violin in San Francisco, is herself a performer of ability. She finished her musical studies as a pupil of Minetti, and entered upon a successful professional career as a performer and teacher. She is a member of the Saturday Morning Orchestra, and a soloist for its concerts. She made her appearance in a number of society affairs during the past season, and has had many notable successes in concert work.

She has a large class of violin pupils, in the teaching of whom she employs the same methods as Minetti, following the French and Italian school.

She is adding steadily to her reputation as a soloist and it is probable that she will make a tour through the States and Europe very shortly.

* * *

E. S. Bonelli.

The name of E. S. Bonelli is inseparably connected with the fame of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, which he established in 1879, and which has steadily grown under his direction. It now employs on its faculty twelve of the best known and most highly recommended teachers in the city of San Francisco. Every effort is made to give the pupils a correct and thorough musical education, especial attention being devoted to an intelligent interpretation of the great masters' works, harmony and ear training. The Conservatory has received the endorsement of many famous and prominent artists, viz.: D'Albert, Louis Maas, Callixa Lavallee, Madame Carreno, Madame Camilla Urso, and many others. Not a few of the graduates have attained renown.

Miss Eleanor Connell.

Although Miss Connell has studied in the world's great musical centers, she claims as her first and only teacher the late Col. Richard J. Wilmot who, she says, excelled all other masters with whom she has come into contact in understanding of the human voice in song. When she left him to study abroad eleven years ago, she had everything in the way of repertoire to learn but, as she was told by the best European masters, nothing to unlearn.

Her voice is a high soprano of exceptionally sympathetic quality, and as a vocal reader she is said to be without a peer. Previous to her departure for New York, where she was located at Carnegie Hall and whence she has just returned, Miss Connell gave, with some of her pupils, a "Wagner Afternoon" at the Forum Club. Among the numbers was the entire duet between Elsa and Ortrud from the second act of "Lohengrin" and the Song of Greeting and Elizabeth's Prayer from "Tannhauser." Miss Connell is located here permanently at 14 Grant Avenue, studio 65.

* * *

Achille Artigues.

Mr. Artigues is the successful organist of Notre Dame der Victories. He is an able teacher both of the piano and organ, and a ten year old pupil is to appear shortly before the public who will show the value of his instruction.

Since he was appointed organist and choir master he has organized a volunteer choir which has been a decided success.

Apart from the regular church duties Mr. Artigues has been in the public eye by reason of his original compositions, one in particular an, Hungarian Raphsody, being very popular.

* * *

Mrs. Marriner Campbell.

Few teachers of the voice anywhere give their pupils the results of so long and varied a musical experience as Mrs. Marriner Campbell, who has been identified with music in this city for thirty years. She received her musical tuition under the best masters in London, Paris and New York. Returning to San Francisco, she took up church, concert and oratorio work, and for many years received the highest salary paid any church singer in this city. Eight years ago, she gave up active choir and concert work in order to devote her energies to teaching.

Mrs. Campbell believes that everyone can learn to sing, and that everyone should try. She is further an advocate of the view that the highest art in singing goes hand in hand with the highest culture, the study of literature, plastic arts, language, the development of the soul. Her pupils, among whom are many of the most successful choir singers in the country, sing with a consummate ease which is the end and crown of her method, for she believes in removing the obstacles and letting the voice come out. Among her plans for the near future is an autumn afternoon, an original idea, to be given by her pupils before the California Club. She also expects to give a similar concert at Sacramento in January.

* * *

Alfred J. Kelleher.

Mr. Kelleher who has taught at Mills College for nineteen years, numbers among his pupils, Mme. Nevada, Marie Barna, (Mary E. Barnard,) Grace Plaisted, Lily Post, Lizzie Boyer, Carrie Roma, Lillian Coleman and Helen Merrill.

He has the distinction also of having been a pupil of the famous Manuel Garcia; and for twenty-five years he has taught the "Garcia Vocal Method" in San Francisco, as have Garcia's other pupils in different parts of the world—Madame Marchesi in France and Herr Schultze and Herr Stockhausen in Germany.

Mr. Kelleher teaches at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music.

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

It gives me a real degree of pleasure to tell you that I am a little tired of being amused. I think that it must be the climate. Fancy how hard I was rushed last week: Four luncheons, two theatre parties and two dinners. Now such moderate entertaining would be hardly worthy of mention in any other part of the world, but out here between seasons it is almost alarming.

I told you about the old lady Martin's theatre party last week, but not about Edith McBean's. It was just the same Hopkins' crowd with Caro Crockett and her father and mother and the Martins. Edith does not entertain very often, but she and I are very good friends. I can't see why she is so unpopular with men, for when she really thaws out she is lots of fun. I don't know anyone who is a better mimic and she is so graceful and willowy. Friday we went to Mrs. Russel Wilson's to luncheon. It was a great big luncheon to Caro Crockett. The girls were most elaborately gowned in exceedingly light clothes and it suggested a scene on the stage. Lurline Spreckels and Emily Wilson were the young girls there. Auntie wants to chaperone Lurline this winter here. She is so easy in her manners and exceedingly well poised; but her mother will not allow her to stay. Though Lurline is very much like her mother, still there is a resemblance in all the younger Spreckels to their grandmother. Lurline's people and the other branches are not at all friendly; in fact, except to the Rudolph Spreckels, deny relationship. Yet blood is supposed to be thicker than water, and Germans are so full of sentiment.

We had champagne at the Russel Wilson luncheon. I noticed the girls drank but little. As Helen Taylor said to me: "One needs men when one drinks champagne." I think that she was quite right.

After luncheon, several of us went out and discussed the Martin mortgage. It is the talk of San Francisco's four hundred, and if there has been nothing before to break off the Oelrichs-Martin match, this certainly will. I feel terribly sorry for Mary Scott-Martin, for it must be mighty uncomfortable for her to know this thing is the wonder and amazement of her friends. As auntie said, it was ridiculous for her to have such an army of servants in beginning housekeeping, and absurd to buy such quantities of traps of different kinds. Should Walter run through his money, I can't imagine where he would turn, for his brain is not particularly fertile, nor has his hand the cunning with which to earn an honest penny. I suppose he could, however, get as good a position in the Union Iron Works as the Taylor boys have in the Risdon. For if there be any superiority of mentality, I should decide in favor of Walter Martin, though I really like Gus Taylor better than any of the other fellows.

Georgia Hopkins told me at Katherine Dillon's luncheon on Saturday last that her father had at last given his consent to her marrying Fred McNear. It quite astonished me, for Fred, though a nice fellow, has not shown any particular ability in any line. He tried law and then went to the Klondike and now is being taught the wheat business by his father. Of course he may succeed in this, but were I Georgia I should give him a good chance before I'd make up my mind to take him for good and all. Georgia Hopkins is the smartest of the girls but Helen is the one I prefer.

Now I shall tell you about Katherine Dillon's luncheon. As usual, the decorations were beautiful; this time, it was chrysanthemums and maple leaves that had turned red. I wish, mama, you could see these wonderful chrysanthemums they have out here. They are huge, and of the most wonderful colors. These were cream and yellow. The luncheon was jolly and the menu excellent. Frances Hopkins looked her very best, the other girls I thought a little tired, especially Caro Crockett. Poor girl, she must be pretty well worn out; she has been wined and dined more extensively than any other girl in San Francisco. This coming week she has another luncheon. Frances Hopkin's sister is to give it.

Tuesday night Sam Boardman's mother gave a dinner to Caro and Laurence at her home on Franklin street. Mrs. Boardman was a Miss Hert, mama, and met you, she told me, in England, ever so many years ago. She is a very motherly woman. She has a dear little grandchild, really as well bred a little girl as I have met here. Sam, the girls all call a stick, but I like him and will go riding with him often this winter. The dinner was excellent and we were very rowdy really, for somehow we all felt rested and full of fun. Georgia Hopkins was terribly teased, but she simply exuded happiness and responded most gayly to all the toasts.

The Hopkins crowd have all returned to town. Edna and Will Taylor will spend the winter with the Hopkins on Laguna and California streets, and Helen and Gus Taylor will live in their house at Franklin near Broadway. Frances will spend a third of her time in each house—the Dearborn Clark, Hopkins and Taylor. She is so jolly and bright, and really the life of each entertainment to which she has been this winter.

Every one is pretty well surprised at the Genevieve Goad-Martin-Riley's marriage. It seems that this rich young man was terribly devoted to Addie Murphy and followed her from place to place. Suddenly it dawned on Genevieve that Robinson Riley was rich and attractive and a very nice fellow and so she endeavored to capture him. A widow has ways and means of being fascinating that are unknown to the ingenuous society girl—Addie is just sweet and dainty and was unsuspecting. It never dawned upon her that her friend Geneveive wanted her admirer. So she received the news of the marriage quite as unexpectedly as did all the people out here. Most probably now the Murphys will not be as anxious to dispose of their half-finished house as they were a month ago. But Addie does not need to go East to find admirers; a girl as winning as she is can have all the attention she wishes here in San Francisco. Good-bye, mother, dear. I trust your daughter will not have her lover taken from her.

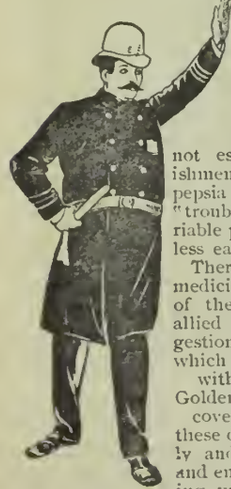
ELIZABETH.

Frank J. Murphy, the gentleman whose picture appears on the front page of the WAVE this week, was born in Elmira, N. Y., twenty-eight years ago. Mr. Murphy is a very promising young lawyer, and received his early legal instruction in the offices of Babcock, Baxter & Gibson, and also for a while was connected with J. Sloat Fassett, following year in the legal department of the New York Central and Hudson River R. R., He has practiced law on this Coast for a period of seven years and his record during that time has been quite creditable, he having defended no less than ten murder cases, procuring six acquittals, one disagreement and three of his clients found guilty of manslaughter. His success in the Supreme Court has been highly creditable, having succeeded in obtaining four reversals on six appeals. Among the important cases in which Mr. Murphy has been engaged lately, might be mentioned the J. N. E. Wilson-Pat Clancy murder case, the acquittal in which may be laid solely to the masterly defense presented, and that of "Sir" Harry Westwood Cooper, in which he secured a mistrial and has the case now on appeal to the Supreme Court.

Socially, Mr. Murphy's position is enviable, and a host of friends report that his domestic life is a happy one. His offices are located at 224-225 Parrott Building.

The Law

Of health has no uniformed guardians of its peace. If it had there would be arrests innumerable in every restaurant every day of the year. Both in the quantity and quality of the food they eat and in the manner of its consumption men and women sin each day against the laws of health. Those who will not heed Nature's warnings cannot escape her punishments, and dyspepsia or stomach "trouble" is the invariable penalty of careless eating.



There is no other medicine for diseases of the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition which can compare with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures these diseases perfectly and permanently, and enables the building up of the whole body into vigorous health.

"I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for stomach trouble," writes Clarence Carnes, Esq., of Taylorstown, Loudoun Co., Va. "It did me so much good that I didn't take any more. I can eat most anything now. I am so well pleased with it I hardly know how to thank you for your kind information. I tried a whole lot of things before I wrote to you. There was a gentleman told me about your medicine, how it had cured his wife. I thought I would try a bottle of it. I am glad I did, for I don't know what I would have done if it had not been for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

ASTHMA CURE FREE.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in all Cases. Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of Asthmalene, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, Asthmalene will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the more glad we are to send it. Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City. Sold by all Druggists.

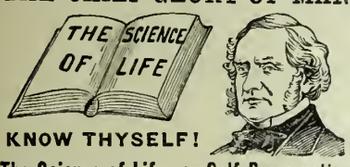
MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

TRADE MARK

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.

"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original.) *Sample free.* GERHARD MENNEN Co., Newark, N. J.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation, A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... PAPER

COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.

Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

C. A. GARTER C. W CROSS

Law Offices of

Cross & Garter

Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.

Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

Things Theatrical.

We are more than a little afraid of our own judgment, these days, and instead of condemning or approving men on their merits, we compare them with some one who has passed into the charitable shades.

Haworth who is doing good original work, owing to this timidity of ours, is likened to the frog in the fable who puffed himself out to compete with the bull. He is not blamed for trying, however, but the impossibility of a successful attempt is taken for granted by his critics.

"He reminds me of Booth; but of course he can't compare," "He's the best since Booth was here." This is easy criticism, but rather hard on Mr. Haworth.

His Hamlet is a noteworthy performance, sympathetic and convincing. His abandon reaching that point where it passes the artificial and obliterates the signs of his craft.

Adele Belgarde portrays Ophelia very intelligently, but is handicapped by certain qualities which go to make her strength in other personations. Praise is due also to Gladys Dexter.

* * *

"Too Much Johnson" is being presented at the Alcazar, and does not appear to have suffered from the lack of novelty consequent upon its old popularity, or from the surfeiting of the public with imitations.

Applause and laughter indicated the spectators' approval from start to finish. Genuine pathos was achieved when Billings (Mr. Alsop) in his brusque offhand manner thanked his wife for interposing her own body to save his life. To betray emotion as Mr. Alsop did while he so successfully covered it, is very clever acting. The staging of the play was good.

* * *

At the Central "Beacon Lights" has been drawing a full house every night. It is the old style romantic melodrama; a feast of interest seasoned highly with thrills, and entered into heartily by the spectators who reward the villain with hisses for his good acting, and the hero with applause. Annette Marshall, of course, was a most ardent widow betraying vivid emotion, Willard Blackmore as Phil Gordon, and Edward Emery as George Nicholls the villain did good work in the style which belongs by tradition to such a play. Ollie Cooper as Charlie Haynes won the enthusiastic applause of the audience.

* * *

"Florodora" is finishing its second week at the Columbia with indications that it might run for a month longer instead of a week and still fill the house.

* * *

Hermann has proved as popular as ever. His programme at the California was lightened by a variety act, so that the spectators wonder was broken by amusement, and the strain on their eyes relieved for a time. Hermann is a remarkably clever palmist, and his elementary illusions in this direction are as interesting as the more mechanical feats, such as the "Turkish Elopement" and the "Noah's Ark."

* * *

The Orpheum bill, as usual, was a complete success, the honors this week belonging to Mitchell and Barnard.

* * *

At The Theatres Next week.

Central—"Wife for Wife," a drama by John A. Stevens, in which are promised strong situations, comedy, and elaborate staging.

Alcazar—"The Girl in the Barracks" will be presented by the regular stock company.

California—George H. Broadhurst's musical comedy, "Rudolph and Adolph."

Columbia—"Florodora" continued.

Alhambra—Mr. Channing Ellery's Royal Italian Band.

Orpheum—Munroe, Mack and Lawrence, farce comedians, make a first appearance here in the one-act play entitled "How to Get Rid of Your Mother-in Law."

The Sorensons, who are brilliant children, Tommie Baker the monologist, and the DeCourcy Brothers, a team of acrobats, promise fresh entertainment.

Tivoli—On Monday the birthday of Verdi will be celebrated by a selection from his most popular operas. "Ernani," "Cavalleria," and "Pagliacci" will follow.

Grand Opera House—Authorized version of Barrie's "Little Minister" by John Arthur Fraser. Mr. Mayall will play the part of Gavin Dishart, and Mrs. Laura Nelson Hall will play Babbie the gypsy, the part made famous by Maude Adams.

Famous Russian-Oriental Tobacco Store

418 Montgomery St, Phone Black 1233

Near California St. Established 1876.

MRS. FANNIE ROSENTHAL, Prop.

Leading importer of choice varieties of Russian, Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes and Smoking Tobaccos. High-grade Cigarettes made to order for private clubs and special social events. Delicate Aromatic Cigarettes made for Ladies' Tea Parties. Latest French and English novelties in pipes and smokers' articles, also Turkish water pipes, etc.

Order by Telephone.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

TRY THEM FOR Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.

Fac-Simile Signature of John Brown Son on every box.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For
Brain Workers.

Strengthens the exhausted and confused brain, relieves nervous headache, and induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS,
$1.00
HUNDRED
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.
Murphy, Grant, Co.

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

Small Talk.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Herbert Moffat and Miss Virginia Joliffe, are at the Holland House, New York.

Mrs. John Dearborn Clark will give a luncheon to Miss Caro Crockett Friday noon at her home on Laurel street. This is the twenty-second entertainment given in honor of Miss Crockett.

Mrs. Franklin K. Lane was hostess at an elaborate tea last Thursday, introducing Mrs. George Preston Wintermute to her friends in California. Mrs. Wintermute was one of the Culvers of St. Louis.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Georgiana Hopkins, the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, to Mr. Frederick McNear of Oakland. They will be married in the spring.

Mrs. Will Crocker has given several small dinners this last week to Bishop Potter's friends. She is not overwhelming him with attentions that would be boring, but treating him to the pleasure of meeting some of his colleagues at small affairs.

Miss Leontine Blakeman had a few of her girl friends to tea this week in honor of Miss Sunshine Parsons who will leave for the East in about ten days. Miss Ethel Keeney will not accompany her, though she may join her after the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Flood returned to the city on Monday last from their country place at Alma. Their new house on Broadway will not be finished until the middle of January; in the meantime, they are occupying the Freborn house on Jackson street.

The wedding of Miss Ida Belle Palmer and Mr. George Wheaton took place Tuesday night in Oakland. Miss Palmer was radiant in white satin and her sister looked her best in pink. Mr. and Mrs. George Wheaton will go South for a few weeks and then reside in Oakland.

Miss Therese Morgan was the hostess recently at a dinner given to girls only at her Clay street home. It was in honor of Miss Crockett, and a very gay affair. After dinner, the young people had a general romp as girls alone can. Mr. Laurence Scott was the guest at a stag dinner that same evening. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan have taken a trip to New York and expect to be away about six weeks.

Mrs. Gus Spreckels and Miss Lurline leave this week for New York where Mr. Gus Spreckels will meet them. During Mrs. Spreckels' visit to this Coast, Mr. Spreckels has taken in several of the Eastern watering places, and has also visited Cuba. Owing to strained relations with his father and the latter's family, he did not wish to visit this Coast.

The Bishops and Convention people are most deeply impressed with the climate and natural beauties of San Francisco. The Park is looking more beautiful than ever, the florists have a gayer floral display than they have had for months, and a general reign of prosperity seems to have fallen on this most picturesque city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Irene Baker, one of Oakland's prettiest girls to Doctor John D. Grissim of San Jose. Miss Baker made her debut last winter and was a general favorite. Doctor Grissim is a Southerner, and well known in the medical world of San Francisco, and New York, where he spends a few months every year at the hospitals.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan is an object of far greater interest in San Francisco than any of the other Eastern visitors, with the possible exception of Bishop Potter. Mr. Morgan is an absolutely selfish man, interested only in his personal affairs. He scowls at the crowds that mass about him to gaze at so rich a man. Bishop Potter never forgets a name or a face. He resembles our late President in his kindly smile and genial speech. Looking at the two men, one cannot help thinking of the difficulty of a rich man in getting into the Kingdom of Heaven as set forth in the scriptures.

It is said that Mrs. Huntington is giving her San Francisco California street residence to the city as a hospital as she will never live in it again. She accompanied her husband, the great railroad magnate, to this Coast on several occasions, but was never shown any hospitality by San Franciscans; in fact, none of the ladies of the highest stratum called upon her, unless it was a question of doing the right thing by their husbands. They will never again have the opportunity. This house is one of the handsomest in San Francisco and infinitely too beautiful and classic to be used as a city hospital. But the ways of the millionaire are unaccountable to those who have but small purses.

A good story is told on Pierpont Morgan. In his party is a young lady distantly related to him, but one of whom, owing to her bright chatter and sympathetic disposition, he is very fond. She is always playing jokes on him, and recently on a trip through Chinatown bought a large quantity of Chinese cigars. Upon her return she bribed one of the butlers to give her a box of her uncle's cigars—she calls him "uncle." She carefully took the label off each, and placed it on the Chinese—then returned the box to the butler, asking him to see that these cigars were used the following evening at dinner. There were 60 men at the table. With the exception of five, they all smoked Chinese cigars, and she says that she knows for a certainty that only one man in the crowd recognized the inferior article, and that man was not her uncle. When the men had joined the ladies in the drawing room after dinner, she told her joke, whereupon Mr. Morgan laughed heartily, and said that he was sorry that the men of San Francisco were so easy to satisfy in their tobacco.

St. Lawrence
Livery and Sale Stables
W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor
423 Post St., Bet. Powell and Mason
Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

SUITS
CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED
BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY
40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.
Ring up Red 5294 We run two wagons

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,0 0,000.00
Deposits, June 29,1901.....29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.....John Lloyd.
Second Vice-President.. Daniel Meyer
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt,

San Francisco Savings Union
535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....$28,973,540
Reserve Fund..... 226 934
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.: W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.: Lovell White Cashier R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.
42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD

Will return and resume teaching a limited number of pupils on AUGUST 15TH. Applications for time or an interview can be addressed care of

SHERMAN & CLAY'S.

Achille L. Artigues
PIANIST
Organist of Notre Dame des Victoirer
1248 McAllister St. PHONE Fell 1749

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

DURING the course of a conversation with Mr. Will T. Carlton of the "Floradora" company, a few nights since, he touched rather feelingly on the fact that the role he assumes in this particular piece is one that, so far from giving his vocal talents any adequate expression, really does the violent reverse, in that the rapid patter of his part is destructive of pure tone production. In view of this fact then, and also to put to confusion the inevitable multitude of those who need no such petty detail as mere truth to bolster up their assertions when they seek to injure the successful by cries of "Lost voice," "Too old," etc.; Mr. Carlton has signified his intention of singing at the big charity concert on the seventeenth inst. He will do about a dozen songs covering a range sufficient to display his wide versatility. To those who may prematurely lament the decline of his gorgeous voice, I will say that I heard him do the "Toreador" song, in inimitable style and with the voice of a stentor, ringing, clear and brilliant.

At the Orpheum there are two young men, nearly boys, with soft, cool voices, that salute your ear as a June zephyr salutes your cheek, a velvet caress of pleasant smoothness. Their names are Mitchell and Barnard and they sing simple little ballads in a simple, refreshing style that is delightful. Belle Thorne, for so many years a huge local favorite at the Tivoli, is at the same house singing some bright songs with much good taste and feeling. She will also be remembered as the wife of Hermann Perlet, one of the most successful song writers in the country.

There is more good singing in "The Masked Ball" at the Tivoli, this week, than there has been in any opera given this season. The cast is a particularly good one and every member of it sang with an effectiveness that must have owed some of its inspiration to a love for the work, for each one seemed to abandon voice and temperament to the luxury of revelling in the beautiful music. There is a vast amount of pure melody in "The Masked Ball;" smooth, flowing melody that arrests the attention and makes one feel that here is inspiration indeed: here are no manufactuaed tunes ground out of the mechanical laws of mathematical harmony—no, these are those floating essences of sound that we like to think are the time-gifts of the angels to earthly genius. In this opera Signor Ferrari gave us some singing of a high order. His voice is an unusually fine barytone which hitherto has seemed to me to lack that fine handling which we call good singing; but in the part of Renato he did some sustained legato work that was not far from perfection. Montanari was scarcely recovered from her late illness sufficiently to be up to her usual form, but she sang her role with the greatest spirit none the less. Repetto won numerous recalls for her fine singing of the page part.

Miss Leontine von Wefelsburg known for many years here as a church singer has been married to Mr. Arthur B. Price, and a well defined whisper is current that Mr. Algernon Aspland is soon to be united to a daughter of a prominent San Francisco family, Miss Don M. Cann, who attained a brief prominence here by being accepted for the Orpheum circuit, is said to have been lately married to an Englishman of rank.

On Tuesday night Mr. Xaxier Rolker gave a pupil recital at Sherman Clay Hall, on Thursday evening, Mr. Hermann Genes repeated history at the same place. Mr. Jas. H. Howe has started a new oratorio society under pleasing auspices; he has some well known people on his officer list and an encouraging number of enthusiasts as a nucleus. Mr. Howe from all accounts is graving an enviable record for himself at St. Dominic's Church. He has a double quartet and chorus choir and on Sunday last Haydn's third Mass was given with orchestra and augmented choir, together with an elaborate organ recital before the regular service. On Monday the 14th inst., the Royal Italian Band under the management of Channing Ellery will open at the Alhambra Theatre with Guiseppe Creatore wielding the baton. This man has made an extraordinary sensation in the East, this past season, his remarkable conducting being freely compared to that of Sousa, etc., and not always to the advantage of the latter. The organization is said to be infinitely superior to the one we heard last year at the California Theatre, and if this be true, we may expect marvels, for that band was something to be remembered.—There is a story afloat which credits Mr. Paul Steindorff with having been chosen for the director for the to-be-resurrected San Francisco Symphony Society. There is said to be $1800 in the treasury and the officers are: Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, President, Dr. Edw. P. Taylor, Vice President, Mrs. Jas. N. Odell, Mrs. J. M. Goeway, Mrs. P. N. Lillienthal and Robert Tolmie, Board of Directors.—Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "The Lute Player" by Frances Allitsen. "Mighty Warriors" by Walter W. Hedgcock. Both published by Wilcocks & Co., London.

Among the many honors accorded DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY has been the Royal Warrant recently granted by King Edward. The Royal Family has accorded this honor to DEWAR'S SCOTCH for many years past. It is a compliment which the judges of Scotch whisky think highly deserved.

Telephone Green 248
Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . .
115 GEARY STREET
Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome materials kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5178]
Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

TEL. GREEN 12.
CHAS. P. DROLLA
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal
All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

MRS. W. H. HORD,
Piano and Guitar.
Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.
Residence, 2005 Oak St Phone, Page 1622
OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.
TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER

THE PRESS

Open all Night

—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—

Steam and Lager on draught

15 THIRD STREET

Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed

HORNLEIN & KRUMB

Phone Main 151

CAFE ROYAL

Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster

Formerly of Cliff House

Grand Hotel Cafe

New Montgomery St.

Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336

DON R. DUNBAR

Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes

N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood

"The Castle"

101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG

The True Blue,

308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.

Excellent Lunch Served.

—ESTABLISHED 1823—

WILSON WHISKY

—THAT'S ALL!

Bielenberg & Weniger

Sole Distributors

101-103 POWELL ST.,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE

Billiard, Pool and Club Room

(Never Closed.)

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET.

A Mexican Bullfight.

In the Mexican city of Juarez, there was to be a bullfight in the amphitheatre. It was not to be of a kind that horrifies visitors from the States with its cruelty and gore. Several Americans were to be entertained in a way that was intended to satisfy their sense of humor, as the Mexican managers understood that somewhat mystifying element in the composition of their neighbors across the Rio Grande.

The plan was that a stout post should be erected in the centre of the great arena. On the top was to be a horizontal crosspiece with four arms, and from the end of each beam would hang ropes. At the end of the ropes men would be suspended so that their toes would barely touch the sand.

As the crosspiece was on a pivot the men suspended from the ropes could by digging their toes into the earth send the wheel around at a rapid rate of speed. And they were not to be left to the outslaught of the bull without protection. Matresses were to be securely tied around the four chief performers, and the wrappings were to be of a fiery red, so that the bull would fiercely attack them.

It did not work exactly as expected. It furnished amusement to the Americans that was not on the programme. The bull came into the amphitheatre, which was crowded to the top of the circle by poens, all of them carrying clubs or other things wherewith to make a din. Picadors on horses drove the animal toward the center of the arena, and the bull plunged forward headlong at the nearest victim.

The four men dug their toes into the soil, but the crosspiece refused to budge an inch. One of the suspended Mexicans was big and fat, and the Mexican on the other end of his beam was a little fellow. The result was that the crosspiece tipped up so much on one side and was so much depressed on the other side that it could not revolve. As the fat victim saw the bull lower his head and run at him he uttered a wild cry of despair.

At the impact the man went into air about twenty feet, coming down with a jolt at the end of the rope, which held fast. Meanwhile his companions in misery were straining to get out their knives to cut the ropes, but before they could do so the bull was upon them, one after another. He tossed them and chased them as they flew hither and thither, and the air seemed filled with red matresses. Finally the horns of the bull became entangled in one of the matresses, and bull, matress and man were hidden in a cloud of dust kicked up by the infuriated animal.

Yells and cheers floated over the amphitheatre from the peons massed around; they thought it was all a part of the show. The clubs were whacked on the seats and against the barriers, as they excitedly leaned over, and their shouts arose above the cries of the men in the centre and the bellowings of the bull. The Americans were convulsed.

At last the four men got out their knives, cut the ropes, and made a desperate dash for the barriers. As these were constructed for actual bullfights, there were partitions built out from the inclosure and behind each was an exit leading to the outside of the building. It was intended that a matador, who was too hard pressed, should retreat behind the inclosure and issue again as soon as danger was past. For these places the men started, two of them for the same refuge of safety and both of them followed by the bull.

They fell, were trampled upon, rolled over and over, clambered to their feet again and ran and were again knocked down. After great tribulation they reached their havens of safety, but, alas, the matresses did not permit them to get in the narrow space. The bull made after one man who was struggling to wedge himself in, and a blow from behind drove him like a cork into a bottle. When he was well fixed there and in no position to extricate himself the bull, being unable to butt him any further into the space, turned his attention to another and in turn fixed them so fast that they were as firm as part of the building.

The natives thought it was all very funny until after the exhibition, when they learned that there had been a mistake somewhere. Then, with their usual custom, when a bullfight displeased them, they promptly and cheerfully set to and tore down the entire building. As it was not unusual for this turn to be taken it was no great loss.

When the managers came around and expressed their sorrow that the very elevated and distinguished senors had come far to see a miserable failure, the spokesman, with as grave a face as he could assume, declared that the Americans had been vastly amused, and all of the other Americans politely and gravely assented.—N. Y. Sun.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You wil find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

HARRY NIEMANN

The Old "Tivoli" Favorite

Desires to Inform his Friends and the Public in general that his new

SHIRT FACTORY

is now open and ready for business. Harry will be found at the store

719

Emma Spreckels Bldg.,

every day ready to receive his customers

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager, Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR—

VAUGHN LEADLEY,

Solicitor for

J. F. SNOW & CO.,

Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.

Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 00 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

EDWARD HALL, President. WM. J. BIGGY, Vice-Prrs. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.

United States Laundry Association

LAUNDRY—3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.
(Near Valencia)

TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418

OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST.,
near Powell.

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610

609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

Christmas Holidays

—IN—

MEXICO

Southern Pacific Special Train EXCURSION

Personally Conducted Composite Car, Dining Car, Vestibuled Sleepers.

RATE	LEAVES
$80, San Francisco,	Dec. 18
$70, Los Angeles,	Dec. 19

Good 60 days. Optional side trips Special rates from all California points

Inquire of agents for literature.

E. O. McCormick,
Pass. Traf. Mgr.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Oct. 4, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. Nov. 2. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Oct. 3, 8, 13 18, 23, 28. Nov. 2. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Oct. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Nov. 3.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)

Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, and Redondo.

Steamer Corona, Thursdays, 11 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

The Magazines.

The "Cosmopolitan" has an amusing parody on Hall Caine's "Christian" by Bret Harte. The rest of the magazine is filled with numerous illustrations and average reading matter.

* * *

The "Atlantic Monthly" gives a generous range of subjects. "The Piracy of Public Franchises" and "The Ills of Pennsylvania" are both articles giving timely information.

* * *

"McClure's" this month, is a representative number. Kipling has some good verses which no doubt will be eagerly searched for signs of decadence.

* * *

"Harper's Bazar," while not exciting, is readable—the mysteries of dressmaking being lightened by the addition of some good illustrations and reading matter. "Children's Parties," a short article, gives very valuable hints for juvenile entertainment, and is worth preserving.

* * *

The "International Monthly" for September contains an essay by Edmund Gosse of great interest to the book reader, a carefully considered criticism of the work of Meredith and Hardy, and an estimation of their standing in historic literature. There is also an appreciation of Joseph Le Conte by Josiah Royce of Harvard, an article by John La Farge on Art and Artists, and a significant review of the "Bases of Chinese Society," by F. W. Williams.

* * *

"Century." There is nothing of notable interest this month in the quantity of readable matter offered. A very high standard is maintained, and yet—by reason of arrangement probably—one is not attracted. The wide pages of type with their narrow margins and insignificant headings appear heavy, and the illustrations for which the double columns are often broken entirely across, look unframed and cold.

* * *

"Scribner's" is a good number. "The Pines of Lory," Mr. Mitchell's serial, tends to become more simple, but is still interesting. Walter Wyckoff has a particularly good article revealing straightforwardly and without offense a side of city life that is not realized by most of us.

* * *

"Harper's Monthly." A good number with several interesting short stories, including one by Mr. Henry James which is intricate enough to make one feel that something more definite in the way of a climax is deserved. However, in one of Mr. James' short stories, there is always held out the pleasure of achievement. The suggestion of the pictorial value of Mrs. Brash is so good that one resents the illustration. The verse this month is not striking.

* * *

Even when one takes into consideration that the "Land of Sunshine" is the autobiography of a state, one has to admit that it is a particularly interesting autobiography. Mr. Lummis is always entertainingly egotistical. "One Acre Better Than 10,000" gives a suggestion that is worthy of consideration.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

It is said that certain people cannot sing this song but anybody can go away back East and sit down in the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road. These trains carry Nickel Plate Dining Cars in which are served American Club meals at from $.35 to $1.00 each.

Call or write for free book showing views of Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Jay W. Adams, P. C. P. A. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions** of **mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Than Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans-Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence

1021½ Market St. S. F. Cal.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained.

Flor de Claus Spreckels

Choicest Havana Cigars

H. PLAGEMANN & CO., Importers

709-711 Market St.,

Adjoining Call Building

San Francisco

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MIAN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC
AND OTHER DISEASES
CURED
Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST. near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

Borrowed Plums

Mabel—"Why do you always buy two kinds of notepaper?"

Maud—"Well, you see, when I write to Tom I use red paper—that means love; and when I write to Jack I use blue paper—that means faithful and true."

* * *

Moses—"How did you make your fortune?"

Levi—"By horse racing."

Moses—"Not betting?"

Levi—"No; I started a pawnshop just outside the racecourse for people who wanted to get home when the races were over."

* * *

A "Shifty" Debtor.

"I shan't call again for this bill," said the collector, angrily. My time is worth money."

"How much is your time worth?" asked the debtor adroitly.

"Well, I get $2 a day," snapped the collector.

"How much is the bill?" asked the debtor.

"Four dollars," said the collector, encouraged.

"Let's see," said the otber, figuring rapidly on the back of an envelope. "My time is worth $4 a day, or twice as much as yours. You've already taken about two days of my time with tbat bill, or the equivalent of $8. The bill is $4; your two days' time are wortb $4, so that makes us square. Good day."—*Ohio State Journal.*

* * *

The Humiliation.

"Yes," said Maude, "the shock nearly killed tbe poor girl."

"Was the accident so serious?"

"Oh, no. But it hurt her pride terribly to have to confess that she was hurt by a bicycle instead of an automobile."—*Washington Star.*

* * *

A Proposal.

"And what did George say when he proposed?" asked Ethel.

"He said notbing," replied Maud; "he started to say something, gasped, turned deathly pale and then fainted away. Of course, I knew what that meant—so when he came to I told him he might ask papa."

"And then?"

"Then poor George fainted away again."—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

An Authority.

Johnnie—Say, pop.

Pop—Well, my son?

Johnnie—What is a revenue cutter?

Pop—A revenue cutter, my son, is a—well, ask your Uncle Fred. He has to pay alimony.—*October Smart Set.*

* * *

His Favorite Dish.

"What is your favorite dish?" inquired Mrs. Frontpew of the Rev. Longface, the new pastor. She felt sure it was chicken, but it proved not.

"Er—the contribution plate," answered tbe Rev. Longface absently.—*Ohio State Journal.*

* * *

Which Was It?

"Are we slaves or are we free men?" thundered the orator. "I pause for a reply."

"Some of us are married," came the answer from the last row of seats.

* * *

Benham—"Why did that woman keep you standing at the door for half an hour?"

Mrs. Benham—"She said she hadn't time to come in."

Palace Hotel

Every feature connected with the management of this Hotel was introduced for the purpose of adding to the comfort, convenience and entertainment of guests.

The policy of providing luxuries such as have made the Palace famous will continue in force, and innovations calculated to still further increase its popularity will be introduced.

Desirable location, courteous attaches, unsurpassed cuisine and spacious apartments are the attributes which have made the Palace the ideal place for tourists and travelers. American plan. European plan.

New Importation of Millinery

Calimberti

Being Constantly Received

MODES DE PARIS
240 Post Street below Stockton,
SAN FRANCISCO.

California Northwestern R'y

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Shellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices—650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office—Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

AUTOMOBILES

WE BUILD TO ORDER

GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.

All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
FACTORY—346 McAllister St.; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

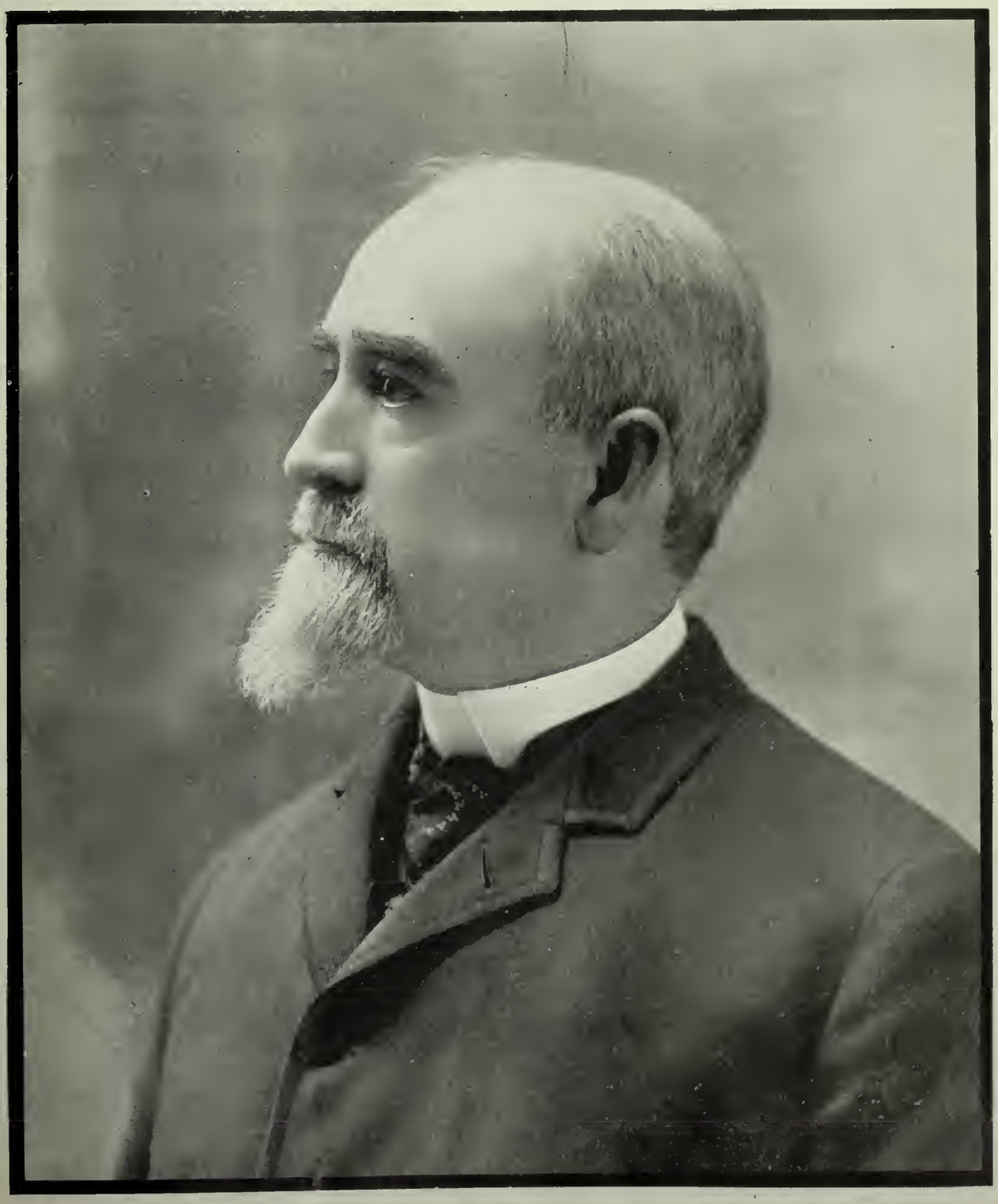
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

This Paper not to be taken from the Library

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 21. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS



John C. Farnham,
Republican Nominee for Public Administrator.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—October 19, 1901.

The Overworked Mermaid

Who discovered the Sunday mermaid? What artist was it who first made her his own—domesticated her, acclimatized her, naturalized her, and trained her to eat out of his hand in the Sunday Supplement. The "Chronicle," the "Examiner," and the "Call," all have mermaids in their menageries. The "Bulletin and the "Post" each work their scaly fish girls to death. Never a Sunday goes by without one of these papers producing a yellow mermaid sprawling over a supplement page. Is it a "Day with the Fishermen?" The mermaid stands graceless guard over the half-tone picture of Italian boats off Point Bonita. Is it a swimming party at Alameda? The fish girl curls in sinuous curves through the portraits of the bathers. Is it a tale of wreck, of adventure by high seas, of maritime marriage in a three mile tug? The mermaid of the Sunday artist stands for everything.

The only differences in the various interpretations of the papers are in the anatomical point where the scales begin, and in eccentricities in the division of the tails.

But your Sunday newspaper artist is a man of fixed ideas. The dash and suggestion of French illustration is unknown in American. Perhaps no editor would dare publish a drawing, (like Martinez's for instance) frankly a sketch, catching the spirit of pose and action, thinking the public—that impossible monster who terrorizes every sanctum—would not believe that the artists were earning their salaries.

No, if the scene dipicted is a murder, a revolver must be smoking in the margin of the main illustration—if it is a suicide a bottle of poison must corner the top of the picture. An arrest—a pair of handcuffs.

After these inevitable accessories the artist throws in a jimjam scrollwork, and lights a cigarette. It might be done with a stencil for any evidences of novelty we ever discover.

It is the whole duty of a Sunday editor to know what the public wants—and to provide it in gorglorious profusion. Are these omniscient potentates right in thinking that in "playing up" the news they please the man in the street—presenting a photograph of the event blurred into a two by three inch half-tone and a weird attempt at cheap symbolism, tortured by the artist's pencil, floundering in slam bang impossibilities over a half page of good white paper? Why not illustrate the news and put the artist against the fantasies of the editorial page?

Indemnity and Payment.

Whether the captors of Miss Stone, the kidnapped American missionary, are Turks or oppressed Macedonians, and whether she is killed or ransomed, the issue is likely to go hard with the Turkish government. This nation has an international reputation for taking care of its citizens abroad and cutting the red tape of official complications in doing so. The American record in the Chinese war, when we joined in with the powers to rescue our representatives and then waived the chance to acquire territory on the strength of it, will count vastly in our favor in any claim which we may urge upon the unspeakable Turk.

For centuries, Turkish rule over the Christian peoples of her provinces has been unspeakably bad, and Turkish diplomats, governors and generals have been allowed to inflict upon the people on their borders outrages which would not be tolerated from any civilized nation in the world. The control of the Dardanelles, which is the key to the Eastern situation, is the cause of this disgraceful indifference. If Russia punishes Turkey, England interferes for sheer terror of a Muscovite province in this debatable ground; vice versa, if England raises her hand, Russia interferes. Little Greece had the sympathy of the whole world in her war of 1897, yet no power dared help this Christian and enlightened nation, the cradle of our higher civilization, in the hopeless struggle against the Turk. Besides, Turkey owes money to all Europe, and the interest on bonds is a fearsome factor in diplomacy. A crushed tyrant cannot pay interest.

So far as Turkey is concerned, this country has no strings attached. The United States is not looking for the control of Asia. If Turkey allows brigands, whether free Turks or enslaved Macedonians, it is her part to pay the penalty and ours to collect.

The Divorce Canon.

It cannot be said that the sympathy of the country, outside of the strictly Catholic portion, is with the Episcopal church in its strict decree against divorce on any grounds whatsoever. The general feeling has been that the canon as it stood, with its exception in favor of adultery only, was a pretty stiff law. As interpreted by the church, a man may drink himself to idiocy and maul his wife half to death, yet if he fights shy of adultery she must be bound by the tie so long as he holds out against the end of chronic alcoholism. A man may be condemned for crime to life imprisonment, but his wife has to remain his wife so long as he lives.

It seems rather hard. But now, the single exception has come pretty near being legislated away. Had the new canon which came very near to passing been carried through, no member of the church divorced on any grounds whatever could remarry under pain of excommunication.

It appears that every sect has some point of special strictness which it strains at swallowing. The Methodists, as the army canteen unpleasantness doth testify, cry out against the demon rum and refuse the use of the slightest drop lest the user should become a drunkard. The Presbyterians stick hard at card-playing. And the Episcopalians, who are disposed to look easily upon dancing and card-playing and mild indulgence in intoxicants, are strong on divorce.

Possibly, the need has created the law. It is quite reasonable to suppose that there is something in the Methodist psychology which renders the members liable to attacks from the demon rum if they touch the slightest drop and something in the Presbyterian make-up which makes the touch of a single card likely to turn a member of that communion into a rabid gambler. And so the Episcopalian moral sense may be constructed after such a pattern that the members of that communion, once they have tasted the forbidden fruits of divorce, will divorce and divorce and keep on divorcing.

The McKinley Memorial.

It is a bit early yet to say what the memorial of President McKinley should be, but even at this date it is easy to say what it should not be. It should not be a monument. We have enough and to spare of monuments, nearly all bad. Whenever this city decides to commemorate in sculpture, it chooses the worst instead of the best—that is, as a general rule. There are a few exceptions, such as the Stevenson fountain, but only enough to prove the rule.

Art is young in this country, and public taste is even younger. We take pretty big risks whenever we pay our good money for the uncertain goods of native artists. Far safer and better, and more in keeping with the tastes and wishes of the noble citizen in whose honor it is to be erected would be the foundation of some great public charity. Let us take no risks with art at the present time.

* * *

If sculpture is insisted upon, we should at least protect ourselves against any product of art and politics, for these abstractions do not combine to advantage. If the winning of a commission is dependent upon the pulling of wires the genuine artist as a rule drops out early in the contest.

San Francisco is not without its artists; but a local committee is bound to be prejudiced. The personal element cannot fail to enter into the criticism of a friend's work. For these reasons, therefore, let us if we decide to erect a statue of some kind, submit the competitive designs to judges of national reputation. Not only in San Francisco, but in all the many cities where memorials are proposed, a great deal of unnecessary vexation will be saved to succeeding generations if plans are submitted to some such central jury.

At present there is sitting in Washington a Government-appointed committee for the consideration of plans for the beautifying of that city. Its personnel is beyond reproach, such men as St. Gaudens the sculptor and Burnham the architect comprising it. It would be a dignified proceeding if we, as laymen, abandoned the right we all assume of passing judgment upon works of art and requested these past-masters to come to our help.

THROUGH THE WEEK.

A beautiful and touching example of the union spirit, as it prevails in San Francisco, was displayed this week by the Barbers' Union. Of its sort nothing more typical ever happened in this city. There was an inoffensive female barber plying her trade on Eddy street. She had learned her trade after the fashion of other barbers, and was ranked one of the most efficient members of the craft in this city. She was doing a man's work at a man's wages. She was asking no favors.

But a walking deligate, the boss of the local labor party by the way, came along and saw her at work. Forthwith, he issued a decree that if she were retained in her place, her employer would lose his priceless union card, and thereby forfeit the respect and patronage of all right-thinking workmen. This, it appears, was because she was not a member of the union.

"Then let me join the union," she said.

"We do not allow women in our union," said the lordly delegate.

"Then I will go to work in some of the lady barber shops of the city, you grant them union cards," said the woman.

"I beg your pardon," answered the delegate politely. "We give union cards to women who own barber shops, but they are not allowed to employ any women. If they should, they would lose their union cards, and we would boycott them."

"Then what shall I do to live," said the woman who, not being educated in trades-unionism, poor thing, cherished the delusion that everyone has a right to earn a living.

"There is the poor house," said the delegate

Then he went over to a hotel and informed the proprietor that unless he discharged his "scab" negro waiters, the place would be boycotted, and received with scorn the owner's suggestion that "niggers" made better waiters than their white fellows, and should be admitted to the unions.

All of which recalls the following true tale, printed in this paper several years ago:

"A lieutenant of the Forty-Eighth (colored) Infantry one day discovered one of his sergeants a big, husky darkey, giving a merciless beating to a small Filipino.

"'Here!' said the lieutenant, 'don't you know that you've no right to handle the man in that way!'

"'I know it boss,' answered the sergeant, 'but dese heah inferiah races hab got to be kep' down!'"

* * *

Hooley was once a "financial magnate," but for some time he has been regarded less charitably. He was a forerunner of the unscrupulous modern Trust promoter—the man who establishes a "trust" with the intention of betraying it.

Here in America, despite continued prosperity, there are evident the first symptoms of public distrust. The Amalgamated and the Anaconda Copper Companies at their recent meetings both failed to declare expected dividends. From 130 and 54, respectively, the price of stock has dropped to 88 and 34. This violent slump may not prove to have been justified, but as long as the outside stockholders possess no reliable information, alarm is taken at the first signs of a break.

Other trusts (notably the so-called Rope Trust, which shows this year a loss of $487,000, as against a profit last year of $147,000, and the Sewing Cotton Trust which has also failed as a dividend earner) are justifying the pessimistic prophecy which greeted their floatation.

We cannot afford to build on quicksands, for stormy times are sure to come. As the New York "Outlook" concludes in a review of the situation "There are two remedies for the existing wrong. First, the various stock exchanges should compel all companies the securities of which are listed to make at regular intervals verified reports conveying exact information concerning earnings and general conditions. Secondly, our State Governments should insist upon regular public accounting as a condition to obtaining any license to do business."

* * *

On the other hand, control of the corporations from which the financier draws his profits—let it be called honestly for comparison's sake—does not pass out of his hands. Such concerns as the Standard Oil Company, the Telephone Company here on the Pacific Coast, and the new formed Salt Trust,assess their customers,not their shareholders, when they desire extra profits.

We are forgetting to protest about the price of oil, though the immense yearly dividends of the trust remind us that something is wrong.

As for telephone dues we have been in leading strings from the beginning and know no better. We cheerfully pay four or five times as much as in England, where the business is in the hands of the Government.

Salt, however, is a new grievance. The price in a year has been raised from an average of $6.60 per ton to about $21.20. This, it is true, only affects the small consumer to the extent of a little over half a cent per pound; but to the owner of a stock ranch, the curer and the manufacturer it is a serious matter.

It would pay those affected to acquire, if it is still possible, an independent salt deposit and plant. With a margin of something over 200 per cent. profit there is room for a venture. If the big concern attempted to freeze out its small competitor the co-operating partners could pool their losses and the resulting savings and undoubtedly come out ahead on the game. In a duel between a big man and a small man the former is at a disadvantage. He is a large mark.

* * *

The automobile has been put to a novel use upon the Continent. M. Deutsch suggested that at bull fights the picador ride in an automobile, and the scheme was put into operation at Bayonne, September 29, but ended in a fiasco. The automobile was one of 12-horse power, and was all sheathed in with iron to prevent the bull from catching his horns in it. It was intended to have the picador stand on the seat of the car. The bull, however, did not care to come in contact with the strange looking vehicle and devoted his attention to the matador. Finally, the bull was induced to make one onset and he struck the front wheel, coming in contact with the iron plate. One of the wheels of the automobile caught one of the hoofs of the bull, laming him. The crowd exclaimed in indignation at the loss of their sport, and the motor carriage had to be removed from the ring and the bull was killed in the ordinary way.—Scientific American.

* * *

San Francisco is fortunate among cities in the possession of a reception hall that cannot be equalled for the purpose in any other city of the world. This is the Mark Hopkins institute, a private house on a gigantic scale and now a palace of fine arts. It is unique in its class. The other American cities wishing to give such a public reception as the one last week to the clergy attending the Episcopal Convention or a banquet like the one given recently to the Chicago Chamber of Commerce have to depend upon a bare, cold hall, or a modern, flashy hotel. We have for the purpose a palace and an art-gallery rolled into one. As time goes on, this use of the historic mansion is becoming of first rank importance.

* * *

In the London "Saturday Review" appears some entertaining comment upon M. H. Bellyse Baildon's "Robert Louis Stevenson: A Life Study in Criticism."

As he says, he has the advantage over Colvin in that he knew Stevenson years before the editor of the "Letters" was aware of his existence. Louis "brewed a peck o' maut" and Colvin, Hamerton and the rest "cam' to pree." But, "I claim to have been present at the mixing of the 'brew,' and even to have had some hand in it, and pree'd it when far from mature." "I was not very often in 17 Heriot Row, and I had a notion then, of which I have never been disabused, that I was not a 'persona grata' to Stevenson 'pere,'" still Mr. Bellyse Baildon collaborated in an unfinished story in a school magazine with R. L. S., preserves a rhyming letter he wrote at the age of 15, and saw him several times in later years. On these occasions "in pleasant fraternal converse we would report ourselves to each other and exchange mental electricities." Later on Mr. Baildon saw Mrs. Stevenson at a little distance, "but was not introduced to her." Later still Stevenson, in Samoa, instructed his publishers to send his old comrade a copy of the "Ballads," "a form of compliment he had never before paid me." The friendship, fragmentary as it was, thus maintained a wonderful warmth, and when the news of Stevenson's death came, Mr. Bellyse Baildon felt as if "a comrade in arms was shot down at one's side."

Upon this slender intercourse Mr.Baildon maintains his right of judgment, and in speaking of Stevenson's marriage he gives this startling information: "There can be no doubt the attachment formed was strong on both sides, and the desire for each other's society one not readily put aside, and that she, Mrs. Stevenson, was not necessarily without considerable influence upon Stevenson and his work."

The reviewer concludes: "About the streets of Edinburgh there must be still living many a person who, without being actually welcome in the house ("'persona grata' to Stevenson 'pere'") passed the door of 17 Heriot Row in those days or paused at a little distance to watch the infant take his place in his perambulator. When such sources of information have been thoroughly exhausted, and not till then shall we have the clue to a really critical understanding of the author of 'Treasure Island.'"

Wild Story-Tellers I Have Known.

Star-Eyes—The Tale of a Bob-Cat.

By David Atkins.

STAR-EYES was the name of a young bob-cat. He was christened as a kitten by a pretty girl who sat at the base of a great tree with her lover one autumn evening. They were talking of the stars as lovers are wont, and these two gleaming eyes were seen high up on an overhanging branch. For a moment the young people were deceived, but only for a moment. The strange light died out, and presently as they sat listening to the distant chatter from the merry party round the camp fire, the moon rose full and round over the mountain, revealing the dark tracery of the branches, and showing crouched where they had seen the stars the lithe sinewy form of a young lynx.

The story of the lovers does not enter into this history, but the girl half-laughing, half-chagrined said: "So those were our gleaming stars," and as the cat humped his back and rotted off, she added, "Good-bye Star-eyes."

* * *

Those who know the animals well may think that I humanize them, but those who have lived so near them as to know something of their ways and their minds will not think so.

Truly bobcats have no speech as we understand it, but they have a way of conveying ideas by a system of sounds, signs, scents, whisker-touches, movements, and example that answers the purpose of speech; and it must be remembered that though in telling this story I freely translate Colorado bobcat into English, I REPEAT NOTHING THAT THEY DID NOT SAY.

* * *

Star-eyes and his mother Tabby lay at ease in the sunshine. They had eaten and were happy. As they stretched themselves on the grass a wild oat was bent over by the breeze till it tickled the back of Star-eyes's head. He rolled over like any kitten and with his soft, hairy, padded paws played with the swaying grass, sending it this way and that while his mother watched him, purring in her contentment.

To those who had never seen Star-eyes and his fierce-kind mother at home, and who know the lynx (or bobcat, as he is called in the West, because of his short tail) only as he appears treed,or at bay before the hounds, the joy of these animals in the sunshine would seem strange. As with us, however,their lives do not consist merely in the business of eating. For them there are periods of rest, and also of instruction.

Tabby, whose mate only a couple of months before had been run to death by the hounds, was anxious to teach her son how to meet the dangers of the wood.

"Tackle low and hold on" had been his first lesson, but that was before death had broken up the happy family. Now he was told the rules of the animals, "hide and seek," a game in which capture is cruel death. He was taught to enter running water to break his trail—a hard lesson. At first he could not bear being wet; but one day as he stood hesitating at the brink of a pool looking longingly after his mother who had swum across, he saw a fish poised lazily below the surface. Quick as a flash he curved his paw till it was a living spoon; then he jerked the surprised fish out on the bank. He had splashed himself from head to foot with water and it did not hurt him. He had also done that which he knew only his dead father, of all the Colorado bobcats, had been able to do. From that day he was never afraid of water.

Star-eyes soon learned to swim. Then his mother taught him the mysteries of traps, and that sunny afternoon was explaining the strange fear that comes with the smell of a human hand.

Suddenly, as faint as a whisper, there was borne up to them on the wind the baying of hounds. The lesson ceased, and the two frightened animals lay still with their muscles tense and rigid.

Nearer and nearer on the gentle summer breeze came the bell-like baying. Star-eyes said nothing, knowing that a near-by whisper can make a distant sound unmeaning.

"Now," said Tabby, "squat while I go and keep these beasts out of mischief." Away she dashed toward the approaching terror. Star-eyes, crouching as he was bidden, saw her short, stubby tail disappear in the undergrowth.

All that long day he lay there silent and motionless. Sometimes near, sometimes far, sounded that awful baying of the hounds. Once he heard the wild chorus by which he knew they had surrounded their quarry. Then poor lonely Star-eyes moaned in terror.

Toward evening the sound of the chase died away. The moon gilded the underside of the branches as it rose, and still Star-eyes waited as he had been bidden, cold and hungry.

Then nearer and nearer sounded a mournful, pitiful cry. Star-eyes quivered, afraid to believe his ears. Louder and louder it came till he could no longer have any doubt. It was his mother in pain, calling him.

He found her at last, dragging herself on her two front legs through the underbrush, torn and bleeding, and, but for Star-eyes' sake, eager to die.

Poor Tabby! She had run all that fateful morning, doubling and twisting, but leading the dogs further and further away from her son. But toward noon as she left them behind, a fresh pair of hounds was unleashed close behind her as she passed near the hunters, and once again her chase began. She heard the dogs panting behind her. Double as she would they were close at her heels. Once she felt their warm breath as they snapped at her vainly.

It was springtime in the mountains, and the streams ran full. By this chance she saved her life. There was no time for cunning now and in her wild blind dash she came to a brawling stream. It was too wide to jump and too swift to swim. But there was not an instant for choice. Without faltering Tabby leaped sheer into the middle of the thundering waters, and was swept away like a fallen leaf, down, down, down. Once or twice as the swelling waters bore her between the rocks, she snatched a breath. Then at the foot of a long cruel rapid where she had been buffeted from boulder to boulder, she was borne by the water deep into a pool, down until she thought it was the end of all.

Just as she gave up hope, she rose to the surface again in a quiet eddy of the pool. She felt the sunshine and took breath, swimming, Oh so weakly! Soon her breathing hurt her less, and she looked for a landing place. The rock, smooth and water-worn, gave no encouragement, but choosing the best foothold she could see she clambered weakly out, looking thin and wretched beyond my power to tell.

But she was not free from her persecuters. As she left the water she was seen by the two hunters who had sent their dogs after her. They stood on the further bank of the torrent.

Quick as a flash the elder man raised his rifle, and fired the bullet that crippled poor Tabby, after she had won her freedom. With a cry of pain, she tried to run, once and again; and then realizing that her legs were useless crawled off, dragging them behind her, and was gone before the men on the other side had time to fire again.

"A good shot, sir," said the guide, laughing. "I wonder is that the bobcat the dogs were after."

* * *

Tabby could hunt no more. She lay helpless and sick in their hiding place. Star-eyes comforted her as well as he could,and he took up the cares of the household.

At first Star-eyes was a poor hunter. The streams were too fast and cold for fish, and the pair came near starving. For a week they lived on grasshoppers that his mother caught with her forepaws as she lay crippled in the sun. Soon Star-eyes began to learn. Necessity to hunt for two made him cunning beyond all his kind. He grew to be unusually strong and handsome, for the constant exercise kept him in fine condition.

* * *

One autumn day, however, once again they heard the baying of the hounds. Now it was Star-eyes turn to defend his mother. He was proud to do it, and well able,—better indeed than she had been.

Climbing high into a tree he took his bearings. Then making a wide circle he crossed the path of the hounds about half a mile before them. This was his protective fence about his helpless mother. This path he took was one which the dogs would not cross. He ran easily and lightly saving his breath for the day's chase.

Soon he heard the dogs announce the discovery of his trail in their deep voices. He quickened his pace instinctively, and running in a great spiral, kept increasing the distance from his mother. His object was not to throw the hounds

off the scent, for he could have done it easily. No, he wanted there to be no doubt in the mind of the hounds, no climbing of his invisible fence.

Suddenly before him he saw two men and a woman, carrying guns. He doubled sharply and crossed his own tracks, intending to run around them; but they had not seen him and he crouched a moment waiting. Then he saw that they were heading steadily toward his mother, and he knew he must attract their attention.

Back he circled again, crossing just in front of them but too fast to give them a chance to shoot. They stood a moment watching and then went on. Again Star-eyes crossed them and they raised their guns. Although the baying hounds came nearer, time after time he crossed and recrossed, seeking to draw them off.

"He has his reasons for this," said one of the men; "let us go on and see what he means; it may make a story."

In vain poor Star-eyes gave them chance after chance. They pressed straight on till at last they were within a hundred yards of Tabby.

Then the great hounds burst into the trail, and in an instant the faithful, bewildered Star-eyes was torn to pieces within hearing of his mother.

They did not find Tabby. For days she suffered, lying there in the sunshine and the darkness, catching what few insects she could to live on.

Her movements became more and more feeble and at last ceased altogether. She lay there for a day, a hot dazzling day, unable to drag herself toward the water she longed for. Toward evening the weak limbs ceased to quiver; the failing breath became fainter and fainter till it failed. Tabby's long, cruel dying was ended. Her eyes were closed in death.

EPILOGUE.

DENVER (Col.), October 10.—Ernest Seton-Thompson, the noted writer on wild animals, and John Goff, the man who guided President Roosevelt through his late lion hunt, have been arrested for infraction of the Colorado game laws. They are charged by a deputy game warden in Rio Blanco county with baiting a beartrap with venison and chasing deer with dogs, and are now out on bail. It was contended by both Mr. Goff and Mr. Seton-Thompson that not a shot has been fired by either of them and that the only deer killed was a buck, which fell before Mrs. Seton-Thompson, who will have the head mounted as a trophy. Mr. Seton-Thompson says he derives more pleasure from photographing the animals than he possibly could by killing them. A strong denial is made of the charge that they were running their dogs after deer. THEY SAY THEY DID RUN THE DOG AFTER A BOBCAT, BUT IT ENDED THERE.

A New Phenomonen.

That wonderful little athletic institution, Ukiah High School, has turned out another phenomenal athlete in young Will Hagans, a boy of sixteen, who last Saturday, approached coast records and smashed academic records in both the sprinting events.

There is no school in the country which, for results with the material at hand, equals this country academy. The average attendance is forty-five boys of all ages. Yet for four or five years they have roosted at the top of the league of twenty schools including some with an attendance of nearly five hundred boys. Three times, including last Saturday, they have won the championship. Some of their school records would look well if posted for figures in the Eastern Intercollegiate games. Such are Hagans, two-hundred-and-twenty-yard dash in 22 3-5 on a bad dirt track, and Henley's 6 feet 1 inch in the high jump, 10 feet 7 inches in the pole vault and 22 feet 10 inches in the broad jump. Weller's best performances in the weights and hurdles have seldom been equalled by school-boy athletes anywhere, and the other records all along the line are almost as good.

This would not be strange if Ukiah High School existed for athletics alone, recruited everywhere and kept athletes regardless of school work. But it does not. The scholarship rank is high, and a boy who does not keep up in his studies is dropped. The marvelous athletic record seems to be a combination of climate, enthusiasm and "hustle."

* * *

Young Hagans is made for a world-beater. He has the same long, wiry legs which carried Wefers to his world records. They are undeveloped as yet, but they have all sorts of speed in them. As shown by his great bursts of speed at the tape Saturday, he has full nervous control, a crucial test of a sprinter. He refuses to train and showed it by fainting after a long sprint. If he buckles down to training, he has every chance of being a world-beater, for it is doubtful if any lad of his age and development ever equalled his performance of Saturday.

Villanelle of Things Amusing.

These are the things that make me laugh;
Life's a preposterous farce, say I,
And I've missed of too many jokes, by half!

The high-heeled antics of colt and calf,
The men who think they can act and try—
These are things that make me laugh!

The hard-boiled poses of photograph,
The groom still wearing his wedding tie—
And I've missed of too many things, by half!

A maid's denial, a lover's chaff,
The rank conceit of the new-born fly—
These are the things that make me laugh!

These are the bubbles I gayly quaff,
Such straws will tickle me till I die,
And I've missed of too many jokes, by half!

So write me down, in my epitaph,
As one too fond of his health to cry;
These are the things that make me laugh,
And I've missed of too many jokes, by half!

From "A Gage of Youth," a new book of verses by Gelett Burgess. Published by Small, Maynard and Company.

Weller, Winner of 220 yard Hurdle Race.

Chaplin's Winning Broad Jump.

Academic Field Day.

POLICE JUDGE CHARLES T. CONLAN,
An able and fearless jurist whose fairness and impartiality on the bench insures his re-election.

POLITICAL

A FEW weeks ago had any one told the Republican leaders that at this time their party would be in its present demoralized condition, he would have been ridiculed. Never did the condition of a party's affairs appear more roseate than the Republican's then. With the prestige of a clean sweep last year, with the city 10,000 Republican on the Presidential ticket, with the party forces well organized, and flushed with the enthusiasm and energy of a hot primary campaign, with the recent murder of the President to call forth eulogies of him and the party, they found themselves opposed to a party which almost by its very virtue had become unpopular, which had been deserted by almost all of the element which is most active at election times, and which had been forced by the fact of its being in power at the time of a great strike to antagonize a larger element of the laboring people. In addition, the Democratic party was without newspaper support. The "Examiner" had been for years at swords' points with the men at the present controlling the Democratic organization, while the "Chronicle" which had opposed the faction of the Republicans successful at the primaries was sitting ready to be tilted into camp by some small effort at conciliation

The condition of affairs was exemplified by the avidity with which nominations on the two tickets were sought for. The contrast was painful. The Republicans were besieged with applicants for each position on the ticket, while Democratic nominations were vainly offered now to this one and now to that.

The Democrats moreover found themselves without a leader. Phelan, once a tower of strength with the independent vote, had fallen a victim to unceasing abuse and declined to become a target again.

The usual consequence followed, with the party which was certain of success candidates were sought whose prime qualification was their manageability after election. With the other party, men were wanted with the ability to win election from the very jaws of defeat. This gave the Democrats the first trick. They nominated a ticket of exceptional character, while the Republican ticket, although containing a number of excellent names, could not compare with it for an instant as regards general personnel.

Then commenced a series of the most remarkable blunders in party management conceivable. Flushed with success at the primaries, the successful faction considered itself strong enough to ignore the other elements of the party, including the party press. This brought about a curious condition of affairs. The "Chronicle," which had always been a loyal supporter of anything Republican, felt itself humiliated, yet with an eye to the future did not dare to bolt the party. It contented itself with omitting all reference to the Republican ticket and ignoring it altogether, except to denounce its nominees for supervisors editorially.

The "Call," not having the same strings on it as the "Chronicle," has gone to greater lengths in abuse of its own party. This leaves the ticket without newspaper support except what it gets from the "Post." While the party managers may pretend to scout the influence of the papers, they cannot afford to do so. Conceding that the editorial opinions of the papers do not carry much weight with the individual voter, nevertheless the papers through their news columns are of inestimable value in advertising the candidates and the creation of public "sentiment."

The advent of the Labor Party added a new element of uncertainty and consequently of danger to over confident Republicans. The Labor party started out as a scheme of the "Examiner," but the "Examiner" was careless and let the Labor party get away from it. As a result, the "Examiner," which would have helped the Republicans, by encouraging its Democratic readers to support the third party ticket, was compelled to choose the lesser evil and stand by the Democratic ticket.

The selection of a head for each ticket had also contributed to Democratic advancement. Mr. Wells was nominated by Mr. Burns against the advice of the other party leaders. He was a concession to the independent voter. He was opposed by many interests and on many grounds, but his record as a public officer and his respectability were supposed to be decisive in his favor, although he was known to be no good as a programmer and steadily refused to tie up the organization as a condition of his nomination. Still he was nominated, and ever since that time he has been talking for publication and weakening his strength as a candidate. He has permitted the papers to make the railroad a conspicuous feature in the make-up of the ticket, and he has enraged DeYoung beyond hope of reconciliation. Another thing against Wells is his age. Unlike his opponents, he cannot make a vigorous campaign.

Schmitz, the labor candidate, started out wit many things in his favor. He had two weeks' start, he had the strike and he had the "Examiner." With the memory of the strike fast fading away, that advantage may be overcome by election time. There is one loss, however, that Schmitz will feel, and that is the "Examiner." It seems that the "Examiner" has let Ruef turn its own trick. It was said that Ruef was the author of the speech that Schmitz made the other night at the ratification meeting. .It was certainly a well written and finished production.

This leaves Tobin with the field against him. He starts in with the advantage of youth. He is rich, which means freedom from pecuniary temptation. He is substantial and respectable enough to satisfy the most exacting. He is experienced. He has a public record to be proud of. Then he has other things which will help him. He has a name which is synonymous south of the slot with probity and security. The Hibernia Bank has 70,000 depositors. These are mostly men of small means who have placed their all in the keeping of the Tobins. This is uot a thing to be despised by any means. Schmitz' candidacy is another help to him in this way. The business community will not stand for Schmitz in any event. They will vote to beat him, and with Tobin having the best chance as between Tobin and Wells, that vote will mostly go to Tobin.

Tobin made a friend of the sporting community by the stand he took in the Ingleside business, when he even went to the length of quarreling with Phelan.

The best thing, however, is that he has so far made no mistakes. His attitude during the strike was such as not to injure him with either element. He is a friend of the redoubtable labor champion, Father Yorke, and his standing in the business community is such that the employers can find no reason for opposing him.

With all these elements of strength, with youth, energy, and character, with solid and influential backing, with the express or tacit endorsement of the press, and with a solid organization, it looks as though the new Moses had been found to lead the local Democracy out of the wilderness.

J. K. L.

Episcopal Convention October 14th. Delegates being admitted to elect officers.

General Alger's "History."

BY civil process, by court-martial, by the ruling of a commission decisions may be arrived at; but in the end the verdict sought is that of the public. Public opinion only is satisfactory, and that it may be influenced in these days of journalism a new form of pleading has come into use. The old fashioned flattering of the jury has been adapted by the great man of the present day to new uses. He places touching confidence in his "readers." No longer satisfied with the praise or blame of his superiors he desires that all shall know exactly what was done and said and thought. He makes haste to lay himself interestingly bare.

We have had the Dreyfus letters which we feel, of course, were justified; we have had contributions to the magazines from nearly all the chief figures in the Spanish war; and while we are waiting for twelve volume records of the Schley and Sampson controversy,and a book from the much baited Buller, we are given General Alger's "History of the Spanish American War," a collection of dignified though dilatory repartee, after a long and busy silence.

This fact appears to have developed in spite of Schley's kindly statement to the contrary—there really was not enough glory to go round. To envelope one man, others are left in the cold. General Alger attempts to draw the mantle of glory about Shafter, Eagan and himself, and in so doing it appears necessary that he "expose" Miles, Sampson, and even Roosevelt.

Of Miles he speaks with contempt:

He insisted on sending to Cuba, for use with infantry operating in a tropical jungle and over a country impassable to vehicles, his "portable" shields, each weighing one thousand pounds, and each occupying as much room on a transport as a hospital ambulance; he reccommended the abandonment of Santiago after Cervera's fleet had been destroyed, thereby lifting the siege of the city and large garrison, without reaping the fruits of victory then practically in our hands; he wanted five hundred marines of the navy placed under his control, and he expressed the opinion that a proposed force of 16,452 men, mostly volunteers, was "ten thousand more than will be required" for General Merritt's Philippines expedition.

The "embalmed beef" issue is of course referred to at length, but whatever the beef was, the story is old and stale.

Poor Sampson is first sympathized with, and then ridiculed and blamed:

"It is difficult to account for Admiral Sampson's seeming attitude toward the army during the operations before Santiago, as well as to excuse him from his contradictory statements, subsequently made in his official report. After the third of July the Admiral's conduct may be due to the keen disappointment resulting from his non-participation in the engagement with Cevera's squadron. Possibly he felt that Shafter's request for a conference on the morning of July 3, innocent though it was, was responsible for his being deprived of the honor of actively participating as Commander-in-Chief in one of the most remarkable victories in the annals of naval warfare."

The sinking of the Merrimac approved by Sampson he criticizes strongly, pointing out that to lock Cevera into Santiago harbor was to shut himself out, and leave the taking of Morro Castle to the overburdened army.

"It is the opinion of the military officers at Santiago that it would have cost us many thousand additional lives to take the city by assault, even after the capture of San Juan Heights. Had Cevera found egress impossible he would doubtless have destroyed his ships and placed ashore his two thousand marines and sailors, with their machine and rapid fire guns, to aid the Spanish army."

President Roosevelt suffers, not by attack, but by omission. The story of the storming of San Juan is told without bringing in the "Rough Riders" They are not alluded to, in fact, in the whole chapter. However, in Chapter XII "After the capture of San Juan" a paragraph is quoted from Roosevelts book "The Rough Riders" to show that the First Volunteer cavalry (i. e., the "Rough Riders") did not join the infantry in its charge on San Juan blockhouse and that portion of San Juan Ridge to the left of Santiago road commonly known as San Juan Hill, but made their assault on that part of San Juan Ridge to the right of the road after San Juan block house and the trenches to the left of the road had been taken by the infantry and part of the cavalry brigade.

"By these quotations," he explains, "it is not intended in any manner to discredit the part the cavalry took in that battle, but to place them in their true position upon the field. Though a portion of the cavalry brigade did not participate in the attack on San Jaun Hill, as it is generally termed, their attack upon Kettle Hill and subsequently upon the enemy's position on San Juan Ridge to the right of the line was gallantly carried out."

Exception is not taken to the signing of the famous "Round Robin," though General Alger maintains that it was anticipated by Shafter, in a report to authorities, and that an order from the department had been already dispatched for the return of the army. Exception is taken, however, very strongly, to the method of its publication. Negotiations were in progress; appearance counted for everything at that moment; and here was suddenly betrayed a state of dissatisfaction that must have savored of mutiny to European countries. He does not place the responsibility of this publication upon anyone in particular, but he gives the impression that he might if he cared.

This re-fighting of the battles, if it does not tend to make military and naval authorities "play to the gallery" is a healthy business, though comic. Since it has become fashionable we are assused of genuine competition and the ventilation of grievances.

There is a useless expenditure of time and money, but if we choose to investigate and the parties accused are willing, who should interfere. One thing is certain, we are spared the fear of an army "trust," and military domination.

The lesson of the entire war appears to be that the glory was a matter of chance. Dewey escaped unchallenged, but had his fleet been destroyed by mines in that daring entrance of Manila harbor his deed would have gone down to posterity, not as the bravest, but as the most foolish venture in American naval history.

POLICE JUDGE A. J. FRITZ,
whose record on the bench has been highly creditable,and his re-election seems assured.

Episcopal Convention October 14th, Closed doors and disappointed visitors.

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

I feel so terribly religious. Every day this last week I have been mingling with the dignitaries of the church. It has been a great treat. Such fun, too. Really, mama, dear, you would so have enjoyed the manner in which these men were treated. The men, with but a few exceptions, treated them as men. But our own sex, mama! Oh, we just groveled. Women are the hero-worshipers. No great man, no man who even attained an infinitesimal degree of greatness, would ever know criticism, were the women only those to be considered. It amused me vastly, but I noticed that I, too, paid great deference to the wishes of any of these men, and, would you believe it, absolutely forgot to analyze their statements. Well, it must be a failing or a charm of our sex. It is, if a failing, apparently a charming one, for every bishop that I met treated me as though I were a queen. That may be the bishop manner, but it is flattering, and makes one so happy. I like the Bishop of Newcastle best, because he has such a heavenly voice, but Bishop Nichols' smile could charm away all sorrow, and make even the greatest pessimist see some bright spot in this world. Of course, I know Bishop Potter best. He is just like a breath of sunshine from another world. Everyone that I have met feels just as I do, and I really believe the people of San Francisco will feel better for having such men in their midst. Their influence will certainly be felt for many a long day. I am better for having known them, and am not terribly impressionable; just think how those who are impressionable must feel.

There has been an exhibition of the different missionaries at the old Clark Crocker house. That is splendid, for it shows the development of the different foreign races, and gives one an idea as to what absolute savages exist in the world, and among what uncivilized people missionaries have to go to teach Christianity. Yet I have even heard you criticise them, my dear mama. But you must never again, for they do untold good, and have to work hard and get but little compensation, except from the fact that they are spreading the gospel. Papa I know will say when he reads this, "To a true Christian, Elizabeth, dear, that is sufficient compensation." But, papa, dear, even a missionary must live.

There were several dinners and receptions to these men last week, and all the Episcopalians in town were to be seen. Mrs. Phœbe Hearst looked particularly well, and was most gracious. Mrs. Will Crocker was handsomer than I have ever seen her. Mrs. Henry Scott was quite regal. She has that English haughty air that one hardly ever notices in an American. Then, there was the Southern crowd, Mrs. Voorhies, Mrs. Van Wyck, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Salisbury—hundreds of others, mama, dear, each interesting, really; for one saw at these receptions people of wealth and worth who are not society women, for they find too much that is serious in life to be frivolous.

I could not get auntie to go to any of these affairs. She is decidedly bigoted and peculiar, though awfully generous and sweet to her wayward niece. She said she thought I'd make a good vicar's wife, and suggested trying to marry me to one, but, mama, dear, you know at present religion is just my fad. I know I shall recover from it.

I'm back again to the girls—Edith Stubbs and Caro Crockett, and Florence Deming, whom I have just met. I shall tell you about her first, for you must be a little weary of the others. She, like most of the girls out here, has a lovely complexion, a stunning figure and fine hair. She goes with her own little crowd, and I think I have met them all now. The one I prefer of her crowd is Leah Shinglebeyer. She is so sensible, thoughtful, and a really true woman. She neither criticizes nor backbites, and, mama, dear, is really not a bit of a prig. Then, there is a girl called Gibbons I liked, too, though I don't know her very well, but she has a sweet, winning way. Auntie approves of these girls as real friends, as she puts it. "The girls, dear, who would be your friends through thick and thin." They are not rowdy nor perhaps so full of fads as the Burlingame-San Mateo-Menlo crowd; nor so mancrazy as the Salisbury and Ellinwood crowds; but they will make the men who marry them happier and eventually their children will be the representative citizens of San Francisco. That is uncle's version. He has no use at all for army or navy men, and but little for the half-witted crowd living off their fathers and fathers-in-law, that are about town.

Most of the older men despise these young society chaps for whom, really, mama, dear, there is no excuse. They absolutely don't know what a sense of responsibility means. Here now, there is ample opportunity for them to interest themselves in the municipal government, but no, they fool their time away. The consequence is, the society people are not as powerful asthey should be in politics. Uncle being interested feels this all terribly. Uncle also says that the strike in San Francisco would still be on had not Mr. Pierpont Morgan privately telegraphed to President Roosevelt the horrible condition of affairs. In his turn Roosevelt telegraphed to Governor Gage that unless the strike were settled at once, San Francisco would be placed under martial law.

But this is not society, but it is the half-society, half-political atmosphere in which all young San Franciscans live. We always sit with uncle and his friends in uncle's smoking-room after dinner. I think that is one reason the girls out here are so really smart—you see, mama, the older men realize the irremediable condition of these young men with whom their poor intelligent daughters must associate and so let them sit around with the older people in order to hear good, common sense occasionally in their otherwise rather blank lives.

You asked me, mama, dear, in your last letter did I smoke. Yes, mama, dear, all the girls do, but never with the men, so you see there is absolutely no harm in it. I think it would be highly improper to smoke with a lot of young fellows, and besides, some one of them might tell, and that would be very dangerous. Whereas, girls do not tell that sort of thing of each other, and yet can thoroughly enjoy a cigarette—especially after luncheon. San Francisco girls, taking them all in all, I really think are infinitely less spiteful than those at home. I have seen less envy and less endeavors to win another girl's sweetheart from her out here than I really could believe possible. It is quite a point of honor here to "keep off the grass," and that is just as generally understood and respected as is the Chinaman's word. Think, mama dear, uncle says one need never get a Chinaman to put a deed in writing; his word is as good as his deed. I'm so sorry that some of the boys around San Francisco cannot be imbued with the despised Chinaman's sense of honor.

This letter, mama dear, all comes from the good influence of the bishops.

ELIZABETH.

SMALL TALK.

Miss Margaret Salisbury was the hostess at a luncheon given to Miss Edith Stubbs one day during the week. Most of the guests were Miss Stubbs' bridesmaids.

Mr. Harrison Parker arrived this week in San Francisco. He is just as bright and handsome as when he was here a few year ago, and does not appear a day older.

Owing to the death of Mrs. Cooper's sister, Miss Ethel Cooper's tea to Miss Stubbs has been indefinitely postponed.

Lieutenant Winn was a passenger on the transport Kilpatrick last week. He is a guest at the Boardman's on Franklin street. His little daughter Dorothy Boardman Winn grows more like him every year.

Miss Katherine Dillon entertained about a hundred girls at tea on Tuesday afternoon. The reception was to introduce Miss Jacqueline Moore of Oakland. Miss Moore is a tall dignified young lady and will be one of this seasons debutantes. Miss Herrin, Miss Pearl Landers and Miss Jacqueline Moore will be the three pretty debutantes of the year. Miss Kate Brigham will be the brightest, she being endowed with a tremendous fund of information on almost any subject which one can mention.

Mrs. Landers and Mrs. Fred Tallant have sent out cards for a tea on October the twenty-sixth. At this tea Miss Pearl Landers will be formally introduced as a debutante.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a small tea last week introducing Miss Coleman of New Orleans to some people of San Francisco. Miss Coleman is a handsome young Southerner with a rich voice and most attractive personality.

The wedding of Miss Florence Deming and Mr. Hawley took place on Wednesday last. Miss Deming made a beautiful bride. She was accompanied by Miss Shinglebeyer and Miss Marjorie Gibbons. She was the recipient of many beautiful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Hawley upon their return from the South will live in this city.

The Presidio dance Wednesday night was an undoubted success. There are a large number of young army officers at the Presidio now and they made a brilliant showing at the ball. Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss May Denman and Miss Leontine Blakeman were the belles. But each and every girl received tremendous attention and more dances of this kind will be hailed with delight.

The marriage is announced of Miss Maybelle Stone to Mr. Nathaniel Cole for the evening of Oct. 16th at St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

The George McNears have taken the George Newhall house for the winter. They expect to entertain a great deal, and being jolly people the Newhall house will be opened as it has not been for many years.

The Allens, Ross Valley, have taken the Mayo Newhall house. Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen will spend part of the winter with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Mincu of San Anselmo have taken the Maurice Casey house for the winter. They belong to the musical crowd of San Francisco,and have quite as interesting musicales as those of which one hears in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Mrs. McGavin, the Lathrops, the Stillman's, and Barkans,are others of this crowd.

The wedding of Miss Crockett and Mr. Laurence Scott took place at Grace Church, Wednesday,at noon. Miss Crockett never seemed happier, and her coloring was beautiful. Her gown of white satin showed off the lines of her figure to perfection. Her six bridemaids in pink were among the prettiest girls in San Francisco.

After the wedding a reception took place at the bride's mother's house on California street. Miss Crockett and Mr. Scott were the recipients of many handsome presents. Mrs. Crockett, Mrs. Irving Scott, Mrs. Henry Scott and Mr. Laurence Scott presented Miss Crockett with handsome pieces of jewelry. She also received a great deal of silver and cut glass. Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott will reside at the Crockett house until their own house on Broadway can be finished.

Miss Georgia Hopkins has already been the recipient of nearly thirty engagement cups. There is a rivalry in the number of cups these young girls have received. Mrs. Walter Martin so far, heads the list; but she is by far the greatest favorite. In fact almost sufficient of a favorite to win a place for her husband in the affections of her own friends.

Miss Bell of Berkeley was hostess at a tea given to Miss Coleman of New Orleans on Monday last.

Mrs. Walter Martin has closed El Cenito for the winter, and will spend the next few months with Mrs. Eleanor Martin on the corner of Broadway and Buchanan streets.

Mrs. Will Taylor is spending the winter with Mrs. Ed. Hopkins on California street. Miss Georgia Hopkins and Mr. Fred McNear will be married early in February. Mrs. Gus Taylor is again living in her Franklin street home.

Miss Edith Simpson will return to San Francisco next month.

Mrs. Horace Hill has decided to give a Christmas cotillion at her home on Laguna and Sacramento streets. The young people of San Francisco remember how particularly pleasant she was two years ago.

The Drowns will return to San Francisco in December. Miss Bernie still continues to say she is heart whole and fancy free, though there are several very anxious young men in San Francisco; for Miss Bernie is and always has been a great favorite.

Dr. and Mrs. Brigham will give a large dinner dance in November to introduce their second daughter Kate formally into society.

The W. E. Deans have returned from San Rafael owing to an accident to Mr. Dean's ribs, which occured at his mine. Later in the year Mrs. and Miss Helen Dean will go to New York.

Miss Leontine Blakeman has recovered from her recent indisposition, and is once more able to accept the invitations which come to her. She is conceded to be one of San Francisco's greatest favorites.

Miss Miriam Moore will be the guest of her sister Mrs. Pringle this winter in San Francisco. Owing to her being in mourning she will not go out at all.

The Homer Kings will open their classic house on Broadway and Octavia with a large reception at which they will introduce their daughter. Miss Genevieve King is a typical Eastern girl with all the style and manner of her aunt Mrs. Francis Edgerton, one of the best poised women on this Coast.

Till the present time our Government has had so many matters of vital importance to occupy its attention that it has gone straight ahead, treating one thing after another in the order of of urgency.

Now that England has waived formalities in the Isthmian canal preliminaries, and a decision upon the Pacific cable has been made, President Roosevelt is wisely turning his attention to what in manufacturers' phraseology would be termed "utilization of waste."

The far-reaching importance of his plans for irrigation in the vast arid territory of the West, cannot fail to be seen, with the object lesson of Egypt before us.

If these plans are carried into effect we can promise ourselves a material increase in prosperity, and if the land reclaimed is made as easily obtainable as that recently thrown open in the State of Washington, we shall find a final solution for the difficulties of the honest unemployed.

President Roosevelt in planning thus for prosperity has gone down to the most solid of foundations—the soil.

Football, Lowell vs. St. Mathews, October 9th.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

THE Royal Italian Band, under the management of Mr. Channing Ellery and the direction of Signor Creatore, has come to town and is showing at the Alhambra Theatre to houses that in point of numbers are an unqualified disgrace to San Francisco. Point-blank assertion is no argument. We affirm with suspicious emphasis that we are urban and up-to-date to the last degree in all matters relative to the fine arts and their adjuncts; and yet we permit an organization that has staggered the "effete East" with the overwhelming enthusiasm of its undeniable superiority to play to grinning tiers of empty seats. It is a shame to our city; it cannot be minced away nor waved away nor smiled away; we are a pretty jay town and we ought to have enough moral courage to acknowledge it frankly. This band numbers fifty musicians who, under the almost frenzied leadership of Signor Creatore, interpret hand-music as it has never been interpreted here before. The leader has poses and theatrical mannerisms that suggest the "band-stand-play," but after awhile you begin to be troubled and distrust your first snap-shot judgment. You find that every violent toss of the head, every exaggerated gesture means something; you see that it brings some new quality of light and shade into the interpretation; you see that every member of the band watches him with a hypnotized intensity and you have the irresistible feeling that nothing short of dead men could withstand that incarnate whirlwind of magnetic, electric energy. It is called the "Electric Band" with the greatest justice; for its leader is electric, its playing is electric, the atmosphere of the auditorium seems charged with electricity and you almost feel your hair begin to stiffen and rise with the tremendous sweep of it all. I, for one, am heartily thankful that it has been my privilege to hear such extraordinary music.

Barnetta Mueller
Nedda in "I'Pagliacci."

Verdi night at the Tivoli, being the celebrated anniversary of that illustrious composer, brought out a huge audience and billows of rapturous enthusiasm. A mixed program of solos, acts from various operas, etc., was given with pleasing and novel effect. The presentation of "Ernani" at the same house was marked by a smooth and careful portrayal, but was given to a very slim audience. Barbareschi's voice is a trifle heavy-set for the rippling character of some of the work, but she surmounted this as she does nearly all obstacles—with grace and flying colors. Dado's "Infelice" and Ferrari's "Crowned with the Tempest" brought a storm of approval. Castellano sang with his usual spirit and emphasis. Miss Barnetta Mueller, a recent arrival from Paris, made her debut on Wednesday night in "I'Pagliacci," too late for comment in this week's issue. Next week, by special arrangement with Ricordi & Co., the owners of the opera, "La Boheme" will be sung, with Montanari, Agostini, Dado, Ferrari and Zani in the cast.

Mr. Richard Luchessi's concert at Sherman-Clay Hall drew a large audience, mostly women. He presented three numbers of his own composition—a quintet for strings and piano, and two songs sung in good style by Mme. Politini of the Tivoli. Of the latter, the Ave Maria composed on a Bach fugue showed better construction. The quintet was in a very happy vein, the Scherzo and Cantabile Sostenuto movement standing out with especial strength. The Cantabile Sostenuto was the one most in favor with the audience and was, I think, quite the gem of the whole concert. Mr. Luchessi played the Saint-Saens Valse-Caprice with an orchestra of twelve, under the direction of Mr. Harry Samuels; but I think his claims as a composer far outrank his claims to virtuosity. Indeed, under the former head, Mr. Luchessi occupies a position of distinction among San Francisco musicians that is undeniable. Mme. Emilia Tojetti essayed the "Liebstod" from "Tristan" and "Isolde."

Sig. Abramoff, who has been with us for so long, has left to take up teaching in Steinway Hall, New York. He will be followed by Miss Erma Wing, a pupil of his who is said to possess an unusually fine soprano voice, and will give a farewell concert in Sacramento, her home.—On the heels of the rumor crystallized in cold type in these columns last week, comes the formal announcement of the marriage of Mr. Algernon Aspland to Mary Elizabeth Brotherton, the daughter of a prominent family in this city. From this we learn that the WAVE is there with the goods before the other clerk has finished adjusting that I'm-a-devil curl on his mustache. (Now is the time to subscribe.)—Information from a private source enables me to contradict the announced engagement in Paris of Mrs. Alice Ziska-Jennings; instead of getting married, she is to ascend the stage of the Paris Opera Comique and elevate the same.—Yes, indeed. Miss Gretchen Bernett of Oakland is to leave the First Congregational Church with the same fell intention and star Texas with an opera company. She does this under the advice of Emma Nevada, so 'tis said.—Texas should be grateful to Emma. To-night, Miss Genevieve Moroney is tendered a concert at Sherman-Clay Hall by herself and a select list of "patronesses." That sort of thing went out with "bespeaks;" those funny affairs of Dickens' time. Why the name of a few people who have money should, appended to an announcement circular, have any effect on the merits or demerits of a concert is an imposing mystery. Or rather, to be frank, it is not. It is a piece of the very rankest of snobbery and is aimed to draw those people who attend such affairs, not to be helped or entertained by the music, but to stand in the congregation of the rich and sing chorus to the soli of wealth.—Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire:—"The Rosy Morn," by Landon Ronald; published by Boosey & Co. "O, Dry Those Tears," by Teresa del Rigo; published by Boosey & Co.

THE NEW BABY

Opens up a new world to the loving mother. If it is a strong, healthy baby that new world is a world of happiness. If it is a weak, fretful child the new world is full of anxiety. It has been proven in thousands of cases, that the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes all the difference between strength and weakness in children. Healthy, happy mothers have healthy, happy children. "Favorite Prescription" gives the mother strength to give her child. It makes the baby's advent practically painless and promotes the secretion of the nourishment necessary to the healthful feeding of the nursing child.

"I have been using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and can say it is just what you advertise it to be," writes Mrs. Victor J. Hadin, of Leonardsville, Riley Co., Kansas. "I began taking it just two months before baby came and was greatly benefited by its use. The doctor who attended me said I did about as well as any one he had seen (as I was sick only about three hours), and also that your 'Favorite Prescription' was 'one patent medicine' which he did have faith in. We now have a darling baby boy, strong and healthy, who weighed nine pounds when born. During this month he has gained three and one-half pounds. Have never given him one dose of medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD

Will return and resume teaching a limited number of pupils on AUGUST 15TH. Applications for time or an interview can be addressed care of

SHERMAN & CLAY'S.

Achille L. Artigues
PIANIST
Organist of Notre Dame des Victoirer
1248 McAllister St. PHONE Fell 1749

MRS. W. H. HORD,
Piano and Guitar.
Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.
Residence, 2005 Oak St Phone, Page 622
OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.
TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

St. Lawrence

Live y a d Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Among the many honors accorded DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY has been the Royal Warrant recently granted by King Edward. The Royal Family has accorded this honor to DEWAR'S SCOTCH for many years past. It is a compliment which the judges of Scotch whisky think highly deserved.

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material. kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

Loebenstein for Alderman.

SHANG CASEY owed Loebenstein, the saloon-keeper, $14, and he was troubled about it. He sat down on an empty keg to think, and finally evolved a brilliant scheme. He at once called in his friend Skinner.

After a brief consultation Skinner went into the barroom, and calling Buck O'Brien and Kid Levy aside, said:

"Shang's got a scheme dat'll win de Dutchman's life. We're goin' ter run him fer Alderman. Is it a go?"

"Sure," said the gang in chorus.

So eleven of the regular customers gathered in the back room and planned a campaign.

"What's de matter wid Loebenstein?" shouted Casey, presently.

"He's all right," yelled the crowd.

"Who's all right?" asked Casey, and the crowd answered:

"Loebenstein!"

The saloonkeeper went to the back room to see what the commotion was about, and when he entered Casey shouted:

"Three cheers for our next Alderman. Hip, hip! hurrah!"

"Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!" yelled the crowd.

"Boys," said Lobenstein, smiling, "vhich are you doing here?"

"Well." said Casey, "we've decided to run you for Alderman, an' yer got ter take it."

"Hurray for de Alderman!" yelled the crowd. "Hurray!"

"Vell, boys," said the saloonkeeper, "vhen you vill, I suppose you vill, und vhatever I can do for my friends at any times I alvays did. Come, let's have a drink."

And they had several rounds of drinks at the expense of the saloonkeeper. Then Casey borrowed $2 for postage stamps, and a committee of 3 got $5 on account for arrangements. They spent part of the money in buying drinks, and Loebenstein really believed he was doing a bigger business than ever before. Every time they cheered he served a new round.

At 8 o'clock on Tuesday night a crowd of several hundred men and women gathered in front of the saloon. Chinese lanterns and American flags hung over the doorway and windows. Inside a crowd of men were shouting:

"Three cheers for our next Alderman. What's de matter wid Loebenstein? He's all right! Who's all right? Loebenstein!"

The new bartender, who had been hired for the night, had sprinkled clean sawdust on the floor and was shining the glasses behind the bar. Loebenstein, who had been arranging chairs in rows in the rear room, was ordered by Casey to "treat the boys."

"Come, Louis," said the saloonkeeper, to his bartender, "bring out a coupler kegs. Make der ice box in der sandwiches out vhen ve are done speeching."

"Then the crowd sang "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and drank and clinked glasses until they had emptied one of the kegs. Casey finally climbed on a soap box and, motioning for the band to keep quiet, said:

"Feller cit'zens! We have 'sembled here ter-night for de main object of indorsating our 'steemed friend and fellow neighbor whose youse all know, de Hon. Mr. Rudolph Loebenstein, de standard bearer of dis organ'zation. Dere may be some men in dis hall ter-night who tink Mr. Loebenstein wears de cloak of Dick Croker or Richard C. Platt, but I say right here, he's no man's boss! And, as I said before, dese questions while interestin' are largely abstract on de independence which we place in him, with which, and by which, a still greater problem comes relating to de much discarted question of de beginning of de retention of de history involving more danger to our lives and associates dan de struggle against our power for which de great principle of our American institutions immortalized in our Declaration of Independence here ter-night!"

"Hurray! Hurray!" yelled the crowd, at the same time stamping on the floor.

A voice—Three cheers for de Decaration of Independence!

The crowd—Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

Casey—It now gives me great pleasure ter introduce ter yer, de Honorable Rudolph Loebenstein, de next Board of Alderman from de Seventh 'Sembly district.

The crowd—Hurray! Hurray! Hurrah-h-h-h-h-h!

Mr. Loebenstein—Citizen und fellow men vhich are here to-night it gives me pleasure! Und vhen I am electioned I vill see dot everybody vhat votes for me vill get a good chob on der City Hall. I vill see dot danger is der safe-guard of legislature in der idea vhich vere adwanced by der concession of der important improvement vhich vill not deal mit der scandal of bloodshed in our national conditions imposed upon der concessions of der distinguished consideration antagonized on dose propositions vhich call for definite improvement in der outstanding practibility vhich sometimes are immense expenditure to der citizen and county on New York. Und annuder t'ing. Vhen ve shall reach seven und half plus cent on der taxes of obligation it shall be perpetual!

"Three cheers for Perpetual!" yelled Casey.

The crowd—Hurray! Hurrah! Hurray!

Loebenstein—Und, as I vere saying, der tax bill is loudly on der side of der people vhich in dose days of civilization must be remembered under our fertility of such extraordinary enlightment in disregard of der terms of der Constitution to impose no discrimination on Tammany Hall vhile der judicial opinions introduction new problems of der District of Columbia!

"Three cheers for Columbia!" shouted Skinner.

"Three cheers for de Shamrock!" yelled Casey.

"Hurray! Hurrah!" cheered the crowd.

And Loebenstein kept on talking while the band played "Rally 'Round the Flag." The Aldermanic candidate grew red in the face and shouted and became excited, and the louder he talked the louder the band played and the louder the crowd shouted. When he finally sat down exhausted Casey proposed three cheers for the Alderman and they were given with a will. Then the "Alderman" ordered up two more kegs of beer and produced a box filled with sandwiches. And while the crowd drank Casey whispered to Skinner:

"Hey, Skin, let me touch him for ten first, and you fellers kin hit him for $5 apiece when I get t'rough. We kin pull his leg for two more meetin's if he don't git wise to de game."

Then Casey borrowed $10 from Loebenstein for campaign purposes, and the others got in line and borrowed smaller amounts. They told Loebenstein that he would have to see Martin Engel the next day about getting the leader's indorsement, and a Committee of 3 was appointed to call on Engel.

But before the committee got out of bed on Wednesday morning Loebenstein had called on Engel, who informed him that it was only a joke, and that the Tammany slate had already been fixed up without Mr. Loebenstein's name on it. The crowd heard that night that Loebenstein had bought a second-hand pistol in a Bowery pawn shop, so they have kept away from the place since. Now they are anxious to know whether Loebenstein intends to kill Casey or himself.

—N. Y. Sun.

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

CALIFORN'A SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Cor. Californi and Montgomery Streets

SAN FRANCISCO.

SUITS

CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED

BON MAR-HE CLOTHING RENOVATORY

40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.

Ring up Red 5294 We run two wagons

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER
THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336
DON R. DUNBAR
Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes
N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood
"The Castle"
101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG
The True Blue.
308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served.

—ESTABLISHED 1823—
WILSON WHISKY
—THAT'S ALL!
Bielenberg & Weniger
Sole Distributors
101-103 POWELL ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE
Billiard, Pool and Club Room
(Never Closed.)
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.
924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET.

In Spite of Caution.

By David Atkins.

THE mining camp at Draytonville wore a subdued look of mourning. The flag over the saloon drooped at half mast; and the bartender had called in an assistant. There is no mean economy in the Sierras at a funeral.

Samuel Larkin Clavers had departed this life to try his luck elsewhere, and, at the worst, was unhampered by a Debris Commission—or, at least, this was taken gracefully for granted, till the minister had set them right. Then an evident air of complacency began to pervade the assembly. Here was Sam Clavers, a denizen of Heaven! The minister for whom they had sent told them this that they might not mourn, but rejoice. He was brief, it is true, but none the less explicit—The departed had gone to a better place. Sam Clavers! It made the most abandoned feel less worried, till Judge Bowles unkindly reminded them that any place was better than Draytonville.

It was on the advice of the Judge that they selected a Methodist preacher, as being free from a restricting liturgy; but, despite this precaution, he had been far too brief for the expectant miners, and, even then, had not kept to the subject in hand; he had embarrassed them by appeal and warning, when they felt vaguely that his words should be an elaboration of the epitaph, selected with such care from the collection of the sculptor. They had hoped that he might use it as a text.

"Samuel Larkin Clavers.
Full of good works and mercy."

The sermon had been a disappointment to these men, and they did not hide it. The Judge reminded them that the minister did not have the advantage of knowing Sam, for, without question, there was plenty to be said. At this the assembled company looked to the Judge for something further, for at one time he had been a partner of the deceased; however, there was nothing forthcoming, and a long silence followed broken only by a sudden rattle, and a gasp from a miner, as the kalamazoo machine gave up a dollar.

"He was a quiet sort," said someone, tentatively.

"And savin'," added another.

"He was savin'!" said the Judge.

There was a shifting of chairs, and a general air of readiness; but the Judge only chuckled, and said again, "He was thrifty, Sam was!"

"I've heard he could smell gold," said the bartender, who stood on the outskirts of the circle; "and I ain't the man to doubt it. I owed him seven and a half once, and he began to go bald; next thing I knew, he had collected a bad debt of mine, for ten dollars, and handed me the two and a half change."

This episode pleased the Judge, and he nodded approval, clearing his throat.

"Sam was savin', that's a fact, but he was done up once."

There was attentive silence, and the Judge proceeded.

"It was like this. Me and Sam and his brother Jeffrey was doing some sluicin', up the river; we was usin' quicksilver, for the gold was mostly fine; but, buildin' on the looks of things, counted on a pretty middlin' clean-up.

"I'd worked with pardners before, but they had never got on my nerves like Sam and Jeffrey. These two was always askin' accidental questions of each other, and of me, tryin' to keep tally on the nuggets. Now I guess I know what to do when a man asks me straight if I'm a thief; but I hate him tryin' to find it out politely; and I got so hot with their eternal suspicionin', that I took to slidin' rocks, ostentatious-like, into the pockets of my pants; and at night, when they thought I was asleep, I'd nearly die of internal laughin' to see those two old fellows rummagin' in my pockets and pullin' out great boulders, and then goin' back to bed with more than half a notion that there'd been some conjurin' tricks between themselves, to account for the surprise.

"Well, we had pretty fair luck, and there was soon a tidy pile of amalgam from the sluice boxes. Seeing that this was on their minds, I proposed a clean-up. Now, we hadn't no retort those days to save the quicksilver, so we put the stuff in an old pan and laid it on the fire. It was the first time we had done this, as it happened, but we'd heard that quicksilver fumes wasn't very good for the system, so we cleared away pretty quick. Well, in a quarter of an hour, Jeffrey began to get impatient, and, as he wouldn't listen to reason, I let him go, thinking he'd do all right for a scout. I watched Sam, when Jeffrey went, and in a minute, sure enough, he picked himself up and followed along to keep an eye on him. I was alone for a jiffy, and then, all of a sudden, Jeffrey come back on the dead run, with his face kind of red, and a spittin' like a bilin' kettle, every vacant place he noticed.

"'Tain't done,' he said, "by no

Continued on Page 5.

Famous Russian-Oriental Tobacco Store
418 Montgomery St, Phone Black 1233
Near California St. Established 1876.

MRS. FANNIE ROSENTHAL, Prop.
Leading importer of choice varieties of Russian, Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes and Smoking Tobaccos. High-grade Cigarettes made to order for private clubs and special social events. Delicate Aromatic Cigarettes made for Ladies' Tea Parties. Latest French and English novelties in pipes and smokers' articles, also Turkish water pipes, etc.
Order by Telephone

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR —
VAUGHN LEADLEY,
Solicitor for
J. F. SNOW & CO.,
Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.
Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, ∞ Grant Ave. Tel Main 1744.

EDWARD HALL, President. WM. J. BOGY, Vice Prs. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.
United States Laundry Association
LAUNDRY—3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.
(Near Valencia)
TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418
OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST., near Powell.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
TRY THEM FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.
Fac-Simile Signature of John S. Brown & Son on every box.

REFRESHING SLEEP.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.
Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

ATTENTION!
We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge
A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT
In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.
In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to
THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving
Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRED
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

Cotton Sail Ducks
Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.
Murphy, Grant, Co.

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else
Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

In Spite of Caution.

Continued from Page 12.

means—and smells rotten; I feel as sour as old beans."

"I had an idee, then, maybe he was salivated, but, thinkin' of his comfort, I didn't like to say so, for it was his week as cook; and anyway, just then along comes Sam, spittin' pretty free himself for an old man.

"Awful nasty taste in my mouth," he said; "think I'll take a thought of whisky."

When I reckoned things was about fixed, I skirted round up the hill to get on the sweet side of the wind, and then worked down toward the fire. The bullion looked pretty well finished, and I guess Sam thought so too, for as I lifted the pan from the fire with the forge tongs he come round from behind a tree.

"Where's Jeffrey?" said I.

"Oh he's lyin' down on the grass—says he feel's queer in the head."

"Well, I set the pan down, and went back to see Jeffrey; he was a pretty sick man, by the looks of it; and he asked me to get some salts for him, which was the only thing we had. I ran to the tent, and found Sam a-buzzin' round like a histin' engine when the cable breaks."

"What's the matter Sam?" said I. His manner weren't collected.

"It wasn't cool," he said.

"Was ye a-tryin' to heft it?" I asked; but he wouldn't answer me; and, when I found the salts and come out, he was makin' a poultice for his fingers with a red handkerchief and some engine oil that we kept for the grindstone.

"We helped poor Jeffrey to bed, and I'll be switched if I don't think Sam was that much easier about the gold, when he made sure he weren't shammin.' I never knowed myself, tell then, what a nervous man Jeffrey was, or I wouldn't have asked him if his teeth was loose; we'd all been told that quicksilver fumes was fatal for the teeth, and Jeffrey kept a-tryin' his all night long with a candlestick. I felt sorry for him, and told him that the Masons would look after his wife and children if anything happened; but he only groaned uneasy, and kept takin' more salts.

"Well before we went to sleep, Sam and me put the gold into a ten pound lard bucket, and took it to our cache, which was a hole in the back of a little tunnel we had run into the hill. Sam hung round to see me safely out, and I got so mad, that I kept him waitin' just as long as I could, while I counted the lumps three or four times over, pretendin' I wanted to make sure. If Sam hadn't been afraid of me he needn't have been afraid of no one, for our tent set right in the mouth of the tunnel, and Jeffrey was sick.

"While Sam was a-bandagin' his hand again, a notion come to me, and, for the fun of it, I piled some scrap iron into another ten pound lard bucket, and swapped this for the real stuff which I carried out and hid under my bed. Well, it appears Sam had a notion of the kind too, and unknown to me, he substituted another bucket full of old rocks for my dummy, and he nursed that scrap iron safely in his bed all night. Once, I remember, I woke up, and heard it rattle as he hit against it; but I never thought till after what it was, though I noticed he was cursin' quiet, in a way he had, about his blistered fingers. Jeffrey was sleepin' heavy, breathin' like a sick cow; but I guess it was more salts that was the matter with him than quicksilver, for he was all right in a few days. Anyhow I didn't bother much then, but turned round and went to sleep.

"It was bright and early when I woke up, and Sam and Jeffrey was both a-snorin', makin' up for lost time I guess; so I pulled the gold from under my bed, and took it back to the cache. When I found a bucket of rocks instead of the scrap iron I had left there, I'll admit I was a bit phazed; but pretty soon I caught on, and couldn't help but laugh to picter how Sam would look when he pulled the cover off the truck he had been nursin' all night.

"Well, it appears he heard me pokin' round and got nervous, thinkin' I'd find out his meanness; so just as I went to the spring for some water, he slid into the tunnel and put down the bucket of scrap iron he had taken such care of, without ever lookin' at it. He had just got out to the daylight with the bucket of gold, which he supposed was the rocks, when I come back from the spring.

"Seeing me, he got flustered, for I guess I was smilin' kinder sarcastic. He didn't want to explain about that bucket of rocks, at no price; and, one two three, he swung it round his head and let fly for the river. I tell you boys it looked terrible yaller in the sun as the cover came off and it all scattered into the water. There was me with a smile that kinder stuck on, as if it didn't rightly belong to me; and there was Jeffrey a-standin in the door of the tent lookin' as though it was good for Sam that there wasn't any guns around. He got awful warm tryin' to explain, Sam did.

* * *

"Where did it light?" asked the bartender, breaking the silence that followed.

"Don't you worry about that young man," replied the judge genially. "I've got a patent on that place, and if ever there's a dry enough season, poor old Sam shall have a tombstone as big as a house."

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 CALIFORNIA ST.
Guaranteed Capital and Surplus, $2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash, 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29, 1901 ..... 29,886,288.11
OFFICES
President ..... B. A. Becker
First Vice-President .... John Lloyd.
Second Vice-President .. Daniel Meyer
Cashier ..... A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier ... Wm. Herrmann
Secretary ..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary ..... A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow
DIRECTORS
H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt,

San Francisco Savings Union
535 CALIFORNIA ST.
Deposits, July 1, 1901 ..... $28,973,540
Reserve Fund 226,994
Paid Up Capital 1,000,000
Contingent Fund 445,617
OFFICERS
E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.
DIRECTORS
Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.
42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.
Authorized Capital $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve 390,000
Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.
Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.
OFFICERS:
F. KRONENBERG ..... President
W. A. FREDERICK ..... Vice-President
H. BRUNNER ..... Cashier

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,
Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.
TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT. Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

TEL. GREEN 12.
CHAS. P. DROLLA
ATTORNEY-AT LAW
534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal
All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

For Mayor

Joseph S. Tobin

Democratic Nominee.

For Treasurer

S. H. Brooks

Formerly Sub-Treasurer U. S.

Regular Democratic Nominee

Present Incumbent

TRINITY SCHOOL

Founded 1876

A day school for young gentlemen.

2203 Central Avenue San Francisco, Cal.

Preparatory department for younger boys under the supervision of a lady. Grammar and high school departments under gentleman teachers. University graduates. Accredited to the Universities.

LYON & ROGER, Pripciples.

Phone Steiner 4550.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... PAPER

COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.

Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

C. A. GARTER C. W CROSS

Law Offices of

Cross & Garter

Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.

Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence

1021½ Market St. S. F. Cal.

"GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

It is said that certain people cannot sing this song but anybody can go away back East and sit down in the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road. These trains carry Nickel Plate Dining Cars in which are served American Club meals at from $.35 to $1.00 each.

Call or write for free book showing views of Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Jay W. Adams, P. C. P. A 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Things Theatrical.

The versatile Grand Opera House Stock Company flopped from classic drama to the dramatized novel very cleverly this week. "The Little Minister" was the play.

The attempt at an exact rendering of the Scotch dialect made one blush for the actors, and pray, between acts, that the San Francisco Scotchmen were all too good Presbyterians to be present. Barring this failure, which she shares with the others, Miss Hall makes a success of her difficult part. Mr. Mayall's conception of Mr. Barrie's "little minister" is not pleasing to those of us who have pictured the shrinking preacher impelled by love.

The other parts are well filled and the play was plainly enjoyed in spite of defects which might easily be remedied.

* * *

"Wife for Wife" at the Central proved as popular as its predecessors. A full and enthusiastic house shows the wisdom of the management's policy at this theatre.

* * *

"The Girl in the Barracks," to be candid, was fast and funny, but a little unpleasant. The Alcazar has won for itself too good a class of patrons to give them, now, a play such as this.

* * *

At the California there was a great deal of fun. Mason and Mason are favorites.

* * *

History repeats itself at the Columbia. "Florodora" is as popular as ever.

* * *

The successes at the Tivoli and the Alhambra are commented upon at length in the "World of Tone," page 10.

* * *

The Orpheum gave its usual generous selection. Monroe, Mack and Lawrence formed the star attraction, but little Maud Sorenson was favorite.

* * *

An Acquatic and Athletic Entertainment for the benefit of the N. S. G. W. relief fund will be given at the Sutro Baths Sunday, October 20, 1901, 1 to 5 P. M.

* * *

At The Theatres Next week.

Central.—"The Cotton King," another in the series of stirring dramas.

Alcazar—"The Girl in the Barracks" is continued.

California—"A Female Drummer."

Columbia—Stuart Robson in "The Henrietta."

Orpheum—The "Beaux and Belles" octette is to give a number of catchy songs. Mignonette Kokin, chanteuse and a danseuse eccentrique, makes her first appearance. Frances Le Page, novelty pole jumper, and John Geiger, a trick violinist, are other stars on the new program.

Tivoli—"Norma" and "La Boheme."

Grand Opera House—"The Man from Mexico."

St. Dunstan's Bachelor Apartments.

The architect, Clinton Day, may well be proud of this, his latest efforts, as this structure, at the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Streets, is not surpassed in beauty of design and artistic effect by any in the city. And the interior, in elegance and comfort, and the proposed efficiency of the service, are fully in keeping with the exterior. The building will be ready for occupancy Dec. 1st. A feature of the building will be a large restaurant, grill room and bar, under the management of John Tait, now with the Pacific Union Club, and formerly in charge of the University Club. These rooms will be open to the public.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You wil find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

ASTHMA CURE FREE.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in all Cases. Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chain d with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of Asthmalene, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, Asthmalene will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the more glad we are to send it. Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City. Sold by all Drnggists.

Christmas Holidays

—IN—

MEXICO

Southern Pacific Special Train EXCURSION

Personally Conducted Composite Car, Dining Car, Vestibuled Sleepers.

RATE	LEAVES
$80, San Francisco,	Dec. 18
$70, Los Angeles,	Dec. 19

Good 60 days. Optional side trips Special rates from all California points

Inquire of agents for literature.

E. O. McCormick,
Pass. Traf. Mgr.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. Nov. 2. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Oct. 3, 8, 13 18, 23, 28. Nov. 2. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Oct. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Nov. 3.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)

Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro and San Pedro.

Steamer Corona, Thursdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

Among the Authors.

Mr. S. Weir Mitchell's new story, "Circumstance" whatever it is not, is at least enthralling. It is ingeniously constructed, so much so indeed that the framework occasionally protrudes.

A woman posing as righteous on the edge of an abysmal past in a position to topple at any moment, living under an assumed name and dodging an injured husband; a will and codicil, a diary, blackmail, forgery and a bottle of poison—these are all well worn stage properties which we have seen used in other presentations.

The villain of the story, Mrs. Hunter, is a reincarnation on American soil of Thackeray's "Becky Sharp," and though she commences life in California, history repeats itself and she drifts as Becky did to what Mitchell cleverly terms the "social Texas," the gambling cities of Southern Europe.

There are other clever things written, and as they are almost invariably put into conversation and emphasized by commendation in the text they are not hard to find.

The name of the story is its keynote and its apology. It is circumstantial to the last degree, and while this is what we often like to read, it is not what we desire to read twice. It is not great literature, but it is the product of keen observation and constructive skill, and will be widely read.

"Circumstance," by S. Weir Mitchell, Published by The Century Company, New York, $1.50.

* * *

Mrs. Seton Thompson has designed a curious and interesting cover for Mr. Thompson's new book, "Lives of the Hunted."

The eye and the hand are symbolic, prophesying the ultimate triumph of kindness.

* * *

Scribner's in publishing their history of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition, by Noah Brooks, have performed a good work. It is a carefully arranged account of the first journey from the Eastern States to the Pacific, dispatched by Jefferson after the purchase of Louisiana from France.

It is the result of careful selection from records and journals, and is in reality history in an interesting form, giving both information and entertainment.

The illustrations are numerous and relevant, the chief lack being a map clearly marked to show the course of the explorers. The accounts of the Indian tribes now scattered and exterminated are very valuable in this handy form.

"First Across the Continent," by Noah Brooks. Published by Charles Scribners' Sons, $1.50 net.

* * *

Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-patch" has written a most delightful little story. The fortunes of the "Wiggses" are related with the keenest sympathy and sense of humor. One feels no embarrassment for the extreme poverty portrayed, and no desire that a more immediate and orthodox good fortune should overtake this interesting family. It is in the author's sturdy rejection of "long lost uncles" and other paraphernalia necessary to insure a definite income, that the story separates itself from a certain class—a class in which, however, it would otherwise have achieved distinction by the artful simplicity of its narration.

The destinies of two lovers in another station of life are determined very happily by this humble family.

The story is published in attractive form and makes a charming gift book.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-patch" by Alice Caldwell Hegan. Pub. by The Century Co., New York. Cloth, $1.00.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Th n Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained.

Flor de Claus Spreckels

Choicest Havana Cigars

H. PLAGEMANN & CO., Importers

709-711 Market St.,

Adjoining Call Building

San Francisco

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MIAN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC AND OTHER DISEASES CURED

Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application. Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST, near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

Borrowed Plums

Mistress—"Bridget, you kissed that policeman last night. Now, I don't want to see you doing that again."

Bridget—"All right, mum; Oi'll plug up the kayhole the nixt toime he calls."—*Tit Bits.*

* * *

The Boarder—"I protest against drinking any such water as this. It is positively warm!"

The Lady of the House—"Gracious, man! That's not water! That's your coffee!"

* * *

"Now that you've inherited half a million you'll reform, of course," said the good man.

"Well, I shall certainly never be a thief again," replied the hardened criminal.

"Ah! but the old habit! Do you think your good fortune will change that?"

"Sure. It will make it kleptomania."

Philadelphia Press.

* * *

"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a shopwalker at a draper's to a girl from the country.

"Yes, sir," said the blushing damsel; "that's my young man outside. He wouldn't come in."—*Tib Bits.*

* * *

Bing—"Yes, that's Spriggins. Half-a-dozen doctors have given him up at various times during his life."

Wing—"What was the trouble with him?"

Bing—"He wouldn't pay his bills."—*Tit Bits.*

* * *

He—If you did not love me why did you encourage me?

She—I? Encourage you?

He—For two years you have accepted every one of my invitations to the theatre, etc.

She—That was not because I loved you; it was because I loved the theatre.—*Illustrated Bits.*

* * *

An Irish lawyer addressed the court as "gentlemen," instead of "your honours." After he had concluded a brother of the Bar reminded him of his error. He immediately arose to apologize thus: "May it please the court—in the heat of debate I called your honours gontlemen. It was a mistake, your honours."—*Tit Bits.*

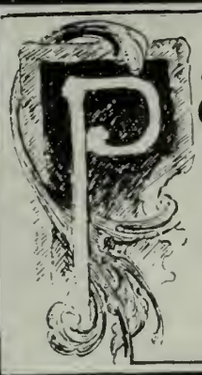
* * *

Teaching Her a Lesson.

A certain pretentious shopper, after teasing the shopman of a millinery establishment beyond the forbearance limit, pompously ordered a reel of cotton to be sent to her house. It was agreed that she should be made an example of, and a warning to her kind. She was surprised, and her neighbours were intensely interested, soon after she arrived home.

A common dray, drawn by four horses, proceeded slowly to her door. On the dray, with bare arms, were a number of stalwart labourers. They were holding on vigorously to some object which she could not see. It was a most puzzling affair. The neighbours stared.

After a deal of whip-cracking and other impressive ceremonies the cart was backed against the curb. There reposing calmly, end up, in the centre of the cart floor, was the identical reel of thread which she had ordered. With the aid of a plank it was finally rolled, barrel fashion, to the pavement. After a mortal struggle it was up-ended on the purchaser's doorstep. The fact that the purchaser came out a little later and kicked her property into the gutter detracted nothing from it.—*Tit Bits.*



Palace Hotel

Every feature connected with the management of this Hotel was introduced for the purpose of adding to the comfort, convenience and entertainment of guests.

The policy of providing luxuries such as have made the Palace famous will continue in force, and innovations calculated to still further increase its popularity will be introduced.

Desirable location, courteous attaches, unsurpassed cuisine and spacious apartments are the attributes which have made the Palace the ideal place for tourists and travelers. American plan. European plan.

New Importation of Millinery

Calimberti

MODES DE PARIS
240 Post Street below Stockton,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Being Constantly Received

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

California Northwestern R'y

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Shellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices—650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office—Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

AUTOMOBILES

WE BUILD TO ORDER

GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.

All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY.
FACTORY—346 McAllister St; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

STATE

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 22. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

Joseph Fassler,

Democratic Candidate for Tax Collector.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—October 26, 1901.

The Political Situation.

Out of the bewildering mass of assertion and counter-assertion which has accumulated already in our municipal campaign, there are rising to view a few facts upon which to base an opinion.

On the Republican side we find heading the ticket a public official whose age, office and record are such as to guarantee that no open and violent political break will be made—that there will be at least the cover of decency and experience. Of his followers we know little or nothing politically, and this lack of facts is in itself a fact of importance, and a clew to the situation. What we have learned about them since they have entered the field inspires us with no confidence in them as possible public officials. They are men without influence, without standing—men of whom most of us have never heard. This is another important point. To sum up: the Republican ticket consists of an elderly leader of colorless name and record, and a rank and file with neither political experience nor public influence.

In considering the Democratic ticket we find a state of affairs equally significant. At the head is Mr. Tobin, a young man who stands high both in social and financial circles, a man with administrative experience, with a clean record, and yet a man of so distinctly independent views that it is surprising to find him in municipal politics. The other positions are filled also by men of standing and independent character. To sum up again, we have on this ticket, as opposed to an elderly leader of colorless record, a young vigorous leader; and as opposed to the Republican following of untried unknown office seekers, a strong following of prominent men whose present standing is a guarantee of integrity.

Here, then, is our data and it should be considered in view of the fact that in the Republican section of voters there are men as prominent, as independent and as vigorous as Tobin; and as reputable and experienced as his supporters, and, vice versa, that among the Democratic voters there are men as respectable and conservative as are Wells and as easily handled as his following. In short, an explanation of the difference between the standing of the nominees is not to be found in any comparison of the morals of the party's voters, but in the political reasons that determined the nominations.

The Republican organizers are in this position. They accept from large corporations—two notably—generous contributions to their campaign funds. In exchange they virtually guarantee the nomination of men who shall be approved by these corporations; for having these large sums of money to devote to electioneering they feel that they can afford to run the risk of dispensing with men who are intrinsically strong—men who in their own right have the confidence of the public.

The Democrats, on the contrary, have no outside support, and are forced to depend primarily on strong men who have already won respect and support, and also on vigorous canvassing—that personal pledging of honor which is so costly a business if there is no intention of redeeming it. To induce such men as Tobin—who by crooked politics have all to lose—to go down like this and make pledges face to face with the voter, is a far harder business than persuading others to sit in quarters and be managed, to persuade them to allow their reputations—which, as far as the public is concerned, have no value—to be pledged for them.

The only condition upon which men such as Tobin and his supporters on the ticket can be induced is a promise of absolute freedom from obligation to any organizing power in the dark—any boss or corporation.

The Republican organizers felt no need to offer inducements. On the contrary they presented conditions. They were flushed with the Presidential victory, with the local indorsement of the Republican policy, with the universal reverence for McKinley and the popularity of Roosevelt. They found on one hand large campaign contributions with strings attached and on the other an overwhelming demand for office from their supporters. Then, it seemed to be a year in which nomination was as good as election, and naturally they chose for the advancement of their plans the medium of least resistance, men who have nothing to lose in the eye of the public by their subservience; and Mr. Wells has been selected to enfold this heterogeneous mass with the mantle of his good name.

The Democratic organizers have been forced by circumstances if not by inclination to nominate men who will count nothing of more value than their own good names. If all the other considerations were put aside Tobin is at least held back from dishonor by his future; and it is this fact that makes the difference between the two candidates for Mayor in the public eye. Tobin, unhampered by ties is reaching forward for his future. Wells with a crowd of non-competents upon his shoulders is standing upon the pedestal of his past—a pedestal which at the best is not overmuch foothold for one man alone.

What is the Matter With California.

What is the matter with California? William Allen White has answered a like question for Kansas and an anonymous writer in the "Atlantic Monthly" has just done the same for Pennsylvania. White attributes the troubles of Kansas to Populism and the unknown says that false Quakerism is the root of all evil in Pennsylvania. On the same basis, what is the matter with California?

"Knocking," plain "knocking"—that is our trouble. As soon as a man rises, we swat him. As soon as a head shows above the bunch, it becomes a target. As soon as anyone begins to climb, a thousand hands reach up to drag him down. For every lick each individual puts in for himself, he puts in two against the other fellow. A race run under such conditions—every man holding the others back instead of pressing forward himself—would be brought off in passing slow time. In the race for wealth and development, California has made slow time, and all for that cause.

There is no need to cite instances at length. A notable one is before us now. In this, the state metropolis, the party which has the lead on the others after the primaries is unable to put up a good candidate and nominates a nonentity because every man worth a whisper has his corps of "knockers" ready to spoil his chances. The able and public-spirited Mayor who has held the chair for three terms found himself in no position for re-election to a fourth term because he had done so well and risen so high that the "knockers" had sprung up like weeds. Of the three influential morning daily newspapers, not one is supporting its own logical party candidate.

Why is it that our brilliant painters, writers, musicians, have to go East before they can acquire a reputation? "Knocking." Why, when the other Western delegations picked a California man as Republican vice-presidential candidate, did the arrival of the California delegation knock the proposition flat? The "knocking" spirit. Why are our Congressional representatives invariably men of the most ordinary ability? The same pleasant disposition. It is the death of attainment. It is the apotheosis of mediocrity. What the State needs is team work.

The dismissal of Buller from his new command in the British army does not simply mean that he is guilty of a fresh blunder which merits punishment—it means also that the British War Office, being discovered in a breach of faith, has tried to appease the country with a handy victim.

The fact that Buller advised White to surrender Ladysmith was known to the Government long before Buller was elevated to his recent position. The public was unaware of this, however, so it did not matter, even though reform had been promised; but since the public became acquainted with the facts, the position assumed a different aspect.

A mistake was made, and of necessity some one had to suffer. If Buller had possessed the wit to keep silent, the punishment would have fallen on the country in time of war. As it is now, Buller has been the victim. The real culprit, however, lays its sin on the scapegoat and drives him out on half pay.

Solano county is going to make a lot of sugar this year, the beet crop up that way having proved unusually good. San Francisco society will be pleased at this, as it will make everything more refined among our neighbors up the bay.

Joseph Fassler, candidate for tax collector on the Democratic ticket, is an honest and upright citizen; and a vote cast for him at the coming election will be a vote well placed.

THROUGH THE WEEK.

The fact that President Roosevelt has entertained as his guest at the White House Booker T. Washington has awakened an amazing uproar. Some of the Southern papers feeling that it is impossible to disprove the statement, try to lessen its significance by pointing out that the executive mansion is also the private home of President Roosevelt, and that the incident is no more than a social item—funny even from this point of view, but fraught with no such meaning as it must otherwise have had.

Those who have known Mr. Washington by his autobiography and the account of his Institute, and who have appreciated the simple earnestness and almost embarrassing humility of the man, must feel bitterly ashamed of this insulting protest. In the perplexed comment of the European press, when the colored Methodist delegates were objected to as fellow guests by their white compatriots in London, we might have seen ourselves as others see us, and avoided a repetition.

Such action as President Roosevelt's will do more than anything else to destroy this foolish inherited prejudice.

* * *

Convention follows convention. The Episcopalians were barely gone when the State Miners convened. Their main duty consisted in the election of officers; but following the lead of the International Miners' Congress at Boise, Idaho, they busied themselves in working for the creation of a Federal Department of Mines. They also endorsed the present Chinese exclusion bill very emphatically, and then spent some valuable time in hunting for an unfortunate landowner named O'Brien, whom they are holding to a price of $4.50 per acre for a foundation for the Yuba River River Dam.

Mr. O'Brien's offer was in the hands of the Government, and owing to red-tape the time limit was likely to expire, Gold has recently been discovered by the surveyors, however, raising its value to $100 per acre, and the miners' convention interposed to protect their greater interest. Mr. O'Brien has only the consolation of the involuntary benefactor.

* * *

M. Santos Dumont has succeeded in winning the prize offered by M. Deutsch for a dirigible balloon. His achievement marks a definite step in the solution of the century's problem; and we have, at the least, an embryo flying machine. Evolution was an impossibility till we had creation, but it is now a logical consequence.

The embyro bicycle and typewriter appear queer unwieldly machines as we look back at them; and it is probable that M. Santos Dumont's dirigible balloon fifty years hence will appear no less funny.

It seems likely that development will be in the direction of aero-planes, propellors and concentration of power. A story from England, if it contains any truth, may suggest to aeronauts a way out of their chief difficulty: Currents of high voltage are said to have been transmitted from dynamo to motor without the aid of conducting wires. If the power can be thus directed and focussed without dissipation we may hope for great advances.

* * *

M. Santos Dumont has been quickly adopted into the happy family of celebrities. It is probable that he is no greater a scientist than many a man who is limited by poverty. It is probable, too, that though he is wealthy there are more wealthy men less widely known, and though brave that he has been out-shone by many a country aeronaut, who ascends to please a crowd of holiday sightseers, in bad weather and with worse apparatus. It is the happy conjunction of skill, of purse, and of purpose which has made him famous.

* * *

Woman Suffrage.

The woman suffragists, after a long period of inactivity, have determined to once more press their claims for the ballot, on the male wielders of governmental authority in California. At a meeting held in this city recently, it was determined to send forth a salaried organizer to combine and strengthen the efforts of those who hold to the doctrine, and a committee was appointed to raise the funds. We will not set forth at this time our views pro and con, on the expediency or right of woman to share in this duty entrusted hitherto in our commonwealth to man. But we believe that the efforts of these worthy ladies are fated to come to naught.

The question of extending the ballot to women has been given the most thorough consideration by the voters of this state. It has been presented already systematically and thoroughly, and the issue has been reached by pamphlet and oratory. The question was discussed fully and at much greater length than is usually accorded matters of more pressing nature. Conditions were extremely favorable to the movement, in the campaign of 1896, yet the constitutional amendment failed to meet with the requisite ratification. The bulk of the voters, even under the stringent arguments and influences that the well organized women had at that time, could not be induced to think favorably of the idea Since then the cause has waned. When the privilege was granted in several Eastern states, the vote of the women was startlingly light, and in nearly all such sections has since been recalled. The idea was advanced and has steadily gained ground ever since, that the majority of the women did and do not want the ballot.

We suggest, therefore, that the leaders in the present revival of the campaign direct their energies to securing converts among their own sex. Such a proposition would be far more feasible at this time than any attempts to change the convictions of the average voter. And further, if they should win over the majority of women to their ideas, they would be in a far better position than at present to urge their demands upon the wielder of the ballot.

Eight hundred Japanese will be taken to Dawson to work in the placer diggings this coming winter. It is believed that the employment of Japanese at low wages will enable the mines to be worked much more economically. Scientific American.

Here is a text without a sermon. It may be divided into heads as follows and is worthy of consideration:

FIRSTLY — The reward of Humility. The Japanese who will work for a living wage and are content with little have their reward. They are taken.

SECONDLY — The error of Obstinacy. The Americans who have set up a certain standpoint of living, and are holding to it in spite of the need for cheap labor suffer the consequences. They are left.

THIRDLY — A definition of Economy. The capitalist is benefited.

* * *

We are pleased to present to our readers in this issue a picture of Mr. Joseph Fassler, the Democratic nominee for Tax Collector. On his behalf, it may be said that if elected he will undoubtedly make a good official, and one of the best Tax Collectors San Francisco has ever had. Mr. Fassler will fill the office with credit, and in the same business-like manner that he gives to his own personal affairs.

Mr. Fassler is an old and respected citizen of San Francisco, having come here twenty-three years ago, when 19 years of age. He is a native of Switzerland of German parents.

Mr. Fassler is a successful business man, the proprietor of the Del Monte Dairy, on the Mission road, which is one of the largest in the vicinity. He is also the owner of much local property.

Mr. Fassler is a genial whole-souled gentleman, and has a host of friends who are rallying to his support. The city s cash will be honestly and at the same time courteously collected if Mr. Fassler is elected, and we recommend him to our readers.

* * *

In the musical number of the WAVE issued a fortnight ago were words of praise from Eleanor Connell to her early and only teacher in California the late Richard J. Wilnot, and the article calls to mind this remarkable musician who was totally blind. Having lost this one sense the others probably were so sharpened as to enable him in a phenominally short time to grasp the possibilities and detect and correct the faults in those who came to him for guidance. Miss Connell studied afterward and at length in New York and abroad with Reinhold Herman in the Eastern Metropolis, in London with Shakespeare, and in Paris with Fidele Koenig, but she gives to the Californian teacher all honor and praise for his valuable instruction.

Miss Connell who has recently returned from New York is located at 14 Grant Avenue, Studio 65.

Judging by the scurvy treatment accorded to American racing men by their English cousins, they want to keep the "sport of kings" wholly so, and not give representatives of a republican form of government a chance to participate in it.

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

Once more at peace and rest; even all the weddings are over. The Convention with its Bishops and high church dignitaries has left us; sadder still, the great Pierpont Morgan with his caterers and retinue has also departed. I think the city has a dull air after the small thrill of gayety, but that may be imagination.

Wherever one goes one discusses the sad story of divorce and remarriage. Would you believe it, my most worthy parent, even people with a divorced person in their family, look upon divorce generally as the greatest detriment to happiness in marriage. For were there no remarriage after divorce there would be more endurance in both men and women, so say the people I know.

In San Francisco one must use consideaable tact in discussing this subject, for the people with whom one associates have as a general rule a divorce skeleton in some closet. There is one in the Tevis, in the Haggin and in the Crocker families—these I consider the representative people of San Francisco. Even the Burlingamites regard them with a certain amount of awe and consideration.

It is a curious thing, however, that drunkenness and dissipation, the general grounds for divorce amongst the better classes, is quite an incentive to matrimony amongst the Burlingame set. Three young women I know in that crowd have married reformed drunkards, who, remarkable to relate, are making excellent husbands. One of these has been married over five years, and no husband is more thoughtful nor considerate of his wife and children than is this man. May each of these men continue in his well-doing is all I can wish.

However, this is going far away from divorce, and as it is the most interesting subject at present in San Francisco, I must tell you, mama dear, that all the good Episcopalians were most anxious that the law against remarriage should be carried. Men here like Mr. Foute and Mr. Weeden and Mr. Parrish would not think of such a thing as marrying a divorced man nor woman. In fact, after Mr. Foute committed the terrible indiscretion of marrying Mrs. Breckenridge to Mr. Sharon, the Episcopalians, headed by their Bishop, rose in a body, and I've heard he almost lost his church. He had his lesson.

Well, I may want a divorce yet for one never knows what is in store for one,and sometimes the best sort of a young man, after he reaches the age of forty, commences his wild oats sowing period.

I have two new engagements to discuss, Edith Preston and Willard Drown, and Norma Preston and Worthington Ames. I have often spoken to you of Edith. She is a pearl of infinite value, I think. I admire and respect her, and think that she knows exactly her own mind. Willard and she will be very happy. He is a decent, refined, considerate young man, who has no past, though he is as manly as any fellow in San Francisco.

Norma is a pretty ingenuous sort of girl, too young, I think, to think seriously of anything but her new party gowns. Why, mama dear, she has not even made her debut. She is very much in love, and I am sure Worthington Ames appreciates her thoroughly. He is a young stock broker who is quite successful, and comes from an excellent family in the East, though his people have lived out here for some time. Personally I am not very keen on Mr. Ames. I have met him quite frequently. He has never paid me the slightest attention; whereas, it is only necessary for me to see Willard a block away to know that there is one young man who is really glad he knows me. But most people look favorably on the Preston girl's choice. There is a young doctor in town who is deeply cut up, I believe, at this recent engagement. He has been Norma Preston's devoted slave for years, though, owing to her extreme youth, never proposed for her hand. But he can do no better than to woo Norma's particular chum, who is bright and vivacious and has quite the most attractive manners I have seen for some time.

Another engagement that is not yet public, but is occasioning some considerable talk, is that of a bridesmaid at one of the weddings which took place on the 23d of October. She is an attractive girl, who has placed her affections in the keeping of a young man who is not at all worthy of her. She will at some time in her life be an heiress, for her people are tremendously wealthy. Her brother will be practically disinherited, owing to an unfortunate marriage that he contracted some time ago. I fear, mama, that she will marry this unworthy young man, for she does not realize to the slightest degree her own worth, nor does she know anything at all about the ways of the world. I wish I could talk to her, but I do not know her very well. Then, you know, a girl is a puzzle. Tell her a man is absolutely worthless, and devoting himself to her for her money. She immediately makes a hero of him and worships him. It is, alas, only when it is too late she discovers her mistake. Are you not happy, mama that your daughter has so much worldly wisdom?

I went to a large dinner at Therese Morgan's on Wednesday evening. It was so different to that given to Caro Crockett, at which there were no men. This was a big, jolly affair, and still quite dignified; whereas at the last there was nothing too full of mischief for some one of us to attempt. I never saw Helen Taylor more lively. She was the life of the crowd, and Georgie and Frances Hopkins were right in with her. This last dinner, though, given to Georgie Hopkins and Fred McNear as a token of Therese's approval of their engagement, I thought a little dull. I am not at all an admirer of any of the men of this crowd, they are not witty nor clever, nor in fact the equal of the girls in any way, so I cannot describe my evening as being particularly enjoyable. Often, you know, mama, when people are making a great deal of noise, they are not necessarily enjoying themselves. It was well cooked and served, and I suppose Therese considered it a success.

Then there was the Stubbs wedding on Wednesday. Edith was exquisitely sweet in her white satin gown, and both Mr. Parker and she were radiantly happy as they went down the church, though I am sure that they felt terribly nervous beforehand. I cannot tell you which of the girls looked the prettiest—it was really delightful, and I can safely say Edith was the most popular bride of the year. Even I, mama dear, did not hear a single unpleasant criticism the entire afternoon. They received quantities of silver and cut glass and the stunningest of other things. I saw them at the reception, which was pretty crowded, but very enjoyable. Mr. and Mrs. Parker are to live in New York, where Mr. Parker is in business.

Now, mama dear, good-bye.

Your own daughter,

ELIZABETH.

Snap Shots.

None of the candidates for mayor are doing things by halves in this campaign. Their business is all transacted in quarters.

The morning papers report that a boy has been shot in the hills. We would like to know what part of his anatomy that is supposed to be.

The new spur of the Chinese Central Railroad is to be operated by the Trans-Siberian system. This insures that it will do a Russian business.

Hall Caine the author is seeking to become a member of Parliament. If he lands there he can be relied upon to introduce many novel measures.

An Oakland woman has put diamond earrings in her cat's ears. If the feline in question is a Tom, what a favorite he will be when he goes out sparking.

Despite all the efforts of temperance workers, the consumption of alcohol in England continues as great as ever. Of course Johnny Bull does not want to lose his reputation of having a tight little isle.

The Southern Pacific is taking advantage of the new law to have all its conductors appointed policemen. This makes it a sure thing that the deadbeat in the future will see stars when the trainmen round him up.

Sousa's band is said to be extremely popular in London. This is probably because they are blowing themselves in an even more pronounced manner than Americans ordinarily do on reaching King Edward's realm.

The Republican candidate for mayor cannot be described as "Wells without a bucket" for the entire morning press is engaged in the business of throwing cold water upon the Republican office seekers who would profit by his election.

Loie Fuller has set Paris crazy with her latest fantastic dance in which a thousand yards of silk are used for her drapings. Her trains appear to be bringing her as much profit as those of the Southern Pacific system do to its stockholders.

Mr. Fassler, candidate for the office of tax collector on the Democratic ticket, is a gentleman well known in this community and if elected will undoubtedly give a good account of himself.

A Rainbow City Honeymoon.

IT'S a toime to be remimber'd, whin the plesunt things that come fore and afther it are clane furgot! An' little Mally, me broide of a munth, thinks the same—for our stay in the Rainbow City wuz full up to the last minit wid surproises an' delights too numerous to menshun.

The two of us reacht Buffylo the day afther we wor sploict in Noo York. Thin we started in at the Midway, an' didn't we kape on the go the hull number of days allowed by our ixcurshun tickets. "We'll see it all," sez Oi, or know the why an' the wharfore."

"An' it's a dale more than a Pan Show," sez Mally, wid admoirin' eyes thot wor loike saucers fur bigness. "Oi hain't seen a solitary pan as yit, an' Oi don't expict to. Granny Downpatrick wud be a troiful disappointed."

"It's only the name of the 'xposition, darlint," sez Oi, in ixplanashun. "Pan-American manes all American."

"Thin a tin pan manes thot it's a pan all of tin?"

"A pan's a pan," sez Oi, an' thot settled the mather, for it wuz our honeymoon, you see, wid nivir a thought to quarrel over the manin' of a paltry wurd of three letters.

"Swateheart," sez Oi, as we set in the Timple of Musick waitin' for the consart to begin, "this is the banner toime of our two loives. Our luv for aich other is still as warrum as the weather itself. And ain't we as happy as two larks, wid nivur a care for the years ahed! We've seen this 'xposition, if we nivur see another. We're proud of our State, an' we've got gud rayson to be. But Oi'm proudist of you, Mally McBirr, an' Oi can't hilp it!"

"You do love me, Bantry! Oi feel an' know it," whispured she, squeezing me hand hard under her lacey wrap.

"Sartinly. A honeymoon is the bist of all moons, for thar's a mon an' woman both in it, though they nivir stay thar long, as a rule, whativur we do oursilves. Arrah, an' hain't this Rainybow City roightly named?—for thar's ivry color of the rainbows here. An' don't the 'lumynashuns at noight bate the Arabian Noights all to flinders! The printed discripshuns hain't in it wid the reality!"

"They seldum are," sez Mally, smoilin' at me in her purty gurlish way.

Oi lukt acrosst the passage-way jist thin, an' thar set two folks thot at furst soight seemed a couple of ghosts for shure. The mon wuz arrayed in a fresh-starcht suit of duck, with a red outin' shirt, a grane tie, an' a hoigh, stand-up collar. He had grizzul'd hair, an' olud-fashun'd specks kivured his eyes. The woman wore a purple silk driss thot wuz wonderful familur, wid its blue trimmin's. She wuz wavin' a pink fan, an' her black bonnit, wid yellow ribbuns, wor wavin', too. Oi rubb'd me two opticks an' lukt agin, jist as woife Mally croid out: "Why, thar's Granny Downpatrick, an' Grandaddy, too! Wot's brought thim way out here to Buffylo?"

"They wanted to see the Pan show Oi tould thim about!" Oi groaned. "Bad luck to me blatherin' tung! Faith, an' they've sprinted afthur us wid the speed of the new race-horse, Cresceus! An' our blissid honeymoon's but two-thirds over. Wotivur'll we do, darlint?"

"Make the bist of it," sez Mally wid foine common sinse.

"But won't they be taggin' afthur us ivrywhars?"

"Hain't Oi bin taggim' afther thim more thin half me days, Bantry McBirr?" she flasht back, indignant.

"Thru for you, swateheart."

"Thin we,ll go an' make me relatives welcum' to this grate 'xposition! Come along, do!"

The musick had begun, but we got up in a hurry an' crosst over.

"Here's the childer'," exclaimed granny. "Jist luk at the stoyle of our Mally! How'd we mate thim the furst thing, an' hain't we glad we started whin we did, Sligo Downpatrick?"

The ould mon wuz climbin' over the seat in his 'xcoitement an' deloight. "Mally, colleen, come to me arrums! Oi'm wid ye for seein' the hull show! We jist cudn't sthay away, granny an' me, an' here we are! Bantry McBirr, ye're as dacent a bye as sthands in lethur, though its tan, at thot! We've buried the hatchet, an' thar'll be no diggin' it up in Buffylo!"

Handshakes an' kisses wor 'xchanged, an' afthar thot the consart wuz proceeded wid to eight ears wot wor as deaf as posts. Thin we whint an' saw the Stadium together, an' the 'Lectricity Buildin' the evenin' of the same day.

"How's the honeymoon comin' on, childer?" axt granny, wid playful pokes of her parrysol at me ribs, nixt marnin' as we walkt along the Midway.

"It's the rale thing, Missus Downpatrick!" Oi ansors, perloite an' smoilin'. "Mally an' me wish we moight stay in it furivur!"

"Awough! an' wuzn't Sligo and mesilf jist wishin' thot same, back in ould Ireland, in the airly sixties, not to menshun Mally's own parunts twinty years afthar!"

"Luv is the greatest thing in the worruld!" sez Oi, linkin' arrums wid me yung wife.

"Bantry McBirr," sez granny agin, "find the Noo York State Buildin' fur us, an' Oi'll furgit the lie ye told me abouf this bein a PAN Show!"

"Wid pleasure, Missus Downpatrick!"

"Call me granny, loike the rist, bye."

"But you're a dale too youthful lukin'," Oi flings back over me lift shouldir.

She stipt to the frunt of us wid the swing an' dash of a girrul. "D'ye hear thot, Sligo Downpatrick? An' p'raps it hain't rank flathery to wun of me helth an' complexshun! Me own granny wuz a buty in Dublin! Mally hain't in it wid the two of us."

Misther Downpatrick, who wuz ahed, wriggled round in his stiff suit of white duck, an' faced her square. "Bridget, ye're as foolish as the leddy in blue satin tights thot we saw here in the Midway only yisterday. Hav' some sinse, do! Oi'm ould an' ugly, an' ye're more thin a match fur me! Mally is purty an' duzn't know it, an' maybe she nivur wull!"

Me darlint blusht a butyful red at thot, an' the sunloight wuz layin' in waves of goold on her curly hair. An' her cherry lips an' satiny cheeks wor in rare contrast to poor granny's faded, wrinkul'd wuns. Her grasp of me arrum, too, wuz warm an' fond. Small wunder, thin, thot afthar steerin' the Downpatricks to the Noo York State Buildin', we two slippt away alone for a trip to Niaggary Falls. Mally decloined goin', but Oi stud out fur it firm, wid, "All broides are bound fur thar this summer, an' Mrs. McBirr shall do the same!"

"Granny wull miss us," sez she in reply. "It's downright mane to desart the ould folks!"

"But hain't room for four in a honeymoon, darlint!" soighed Oi. "An' grandaddy ordered onion for breakfast, too! Thot wud take the romince out of an elopemint, an' it tears a strate up-an'-down weddin'-tour to atoms. Troth, an' don't Oi want to be tellin' you jist how mutch Oi luv you all the toime?"

"Oi'll take it for granted," lafft she.

"But thar hain't the ghost of a chance for a kiss, wid granny lukin' on continual! An' grandaddy seems riddy to use his blackthorn stick on me ony minit!"

"It's only their quare way, Bantry, dear! They don't mane a thing by it!"

"But they hav' the stickin' qualities of the new 'xposition postage stamps, an' they hain't half as foine in appearunce. That duck suit is a corker, an' granny's yellow ribbuns dazzle me eyesight bad."

"But we'll all be goin' home sune, an'——"

"Thin here goes for Niaggary!" an' off we started.

The falls are miles away from Buffylo, but they are part of the big show jist the same. An' roight glad we wor to see the splash, an' sparkle, an' roar of thin!

"How the wather duz come down!" cried Mally. "Seems loike thar's a shower-bath for iverybuddy in the hull worruld, not ixciptin' New York City itself."

"It's big as an Irishmon's boast, darlint! An' hain't you proud thot we got here, afthar all?"

"Yis, Bantry, though the ould folks wull think us lost, for shure! We shud take the nixt train back, Oi'm thinkin'."

But it wuz the very last train thot we tuk instid. An' when we reacht our Buffylo boordin'-house the Downpatricks wor snorin' fast an' loud in the rume long soide ourn. We didn't meet till the nixt day in the Mashinery Buildin'. They troid to make arrangements thin an' thar for our goin' home togethur. But we stole anuther march on thim later, an' wor back in Noo York a-livin' in our own furnisht flat afore granny an' grandaddy had time to arrive.

Mony a honeymoon has been spoilt by well-manin' rilatives, but Mally's an' moine to the Rainybow City an' beyant was a blissid succiss, frum the standpoints of luv an' soight-seein' combined.

Hurrah for the Pan-American!

MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN.

Joe Fassler is largely identified with the interests of San Francisco, and it goes without saying that if elected to the position of Tax Collector the same business methods displayed in his private affairs will characterize the responsible position to which he now aspires.

POLICE JUDGE A. J. FRITZ,
whose record on the bench has been highly creditable, and his re-election seems assured.

ALFRED J. FRITZ, whose photograph we present above, will be a candidate for re-election to his present office of Police Judge owing to rather a peculiar circumstance. At the last election there were two four-year vacancies and two two-year vacancies. After election the assignments were made by drawing and Judge Fritz, as a result thereof, has to make his fight for office again this year.

He is one of the most popular of San Francisco's jurists, prominent in the affairs of the Olympic Club, the South End Rowing Club, the Press Club and the Monticello Club, and a member of Stanford Parlor, N. S. G. W, Golden Gate Camp No. 64, Woodmen of the World, and Bald Eagle Tribe No. 75, Order of Red Men; and as his record on the bench has been a most creditable one, his re-election is almost assured.

Ament Again.

The Rev. W. S. Ament, the American missionary in China who was attacked by Mark Twain in the well known controversy of last spring, has read Henry Savage Landor's "China and the Allies" from cover to cover, and takes vigorous issue with that famous traveler on his utterances about the missionaries in a letter of which the following is an extract:

"I have read the volumes with great pleasure, ever wondering how one so new to the situation could have written so ably and, on the whole, so accurately concerning the recent outbreak. I know of no publication to which one could turn for information on matters in China with such certainty of satisfaction.

"As usual with all interpreters of the Boxer movement, he fails to see that superstition was the primal element and even the anti-foreign feeling was a subsequent thought. I have met and talked with the Buddhist priest who organized the first Boxer band, and he did not hesitate to say that the original idea with them was religious and every other element was secondary. Till they began to receive encouragement from Peking, the Boxers did not think of exterminating foreigners.

"In writing of missionaries, I think the time has come for all well-informed men to say distinctly whether they mean Catholic or Protestant, as our policy and plans of operation are essentially different. With respect to wearing Chinese dress, Mr. Landor writes as though all missionaries wore the native dress, whereas only Catholic priests and a small proportion of Protestant missionaries approve of the native dress for foreigners.

"If Mr. Landor has met missionaries who 'declare that Christianity should be spread through China at the point of the sword,' he has seen men whom I have never seen after twenty years' residence. It would have been well if the author had mentioned who the 'distinguished missionary' (page 241, Vol. I) was who would have all Chinese 'seized and given the choice of having his head cut off or becoming a Christian.' It will not do to set up men of straw in order to make a point nor twist an expression from its intended meaning.

"I imagine the author has reference to Dr. Martin, who has not been in the missionary ranks for thirty years, but he is not yet demented. Mr. Landor's utter ignorance of missionary work is most apparent when he assumes the office of instructor and tells us his opinion of 'practical missionaries.' Did it ever occur to Mr. Landor that all his suggestions that have point have been the aim of most missionaries for the last score of years? All missionaries 'teach' civilization, science, art, industries, medicine and 'agriculture.' The last named science may be something of an exception owing to lack of opportunity. Every mission station is a university on a small scale. They teach more elementary science in the same length of time than any other men in the world.

"Mr. Landor is not unlike other writers of equal or superior abilities, as Norman, Curzon, Arnot Reid et al., who write with great force and wide reach of information till they touch the 'vexed Missionary question,' when they lose their intellectual grasp. It is not uncommon then for these writers to make up in denunciation and unfounded statements what they lack in sympathy and knowledge."

JOHN FARNHAM, candidate for the office of Public Administrator, came to California in 1863. He has been prominently identified with affairs of San Francisco and vicinity ever since. For some sixteen years he conducted a mercantile business in Vallejo; was sheriff of Solano County for two successive terms, and member of the Board of Education for two successive terms. For eighteen years during his residence in San Francisco he was proprietor of the Crystal Baths. Mr. Farnham served on the Grand Jury a number of times, and has been administrator of many private estates. His record is a very creditable one, he having been complimented in open court for able management, and by the heirs of the various estates. Mr. Farnham ran for the office of Public Administrator two years ago, and was defeated by a very small majority after a recount in Judge Seawell's court, which decision was occasioned by Judge Seawell declaring that ballots which had been marked for identification should be counted for Mr. Farnham's opponent. This decision was recently reversed by the Supreme Court holding that any such ballots marked are illegally cast, and an opinion handed down to the lower court for retrial, directing the lower court to cast out all marked ballots. This would give Mr. Farnham a large majority, from which it would seem that he has been legally entitled to the office of Public Administrator for the last two years.

POLICE JUDGE CHARLES T. CONLAN,
An able and fearless jurist whose fairness and impartiality on the bench insures his re-election.

CHAS. T. CONLAN, whose photograph appears above, is a Native Son of California, a member of Stanford Parlor No. 76, N. S. G. W., and has been on the bench continuously since 1893. Mr. Conlan has the honor of having received the highest vote ever polled in this city for a police judge and has, in every election, run ahead of his ticket. Many of the most famous criminal cases, among others the noted Durant case, have come under Judge Conlan's jurisdiction; and while the innocently offending unfortunate finds him always willing to temper justice with mercy, his record with the hardened criminal has done much to discourage lawlessness.

The Modern Arithmetic.

Four speculators go into partnership with two theatrical managers, and, after raising the price of seats 50 per cent., agree to give the theatrical managers half the profits. The speculators then go into partnership with three other speculators, agreeing to divide profits with them. What proportion of the increased profits will be divided among the seven ticket speculators and the two theatrical managers?

Two men, W. S. Schley and W. T. Sampson, start out to secure friends and enemies. For every friend that Schley gets in one week, Sampson makes one and a half enemies, and for every friend that Sampson gets in one week, Schley makes one and three-quarter enemies. How many enemies and friends will each have at the end of forty weeks?

Three Christian Scientist healers, charging $3 a visit, lose ten cases out of every twelve, and two doctors, charging $5 a visit, lose eighteen cases out of every twenty. How much money will be made by ten Christian Science healers and eight doctors in ninety-nine cases, and how many patients will be left to tell the tale?

Two historical novelist reputations pass each other in opposite directions. One has a length of forty weeks and a speed of three quires and four sheets an hour. The other has a length of thirty-eight weeks and a speed of two quires and twelve sheets an hour. How long will they be in passing?—Life.

Who Knows Maxie Mitchell?

A Vaudeville Princess of Fifteen Described by a Specialist.

NOW where do you suppose I met her? I have interviewed Vaudeville artists in San Francisco, New York and London, but here I find my prize toy serio on Market street, south of the slot! With the pride of a discoverer I must now draught the first map of this precious infant's career.

The pearl, then, is Miss Maxie Mitchell; the oyster shell, the Cineograph Theatre. Who would have gone a-fishing for gems in such waters! It is as moral a show as the circus; it has also two rings—a dingy amphitheatre for vaudeville above, a dusky auditorium for the picture machine below. There is also a wholly unnecessary exhibition of dead fishes behind glass. This too-neglected palace of varieties boasts, I believe, the only continuous performance in the city.

Here is the scene of Maxie's daily, one might say hourly triumphs. Maxie is fifteen; she does fifteen turns per day; she draws fifteen dollars per week. It is her lucky number.

Maxie is incredibly little, even for fifteen. When you see her come on in her Spanish bolero trimmed with gold braid, with corsage, frills and sash of blue silk, and black knickers that are, as she says, "almost tights," she looks like a doll. When, with a lilliputian flourish, she begins:

"Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission, I will now endeavor to entertain you with a few tricks in legerdemain," you think she is a fairy, instead, for she pulls flags from empty hats like a veritable Queen Mab. She wears a tin star in her brown hair, and she turns out her toes as carefully as a Chinese actor. One occasionally hears her instructor, Prof. Anderson, prompting her from the wings in this wise:

Prof.—This wholly demonstrates——
Maxie—This wholly demonstrates,
Prof.—That nothing can be concealed,
Maxie—That nothing can be concealed!

and upon such iterated corroboration, no one is unkind enough to doubt that Maxie's tin cylinders are absolutely empty, though they prove, subsequently, as prolific as the purse of Fortunatus.

In front of a scene hemmed in with crazy quilts, my Mistress Maxie thus performs every hour to the admiring audience at the Cineograph. Fifteen times a day she asks of the person lending her his hat, "Are you married?" and fifteen times a day she gayly draws from his Derby a tiny chemise and chirps, "Well, that accounts for this, then!" The laugh, excepting perhaps during the "dinner turn," inevitably sets off a little smile, that burns upon Maxie's lips like a small red firework.

Maxie was the clever little spider that drew me, buzzing, inquisitive fly, into the wee stateroom where she enchants herself from a fifteen-year-old girl into a variety princess. Variety indeed, for, if you will believe it, Maxie is an imp of versatility. In her repertory is Topsy, the Egyptian Mystery, Coon Shouting, Cake Walking, Sketch Work, Legitimate "Drammer" (where she is not afraid to assume the leading lady's part), Tough Girl and Magician. In short, Maxie is "lookin' for a date!" as a soubrette or

Pretty Maxie Mitchell.

ingenue. It is up to the enterprising theatrical manager to rescue her from Mr. Furst's $15 "per."

At the extremely early age of fifteen, Miss Mitchell is already a target for the ubiquitous masher of the bald-headed row. Many the letter, many the photograph, many the button that goes into Maxie's waste-basket. Her "mash letters" usually begin like this:—"If I could meet you at Lotta's fountain at ten o'clock tomorrow, I could give you a good time. Now don't, please, think me not a gentleman because I write you these few lines," etc.

But Maxie is well cared for, and if her mother doesn't come for her, Mr. Furst puts her safely on a car, and fights off the "gentlemen friends" who mob the entrance to the theatre every night. How much safer to pretend to be a reporter, as I did, and sit on the same divan while behind the scenes while a character gag and clog team are doing a heart-rending turn on the stage! Then, even beneath the charcoal, grease, powder and vermillion, you could see what a saucy little mouse Maxie is, and sigh over her destiny. Cupid's bow mouth with a pout, black eyes, brown hair; what a future is hers!

Maxie, as a chit of twelve, three years ago, bribed her way into the theatre with two other school-girls, for five cents and a smile. It was an amateur night. After an attempt had been made by an Eddy street damsel to do a laughing song and a scarecrow dance, Maxie asserted that she "could do better than her." Hoisted to the footlights, this precocious infant warbled, "Mag de Rag, de Queen o' de Dump!" walked home in her make-up, and she has been the mascot of the Cineograph Theatre ever since.

Item:—When Maxie likes a man, she daren't look at him. But she stared at me straight in the face, as she asserted, "You're a married man, and you're a villian!" It would seem, therefore, that the only role Maxie can't do, is character-reading!

GELETT BURGESS.

"On Fame's Eternal Camping-Ground."

The campaigns and battles of the Civil War were on a scale of surpassing magnitude. There were more than a score of single battles, sometimes extending over several days, in each of which the losses in killed and wounded on the Federal side were greater than the aggregate of all our losses in all our other wars combined.

How paltry seem the 5,000 killed and wounded in the War of 1812, or the war in Mexico, or the war with Spain, compared with the 14,000 at Shiloh, 15,000 at the Chickahominy, 13,000 at Antietam, the same at Fredricksburg, 16,000 at Chancellorsville, 23,000 at Gettysburg, 16,000 at Chickamauga, 37,000 in the Wilderness, and 26,000 at Spottsylvania.

The grand aggregate of distruction fairly staggers the imagination, accustomed as we have been for more than a generation to the figures: 93,000 killed by bullets, 186,000 killed by disease, 25,000 dead from other causes—a grand total of 304,000, about one in nine of every man who wore the uniform.

In no other war in all time has such respect been paid to the dead. Immediately after its close the Secretary of War was directed by Congress "to secure suitable burial places, and to have these grounds enclosed, so that the resting-places of the honored dead may be kept sacred forever." In seventy-nine separate and distinct national cemeteries the bodies of nearly 300,000 soldiers who died during the Civil War are interred, and the decoration of their graves with flowers on a fixed day has become a national custom. Some of the cemeteries contain each a silent army of over 10,000 soldiers, in serried ranks marked by the white headstones, on nearly half of which is marked "unknown." The world may be searched in vain for anything similar or kindred; there is no other such impressive sight.

On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

—From "The United States Army," by General F. V. Greene, in the November Scribner's.

On Thursday and Friday of this week there was given at the rooms of the Sketch Club an interesting exhibition of the work of two San Francisco artists, Michael Boardman Robinson, a painter, who is now in Paris, and Arthur Putnam, a sculptor. Mr. Robinson's oil paintings show a very sure sense of color and design, and his simple pen sketches possess a suggestive quality that is not common.

Mr. Putnam's work is strong, his animal models in particular showing his power, and showing also acquaintance with his subject. Life, and a sense of movement are indicated very cleverly.

Mr. Arthur Putnam's work is becoming very well known, and he is being recognized as a leading figure in his particular line of work here in San Francisco.

Mr. Joseph Fassler, having won his good standing by honorable business methods, may be counted upon to maintain this attitude if elected to the office of tax collector.

A Deal in Blood and Thunders.

By David Atkins.

I HAD undertaken the holiday in frank expectation of adventure, and I imagine that its continued absence made me view the hills and the dark canyons and the distant snow-clad Sierras with an irreverent discontent. They were such an excellent setting for romance that I began to weary of them, as one would of an empty stage.

The little mule that carried my pack seemed positively pleased with his outing; and even the excitement of goading him onward was denied me. I had seen neither wild beast nor Indian, and from the consistent solitude, in spite of my map, I was led at times to suspect that I had been walking in a circle.

On the evening of my third day, in desperation, I left the river trail and struck off boldly into one of the many wooded canyons that ascended to the south. With this setting at naught of the map's mute commands, I took heart again. My chosen canyon was not even named, so that with a little care I hoped at least to get lost.

At the head of the canyon, as darkness fell, I came in sight of a log cabin. There was neither light in its window nor smoke from the wide stone chimney, and I judged it deserted till a dog rose growling from the threshold and intercepted me. After a careful examination of my leggings it seemed disposed to relinquish evil intention, and turning abruptly entered the open door, leaving me to follow.

As I stood in the entrance for a moment I heard a sound from an inner room that set the blood running cold in my veins; a high-pitched, feeble voice, but like no other I had ever heard. It was incoherent and rapid and had a nameless intonation that set me trembling. I thought on the instant that I had entered the dwelling of a madman.

While I hesitated, the dog slunk timidly through an inner door. I heard the quick thump of its tail on the boards, but this affectionate greeting won no recognition and the voice continued. I mastered the fear that possessed me, and walked to the door of the room, where I held up a lighted match and looked in. In the lower of two rough bunks lay a young man dressed in good clothes. His eyes were wide and vacant and his lips moved unceasingly. Perhaps with an understanding he was not alone his delirium ceased. "Water," he cried plainly, "For God's sake give me water!"

In a moment my fears vanished, and I gave him water from the flask I carried at my side. For a short time he lay quiet, but then fell to raving again. It was with infinite relief I conceived that it was not the delirium of insanity, but of sickness.

Taking a lantern from my pack I went out to the open air for water. Close by the cabin, from a cutting in the hillside, there flowed a little spring, and from this I replenished my flask.

All that night I lay wakeful by the man's bedside wrapped in my blankets. Continually he craved water, and when a draught had lessened his insistence he babbled of it in his delirium; of wells and springs and rivers and mountain snow, till he induced a thirst in me that made me fearful for my own health.

In the morning he appeared better. Instead of the vacant eye of the night before I saw that he was regarding me suspiciously. I smiled to encourage him, but he spoke in quick resentment.

"Why are you laughing, pardner? What are you doing here anyway; haven't you got some business of your own you could attend to?"

This was such a different greeting from my expectation, and his faint truculent voice was so funny, that I found it hard to keep from laughing while I modestly explained the cause of my interference.

"Well you've been mighty kind and all that," said my patient in a begrudging tone, "but you needn't stay now. I don't want anyone poking round here."

"Why if I went away you'd starve," I said, you're too weak to move."

He made a vain attempt to disprove this amazing assertion, but he lay back quickly with closed eyes. He was trying to readjust his ideas, and it was a moment before he spoke.

"Well," he said weakly, "I guess you'd better stay awhile."

* * *

Out on the hillside the dog was barking wildly, and I walked to the head of the canyon where it stood guard. Tethered to a tree was two horses, one heaped high with a misshapen pack, and the other saddled but riderless. As I approached looking about me for some sign of human life I heard a rustle in the manzanita grove at my side.

"Hands up!" sounded in my ear almost as sharply as a cough.

I obeyed on the instant, surprised beyond words. A thick-set bearded man parted the branches and made two steps forward till only the length of his rifle separated us.

"Where's Bill Granville?" he demanded.

"Who's he?" I questioned.

"There's no time for any smartness," replied the stranger; "if you want to keep a whole skin you'd better speak up quick. Where's Bill Granvlle?"

Despite my desire and readiness for adventure, my heart failed me.

"I don't know who Bill Granville is—wait a moment, confound you!—I'm a stranger here, and there's a dying man in the cabin, whom I stopped to nurse; if——"

"So he's dyin', is he?" said the stranger dropping his gun, "and you're nursin' him? You're sure you're not nursin' anything else now, are you?" he questioned suspiciously. "No fond hopes, or anything in that line?"

My evident amazement appeared to satisfy him, and he spoke in an altered voice.

"That's all right, boy, but I didn't like the looks of you hangin' round our place here. A prospector's got to be mighty careful, and I thought perhaps you'd jumped my pardner Bill while I was off for grub."

With the unerring instinct of the seeker of adventure I took his meaning. It was as good as anything I had hoped for. To be taken for a claim-jumper and come near being shot justified the whole trouble of the holiday. I was well recompensed, and any further excitement would be a gift from the gods.

"So Bill's dyin'," the stranger continued musing. "Now that's too bad, poor old Bill was a good sort."

I realized that the excitement of the hold-up had driven me to superlatives.

"Well, perhaps not actually dying——." I commenced, but stopped in amazement as my companion snatched up his rifle again.

"Not actually dyin'? What in thunder's the difference?" he ejaculated, looking about him apprehensively.

I reddened, for I felt like a small boy who has been caught lying.

"Well he'll die if he doesn't have good nursing—that's what I mean," I stammered.

"Is he in bed?" inquired the anxious partner with an eye on the cabin.

"In bed? Why of course he is! He's been delirious ever since I got here," I replied scornfully, glad to give independent support to my first exaggerated statement. "He hasn't been clear-headed for more than three minutes, and can't lift a finger. If we're going to save him, we have our work cut out."

"Poor old pardner," said the stranger gently, "I guess I just turned up at the right time How long do you look for him to stay this way?"

"If I'm any judge he won't be up for months," I replied, retreating slowly from the assertion that he was dying.

"Poor old pardner," he reiterated. Well I guess we'd better go in and see him."

He found his way to the inner room where Granville lay sleeping quietly. For a moment or two he gazed at his partner's bloodless features, and then withdrew in silence.

"Say, he is low, sure," he whispered as he sat by my side on the step, "worse than I thought; but you don't know Bill Granville; he's got the strength of an ox, and I've seen him crack a poor fellow's head when he looked worse than that."

I laughed at the notion.

"You don't know him," my companion went on earnestly. "If there's any risk of him gettin' crazy again I wouldn't like to put too much food into him at once; it might be bad for me."

"Oh don't bother about that," I replied, "he's as gentle as a baby, and I'll look after him."

"That's just what I was botherin' about," he rejoined. "I guess you'll be goin' to-night as there ain't room for both of us. Where're you bound for?" he added hurriedly to divert my thoughts. I certainly showed my surprise.

"I really hadn't thought of going to-night, to tell the truth," I answered in some confusion, "but I suppose I might as well. I'm not bound for any where in particular."

"Are you prospectin'?" he questioned with a sidelong glance of suspicion.

"No, camping for the fun of it," I answered.

"Seems a funny kind of fun," he replied dubiously; "but there's no accountin' for taste. Well I'll help cinch your pack," he added, with an evident desire to have the parting over.

After the first shock I was glad enough to be off, and with a parting look at Granville,who still lay in a quiet sleep, I continued my journey down the other side of the range. I had travelled for an hour, shaping the story of the hold-up into dramatic form, when a glance at the pack showed me that in my hurry I had left my blankets in the room of the invalid. There was nothing for it but a return. I tethered the mule and hastened back. As I drew near I saw Granville's partner busily enlarging the cutting from which flowed the spring of water. "A grave," I thought sadly, but my eye fell on the gold pan and a pestle and mortar on the bank by his side.

As I walked forward, wondering, there was a movement in the cabin doorway; and I was astounded to see Bill Granville, my patient, shakily fitting the stranger's rifle to his shoulder. I lost no time in securing the shelter of a tree, for the muzzle pointed to all quarters of the compass. "Hand's up, George," he called weakly to the unsuspecting miner.

George obeyed with promptness, turning an amazed face to the sick man.

"How's she panning out, George?" continued Granville, subsiding limply to a sitting posture on a soap box, but maintaining his partner's attitude with an encouraging motion of the rifle.

George who was submerged to the shoulders in the cutting looked,with the strange outreaching of his hands, as though some one were pulling him under by the legs.

"Well Bill," he said with a show of resignation, "I thought you were safe for an hour or so, or I wouldn't have run any risks. There was a crazy sucker here who said you were dyin', and I didn't investigate close enough. You've got the drop on me, all right, and I guess I'd better git if you don't want to shoot me."

Bill found an easier position for the gun, and leaned back against the cabin.

"You'll git when I'm ready, George, and then you'll git lively. But first I want to straighten things up a little. Who doped my drink?"

George gave a quick look round, but, seeing no help for it apparently, resigned himself to the truth.

"I did, and I wish I'd doped it stronger. It was the only show I stood of gettin' a square deal."

"Didn't I buy you out for a hundred dollars to git rid of your growling?" replied Bill.

"You bought me out when you saw we'd struck it rich," retorted George savagely; "and then you must come down to town after me and brag about it."

"You know that's a dirty lie," said Bill hotly. "I didn't say a word till you started to tell the boys how you'd fooled me out of a hundred, with Mary Sullivan standing there in the door too; and then when you pulled out the money I'd paid you for your half of the Blood'n'Thunder, I naturally fetched out my quartz. If I bragged it was your own fault;—and you might have known it wasn't right to fool with me when I was so full. Look-a-here, George," he continued in a more gentle tone, "I've been trying to get things straightened out while I've been lying here. I know I made a fool of myself with Mary Sullivan some way or another, but I can't remember how exactly. What did I say?"

"Well, Bill, I'll tell you. When we were all laughin' at you for bein' a jay about the mine, you jumped up and pulled out that sack of specimens, and naturally surprised us some. Mary come out from the door a way to see what the fuss was about, and you turned around quicker'n lightnin' and held them out to her. You told her that she was to have the lot and a whole stack more just the same; and if she'd stay right there for about five minutes you'd go and fetch the Justice of the Peace, and have the weddin, over by supper time."

"Well, that's what I've wanted to say for a long time," said Bill blushing; "but I hadn't the nerve unless I was full to the neck with 'O be joyful.' What did Mary say?"

George grinned. "Well, Bill, Mary did'nt say nothin'. She just let go and slapped your face, and run for the house."

Bill Granville handled the rifle nervously, but George had his laugh out. If he were telling the truth he must have felt that virtue was its own reward.

"Well, George," said Bill, apparently struggling to ignore this mirth, "What did I do then?"

"I guess you went crazy then," said George frankly. "You went on drinkin' and treatin' the boys, and took to throwin' bottles round for amusement. Then, when you'd about smashed everything in sight, and didn't seem to have no more money, Billy Haines, the sheriff, got anxious and tried to get us all to act as deputy and go in and have our faces spoiled; but no one was willin', so I said I'd quiet you, seein' that I was your pardner. I fixed a dope for your next drink—a regular hospital ticket; but you hadn't half tasted it before you let drive, glass and all, for the bartender's face. He's in the hospital now."

Bill smiled faintly. "What happened then, George?"

"Well, as soon as the dope quieted you down a little we piled you on your jack and gave him a rock or two behind. He let out for home all right; but there was hell poppin' when Mary saw you go past like that. She called us cutthroats and deadbeats and bummers and all the nasty names she'd ever heard. She said we drank your money and then p'isened you and drove you out to die. She said things to me that I wouldn't like to repeat; and she told the bartender he deserved all he got; and she wouldn't help any of the other girls to fix up his face."

Bill looked pleased. "Wouldn't she?" he questioned weakly.

George appeared tired of holding up his hands, and saw a chance with his sentimental partner.

"You bet she wouldn't! And when I was comin' up this mornin' she was tryin' all she knew to get old Mother Maguire to go along with her and help nurse you. Say, Bill," he continued, as his partner turned an eager eye to the trail, "I guess I'll let down my hands if you don't mind; I'm gettin' tired."

"All right, George; and you'd better get out of that hole. There's good, cold water there if there's nothing else."

George clambered up without wasting time, and stood draining off on to the dry ground.

"See here, Bill," he said, "what do you say to a new deal. I'll give you back your hundred dollars, and a couple of hundred beside, and throw in the load of grub, and we'll start even again."

Bill Granville looked curiously at his partner.

"You're sure you want to, George?" he asked. "There won't be any more kicking? Hadn't you better work some more of that quartz?"

"Oh, the quartz is all right," answered George, "pretty lookin' rock as ever I saw. Are you willin' to go me?"

"Well, I don't want any more mistakes, George. You want half the Blood'n'Thunder again, and are willing to pay me three hundred dollars for it?"

"That's it exactly, Bill."

"Well, I guess I'll go you, George, but I hope there'll be no more kicking. And look here, pardner," added Bill looking up suddenly, "if you ever fix a drink of mine again I'll kill you. Savvy?"

George appeared uneasy, but advanced with his bag of money.

"All right, Bill," he said, "don't you fret about that."

Bill placed the butt of the rifle on the ground and counted over the money.

"What makes you so anxious to go shares in that prospect again, George?" he asked. "You were glad enough to get out the other night."

George looked at his partner knowingly.

"I guess you've got a pretty good idea why I want to get in again, Bill; where's those specimens?"

Bill laughed weakly, the laugh of a man whose body is too feeble to support a good joke. It seemed that he could neither laugh loud nor stop. The humor of the situation increasing as his partner's face grew blank, and then angry.

"Stow your snigger, Bill, and spit it out," he said hotly. "What's the joke now?"

Bill only lapsed into another painful paroxysm.

"See here, pardner," said George drawing nearer, "I guess I'll have my money back."

"George, I guess you're wrong," replied Bill recovering a little. "That was a square deal, and half of the Blood and Thunder Gold Mine is yours; but I'll tell you what I'll do, George. I'll sell the other half, and throw in the grub and the cabin and the water-right."

"How much for?" questioned George, his hopes brightening at this business-like proposal.

"Ten cents," replied his partner, breaking forth again into his agony of laughter.

George appeared to realize that he had moved too fast with his purchase. He leapt forward to wrest the gun from his hilarious companion.

I saw a quick struggle, and the two men fell to the ground fighting for the rifle. Bill Granville, almost too weak to move, was underneath, and it would only have been a moment before his unscrupulous partner had possession of the gun, when no longer able to remain a passive spectator of this assault on my patient, I broke cover and raced across the opening. I flung myself on top of George and dragged him off, and for a moment this sudden onslaught promised to be a success, but Bill was too exhausted to recover the gun and the miner with his hardened muscles was more than a match for me after the first surprise of my attack. Gripping me by the throat he slowly choked me; and it appeared as if victory were again in his grasp.

Continued on Page 13.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

THE "Band Wonderful" has left our midst; though, like the villian in the play, "it goes, but it will return." At least, we hope it will. Mr. Ellery, the proprietor of this Royal Italian Band, said in a brief speech to the multitude gathered to hear the performance on last Sunday evening, and with a softening of the icy mask that the sight of empty benches had congealed over his usually bland features, "Now that the good people of San Francisco have found us out, we will endeavor so to arrange our itinerary that we may return for a few additional concerts, which will be given in some auditorium more convenient of access to the general public." It was indeed high time the people "found them out"; but find them out they did eventually, and they testified their approval with the most boisterous emphasis. Such unrestrained exhibitions of individual and collective enthusiasm have seldom been witnessed in San Francisco. That animated feather-duster of a conductor, Creatore, shook up our musical moss-backs into an unprotesting state of dazed gratification. The victory was sweeping. There were no waverings or indecisions of opinion—just one unqualified verdict that the whole affair was "simply great." By the way, it is the veriest idiocy to compare them in any way to Souza's organization, as a local writer did in an extremely silly article; this band is as far beyond Souza's as an electric light is beyond a candle; it is head, shoulders and waist-band above the latter's level, only it is the vogue to think Souza is "It" and the average writer is minus the sand to declare a real opinion in the face of adverse "public opinion."

Two concerts of more than passing interest were those given by Miss Genevieve Moroney and Mrs. M. E. Blanchard. Miss Moroney played a few unambitious "easy pieces" in a sympathetically pleasing style and accompanied her assisting performers in a manner which betrayed long experience and innate capacity for this most difficult art. Mrs. Camille d'Arville-Crellin sang some numbers with a degree of finish that was no more than fair, and in a voice perilously reminiscent of Collamarini; than which no more need be added. Mr. Donald de V. Graham is an artist by temperament as well as education. Everything he sings bears the hallmark of that taper-fingered modelling which means a suave grace in interpretation; and his voice carries the real heart-ache quality that stirs unease in the heart of youth and turns the reluctant glance of old age back over the weary road whose dust is ashes and the mile-stones, sighs. Mr. Lovell Langstroth's 'cello solos were highly enjoyable, except for the insistent and lugubrious creaking of the piano stool on which he sat. When he returned for an encore he calmly resumed the complaining seat and the creaking promptly resumed business with a wail of mortal anguish. Mr. Langstroth's playing is marked by a noticeable breadth of tone and feeling.

Mrs. Blanchard's recital was fairly well attended, and her audience was warmly responsive to her efforts. She is undoubtedly a capable artist in that she makes voice and brains go hand in hand; her thought controls the voice and the voice becomes the intelligent medium for the cosmopolitan children of a discriminating mind. Two faults she might do well to correct are a muffled, indistinct enunciation and a tendency to "act" while singing which is very much out of place on the concert platform. Then, too, out of a list of twenty-three songs on the program, but seven were in English. The remainder were in French, German, etc. This sort of thin gmay display an expensive accomplishment in languages, but practically does little to advance the cause of music, and is happily growing in disfavor in the larger American cities. The crusade in the East for English versions in both opera and recital is meeting with the greatest approval from the vast majority who believe that good taste should take precedence of affectation. To be sure, some compositions lose in the translation, and some are more grateful to the voice in the original; but these are decidedly in the minority and form no good reason for a recital in foreign tongues.

Bessie Clayton,
One of the "Beaux and Belles" at the Orpheum.

The "Beaux and Belles Octette" at the Orpheum sing and dance to some very bright and catchy music by Harry T. MacConnell. The act is evidently modelled after the "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" sextet (I have heard any number of people call it "sixtet"), in Floradora, but is none the less effective for that. Mr. John Geiger, a trick violinist, attains some sublime heights of mediocrity.

The Grau Company comes to us again in November with much the same scale of prices as those which obtained last year; the main difference lying in the rear rows of orchestra and dress circle being reduced from $7 to $5. The novelties presented will include La Navarraise, Thomas's Hamlet, Manon, Meistersinger and Tristan and Isolde. The singers new to us are Calve, Eames, Reuss-Beice, and Sibyl Sanderson, soprani; de Marchi, Vanni and Salignac, tenori; Tavecchia, barytone, and de Segurola, basso.

Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire:—"Because My Love is Mine," by Fred'k H. Cowen, published by Boosey & Co.; "When We are Parted," by Florence Buckingham Joyce, published by Oliver Ditson Co.

Little Miss Enid Brandt is to give her first concert at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s Hall, on November 5th. Wadimar de Pachman the eminent Chopin player, prophesied, great things to Mr. Friedlander of the success of this child pianist. She does not play like a child, however, but gives an intelligent, powerful rendering such as one might expect from an experienced pianist.

She will give among other selections the Bach Prelude and Fugue number 5, and Chopin's Fantasie Impromptu in C sharp minor.

The Horse Blew First.

An Irish horseowner whose horse had been prescribed for by a veterinary surgeon ran into the latter's office and, with tears in his eye and his face the "pithur of bad luck," cried, "Oh, Mr. Moriarity, I'm poorly; the powdher's kilt me entirely!"

"The powder!" cried Mr. Moriarty. "Why, I didn't tell you to take the powder. I told you to place it in a paper tube and put one end in the horse's mouth and blow hard."

"Yes, sorr," cried Pat, "I put the powdher in the chube, and I put the end of it in the horse's mouth, with the other end in my own, but, begorra, he blew first."

"Crying for the Moon"

Has become a proverbial phrase to express the futility of mere desire. There are a great many people who think it is as useless to hope for health as to cry for the moon. They have tried many medicines and many doctors, but all in vain.

A great many hopeless men and women have been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; people with obstinate coughs, bleeding lungs, night-sweats and other symptoms of disease which if neglected or unskillfully treated find a fatal termination in consumption.

"Golden Medical Discovery" has a wonderful healing power. It increases the nutrition of the body, and so gives strength to throw off disease. It cleanses the blood from poisonous impurities and enriches it with the red corpuscles of health. It is not a stimulant, but a strength giving medicine. It contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic.

Sometimes the extra profit paid by inferior medicines tempts the dealer to offer a substitute as "just as good" as "Discovery." If you are convinced that "Discovery" will cure you accept nothing else.

"I was in poor health when I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicine," writes Mr. Elmer Lawler, of Volga, Jefferson Co., Indiana. "I had stomach, kidney, heart, and lung trouble. Was not able to do any work. I had a severe cough and hemorrhage of the lungs, but after using your medicine a while I commenced to gain in strength and flesh, and stopped coughing right away. Took about six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' then, and last spring I had Grippe, and it settled on my lungs, leaving me with a severe cough. I had the doctor, but he didn't seem to help me any; so I commenced your medicine again and took three or four bottles of the 'Discovery' and two vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, and that straightened me up. I feel like a different person. I gladly recommend your medicine to all sufferers, for I know it cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation by curing its cause.

Achille L. Artigues
PIANIST
Organist of Notre Dame des Victoirer
1248 McAllister St. PHONE Fell 1749

MRS. W. H. HORD,
Piano and Guitar.
Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.
Residence, 2005 Oak St Phone, Page 1622
OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.
TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

REFRESHING SLEEP.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.
Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

ATTENTION!
We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge
A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT
In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to
THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving
Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRED
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

Cotton Sail Ducks
Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.
Murphy, Grant, Co.

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else
Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

SMALL TALK.

Mrs. Preston and her daughters will remain at the Palace Hotel during this winter.

Mrs. Avery McCarthy and Miss Helen Wagner will spend the winter at the Richlieu.

Mrs. George Preston Wintermute was hostess at a tea at the Hotel Colonial last Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wheaton are enjoying their Southern sojourn, and upon their return will reside in Oakland.

Mrs. Beaver and her daughters will leave for Europe via China and Japan in November, expecting to be away for a year or so.

Mr. Walter E. Dean is rapidly recovering from his serious accident and anticipates accompanying Mrs. and Miss Dean on their Eastern trip.

Mrs. Maurice Casey has taken the Beaver house on Washington street for the winter. Miss Dillon will sail for an extended Oriental tour early in the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Scott nee Miss Leila Voorhies will arrive in San Francisco to spend a few months with Mrs. Voorhies early in November. Mr. Scott's mother will accompany them.

Miss Jacqueline Moore was the recipient of a large reception given by her father and mother at their Oakland home Saturday afternoon. The Moores anticipate spending the winter at the Richlieu.

Mrs. Driscoll, of Oakland has taken the Voorhies house on California street for the winter. Doctor Mrs. and Miss Voorhies will occupy an apartment in the Voorhies building on Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Strong and Mrs. Edward Campbell were the hostesses at a tea in Oakland last week. Mrs. Campbell anticipates remaining in Oakland until Mr. Campbell returns from Panama. He is at present stationed on the Iowa.

The latest accounts heard from Mrs. Martin Crimmins nee Miss Margaret Cole tell of her entire recovery. During the warm weather she was quite ill, but has once more recovered her health and color. Her sister will probably join her in January.

Mrs. Isaac Requa was the hostess at several dinners given to the Bishops of the Convention. With her daughters Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. Requa has probably given more pleasure to the people of Oakland and the visitors from the East than any other Californian.

The many friends of Miss Ethyl Hager will be sorry to hear that she is not improving as rapidly as was expected. She is now in Japan receiving the best of care, but will return as soon as she is able to her family in San Francisco. Miss Alice Hager is with her.

Mrs. Landers and Mrs. Frederick Tallant will give a large tea introducing their daughter, Miss Pearl Landers, Saturday, October 26th. Miss Landers will be assisted in receiving by Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Bernice Landers, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Mabel Toy, Miss Katherine Dillon and several others.

The Misses Preston's were the hostesses at a tea given last week at their rooms in the Palace Hotel. There were as many young men as women all of whom came laden with flowers to congratulate these young ladies on their engagements which were announced that afternoon. These young ladies are to be married early in January.

Miss Leontine Blakeman was hostess at a tea given to Miss Elmer of Portland on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Elmer is a handsome young lady and Miss Olive Holbrook's cousin. Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Keeney, Miss Holbrook, and several other young ladies assisted Miss Blakeman in receiving. Miss Elmer will return to Portland early in November.

Miss Jessie Hooper and W. Oscar Beatty were quietly married at the Hooper residence on the corner of Laguna and Clay streets Tuesday last. The wedding was very quiet, being witnessed only by immediate friends and relatives of the young people. The house was most artistically decorated. The young people received a large number of presents notwithstanding the quietness of the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Maude Mullins and Dr. Clark will be celebrated in February next. It will be a church affair with a large number of bridesmaids. Miss Mullins is a typical athletic girl with fair coloring and a splendid physique. Dr. Clark has resigned from the position of army physician, and will begin as a general practicioner the first of the year. He stands very high in his profession and his loss will be severely felt at the army hospital in San Francisco.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

SUITS
CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED
BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY
40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.
Ring up Drumm 44 We run two wagons

DEMOCRATIC MUNICIPAL TICKET

Municipal Government is business, not politics.

The citizens must elect men who will not betray them to the corporations, but act honorably and justly to all.

MAYOR
JOSEPH S. TOBIN

SUPERVISORS
WM. T. BOCK
J. P. BOOTH
H. U. BRANDENSTEIN
SAMUEL BRAUNHART
JAMES BUTLER
A. COMTE, JR.
JOHN CONNOR
P. J. CURTIS
A. A. D'ANCONA
L. J. DWYER
JOHN LANDERS
KNOX MADDOX
WM. N. McCARTHY
HENRY PAYOT
MAURICE V. SAMUELS
HENRY J. STAFFORD
LUTHER WAGONER
WM. D. WASSON

AUDITOR
JOHN H. WISE

CITY ATTORNEY
FRANKLIN K. LANE

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
LEWIS F. BYINGTON

TREASURER
S. H. BROOKS.

RECORDER
EDMOND GODCHAUX.

COUNTY CLERK
GEO. DAHLBENDER

TAX COLLECTOR
JOSEPH FASSLER

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
P. BOLAND

SHERIFF
J. S. WARDELL

CORONER
DR. T. B. W. LELAND

POLICE JUDGES
A. J. FRITZ
C. T. CONLAN

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

TRADE MARK

A Positive Relief For CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.

Get Mennen's (the original). Sample free

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,109.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,0 0,000 00
Deposits, June 29 1901.....29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becker
First Vice-President.... John Lloyd.
Second Vice-President.. Daniel Meyer
Cashier. . . . . A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary . . . . A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt,

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....$28,973 540
Reserve Fund..... 226 994
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Dan iel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Au horized to act as Execu or, Adminis trator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610

609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

TEL. GREEN 12.

CHAS. P. DROLLA

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal

All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

Among the Authors.

"God Save the King," Ronald MacDonald's new novel, is decidedly interesting. It is historical and deals with the latter years of the Commonwealth, closing with the Restoration.

The hero befriends, at a critical moment, the defeated and wandering Charles II, before the King's escape to the Continent after the battle of Worcester. The heroine aids him in this adventure, and she and he and the restored monarch are the principal actors in an exciting episode that furnishes the climax of the story.

The story is in the form of a personal narrative, written by the hero for the avowed purpose of reconciling his mother to himself..

The reader, however, after being led up to the climax is left to wonder whether the writer's hope was ever accomplished. Possibly, Mr. MacDonald has a "sequel up his sleeve," though to the ordinary reader of human-nature, when he considers the life-long wickedness of Mistress Lydia, the reconciliation must seem a forlorn hope.

The story is told frankly as a story and does not pretend to be an appendix to history—historical scenes, indeed, being rather neatly skipped for the benefit of the novel reader. Because of this license we may pass without criticism the group of Puritans to which Mr. MacDonald presents us. The hero has indeed fallen among an unmixed crowd.

"God Save the King," by Ronald MacDonald. Pub. by the Century Co. Cloth, $1.50.

* * *

The "Van Dwellers" has a sub-title. "A Strenuous Quest for a Home," and is dedicated

"To Those
Who Have Lived in Flats,
To Those
Who Are Living in Flats,
And To Those
Who Are Thinking of
Living in Flats."

It consists of a somewhat humorous account of the experiences, real or supposed, of a small family in searching for a satisfactory flat; the author touching also upon the servant problem. That Mr. Paine has an eye for the serious side of these questions is shown by a chapter at the end, in which he abandons the humorous.

We can hardly regard Mr. Paine as a great humorist, but those who are interested in "flat" life will spend a pleasant hour in company with "The Van Dwellers."

"The Van Dwellers," by Albert Bigelow Paine. J. T. Taylor Co. 75c.

One has to rub his eyes in order to realize that J. W. Mitchell, the author of "Amos Judd," is editor of the first comic weekly in America. It is as solemn as a high school essay. There is not a gleam of humor.

Mr. Mitchell has a rather original plot and a new character—new in conception, although unconvincing in execution. Amos Judd is not, as the name would imply, a neighbor of David Harum. He is an Indian prince with a gift of prophecy who is mysteriously shipped, as a child, to the household of a New England farmer along with a fortune in jewels. He grows up, acquires a Harvard education and mild sporting tastes, falls in love and keeps through it all the gift of prophecy which makes him foretell, and endeavor in vain to avoid, his own tragic doom, which ends the book.

The trouble with Mr. Mitchell's book is that Amos Judd is not the Indian prince at all, but just a Bostonian with a dark skin and a curious past. He lives and makes love and dies in the calm fashion of the Bostonese product; the Hindu never shows through. It is interesting but not convincing. Published by Scribner. Four-colored illustrations. Price, $1.50.

* * *

"Papa Bouchard," by Molly Elliot Seawell, is an interesting little story of Parisian life, farcial in tone and very light in character. It is not excruciatingly funny, but it serves. Published by Scribner. Price, $1.50.

* * *

The "International Monthly" for October is rather more technical than usual.

Professor Hugo Munsterberg comments from the German's point of view upon the desirability of democracy, having in mind the results obtained both here and in France.

He treats of American democracy as a levelling principle which dominates even in intellectual and moral realms, and upon this hypothesis bases his argument. But is he not wrong in his assumption? Our democracy is not a setting of limits to achievement, but rather a destroying of the limits to opportunity, laying, as we believe, the only foundation for a true aristocracy—a government by the best.

M. Guy of the French Colonial Ministry has an interesting article on French Colonial Empire.

* * *

"Cassell's Magazine of Art" for October contains among other things an instructive critical article upon Tiffany glass. There are also interesting designs for day and night nurseries under the heading of "Art for Babies." The furniture and schemes of animal decoration are shown in illustration. The article is suggestive and the number should be preserved.

* * *

"Cassell's Magazine" for October is a bright number after the style of the lighter English magazines. There are readable short stories, two good serials, and a number of interesting articles.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You will find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

For Mayor

Joseph S. Tobin

Democratic Nominee.

For Treasurer

S. H. Brooks

Formerly Sub-Treasurer U. S.

Regular Democratic Nominee

Present Incumbent

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... **PAPER**

COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.

Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

C. A. GARTER C. W. CROSS

Law Offices of

Cross & Garter

Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.

Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER
THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Nex New Examiner Bldg. S F Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336
DON R. DUNBAR
Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes
N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood
"The Castle"
101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG
The True Blue.
308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served.

—ESTABLISHED 1823—
WILSON WHISKY
—THAT'S ALL!
Bielenberg & Weniger
Sole Distributors
101-103 POWELL ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE
Billiard, Pool and Club Room
(Never Closed.)
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.
924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET.

A Deal in Blood 'n Thunder

Continued from Page 9.

At that moment I saw two women enter the clearing on horseback, and the younger, who I felt sure was Mary Sullivan, jumped to the ground, and charged down on us furiously.

"Come off, now, ye shpalpeens!" she yelled, and George being nearer she dragged him clear and pitched him headlong into the Blood and Thunder Mine. I followed, before explanations could be offered; but alighting on the partly submerged miner fared a great deal better. I was able to make use of this providential stepping stone and gain the bank in time to see Bill Granville being lifted gently to his seat by the indignant young woman.

Noting my reappearance, she reached for the rifle, but Bill stopped her.

"He's all right, Mary; he's been a good friend to me, and held George off till you came along."

Mary's blushes showed her deep confusion, but she passed it off lightly.

"Sorry ye got handled so rough, Mr.——" she began, but she waved me aside that she might draw a bead on George, who was slowly emerging.

"Hands up, George," she called.

George obeyed with some signs of weariness.

"What were ye tryin' to kill Bill for?" she demanded sternly.

"I weren't tryin' to kill Bill," he responded; "I was tryin' to get my money back. He's beat me out of three hundred dollars."

As Bill could only laugh more weakly than ever, George had the chance of a fair hearing, and he made the most of it.

"See here, Mary," he said, "Bill sold me half of this wonderful Blood 'n Thunder mine of his, leavin' me to think those specimens came from here; and then when I want my money back he only laughs like an idiot. And see here, Mrs. Maguire," he continued turning to the chaperon, "would you have come all these fifteen miles on that livery stable plug if you'd known his mine was poppycock?"

"No, bejabers!" screamed Mrs. Maguire. "I wouldn't have moved a stip, thin. Shure it's just what I've been tillin' ye all the way up, Mary, ye're throwin' away your good name to nurse a lazy drunken prospector who hasn't a cint in the wide world."

Bill was apparently unable to stop laughing, but he waved his bag of money in direct contradiction of this last calumny.

I had wondered, while I was lay hid behind the tree, what the moral effect of the specimens had on Mary Sullivan in town. I watched her closely, but she showed no discomfiture.

"If Bill hadn't a cint in the world, thin, sure that's all the more reason why I should nurse him," she said in a tone of reproof to Mrs. Maguire. And then glancing defiantly at us all, she continued, "and Bill and me are engaged to be married, and I don't care who knows it."

Mrs. Maguire snorted scornfully, and Bill checked his hysterical laughter at last, a look of bewildered happiness transfiguring his face.

"Now George, you can git," Mary went on, apparently anxious to cover this sentiment with an exhibition of authority. "I'll give ye half a minute to quit the clearing."

George needed no urging, but left the neighborhood of the Blood and Thunder Mine at a nervous trot, going by the path he came.

Mary then turned her attention to me.

"We're ever so much obliged to you, Mister, for your kindness to Bill here, but I guess we won't delay you any more. If ever you're round this way again give us a call."

I mentioned my blankets, and Mary sent Mrs. Maguire for them.

"See here, pardner," said Bill, "you done the square thing by me, and I shan't forgit you; and I don't want you to forgit me, nor Mary either. If you'll oblige me by takin' this along as a meemento, I'd be glad."

He pulled out from his pocket a tangled mass of gold and quartz, so heavy that his arm was weighed down.

"As I said to Mary in town, there's plenty more where that came from; but I didn't mean the Blood 'n Thudder," he continued, laughing again at the thought of his deal with George. "The new mine is over there," he added pointing before him, "and I'm going to call it the Mary Granville." He smiled at Mary who blushed at this audacity.

I fear I accepted his "meemento" with a rather careless grace, an ignorance of its value saving me from embarrassment.

I wished them good bye and happiness; and feeling pleased that my direction was opposite to that taken by the disgrunted George, I set off toward my waiting mule, and I felt that, after all, the big stage of the Sierra foothills is not always without its players.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT. Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

Famous Russian-Oriental Tobacco Store
418 Montgomery St, Phone Black 1233
Near California St. Established 1876.

MRS. FANNIE ROSENTHAL, Prop.
Leading importer of choice varieties of Russian, Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes and Smoking Tobaccos. High-grade Cigarettes made to order for private clubs and special social events. Delicate Aromatic Cigarettes made for Ladies' Tea Parties. Latest French and English novelties in pipes and smokers' articles, also Turkish water pipes, etc.
Order by Telephone

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR
VAUGHN LEADLEY,
Solicitor for
J. F. SNOW & CO.,
Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.
Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 00 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

EDWARD HALL, President. WM. J. BIGGY, Vice-Prrs. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.
United States Laundry Association
LAUNDRY 3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.
(Near Valencia)
TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418
OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST.,
near Powell.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
TRY THEM FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.
Fac-Simile Signature of John L. Brown & Son on every box.

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Among the many honors accorded DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY has been the Royal Warrant recently granted by King Edward. The Royal Family has accorded this honor to DEWAR'S SCOTCH for many years past. It is a compliment which the judges of Scotch whisky think highly deserved.

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material. kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN *BATHS*

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 3,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

Things Theatrical.

At the Grand Opera House Walter E. Perkins scores a success in "The Man from Mexico." He keeps his audience in a state of almost painful laughter. Clementina Fitzhugh was personated by Laura Nelson Hall very satisfactorily, and Fred Butler as the Deputy Sheriff deserves particular notice for his clever work. The play is as popular as ever.

* * *

"The Cotton King" at the Central is a good old-fashioned "shocker." It is realistic to the last degree. The wheels go round, blood and tears and curses flow unremittingly from the players, and the audience furtively wipes its eye. It is a success in its line and appreciated by the patrons of the Central.

* * *

Mignonette Kokin, chanteuse and danseuse eccentrique, and Francis Le Page, a fancy jumper, divide the honors of the Orpheum bill this week, with the "Beaux and Belles Octette" a good third. Miss Kokin furnishes a sample of some very dainty execution in her dances, and some of Mr. Le Page's jumps are little short of marvelous. The "Beaux and Belles" dance is very pleasing and clever, and somewhat out of the ordinary vaudeville stunt. The De Courcy Brothers, Tommy Baker, John Geiger, the trick violinist, with Monroe, Mack and Lawrence in a really good "mother-in-law" skit, complete a very attractive bill.

* * *

At the Alcazar "The Girl in the Barracks" continues its questionable success. From the point of numbers it is undoubtedly a success; the acting too is good; but the play itself is not nice. It is not policy to drive away the better class of patrons.

* * *

"The Female Drummer" at the California is not a success, though there is clever acting by both Johnstone Bennett and Harry Ladell.

* * *

Stuart Robson is back in San Francisco in "The Henrietta," and his charms are increased. His Bertie is more pathetically funny than ever it was. "The lamb," instead of aging to mutton, grows steadily more tender. He is admirably supported and the Columbia audience is well satisfied.

* * *

At The Theatres Next week.

Central—"The Great Northwest."

Alcazar—"Tennessee's Pardner." A dramatization by Scott Marble of Bret Harte's story.

California—"Sporting Life"

Columbia—"The Henrietta" consinues another week, and can afford to.

Grand Opera Huseo—"The Man from Mexico" is continued.

Orpheum—At the Orpheum this week San Francisco's greatest vaudeville favorite, Lillian Burkhart, will begin a brief engagement. Her opening piece will be "The Way to Win a Husband." "Miyo San," a Japanese musical comedy in one act, will be presented. Charles Harris and Nellie Walters will reappear, after an extended absence, in "The Black-Haired Widow." The Leslies, from Australia, promise a musical act absolutely new to America.

Tivoli—On Monday there will be a grand testimonial to Director Steindorff.

ASTHMA CURE FREE.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in all Cases. Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chain d with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of Asthmalene, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, Asthmalene will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the more glad we are to send it. Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City. Sold by all Drnggists.

TRINITY SCHOOL

Founded 1876

A day school for young gentlemen.

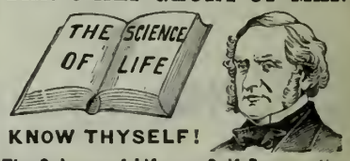
2203 Central Avenue San Francisco, Cal.

Preparatory department for younger boys under the supervision of a lady. Grammar and high school departments under gentleman teachers. University graduates. Accredited to the Universities.

LYON & ROGER, Principals.

Phone: Steiner 4550.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood,
THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

Christmas Holidays

—IN—

MEXICO

Southern Pacific Special Train EXCURSION

Personally Conducted Composite Car, Dining Car, Vestibuled Sleepers.

RATE	LEAVES
$80, San Francisco,	Dec. 18
$70, Los Angeles,	Dec. 19

Good 60 days. Optional side trips Special rates from all California points

Inquire of agents for literature.

E. O. McCormick,
Pass. Traf. Mgr.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Oct. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. Nov. 2. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Oct. 3, 8, 13 18, 23, 28. Nov. 2. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Oct. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Nov. 3.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)

Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro and San Pedro.

Steamer Corona, Thursdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

Baby Elephant's Joke.

She was just back from the Pan-American. She wasn't paying excess on any weight of serious information brought home with her, but she knew the Midway like a book or rather a comic paper. Every page of her experience had a laugh at the bottom and she turned the leaves for every friend she met. Her particular favorite was as follows:

"One evening we were loitering past the animal show, when I noticed a queer sort of a chair in front of the place. It was a heavy, square wooden chair, with arms and a high back. It would not have been remarkable except for its width, which seemed excessive, and the fact that it was so very low. The seat was less than a foot from the ground.

"We stood there speculating as to its use when another group of loiterers stopped near us. They were paying no attention to the chair, but were discussing just what particular fake they would experiment with next. Unconsciously they had stopped near the peculiar armchair which had attracted my attention. They stood with their backs to it, one woman being only a few feet away.

"Just as we were about to give up our attempt to solve the chair problem we saw a baby elephant come out of the menagerie building, swing along with the peculiar gait of its kind, and sit down in the very seat we were staring at. The barker came out too and began to get ready to shout for a crowd.

"Just then the elephant, which was flapping its ears and swinging its trunk from side to side, seemed to decide on investigating the group standing in front of him. The woman had her belt pinned down in the back with a large-headed pin that gleamed temptingly in young Mr. Elephant's eyes. He stretched out his trunk and began fumbling with the pin.

"The woman felt something and put her hand around to see that her belt was in place. Before her hand got there the trunk was gone. She satisfied herself that her moorings were secure and then brought her hand back to the front again. Presto, up went the trunk for a second attempt. The woman was so occupied in the discussion that she was probably only half conscious of being touched, for she did not turn around even then. She merely put her hand back on another reassuring expedition, which again missed the exploring trunk.

"Once again the elephant found the field clear. This time he was surer of his ground. He deftly took the head of the pin, drew it out and then swiftly jabbed it—there is no other word for it—into the woman's back. Scream? Of course she did.

She jumped about three feet, too, and as she came down she whirled around to see what had struck her. When she saw that elephant she jumped another three feet. If somebody hadn't caught her I think she'd be jumping yet. I have seen the Midway very lively at times, but I don't think I ever observed greater excitement than prevailed for the next few minutes. I must confess that we added to the occassion by going into fits of heartless mirth. The elephant? Oh, he was a model of a joker. He never cracked a smile."—N. Y. Sun.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

"GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

It is said that certain people cannot sing this song but anybody can go away back East and sit down in the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road. These trains carry Nickel Plate Dining Cars in which are served American Club meals at from $.35 to $1.00 each.

Call or write for free book showing views of Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Jay W. Adams, P. C. P. A. 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence

1021½ Market St. bet. 6th & 7th S. F.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Th n Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Fran cisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St San Francisc o, Cal

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained

Flor de Claus Spreckels

Choicest Havana Cigars

H. PLAGEMANN & CO., Importers

709-711 Market St.,

Adjoining Call Building

San Francisco

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MIAN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC
AND OTHER DISEASES
CURED
Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application. Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST. near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

Borrowed Plums

Willie—"Pa, who was Shylock?"

The Father—"Goodness, boy! You attend church and Sunday-school every week and don't know who Shylock was? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."—*Tit Bits.*

* * *

A stalwart Life Guardsman strolled leisurely down the street, and, approaching an expectant bootblack, pompously placed one enormous foot on the polishing block. For a moment or two the lad gazed in wonderment at the expanse of leather spread before his eyes, and then he hailed a colleague on the other side of the street.

"Hi, Bill," he shouted, "lend us some polish. Hi've got a Harmy contract."—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

She—I hope you are not angry with papa for kicking you, dearest?"

He—Oh, no. I never pay any attention to what goes on behind my back.—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

"How large a permanent population has Crimson Gulch?" inquired the tourist.

"Well," answered Bronco Bob, "we've got about four hundred and seven living here. But with so much hoss stealin' an' brace faro goin' on I would't allude to anyhody as bein' particular permanent."—*Washington Star.*

* * *

A—I say, come round to my house this evening. We're going to have a little whist party.

B—All right. I'll come. You can coax me to go anywhere to play whist.—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

Gus de Smythe—Those new boots of yours squeak awfully; perhaps they ain't paid for yet.

Johnny—That's all nonsense. If there is anything in that, why don't my coat and vest and my trousers and my hat squeak too?

* * *

She—I am very sorry, but circumstances over which I have no control compel me to say no.

He—Might I ask what the circumstances are?

She—Yours.—*King.*

* * *

"Well, what on earth did he marry for?"

"For sympathy."

"And he didn't get even that?"

"Oh, yes, from his friends."

—*Philadelphia Press.*

* * *

Obliging.

Lady (to village jobber, who for days has been "working" in the house)—Can you tell me when you are likely to have finished this job?

Village Jobber—If you can tell me, mum, where I'm likely to get another.—*Punch.*

* * *

Unawares.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed, impatiently' "we'll be sure to miss the first act. We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he replied, rather tartly.

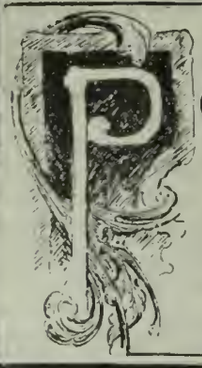
"Ours?" she cried, joyfully. "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"—*Philadelphia Press.*

* * *

No Use for Such a Prize.

Goodheart—I've got you down for a couple of tickets; we're getting up a raffle for a poor man of our neighborhood.

Joakley—None for me, thank you. I wouldn't know what to do with a poor man if I won him.—*Christian Register.*



Palace Hotel

Every feature connected with the management of this Hotel was introduced for the purpose of adding to the comfort, convenience and entertainment of guests.

The policy of providing luxuries such as have made the Palace famous will continue in force, and innovations calculated to still further increase its popularity will be introduced.

Desirable location, courteous attaches, unsurpassed cuisine and spacious apartments are the attributes which have made the Palace the ideal place for tourists and travelers. American plan. European plan.

California Northwestern R'y

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Shellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices 650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome Streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

AUTOMOBILES

WE BUILD TO ORDER

GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.

All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
FACTORY—346 McAllister St; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

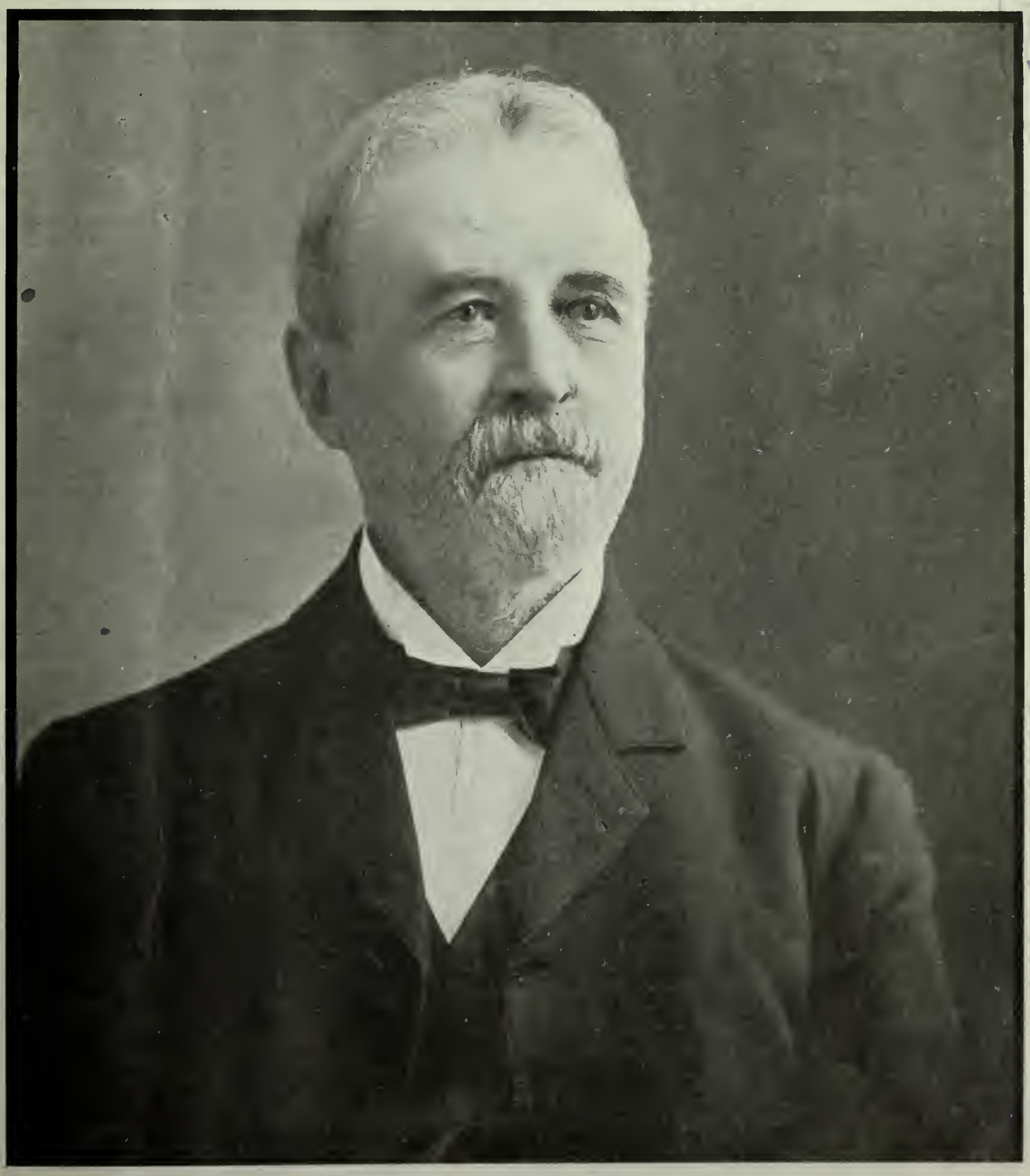
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

This Paper not to be taken from the Library

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 23. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS



Samuel H. Brooks,

Democratic Candidate for Treasurer,

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.
Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS
TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—November 2, 1901.

A Topographical Change.

Within the last few years, or more accurately, within the past two years, San Francisco has taken on the outward appearance of a large city. Built originally of materials that had to be shipped around the Horn, it is no wonder that architecturally it possessed few features to which we could point with pride. And for many years the present receipt of rents has outweighed a probable increase in value, through improvements, with the owners of down-town property. Not very long ago, the "Chronicle" was the building of the city, and the great heighth of its clock tower, and the tall outline of its frame were pointed out with eager pride by the urbanite to his unenlightened friend from the rural fastnesses. But that day is past. The ambition of Mr. Spreckels soon looked far down upon the once famous pile of the De Young's; and today, the steel skeleton of Mayor Phelan's Mutual Bank, slowly rising from the depths of Market street, promises to afford another shrine for the wandering Mussulman, who fell on his knees and salaamed to the towering majesty of the "Call."

This is only one, however. The Mills, Mutual Life, Crocker, Haywards, and many other monsters of pressed brick and structural iron, have changed, in a marked degree, the profile of the town, until now it bears the landmarks of a metropolis. The view from the deck of one of the ferries is not dissimilar to that of New York from its harbor. The Callahan and Cook buildings, Hale's and Bruener's, out Market, add their share to the evolution of the city's contour. The new Crocker Hotel at Powell and Geary streets, the Rialto, which will soon soar skyward at Mission and New Montgomery streets, and the gigantic successor planned for the old Baldwin Hotel site, indicate that the architectural change has by no means reached the high-water mark. It seems probable that many years will not pass before the one-story wooden shacks, which the accustomed eye is sometimes startled to note along our leading streets, will have totally disappeared.

In connection with this, an interesting feature is presented to the old resident in tracing the course which the center of business activity has traversed. From its undoubted position in early days back of Meiggs wharf, concentrating around Washington and Jackson, Sansome and Battery streets, it has moved steadily to the outh and west, until today Mission has become an active wholesale street, while Montgomery and California streets are now considered very far down town. The old pioneers who have passed away would doubtless fail to find in the San Francisco of today, the city of their time, although the slow and gradual change has been almost inappreciable to one who notes all the steps in the development.

Our Seaboard Defenses.

The action of the War Department in appointing a board of officers to secure suitable sites for fortifications along the ocean front below the Cliff House, to the southwest of the city, meets the approval of all military strategists who have investigated our position. The consummation of the work, with the erection of batteries of powerful guns, in this quarter, will complete the chain of the city's defenses, and San Francisco can then be said to be so well protected that she may bid defiance to the strongest foe. The movement is timely, for until the work is finished, we can scarcely be considered to be in a safe condition in the event of war. The heavy pieces of ordnance, which riddle the sides of Alcatraz, and crown the bluffs on either side of Golden Gate, together with the complete system of mines at the harbor's mouth, make the approach of hostile ships from that quarter well nigh impossible. But without a well-equipped armament along the open water side of the Sunset district a link is missing in the chain.

It would have been a practicable proposition in the late war, had Spain a strong fleet in these waters, for it to have steamed within easy shelling distance, and destroyed the city at leisure. Or it would have been equally feasible for the Spaniards to have landed a sufficiently strong force, along the smooth beach, and advanced upon us from the land side, which was then, and is now, totally unprotected. We may, in the future, encounter a nation with a navy far superior to that of our late adversary, and a second Roosevelt may not be at hand to foresee such a contingency as the one with which we were then threatened. The situation at that time has doubtless had its influence upon the present action of the department. We repeat that the contemplated addition to our seaward batteries is opportune, and with their completion, the inhabitants of this city can rest secure in the event of hostilities, with foes however strong.

Incidentally, the condemnation of land out that way, will cause considerable livening up in the real estate transactions in the district. And the government improvements, when finished, will doubtless strengthen values there permanently, as has been the case of building blocks about the Presidio.

Impersonal Politics.

Among all the things that are being said and done in the present municipal campaign, one fact is apparent which redounds to the credit of the c y and the three candidates for its mayorality. Not one of them is making a personal fight against his opponents. Mr. Wells, Mr. Tobin and Mr. Schmitz are each conducting the most rigorous campaign of which he is capable, but not one is attempting to win, by indulging in vituperation, and the besmirching of the individual character and integrity of his antagonists. There may be some exceptions among their supporters, but we are glad to say—not many. It is a pleasant feature of a contest, where the lines are sharply drawn, and the most rigorous determination on the part of everyone is seeking the victory.

The condition of things here in this regard is in strong contrast to the methods in use at the present time in the triangular contest at Sacramento for the same position. Nothing so bitter in political lines has been seen in the Capital City for years, as the contest which Clarke, the Independent nominee, and his two opponents are waging. Bad feeling runs high in all quarters. Every possible story, probable or not, and regardless of where and whom it strikes, is being circulated by the friends of the candidates.

That this style of campaigning is productive of no good results, is to patent too need comment. Abuse makes enemies and not friends, and the latter and not the former, are what every office-seeker before the people, is doing his best to gain. The stronger battle a man wages, the more respect he commands, but there can be no possible justification in attempting to tear down an opponents private character, to defeat him on political issues. That the three men seeking the highest office in San Francisco, realize this fact, is conceded by the open, fair and impartial manner in which they are conducting their several canvasses. It should be a gratification and pride to our citizens that this campaign, whichever party triumphs, possesses this pleasant and creditable feature.

Did President McKinley fear assassination? While it is fair to presume that he did not court death, on the other hand it is well known that he took little or no precautions toward protecting himself from the bullets of cranks and the madman. There are several stories told of the President and his absolute disregard for his own personal safety. The most authentic of these is one which Mr. Oxnard, the millionaire sugar-king told me last week. While at Buffalo, just a day prior to the shooting, the Californian remonstrated with the Chief Executive for his carelessness, in going from one city to another, and mingling in large crowds, without even so much as a body guard near him.

"Mr. Oxnard," said the President, "do you know that I have secured about all in this life that I can ever hope to obtain? Suppose I live my term through, what then? I will retire to my home in Canton, there to live out the rest of my days. There will be no more glory, no more emoluments for me. I am an old man now, and I cannot hope to live more than fifteen or twenty years at the most. If I am killed, what will be the result? I will live forever in the pages of American history, and instead of being gradually forgotten, as will be the case if my second term expires without incident, my name will become a household word. The average man, no doubt, prays to be delivered from sudden death, because he instinctively feels his life is incomplete. With me, you see, it is different."

The next day, the President was shot, and the words of the great American came back to Mr. Oxnard with peculiar force.

BY THE WAY

Willie Hearst is in town. He did not come announced with the blare of trumpets but—well, he simply came. So quiet and unobtrusive was the approach of the much criticised newspaper proprietor, that two of the members of the "Examiner" staff who went to the ferry to meet the high priest of yellow journalism missed him in the shuffle, and did not know the great and only was within five hundred miles of this city, until they returned to the yellow building—which has just been painted white—on the corner of Market and Third streets. Here much to their surprise, they were informed that the boss of them all was in the telegraph room, talking to New York.

Of course the entire "Examiner" pay roll from the office boys, up, are very much exercised over the visit of Hearst, and everyone is on his or her p's and q's. Those standing high in authority are doing all that they can to keep the mild looking multi-millionaire in a good humor, for rumor has it that Hearst has an axe which may swing at any time, and when it does, heads galore will drop. Two of the "Examiner" staff thought to make merry by going forth and butchering to make a Hearstian holiday, but that is a different story.

* * *

Managing Editor Robert and Business Manager T. T. Williams had been ordered to retract certain statements they had made concerning William Denman, son of James Denman, and one of the most promising of the younger lawyers of this city. They called on Denman, and told him that while they had been ordered to make amends, they had at the same time, been doing a little detective work on the side, and they knew of certain things concerning Denman junior, which they could use as legitimate news, and which would, at the same time, be very injurious to his moral, as well as his professional character. Denman was not to be bluffed, however. Williams threatened to draw a pistol, but did not, and after much loud talking, and challenges,the noisy duo left Denman's office.

* * *

As soon as Williams and Robert had gone, Denman followed, and overtook them as they were about to enter the "Examiner" office. While Denman was addressing himself to Robert, Williams struck the attorney a blow in the face, breaking his glasses and cutting a deep gash in his forehead. Denman gave Williams as good as he sent, and in a few moments had Williams hugging the ropes, and trying to crawl to his corner. Denman's methods would no doubt have been criticised as to their artistic finish by a pugilistic authority, but as to results, nothing could be gainsaid. When the friends of Williams lifted the bruised, bleeding and breathless business manager from the sidewalk to which Denman had caused him to adhere, it was all he could do to say,

"My God! Can't that fellow tell when a man has had enough?"

* * *

Denman walked across the street to a drug store and after stopping the blood that flowed from his face, asked the apothecary to sell him such remedies as he needed, but the pill roller was obstinate. Denman expostulated, but to no avail, the druggist could not be induced to comply with the lawyers wishes, and he finally said:

"But don't you know it is a statutory offense for a druggist to refuse to sell a bill of goods to anyone needing them?"

"See here, Mr. Denman," said the druggist, "if you want anything in this store take it. It is yours. But sell it to you, never. Why, I feel like giving you the entire shop for licking those two blankety blanks across the street."

* * *

Hearst expects to be in town some time. If he will go among the business men of this city and have some heart to heart talks with them, he will hear much that will, at least, hold his attention, why his paper has become so unpopular, why the subscription books are no longer open to the public, why the classified advertising has fallen off a third in four months time, and the display ads have decreased by half in the same.

* * *

A comic opera, of the Gilbert and Sullivan order, might easily be written around the political situation in the Hawaiian Islands. On one side is the Dole faction, who have held the political citadel so long that they feel they have an everlasting cinch on the job. Opposed to them, is the Humpheys clan, who are crying "turn the rascals out," with an eye to filling the vacancies thus caused. Judge Humpheys is the leader of the political reformers, and poses as the most elect of the purefiers. It might be mentioued in passing, that whenever the Judge starts out to antisepticise the body politic of the mid-Pacific islands, he always succeeds, and with the same regularity arranges it so that he can get away with the biggest plum. Opposed to Humpheys, is Sanford B. Dole and other apostles of light, who point to the fact that their opponent was a Mississippi Republican, and later, an Arizona gun fighter, while all they say of Humpheys, and more, is no doubt true, the fact still remains that he is the cleverest political wire-puller in the islands, and after having given his missionary friends weight for age, can have them outside the money before the first quarter is reached. There is probably no section of the Union where partisan feeling runs so high as it does in the islands. The papers sympathising with the different cliques utilise column after column in lampooning their opponents, and lauding those of their own kidney. The "Advertiser" upholds the hands of Dole, while the "Republican," which is Humpheys' own personal property, declares that the Judge is the only simon pure political article in the islands.

The "Advertiser" is presided over by Walter G. Smith, at one time an editorial writer on the "Chronicle." The "Republican's" destinies are directed by Edwin S. Gill. The "Advertiser" is as conservative as the "Republican is iconoclastic. Gill started the kamaamins by his yellow methods, but he has built up a good circulation for the paper, by his judicious use of the hammer.

Dr. Gilbert of Stanford University, the man who, when he is not engaged in studying fish, is inquiring into the morals, or rather the non-morals of the student body, both collectively and individually, tells the following anecdote on himself. Recently while walking home from the university, the scientist came across an intoxicated man lying in his path. In a spirit of kindness, he helped the drunkard to his feet, brushed off his clothes and gave him some good advice, which the fellow took, all in good part.

"Shay, (hic) mister," articulated the hobo, in syllables as thick as slices of toast, "what is (hic) your name?"

Not wishing to make known his identity, yet at the same time not caring to offend the man by refusing his request, Dr. Gilbert replied.

"My name is Paul."

"Paul, hey? Paul, Paul," repeated the man in a meditative sort of way. "Shay, Paul, (hic) did you ever get an answer to that letter you wrote to the Philippines?"

* * *

Originality in art is not always appreciated. Arthur Putnam, the sculptor, some years ago determined to enter upon the life of a newspaper artist, and visited several of the daily offices with specimens of his work. In one office, the young lady in charge said:

"These are very good, indeed, Mr. Putnam, from what did you take them?"

"From Nature, ma'am."

"Oh, my dear sir," said she, "it will never do to draw from Nature in this line of work. Newspaper artists copy everything."

* * *

Police Judge Al. Fritz tells a good story on himself, which is too good to let pass. While among the southsiders the other day doing missionary work in his own behalf, the Judge came upon a man who is a power in his ward, and of whose friendship his honor was somewhat in doubt. That the man might be turned from the error of his way, Judge Fritz labored with him long and hard. Finally, after much effort, the man seemed to be won over, greatly to the rejoicing of the dispenser of high-grade justice.

"Now," said Fritz, "will you have a drink."

"Oh, yes, if you insist," was the answer; "I don't care if I do. But say, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather have a check."

* * *

The kangaroo walk is a thing of the past. It is no longer good form, and the young lady who presists in getting over the ground in that style, will soon subject herself to the scorn of those who recognize pedestrial fashions. But bad as the kangaroo walk is, it is to be replaced by a horror, which makes it seem like the graceful flight of a fawn. The name of the new method of perambulation is the Piccadilly walk, an English fad, which has just struck New York with the force of a pile driver in action. To do the right thing, the young lady who wishes to be in proper form must square her shoulders, bend slightly forward from the waist, and hold her arms curved like the legs of a man who walked before he was ten months old. To fully appreciate its hideousness go across the room and back as per directions.

Illustrated Interviews No. 1.

I. W. HELLMAN. *Photo by Taber.*

I. W. Hellman.

Mr. Hellman's greeting was quick and abrupt, yet courteous as he motioned me to one of the heavy leather chairs by his desk. Most people imagine, in summoning the picture of a leading financier before their mental vision, a gray-haired, venerable main, of most serious men. While Mr. Hellman is serious enough, that aspect is relieved by a quiet twinkle of fire behind his glasses, and as for age, his hair is not even silvered; but this is to be expected, as no one ever accused the great banker of being a silver man. Of moderate heighth and build, his alert movements add to his youthful characteristics. Leaving over his desk, a very unpretentious affair by the way, of the plainest wood, in the back part of the Nevada Bank, Mr. Hellman chatted in short sentences of his career.

It was not a sensational story, but rather the life of many an American citizen who has built his fortune through indomnitable energy, good business judgment, and honorable dealings.

Few people know that Mr. Hellman is a native of Germany. He emigrated to this country at an early age, reaching Los Angeles when about fifteen years old, where he entered the dry-goods business, as an ordinary clerk about the store, and remained in that position for some five years, after which he went into the same calling for himself. His first great step, was the organization of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, the oldest banking institution in Los Angeles. That was in 1868. Mr. Hellman's career is identified with the history of that part of the country, as all the early part of his life was spent there.

"What do you think of the future of Los Angeles?" I asked.

"It has great commercial and business possibilities," replied the banker. "That country enjoys a magnificent climate, but we have here in San Francisco, what they lack, a good harbor. Still, the Southern City has a great future, it is surrounded by a remarkable country. It was in '90 that I came here on the reorganization of this bank."

I wondered whether this middle-aged man, who had gained so much for himself in business successes, ever felt any need of relaxation, and to my question, he said:

"Yes, I get down to work here every morning at nine o'clock, and work steadily throughout the day. In Los Angeles, I used to do a good deal of riding, but I don't care for it here."

"Theatres? Well once in a while. But what I am fond of, is fishing." Here the banker forgot his surroundings and his eye grew reminescent,as his mind reverted to rod and reel."

"Lake Tahoe," he continued,"is my one resort, and fishing for the trout, my one diversion. Every summer, I go there for a month or more, and I am getting fonder of it every year."

"Fly-fishing?" I queried.

"No, I prefer trolling," and the millionaire unconsiously assumed the attentive position in his chair, which the old troller acquires in his boat.

Mr. Hellman has hitherto spent his summers on the lake at Hotel Tallac, but he now has in mind the erection of a summer home of great roominess and beauty, at some point on the lake shore. There, he will be able to retire in complete seclusion from the cares and intrusions of the business world and enjoy the beauties of nature, and his fisherman's bent to his complete satisfaction.

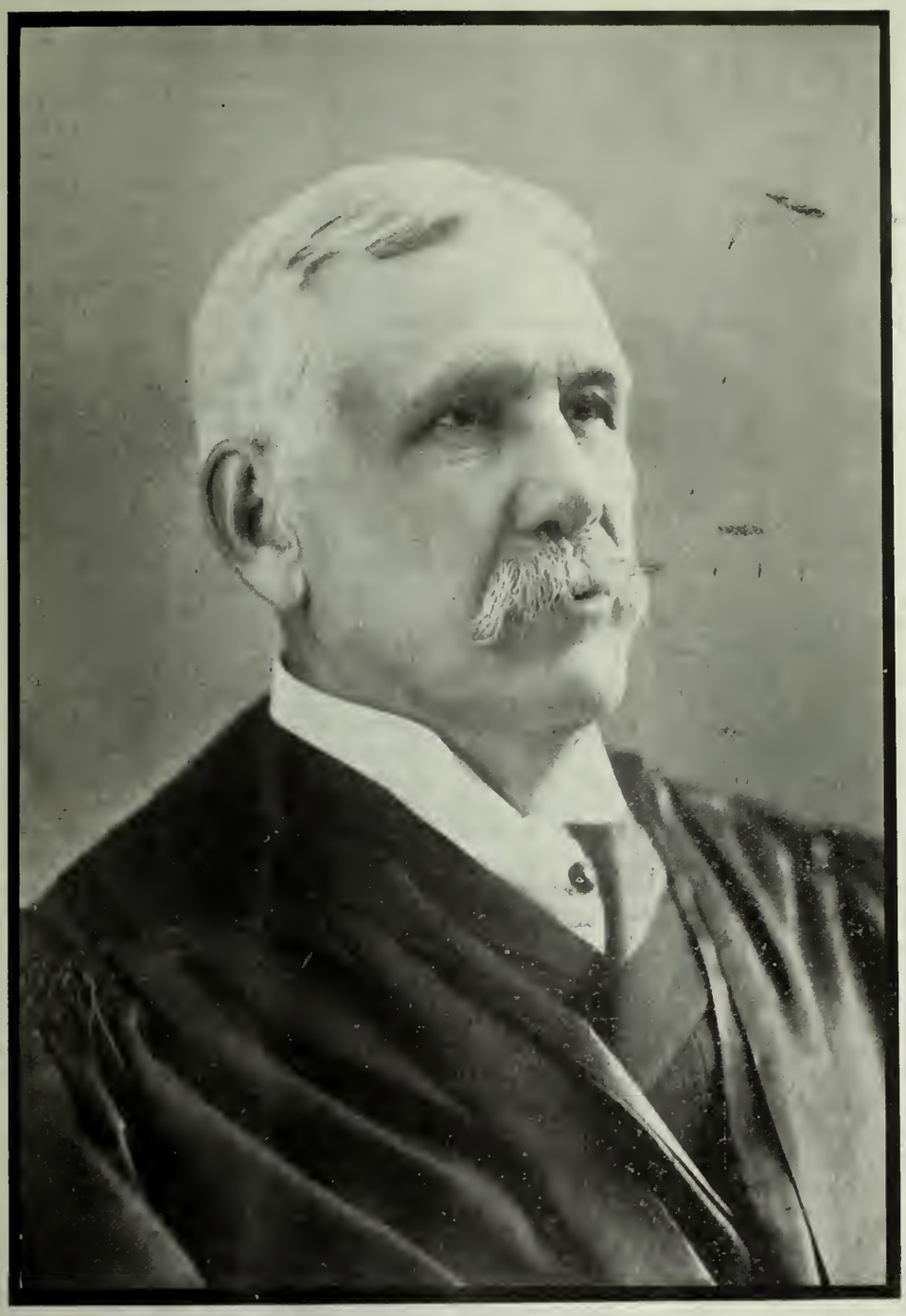
Like many really big men in the business world, Mr. Hellman is very subdued in his dress. A neat suit of dark looking cloth is the quiet garb of the financier. Scarcely a jewel can be found on his attire.

"What is your opinion of the present financial condition of San Francisco," I asked.

"Much improved since the termination of the strike. In fact the season is commencing remarkably well. Money is plentiful, and interest low. Real estate is at good figures, and steady prices. In fact," he continued, "everything looks favorable for San Francisco this year, from a banking standpoint, and I anticipate a prosperous outcome in all lines," and with a kindly smile, the man of finance bowed me out of the glass-walled apartment, behind the rows of bending clerks.

If ransom is paid for the release of Miss Stone, the missionary, it will not be the first instance where this country has bought off captives. The trouble with the dey of Algiers, which continued from 1785 to about 1805, grew out of somewhat similar circumstances. Shortly after the revolution the Algerian pirates began making a regular business of capturing American ships and sailors. At one time they held as prisoners 180 officers and seamen, who were treated with the most revolting cruelty. In 1795 the United States made a treaty with the dey. By its terms we agreed to pay him $800,000 for all the captives still alive, give him a frigate worth $100,000 and an annual tribute of $23,000 in maritime stores. And these conditions were complied with up to the war of 1812.

Our Public Men.



HON. W. W. MORROW. *Photo by Taber.*

Hon. W. W. Morrow.

Hon. W. W. Morrow, judge of the United States Circuit Court, for the Northern District of California, is a commanding figure on the Federal Bench of today. In appearance, Judge Morrow is tall, and broad shouldered, hair completely gray, with a firm step and erect carriage. Out of court, he is a courteous, kindly gentleman, with genial smile and a kindly eye.

Before his appointment to the District Judgeship in 1891, Judge Morrow can certainly be said to have lived a strenuous life and to some purpose. Of Scotch extraction, he was born in Wage County, Indiana, and received his early training for civil engineering, his chosen profession, then, at Columbia, Illinois. During the civil war, Judge Morrow was in Secretary Chase's office, and later in the treasury department, where he rendered important service. In 1869, he was admitted to the California bar, and subsequently was appointed Assistant United States District Attorney. In 1884, he became Congressman Morrow from this city, being re-elected two and four years later. His present appointment was made in 1897.

Judge Morrow is a confirmed suburbanite, being a resident of San Rafael, where he lives in winter as well as in summer. If it rains in San Rafael it is rainlng in San Francisco is the Judge's philosophv. His favorite diversion, and only relaxation, after his arduous day's work in court, is riding in an open buggy about the woods and hills in Marin County.

Once more has the dignity of the press been sustained. This time its defender is none other than William B. Meloney, better known as "Billy" Meloney, the police reporter of the "Bulletin." Three toughs, named Neal, Wilson and Gaffney, respectively, who had felt the touch of Billy's criticism, threatened to send the curley-haired reporter to dwell among the angels. But the muscular pencil-pusher had no desire to sit on a cloud bank and pick a golden harp for ever and for aye, beginning with last Tuesday morning, so in one—two—three order he swatted each of his agressors a swat, with a black-jack that he had thoughtfully put in his jeans, and when the pugalistic trinity came to, they were under the sheltering cover of the patrol wagon. Billy swore out a warrant for Neal's arrest, charging him with threats to kill, he having registered an oath to commit hari-kari on the person of the "Bulletin" man. Meloney has a style as strong, forceful and direct as one of his upper cuts or side swipes, and when in a critical mood, writes with a pen that scratches, dipped in vitrol.

* * *

George Gohen, who was chief mourner when the "Report" died just a year ago, has blossomed forth in theatrical journalism. He is the controlling spirit in the "Bill-board," a weekly of twenty-four pages, devoted to those who follow fairs, expositions and similar gatherings. Although but a few months old, the sheet has already a circulation of several thousand.

George always said that he was not appreciated in Frisco, and often, between drinks from the little bucket of ice water that he used to have on a stool by his side, would declare that he would yet make the natives of this wild and woolly village by the western sea be proud that he had ever sojourned, even unwillingly, in their midst. When the last flutter of life had gone forever from the "Report," and the last bit of elasticity had been tested in the heither limbs of the Scripps McRae syndicate, George stayed in town only long enough to say "bye-bye" to his three reporters, and carrying his grip in one hand, and leading his Newfoundland pup by the other, began his journey to the eastwerd. It is said that George was seen on the streets of Cincinnatti not long since, in company of two blonde haired young ladies, and the pup, now grown to the proud consciousness of mature doghood—but that is a different story, to say nothing of being hearsay.

* * *

Here is a little song, written by John Vance Cheney, which appears in the current number of the "Atlantic Monthly." It is written in that dainty style, so characteristic of much of Mr. Cheney's verse.

"From the withered, bitter ground
Every sweet has taken leave,
Joy there's none, of sight or sound;
Naught to do but sit and grieve?
Look—the blue! bent close above,
Close above;
While it hovers we may love,
We may love."

Mr. Cheney, since he left San Francisco, has become recognized as one of the most promising poets of our country. Scarcely a month passes but what something from his pen appears in one or more of the high-class publications of the East.

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

This winter has commenced in real earnest. Every day now I receive two or three cards to teas. One introducing a debutante, another a visiting friend, and so forth. A tea is a pleasant sort of entertainment, exceedingly cheap, and answers most purposes. Then, as auntie says, it does not bother the men of the house. Saturday was Pearl Landers'. It was a wretched afternoon, but I never saw more charming gowns, so much black and white, and such gayly colored hats and the most stunning feathers. These new Florodora hats are certainly becoming to every style of a face, and the long feathers, mama dear, are the most fascinating of all hat decorations. Mrs. Landers, her eldest daughter, Mrs. Fred Tallant, and little Pearl, all looked as well. Pearl has a most winsome manner. Were I a man, I should quietly put her in my pocket and skip off with her. Mrs. Tallant is quite like the miniatures one sees of great beauties. Her mouth is perfect, and she looks, though the mother of a family, quite a girl. The house was a mass of berries, those wonderful red ones they have out here, and autumn leaves. The girls who were receiving looked fairly well. I do not care, however, for the necks of the present style of gown. Very few girls have beautiful throats. It takes a beautiful throat to wear a collarless neck. Lots of men came in to the Landers. Then and there I made up my mind to marry a society man. It is so nice to have a husband who likes going out, and who has the faculty of talking to all the women and girls he knows.

A great number of the girls were discussing the engagement of Miss Eloise Davis. You know, mama dear, she met with a very severe accident a few years ago. Her spine was badly hurt, and for months no one expected she could recover. However, she lay in bed and gradually grew better. Mr. Pruett, her fiance, was quite devoted to her and watched her recovery patiently. The affair quite reminded me of the poet Browning's Her patience and cheerfulness in her long illness, and his constancy. I am sure they will be very happy.

Mama dear, one must live out here to really enjoy the anticipation of a great event. Wherever I go and to whomever I speak, I hear nothing but long talks of the opera. Naturally I look forward to it as I never have done at home. There are about twelve boxes, one of which uncle has taken, so your small daughter will be there every night. The other boxes are taken by different society people, so I think as there will be considerable dressing. You might as well send me a few more gowns. I don't want anything but white and green. All the girls here wear so much pink and blue, I become dead tired of seeing it. Also send me a new coat. I don't want a loose back; just get one of the Empire ones—white satin covered with heavy Irish lace. Send these things, mama dear, at once, for auntie is so fussy about clothes. She has an idea, really, mama, that I should never wear a gown twice, and that is such a wear and tear on my nerves, for I always forget which gown I have worn. But she does not. Uncle is opera crazy. I really believe he will enjoy himself. He has a young man who comes in every evening after dinner to play on the "motivs" for him. He knows each line by heart, and hums bits from some opera incessantly. It is a liberal education to live in such an atmosphere, and uncle has taught me most of the "motivs." I believe I shall enjoy the opera for the first time from the musical standpoint. "Lohengrin" is the opening performance. I just have to say "Lohengrin" to uncle, when he bursts forth with "Leb wohl, Leb wohl, mein lieber Schwan." Of course, you can imagine auntie. To her opera means a grand dress parade and a splendid opportunity to show her jewels to the world at large. She does not even know the plots of the opera, and yet will not miss a single evening except Saturday. I wanted her to let me invite some young man some evening who would enjoy music, but she scorned the idea. "No, my dear Elizabeth, you will adorn my box with your beauty, the young man will be one of position, and your uncle will enjoy the music." Gerald Rathbone, Bobbie Eyre, Phil Tompkins, Sam Boardman, Percy King I am to invite the first five nights. On Saturday night I am to ask whom I please, so I have asked the young man who comes to play for uncle every evening. Uncle bought him two seats in the family circle for the entire engagement, but auntie will not go Saturday evening, so I am to take my French teacher to chaperone me. We shall enjoy ourselves so much that evening. I intend to wear my sweetest gown, too.

Well, the next great event is the Doctor's Daughters' entertainment. It is to be a society event, a sort of dolls' show, and in the evening an entertainment of some note. It is chiefly composed of Bohemian Club men. They give a little farce by Peter Robinson. Then several girls dance the sextet from "Florodora"; then there will be miniatures of Living Pictures, and then a few recitations. It should be a success, especially the farce, for several of the really witty Bohemian Club men, hardly to be called amateurs, are taking part in it. Every one is most interested in this affair.

Wednesday I went to three teas. One to one of the debutantes, Miss Katherine Robinson. She is a beauty, very young and most frank and ingenuous. I really have never seen prettier eyes and coloring. I only hope she will not be allowed to overtax her strength and to lose that color; it is as delicate as the inside of a shell. Then to one given by Mrs. Tobin and her daughters to Mrs. Alice Meynell. This was a distinct function, and I had a most interesting time. It was certainly the swellest tea I have yet attended in San Francisco. The house is splendidly adapted to entertaining, and was really beautifully decorated. Every one who has the slightest desire to distinction in San Francisco was visible. Auntie was so pleased with Mrs. Meynell she has invited her to visit her. Between you and me, mama dear, I can't possibly see what they have in common, for Mrs. Meynell is a most intellectual sort of a woman. Later that day I went to Alice Cooper's to tea. Indeed I was tired, for talking nonsense for so many hours is wearing even to that frivolous young daughter of yours, known as

ELIZABETH.

Views Among the Sierras.

The Heart of the Sierras.

Back of Lake Tahoe, to the South, is a grand stretch of rock and forest, from Mount Tallac to Ralston Peak, and far beyond. By many globe trotters, who have toiled their way from the old Placerville road into this wild desolation, it is said to be a sight without a parallel in the world's scenery. The views from Pyramid Peak, Crystal Peak, Lake Aloha, and at other points in in the region, are impressive and beautiful. Lakes of diamond clearness and banks of untrodden snow, add their charms to forest and dale.

Views Among the Sierras.

The Political Situation.

With election but three days away there is a general running over the lines by those engaged in the struggle that is to be settled on Tuesday next. The present is a time when a prophet in his own country would be welcome indeed, were he to cast a horoscope of things political, which would reveal conditions as they are to be. A singular feature of the present struggle is, that no man, whether he be a political leader or one of that class who prides himself on his lack of knowledge of things of this nature, can tell with any degree of certainty what next Tuesday will bring forth. All the candidates have been favored with large and enthusiastic meetings. Henchmen have been engaged in working for their leaders for weeks. The relative merits of the different leaders has formed the subject of many a curbstone debate, and yet, for all these which usually count so much in indicating the trend of popular feeling and the direction of general thought, not so much as a crumb of comfort can be gathered by the anxious ones. The cause of this perplexity is not hard to fathom. In the first place, the presence of Schmitz, a strong but untried man, is a vexing factor. Again, the attitude of the different papers towards their respective parties adds complications. The "Chronicle" and "Call," both avowedly Republican, are making a strong fight for Tobin, while the "Examiner" is putting up a poor defense for the leader of the local Democracy, and at the same time is endeavoring to keep on good terms with the Labor ticket. The daily press is absolutely unreliable. With scarcely an exception they have degenerated into a band of "knockers."

* * *

Tobin and Schmitz are both fighting for the same field, that south of the slot. This portion of the city is undeniably Democratic, and at the same time represents that labor element of the city which stands as the antithesis of capital. In case Schmitz is elected, the large business interests of San Francisco feel that, representing the clique he does, the violinist-politician must from the very nature of his clientelle, do all that is within his power to force the hand of capital. His constituents would call upon him to make radical changes, not for the benefit of the people, but for the sole purpose of injuring the wealth of the city.

* * *

While no one will say that Wells would be a good mayor, at the same time, it is universally agreed, by friend and foe alike, that he would make a conservative one. As there are no grave municipal problems ahead of us at this time, and many, feeling that the welfare of the city lies in having a mayor who is a known quantity, it is fair to presume that Wells will run well in the residence portion of the city. Wells has trained with the conservative wing of Republican politics for many years, and being so thoroughly understood will, for this reason, whatever his other limitations are, make a good run. The "push" of both parties stand pat for the aged candidate. Crimmins and Kelly on the one side, and Graney and Rainey on the other, are making the struggle of their lives along parallel lines. This indicates to the knowing ones that a deal has been made with the Fire Department, and if Wells is elected that there will be no changes in it. The motto of the Fire Department is, "In union there is strength," and the same is lived up to most scrupulously. It is an interesting fact that the machine politicians of San Francisco stood in with each other when Budd ran for Governor, and as a result, he carried this municipality by something like 12,000 majority.

* * *

Considerable stress has been laid on Tobin's "red coat" and his "Blingum" accent in certain quarters, but on the whole, this has passed as one of the frivolities of the campaign. Other critics have questioned his fitness to the position to which he aspires, because he was born with a golden spoon in his mouth. One thing is sure, if it were possible to eliminate Schmitz, Tobin would have a clear field. Even as matters now are, he is the favorite with the betting fraternity. Bets are being placed at even money on Tobin against the field. Betting, however, is but individual opinion, and is not always a criterion in things political.

* * *

Doctor O'Donnell for once has passed from view. While his wagons still parade the streets, and his cards are being scattered broadcast, as thick as leaves that fall in autumn, this year the Doctor is unquestionably not in it. He may, however, poll something as an Independent candidate. Should he do so, it will come from the source that both Tobin and Schmitz hope to control.

* * *

The Supervisors will, no doubt, be a mixed board. As to the result, even Ismar would not venture an opinion. The Democrats seem to have a little the better of it. Many of the candidates nominated by the Democracy are already in office, and the names being more or less familiar to the public, the average voter will, when in doubt, vote the name of the man he knows, rather than one which may be in the party of his choice, yet which is unknown to him.

* * *

Next to the mayorship, the fight for district attorney has been most rigorously contested. Both Byington and Fisk have appealed to the same class for support—the young men. Byington has put up a more thorough fight than Fisk. He has left no stone unturned. Fisk is confident of success, but it will take a big party vote to pull him through.

* * *

With the remainder of the candidates, it is all a matter of speculation. As has been said before, no one knows what the results of next Tuesday will bring forth.

* * *

The statement that San Francisco will become a "wide open town," if the "push" get hold of the reins of government, is a campaign lie, which may be taken for what it is worth. There are some people who seem to think that all that is needed to have vice and lawlessness flaunted in our faces, is the opportunity. There are five reasons why San Francisco will never be a "wide open town." The first of them is, it is impossible. No party dare take down the barriers of law and order and publicly make friends with social impurities. Public opinion is too strong. It would defeat the party that attempted it for years to come. In a question of this kind which takes on a moral, as well as a political aspect, the entire state of California is to be dealt with, indirectly. The machine faction is straining every nerve to gain control of state politics at the next gubernatorial election, and should San Francisco be thrown open to the gambler and the bawd, it would mean a crushing defeat at the polls by the citizens of California.

Love Letters of an Anglo Maniac.

(With apologies where they are due.)

I.

Dear (dear at any price):

You left your Gladstone grip at our house last night and I rained kisses on it. I rose up exalted, especially after pressing my lips to the label marked "London." Beloved, a scrap of yellow paper pasted on a leather bag is sometimes the most important thing in the world—if it has the right mark. What a strange woman I am. Shall you ever understand me? Night-night!

II.

Precious:

Don't throw away your cigarette stumps. Keep them for me, they are British. Your mother did not see the joke I made at dinner. I worshiped her for it. It is so divinely English not to see jokes. Please, dear Johnny Bull of mine, never see jokes; it is so American—so crude!

III.

Ownest:

How shall I ever get over it; how make it up to you; how ever ask your pardon? I shall never recover from it while I live, and my days hereafter shall be one long chagrin. But it was not my fault. Believe that of me, dear one, and had I been consulted such a thing would never have happened. Perhaps this puzzles you and you would like to know what it is all about? I refer to my ancestors beating yours in the Revolution! Forgive them—I was not consulted. Yours, dismally.

IV.

Only mine:

I see you, dearest, in your pot hat, as you left me yesterday. What a thing of beauty a pot hat is! They call them something else here, I believe—how absurd! I should never be guilty of such Americanisms! Are you stopping at the tavern, beloved, and is your luggage all in, and did the guard take good care of you? I hope the tram may bring you with all possible speed. I am watching for you eagerly. Another thing I shall never get over is that the American boats have beaten your darling English yachts in the international cup races these past years. How insolent! How discourteous! Had I been running them the thing never would have happened (do not smile at this, beloved, but be like your mother). Farewell, dearest, I go to kiss your Gladstone once more and to gaze fondly upon your Bluchers. How fascinating London Bridge must be. I always played it when a child. Oh, to be a Briton!

Albert B. Mahoney, Republican Nominee for County Clerk

There is not a candidate on the Republican ticket who is making a cleaner, more open and manlier fight than is Albert B. Mahoney, the choice of his party for the responsible position of County Clerk. For several years past he has been court clerk in Department 6 of the Superior Court, which he has filled with credit to himself and with complete satisfaction to all the attorneys who were served by him.

* * *

Mr. John Farnham, Republican candidate for the office of Public Administrator, is admirably fitted for the office, having acted in the capacity of administrator of many private estates, always receiving commendation from both the court and the heirs of the same. His affability and readiness to meet people of all classes has made him a general favorite both in business and socially. The office of Public Administrator is one which demands that a candidate should be a man of clean and untarnished character, and in presenting the name of John Farnham we invite the public to scan his record for the last 37 years during which time he has been a resident of California, and for the last 18 years of San Francisco. The people want such men as him in office, and on November 5th will testify to their appreciation of his worth.

* * *

"Honest John" Lackmann, Republican candidate for the office of Sheriff, and the present incombent thereof, has, it is thought, a better chance of re-election than any other man on either ticket. This opinion is based on Mr. Lackmann's record during his present term, coupled with his personal character as it has developed itself.

A proper administration of the affairs of his office, to which he aspires to a re-election, is the best argument that can be presented by any candidate, and in submitting his, Mr. Lackmann may be sure that it will be quite sufficient to a proper thinking voter.

* * *

Never before in the political history of San Francisco has a candidate forged ahead in a campaign as has Joseph Sadoc Tobin, the Democratic nominee for Mayor. Although he is not a politician in the strictest sense of the word, he has always been interested in those things that have pertained to the welfare of San Francisco. He is not an office-seeker, but on the other hand has repeatedly asked that he be not brought into publicity by being cumbered with municipal affairs. He has a clean political record, and will no doubt preserve the same stand when he becomes our Mayor that has characterized him in the past.

* * *

Samuel H. Brooks, the Democratic candidate for Treasurer, is making a winning fight. Mr. Brooks is a typical Southern gentleman, and possesses all the Southern ideas of manliness, which he carries with his public,as well as his every-day life. Mr. Brooks has been a life-long Democrat, and has been prominently identified with the politics of his party for many years. He is a public servant who has always given satisfaction.

Previous to his election to the control of the San Francisco treasury, Mr. Brooks was United States sub-treasurer in this city.

* * *

Dr. T. W. B. Leland.

Dr. T. W. B. Leland, present incumbent of and and candidate for re-election on the Democratic ticket for the office of Coroner, is a gentleman well and favorably known to the people of this community, and a physician of eminence in the medical profession.

Dr. Leland is a prominent Native Son, belonging to one of the oldest and most distinguished parlors, a member of zeal and energy, untiring in his efforts to promote anything tending to the advancement of the order.

During his administration as Coroner of the city no taint of scandal has ever attached to that office and it is but just to say that if re-elected his future record will undoubtedly be as good as that of his past.

"Cardigan," by Robert W. Chambers. The book is an exceptionally clever bit of romantic fiction, dealing with the revolt of the American Colonies. The book is full of atmosphere, and the creations of his pen seem to be veritable beings of flesh and blood.

POLICE JUDGE A. J. FRITZ,

Owing to his extreme popularity, Judge Alfred J. Fritz received the nomination for Police Judge by unanimous consent at the Democratic convention.

He is one of the most popular of San Francisco's jurists, prominent in the affairs of the Olympic Club, the South End Rowing Club, the Press Club and the Monticello Club, and a member of Stanford Parlor, N. S. G. W, Golden Gate Camp No. 64, Woodmen of the World, and Bald Eagle Tribe No. 75, Order of Red Men; and as his record on the bench has been a most creditable one, his re-election is almost assured.

POLICE JUDGE CHARLES T. CONLAN,

It was with reluctance that Judge Charles T. Conlan allowed his name to come before the Democratic convention this year. But it was a case where the office sought the man, and after much persuasion by his friends Judge Conlan consented to become a candidate. Chas. T. Conlan is a Native Son of California, a member of Stanford Parlor No. 76, N. S. G. W., and has been on the bench continuously since 1893. Mr. Conlan has the honor of having received the highest vote ever polled in this city for a police judge and has, in every election, run ahead of his ticket. Many of the most famous criminal cases, among others the noted Durant case, have come under Judge Conlan's jurisdiction; and while the innocently offending unfortunate finds him always willing to temper justice with mercy, his record with the hardened criminal has done much to discourage lawlessness.

* * *

Joseph Fassler, the Democratic nominee for Tax Collector, is one of the best known citizens in San Francisco. It is said that Mr. Fassler has a larger acquaintance than any other man in this city. It is hardly necessary to say that he controls a large political following, who are distributed throughout the city regardless of locality or party lines. A vote for Fassler means a vote for an honest man.

* * *

Edmond Godchaux for Recorder.

We direct our readers' attention to the nomination of Edmond Godchaux, the present Recordor, whose honorable record during the present term secured him a re-nomination by the Democratic convention. Mr. Godchaux was widely and favorably known as a reputable business man before his term of public service began. The results he has achieved bear out the expectations of all who knew him. The Recorder's office, always the creator of a big deficit previous to Godchaux's administration, is now credited with a substantial surplus. During the eighteen months of this term, ending on June 30, 1901, the official Municipal Reports show a net surplus of $9,057.86. For the eighteen months preceding this term theire was a DEFICIT of $15,475.67, showing a saving to the city of $24,533.53 during eighteen months under the management of Recorder Godchaux.

The savings banks, real estate firms and attorneys, who transact a great deal of business at the Recorder's office, have prepared a non-partisan testimonial urging Mr. Godchaux's re-election. The following paragraph closes the earnest appeal they make in his behalf :

"The Recorder's office is purely a business office. The records of the city's titles are invaluable, and their proper entry and preservation is of vital moment to every citizen. The present Recorder has proved in this (his first) term that he is a business man with a high regard for the duties and responsibilities of his position. He has subordinated politics to the public welfare, and has given us an eloquent example of honest and intelligent public service. With these facts in view, and to insure a continuation of the improved conditions, we feel that we may consistently appeal to you to rise above the common partisan considerations and indorse at the polls the faithful work which Recorder Godchaux has done."

* * *

Lewis F. Byington

Democratic Nominee

District Attorney.

We present a photograph of Mr. Lewis F. Byington, Democratic candidate for the office of District Attorney, of which he is at present the incumbent.

As his term of office has been marked by a very successful management of its affairs, Mr. Byington's re-election is confidently looked for by his friends, in the knowledge that such a result will mean a continuance of the last term's unquestionably competent administration.

* * *

When you vote for

Supervisor

Commence at the bottom marking the name

Wm D. Wasson

Democratic Nominee

"Mother," asked the sweet young girl, thoughtfully, "is love any excuse for marying?"

"Gwendolen, my child, love is an excuse, but money is an apology which is accepted the world over."

The French say that with men age is an accident, with women a calamity.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

TRULY, that little opera-house around the corner has done an incalculable work in its crowded twenty-five years of life. It has done more than any other institution in bringing San Francisco in touch with that art which, of all the arts the most, bears the seeds of surest refinement and the quickest enlightenment to the coarse-fibered host of them who lie in the valley of the shadow of ignorance. That insensate monster, the public, pours its selfish length and breadth into the auditorium and settles itself, a thing of steely, analytical eyes and suspicious, grudging ears, and cold, ruthless caprice, ready, at the first weakness of composition or interpreter, to turn down the cruel thumb of public death. Does a singer suffer from hoarseness? "His voice is gone," Does a performance "go" badly? "The show is rotten." All the noble effort and high achievement that has gone before weighs as nothing in the balance with the unspeakable crime of a single misfortune. The public sits there, taking all, giving little; paying its money for what is set before it and permitting its appreciation and gratitude to die with the close of the final act. Do you think it cares about missionary work in the field of art, preparing the soil for future generations, etc., etc.? If you do, disabuse yourself at once of the silly idea. The public wants all that is coming to it right now, and it gets it, and there's an end of it.

Natheless, the Tivoli has done a great work for us, and a few there be who appreciate and value it. The final week of the season of grand opera brought us repetitions of "Carmen" and "La Boheme," the two constituting the twin "hits" of the season. The later opera was given a presentation which fell, indeed, far short of the Grau production, but which was still meritorious. The most interesting figure in it was Agonstini, who seems peculiarly fitted for the part he sings. This man has a marvelously sweet voice, but nature has denied him the personality and brain that would have carried him to the top.

Next week the Tivoli will present Pollard's troupe of juvenile world-beaters in the "Belle of New York," the music by Kerker. There are sixty of these little people, none of them over fourteen years of age, and all said to be possessed of unusual histrionic and vocal prowess.

"Miyo San" (White Lilacs), at the Orpheum, is a remarkably pretty operalet by Byrd Dougherty. (Wonder if he knows Gwendolin Murphy?) It is sung by three women and a tenor, all of whom have pleasing voices and sing with good taste. Miss Laura Denio, who assumes the title role, does some very charming singing in both her solo and ensemble work. The scenery is more than good, and the general effect of this leaf out of the book of cherry blossoms is quaintly foreign to the Orpheum atmosphere, and none the less pleasing for that. It is well worth a visit.

The local season of concertizing is on with a hurrah. Everybody is taking a chance. The quality ranges from indifferent to good. There has been nothing really bad and nothing superlatively good. This week we had Harry Wood Brown in a farewell concert (whether it is farewell to hope or to San Francisco is not stated); Mr. Frederick Biggerstaff and Mrs. Sedgley Reynolds in recital; the Loring Club and the Orpheus Concert Company and Mr. Charles Hoffman: comment next issue.

Embryo Prima-Donnas, with the Pollard Company at the Tivoli.

Next week we are to have Miss Nora Sandy, a fourteen-year old pianist whom Signor Martinez, her teacher, advances as his first phenomenon offering to the public; Miss Enid Brandt, the wonder-child of music; the William Zech string quartet, and on Saturday the Minetti quartet again. This is a showing indeed. I think there can be no question of San Francisco being on the mend in matters musical. Year by year we creep slowly but surely up the plane of standing, and the time is well within view when we shall clasp hands with the council of the elect, and be able to say we are in truth metropolitan.

Mr. Hirsch, the treasurer of the Grau company, is in town looking after the financial end of the season. The first day's sale amounted to over sixty-five thousand dollars. Fair to middling. It should be a great season with the list of principals presented. A special article devoted entirely to the Grau season will appear in these pages shortly.

The symphony is assured us this year beyond doubt. Matters have progressed to the point of deciding upon the number of musicians, appointment of concert master, selection of some of the works to be given, etc. Mr. Minetti will be concert master, with Mr. John Josephs as first violin. There will be fifty-five men in the organization, and if events turn out as anticipated the first concert will include a Tschaikowski symphony, and possibly Victor Herbert's "Hero and Leander," which Mr. Steindorff declares to be very fine indeed. Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "Sleep, Little Rosebud," by Louis Campbell Tipton, published by Rohlfing & Son; "Teach Me the Charm," by Noel Johnson, published by Bossey & Co.

Miyo San, at the Orpheus.

"Pleasant Dreams"

Cries the young maid to her mother, as she retires to rest. The mother smiles, but sighs. She knows that the pains that rack her will not stop for darkness, and that if she sleeps her dreams will only be echoes of the sufferings of the day.

Why not sleep soundly and rise refreshed at morning, with strength and courage for the day's duties? Weak, nervous women, sufferers from backache, bearing-down pains, and other womanly ailments, have found a perfect cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals the womanly diseases which cause the pains and nervousness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"I deem it my duty to express my heartfelt gratitude for having been the means, under Providence, of restoring me to health," writes Mrs. B. H. Mann, of Springhill, Leon Co., Fla. "For nearly two years I suffered from female weakness so I could not stand on my feet any length of time; could scarcely walk at all. Appetite was much impaired; I had bearing-down sensations; can't express how badly I *did* feel. Had tried several kinds of medicine which did me little or no good. At last decided to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I had not taken all of two bottles before I saw it was benefiting me, so I continued to take it until I had taken seven bottles, when I felt entirely cured. Did not feel a touch of my old complaint. It has been over a year since I took your medicine, and I can truthfully say that my health has been better for the last year than it had been for four years previously.

"You may publish this as a testimonial."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Achille L. Artigues

PIANIST

Organist of Notre Dame des Victoire

1248 McAllister St. PHONE Fell 1749

MRS. W. H. HORD,

Piano and Guitar.

Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.

Residence, 2105 Oak St Phone, Page 1622

OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.

TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER

THE PRESS

Open all Night

—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—

Steam and Lager on draught

15 THIRD STREET

Nex New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed HORNLEIN & KRUMB Phone Main 151

CAFE ROYAL

Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster

Formerly of Cliff House

Grand Hotel Cafe

New Montgomery St.

Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336

DON R. DUNBAR

Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes

N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood

"The Castle"

101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG

The True Blue.

308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.

Excellent Lunch Served.

—ESTABLISHED 1823—

WILSON WHISKY

—THAT'S ALL!

Bielenberg & Weniger

Sole Distributors

101-103 POWELL ST.,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE

Billiard, Pool and Club Room

(Never Closed.)

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET.

Things Theatrical.

The wonderful little pianist, Enid Brandt, the eight-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noah Brandt, will give six recitals, commencing with Tuesday evening, November 5th, and continuing for three weeks from then every Tuesday evening and Saturday afternoon. It is not an exaggeration to say that this remarkable prodigy has no equal in the world. The little child played at the age of two and one-half years, and before her third year had a repertoire comprising many classical selections and popular airs, and a melody that she once heard she remembers as well as harmonies of her own interwoven.

Upon this occasion her program will embrace the works of the most eminent composers and she will present not less than thirty of the most difficult compositions in three concerts, all from memory. She will also give some of her own compositions, and her astonishing exhibition of musical telegraphy. Without the aid of a musical instrument she will sing any note and with her back turned to the piano will name any number of chords or discords, even though there are as many as twenty notes in the combination. Her muscles are developed to an enormous extent for one of her age, particularly the arm and shoulder, and the flexor and extensor are also equally developed. In addition to her wonderful tecnic equipment, she has the soul of an artist, and her rythmical sense, delightful phrasing and perfect tempos are so finished as to even have surprised Paderewski, De Pachmann and Rosenthal. The sale of seats will take place at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, commencing on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock.

* * *

Channing Ellery's Royal Italian Band, under the leadership of Guisseppe Creatore, that most eccentric of conductors, will return next week for a few performances at the Metropolitan Temple. The prices for this brief season have been reduced to 50 and 75 cents, with $1 for the maximum charge for a few select seats.

* * *

At the Alcazar this week, Miss Marion Convere, sister of Miss Lila Convere, will make her appearance as leading lady. She will portray the character of "Nancy Brasher," in Augustin Daly's farce, "Nancy & Co." The Alcazar will give an extra matinee on election day.

* * *

Walter Perkins, the talented young comedian at the Grand, will present for his third and final week, "The New Boy," a comedy that is new to this city, but which has won unstinted praise in the East. Mr. Perkins is said to appear at his very best in this play.

* * *

The Orpheum continues on the even tenor of its vaudeville way. The bill this week is one of the best in the history of the house. "The Girl With the Auburn Hair," the reigning Eastern sensation, is coming shortly.

* * *

Hallett Thompson, the new leading man at the Central Theatre, makes his debut this week in "Northern Lights," a powerful military drama. He will appear in the character of John Swiftwind, a most difficult character to portray. Mr. Thompson is said to be one of the handsomest actors on the American stage. "Northern Lights" is an extremely popular piece, and will undoubtedly have a big run.

* * *

At The Theatres Next week.

Central—"Northern Lights." A melo-drama of exceptionally high order.

Alcazar—"Nancy & Co." Extra matinee election day.

Grand Opera House—"The New Boy." Last week of Walter Perkins.

Tivoli—"Belle of New York," by the Pollard Juvenile Opera Company. An exceptionally clever aggregation of little people.

Orpheum—Refined Vaudeville. As good as usual.

Columbia—"The First Duchess of Marlborough." Engagement of Sarah Le Moyne.

California—"In Old Kentucky,"

B. Fay Mills, the Unitarian devine, whose free religious lectures attracted such wide-spread attention last winter, will resume these interesting addresses at Metropolitan Temple, beginning with next Sunday evening. They will be continued through the month of November, and probably longer. Mr. Mills' subject for the opening lecture will be, "America for Americans, or What Shall We Do With the Foreigners?" No charge will be made for admission or for seats.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

Among the many honors accorded DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY has been the Royal Warrant recently granted by King Edward. The Royal Family has accorded this honor to DEWAR'S SCOTCH for many years past. It is a compliment which the judges of Scotch whisky think highly deserved.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29, 1901..... ...29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President... .....B. A. Becker
First Vice President.....John Lloyd.
Second Vice President. Daniel Meyer
Cashier... ..... A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.. . Wm. Herrmann
Secretary..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary .....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

H. Horstmann. B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt,

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901 .....$28,973.540
Reserve Fund..... 226 994
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG..... ... .President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610

609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

TEL. GREEN 12.

CHAS. P. DROLLA

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal

All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

For Mayor

Joseph S. Tobin

Democratic Nominee.

For Treasurer

S. H. Brooks

Formerly Sub-Treasurer U. S.

Regular Democratic Nominee

Present Incumbent

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

SMALL TALK.

Mr. W. E. Dean has quite recovered from his recent accident, and is again at his office.

Mrs. Riqua is to give a large dinner to Mr. and Mrs. George Wheaton upon their return from their Southern trip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Charlotte Eaton of San Francisco, to Dr. Walter E. Garry, Professor of Physiology in Cooper Medical College.

Miss Ruth Dunham is to give a ball at Cotillion Hall, on November 5th, introducing Miss Nalle. It will be a very well arranged affair, as Miss Dunham is only inviting the dancing young men and girls of her acquaintance. Miss Dunham is one of last season's debutantes and has quite as interesting a personality as any young woman in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs Will Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott, Miss Georgia Hopkins and Mr. Fred McNear will return this week from Catalina. These young people have had a gay two weeks South and are now preparing for the opera season.

There were many rumors at the Stubbs wedding of the engagement of another of the sisters. Let us hope it may be Miss Helen, who has endeared herself to any number of the poor in San Francisco by her charitable work. She has practically given up all her time since her return from Europe to this work and can hardly be spared by these people to whom she has been so kind. Miss Beulah Stubbs will be married in Chicago some time this coming spring.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON

[Phone Main 5178]

Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material. kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeas corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

EXTRAORDINARY AUCTION SALE.

The following choice and select list of improved and un-improved properties will be sold for the heirs of the late William A. Piper, at our salesroom Monday, November 11th, 1901, at 12 o'clock noon. Subject to confirmation by the Superior Court. Gustave H. Umbsen, Sole Referee.

212 Washington Street.

Between Front and Davis Streets. Improvements consist of frame building. Rent $60 per month. Lot 22x120 to Oregon Street.

712-714-716 Kearny Street.

Southeast corner of Merchant Street. Improvements consist of a substantial three story and basement brick building, containing two stores and lodging house. Rents $300 per month. Lot 40x68.9.

624 Market Street.

Between Montgomery and Kearny Streets. Improvements consist of a two story, basement and brick building. Rent $375 per month. Lot 20x80.

1450-1452-1454-1456 and 1458 Franklin Street.

Southeast corner of Bush Street. This choice investment consists of two corners with five elegant two story and basement houses of 14 rooms and bath each. Rent $315 per month. Lot 120x114.6. ALSO—Two desirable building lots 25x120 each. Fronting on Bush Street and Fern Avenue.

237-239-241-243 and 245 Third Street.

Northeast corner of Clementina Street, between Howard and Folsom Streets. Improvements consist of frame building containing six stores. Rents $121 per month. Lot 80x105.

1451-1453-1455-1457 and *1459* Franklin Street.

Southwest corner Bush Street. Choice investment consisting of two corners with five elegant two story and basement residences of 14 rooms and bath each. Rents $350 per month. Lot 120x144.9.

1212 to *1226* Polk Street.

Southeast corner of Bush Street. This choice business property consists of two corners and is close to the transfer point of Sutter and Polk Streets. Improvements consist of 8 stores and 3 flats with frame building number 1325 Bush Street. Rents $331 per month. Lot 120x100. Three frontages.

219 Front Street.

Between California and Sacramento Streets. Improvements consist of a two story and basement brick building. Rents $140 per month. Lot 25x87.6.

225 and *227* Third Street.

Southeast corner Tehama Street. Choice business corner consists of frame improvements containing store and flat above. Rent $60 per month. Lot 30x80.

Northeast Corner Sutter and Gough Streets.

This choice corner would pay handsomely if properly improved. Lot 70x120. Three frontages.

McAllister Street.

Near junction Market and Jones Streets. This choice business property could be made to yield handsomely if improved. Lot 125x87.6. irregular.

City Hall Avenue.

Between Leavenworth and City Hall Square. Two choice building lots, 25x100 each.

Bush Street, South Side Between Larkin and Polk Streets.

Eight desirable and choice building lots 25x120 each, two frontages. To be offered separately.

Southwest Corner of Bush and Larkin Streets.

Four desirable building lots, consisting of two corners, 27.6-30 and 35x112.6, each.

Gift Map No. 3.

Elsie Street, west line between Esmeralda and Virginia Streets. Lots 364-366-367 and 368. 25x70 each.

Potrero.

Portion of blk. 520, lot 200x200, three frontages. Portion of blk. 518, lot 100x150, two frontages. Portion of blk. 513, lot 100x400, three frontages
" " 514, lot 100x400, " " " 441, lot 100x400, three " " " 466, lot 100x400, "
" " 492, lot 100x300, two frontages. " " 475, lot 100x300, two " " " 512, lot 100x200, two frontages.

For Catalogue and Further Particulars apply to

G. H. UMBSEN & CO., - - - 14 MONTGOMERY STREET.

DEMOCRATIC MUNICIPAL TICKET

Municipal Government is business, not politics.

The citizens must elect men who will not betray them to the corporations, but act honorably and justly to all.

MAYOR

JOSEPH S. TOBIN

SUPERVISORS

WM. T. BOCK
J. P. BOOTH
H. U. BRANDENSTEIN
SAMUEL BRAUNHART
JAMES BUTLER
A. COMTE, Jr.
JOHN CONNOR
P. J. CURTIS
A. A. D'ANCONA
L. J. DWYER
JOHN LANDERS
KNOX MADDOX
WM. N. McCARTHY
HENRY PAYOT
MAURICE V. SAMUELS
HENRY J. STAFFORD
LUTHER WAGONER
WM. D. WASSON

AUDITOR

JOHN H. WISE

CITY ATTORNEY

FRANKLIN K. LANE

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

LEWIS F. BYINGTON

TREASURER

S. H. BROOKS.

RECORDER

EDMOND GODCHAUX.

COUNTY CLERK

GEO. DAHLBENDER

TAX COLLECTOR

JOSEPH FASSLER

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR

P. BOLAND

SHERIFF

J. S. WARDELL

CORONER

DR. T. B. W. LELAND

POLICE JUDGES

A. J. FRITZ
C. T. CONLAN

Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis are on their way from New York. Mrs. Tevis has bought some beautiful furniture in France and some of the first tapestries ever made at the Gobelin works. They will spend the winter at their Taylor street residence and will go to Bakersfield later in the season.

Dr. Albert Taylor has returned from a six months' tour in Europe. When in London he married Dr Elizabeth Grotefind, who was considered among the most popular of the young women physicians in San Francisco. Dr. and Mrs. Taylor took a special course in anatomy in Vienna and later in London. Dr. and Mrs. Taylor will reside permanently in San Francisco.

The formal debut of Miss Alice Herrin will be made some time this month. She is one of the handsomest of the younger girls, having stunning Titian red hair and a transparent complexion, as delicate as that one sees in pictures by the old masters Mrs. Herrin promises to entertain considerably during the season.

Mrs. Herbert Moffatt returned from New York last Saturday afternoon. She left earlier than Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels in order to be in Oakland for the wedding of her sister-in-law, Miss Alice Moffatt. During her visit in the East she stayed for several days with Mrs. Doubleday.

One of the largest teas of the season was given in Oakland on Saturday last by Mrs. A. A. Moore, to introduce her youngest daughter into society. The house was a mass of flowers, most of which had been sent to the fair debutante, who is a very handsome brunette with very rich coloring. The Moores will spend the winter in San Francisco at the Richlieu. Most of those at the tea rather anticipated that the engagement of one of the Misses Moore would be announced, but were doomed to disappointment, though the expected fiance was at the tea.

The Drouns are to arrive in San Francisco late in November. Miss Bernie most emphatically denies her engagement; also the fact that there is a possibility of its being announced at Edith Preston's wedding. Miss Droun will make her debut this year. Her year abroad has developed her considerably and many of the Droun's friends think Miss Bernie will have a rival in her younger sister, who is an exceedingly attractive young woman.

Miss Norma Preston is very busy at present selecting her trousseau. She really radiates happiness and is just sufficiently young to let all the world know how glad she is that she is to be married so soon. Miss Edith Preston is waiting until the return of the Drouns to set the month of her marriage.

Cards will soon be out for a reception to Miss Kate Brigham, the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Brigham, who have for many years lived on Broadway. Dr. Brigham is one of the finest amateur gardeners in this country, and his conservatories compare most favorably with those at the park. He has some specially rare orchids, which are his great pride. Miss Kate Brigham is very like her father, bright and affable, whereas her sister is quite of a rather intellectual turn of mind and not at all fond of society. The Brighams are some of San Francisco's most exclusive people.

Mrs. Irwin has returned to San Francisco, and is busily engaged in furnishing her house on Laguna and Washington streets. She is still wearing mourning for her son, and will attend neither the opera nor any social functions this winter. Mrs. Irwin bought most of her furniture in Paris and is supposed to have the handsomest First Empire set that has ever left that country. Her friends are very anxious to see the house furnished, as they have all watched its growth from the very earliest foundation. It is so seldom that a stone house of such value and beauty is built in San Francisco.

SUITS
CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED
BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY
40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.
Ring up Drumm 44 We run two wagons

ASTHMA CURE FREE.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in all Cases. Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chain d with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of Asthmalene, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, Asthmalene will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the more glad we are to send it. Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City. Sold by all Drnggists.

Famous Russian-Oriental Tobacco Store
418 Montgomery St, Phone Black 1233
Near California St. Established 1876.

MRS. FANNIE ROSENTHAL, Prop.

Leading importer of choice varieties of Russian, Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes and Smoking Tobaccos. High-grade Cigarettes made to order for private clubs and special social events. Delicate Aromatic Cigarettes made for Ladies' Tea Parties. Latest French and English novelties in pipes and smokers' articles, also Turkish water pipes, etc.
Order by Telephone

Don'tBorrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR —
VAUGHN LEADLEY,
Solicitor for
J. F. SNOW & CO.,
Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.

Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, ∞ Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

EDWARD HALL, President. WM. J. BIGGY, Vice-Prrs. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.

United States Laundry Association

LAUNDRY—3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.
(Near Valencia)

TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418

OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST.,
near Powell.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
TRY THEM FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.
Fac-Simile Signature of John L. Brown & Son on every box.

Some Good Stories from "Flood Tide."

Mrs. Sarah P. McLean, Author.

Published by Horatio Green.

How Captain Shale Saw Adam and Eve on the Stage.

"It was fifty year ago, but I'd give a dollar an' a half to go to that show ag'in, I b'lieve." There was a long pause. We distinctly heard the lapping of the waves on the beach. "That is, ef I couldn't see it for no less.

" 'Creation,' it appears to me, was the name of it. Fust scene was a little speck o' light."

Captain Abram Shale, his face rapt with reminiscence, seemed to have wandered far away.

"Next scene was a little speck more o' light."

The blue jays laughed and the butterflies soared disdainfully away, but I waited.

"Scene arter that was still a little speck more o' light—an' so it went on an' on, until that stage was so light it' ef anything was goin' to happen on it, ye could see whatever it was 't come on to it to happen.

"An' as we sot there lookin', fust we knew one o' those trap-doors that they have to play-actin' was lifted clean outer the floor, an' Adam an' Eve was hove up into the garden.

"Then there was a thumpin' an' a scratchin' around that trap-hole, an up come the—ahem!—ahem!—the gol'-gurdurndest snake I ever saw. Some po'tions of it was small an' some was as bulgin' as ef it had swallered the hull of South Afriky, an' it wriggled up to Eve an' held out a r'al hand to her with a greenin' apple, an' she—she was a dretful han'som' woman 't was only jest actin' out the part 'o Eve, ye know—o' course she couldn't do no other ways but take that apple. —I got some tobakker here now 't 'll keep the moskitters away. Form'ly sech few as the' was—for the climate here don't agree with 'em—ust ter be haugin' 'round me ter ketch a little wiff off'n my pipe, but sence I begun to smoke this 'ere 'Lily-o'-the- Valley' plug, I 'ain't seen nary moskitter.

"Ye've read the story, 'ain't ye?" he questioned me without asperity.

"Yes."

"Excuse me for askin', but I know folks ain't as convarsant with it as they was in my young days; still, you be'n around the world a good deal, and I reckoned you might 'a' a-hold 'o the pertickalers somehow.

"Wal', then Eve, 'o course she begun tryin' to git Adam ter eat that apple. He said no. 'Le's go an' git some prunes,' he says, 'or somethin' 't they ain't no cuss on.' Eve said she'd ruther go with her stommick plumb empty 'n eat prunes, or in fact anythin' else 'ceptin' them pertickaler greenin' apples, an' she got to foolin' 'round him an' fingerin' the button-hole on his coat—"

"I thought Adam didn't have any coat."

"Sartin, but it wouldn't 'a done to present him that way ye know. The' was a pretty big-sized audience. She got to fingerin' the button-hole on his coat, an' at last she got her arms up around his neck"—Captain Abram chocked with the implied delicacy of the situation—"and wal', he had to give in. 'Here! Hand it here!' says he, an' begun chonkin'.

"The' wasn't a dry eye in that room when Adam stood there chonkin' down that appie. D' ye know what it makes me think of," said Captain Abram, reverting to some dreamy speculation of the present, "when the women folks rigs up with them paper flowers in their bunnits an' meanders along up there in the school-house? It somehow kind o' makes me think o' flies around a daub o' merlasses."

"The' was some blue smoke pilin up there back of the stage so 't ye could jest see the tops o' the heads o the wicked folks settin' around in it, an' one on 'em 't was rigged up with horns an' sech ter act out the devil—o' course he couldn't do no other ways but act out what he was put there to act—he clim' up on the stage with one o' these 'ere play-actin' pitchforks 't don't hurt nobody, an' fust he took an' pitched Adam over inter that ar mess o' blue smoke, an' then he giv' a long groan—she was a dretful hansom' woman, but I guess she must 'a' weighed nigh onto a hundred an' seventy—an' took an' pitched Eve over inter that 'ar' mess o' blue smoke 't was pilin' up there back o' the stage.

"The moan of the retreating tide came up to us.

"What did you think of it?" I inquired.

"Wal', I was interested, but I didn't take no instructions by it. I be'n deceived in this world an' had my kindness abused, an' be'n cheated an' lied to an' stole from an' knocked down an' trompled on in my time, but the' ain't nobody 't ever done me a wrong 't I'd take any satisfaction in seein' hove over inter perdition. They had a hard time enough of it; they didn't hurt me, they hurt theirselves."

Catarrh Cannot be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

REFRESHING SLEEP.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.
Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

ATTENTION!
We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge
A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT
In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to
THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving
Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS,
$1.00
HUNDRED
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

Cotton Sail Ducks
Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfg'd by Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.
Murphy, Grant, Co.

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else
Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

Christmas Holidays

—IN—

MEXICO

Southern Pacific Special Train EXCURSION

Personally Conducted Composite Car, Dining Car, Vestibuled Sleepers.

RATE	LEAVES
$80, San Francisco,	Dec. 18
$70, Los Angeles,	Dec. 19

Good 60 days. Optional side trips Special rates from all California points

Inquire of agents for literature.

E. O. McCormick,
Pass. Traf. Mgr.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports. 11 a. m., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Dec. 2. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Dec. 2. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Nov. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. Dec. 3.
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)
Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.
Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 a. m.
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and Newport.
Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. 10 Market street, San Francisco.

C. A. GARTER C. W CROSS

Law Offices of

Cross & Garter

Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.
Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... **PAPER**

COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.

Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

Mrs. Shale's "Explosion."

"I love society dearly," said Mrs. Captain Abram Shale, "but it does mess up a body's floor!"

We who were calling upon her at the time did not know whether to feel most flattered or crestfallen at these words. There was a sticky fog outside, of which our boots had brought in some vivid impressions, which she was now trying earnestly to obliterate with her broom.

"D' ye think it's polite, mother, to sweep up people's tracks afore their very eyes?" gently remonstrated Captain Shale; his tone of its abundance never roared nor sank to pettishness. He had been accustomed to regard the garnished interior of his dwelling very gingerly; but Mrs. Temple was a boarder—that implied sacred rights—and she played euchre with Captain Shale; hence, under the shadow of her wing, he had taken confidence and much expanded recently amid the spotless rigors of his own domain.

* * *

A tapping was heard at the window outside. Mrs. Shale's visage was discovered there, pale, distorted with excitement; her finger was frantically beckoning us out.

"Wal', what is the matter now, ma?" said Captain Shale, holding a defective knave of spades suspended in air.

"Didn't ye see me empty the dustpan of litter into the fire jest now? I don't know as they fell where they'd ketch right away. Ye know I've been sweepin', and it was sort of shadowy over by the rack, and I forgot about you spillin' them cattridges, Abram, but after I'd dumped the litter into the fire, I remembered—"

"Good Lord, ma." We fled.

In speaking of the affair afterwards, "I never," said Captain Shale, "took up my moorin's quicker." With reference to the gait assumed by the rest of us, "I never," he was accustomed to say, "see such a bramblin'!"

As far as the immediate event was concerned, no celerity could have been too opportune. Thunderbolt after thunderbolt followed in rapid succession. Then the boys went in and extinguished the fire, and we gazed upon a scene of smoke, ashes, and general disruption.

"Wal', ma, about everything in the room's been shot, I guess," observed Captain Shale, philosophically; "the clock's got two bullets in her face, and the photograph alberm jest missed my ear when she come through the windy. Wal', we'd ought to be thankful."

"I don't see what the' is to be thankful for," said Mrs. Shale. "Look at my floor!"

"Why, I guess everybody here is thankful to ye, ma, for rememb'rin' about them cattridges jest when ye did. Ef it had slippened yer mind jest a second sooner the'd likely 'a' been somethin' asides the furniture hit. It's the most fortunit thing I ever heered of, ma, the recollections of how ye dumped them cartridges into the fire comin' across yer mind jest when it did."

Mrs. Shale looked unutterably doubtful of any good where a once immaculate floor presented such an appearance as hers.

"But ye r'a'ly had ought, mother," continued Captain Shale reflectively, "to 'a' hollered to the rest of us on yer way out, 'stead o' waitin to git 'way outside and explain it all through the windy with us a-settin' inside."

"I know it, Abram," said she, "but my legs hove me out without no kind of consentin' actions on my part. I HAD to go jest as quick as I did go."

"And ye took sech a long time explainin' of it, mother; goin' into all the pertikalers as ef we wa'n't, all the rest of us, a-settin' there unknowin' on the touch-hole o' perdition."

"Then don't set there no longer, ef that's the case, Abram, said Mrs. Shale, solemnly; "but rise up and git prepared and have your lamp trimmed and burnin'."

"'Pears to me, mother, the most important lesson to draw from it is to be kind o' keerful hereafter not to set our cattridges burnin'."

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You will find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

"GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

It is said that certain people cannot sing this song but anybody can go away back East and sit down in the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road. These trains carry Nickel Plate Dining Cars in which are served American Club meals at from $.35 to $1.00 each.

Call or write for free book showing views of Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Jay W. Adams, P. C. P. A 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhœa.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence
1021½ Market St. bet. 6th & 7th S.F.

MONDAY AND THURSDAY THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED ON SANTA FE

This Great Train runs but twice per week during the summer.

Leaving at 9 a. m., it arrives in Chicago at 2.15 p. m. on Thursdays and Sundays.

Its high Standard of service is fully maintained.

The Quick Route to the East

THE **"Overland Limited"**

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Than Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery S San Francisco, Ca

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.

WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City FOR FIFTY CENTS.

At the Maison L'Aiglon

S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.

Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MIAN 5066

Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.

Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC AND OTHER DISEASES CURED

Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application. Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST, near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

Borrowed Plums

Didactic Poetry.

Parnassus' peaks still catch the sun,
But why, O lyric brother!
Why build a pulpit on the one,
A platform on the other?

* * *

Mr. Gadd (at the police station)—May I see that burglar who was arrested for breaking into my house last night?

Inspector (hesitatingly)—Well, I don't know. What do you want to see him about?

Mr. Gadd—Oh, there's nothing secret about it. I just wanted to find out how he managed to get into the house without waking my wife.

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

* * *

Making Sure of His Honesty.

As the daily train reaced a Vermont village the other day an antique looking dame thrust her head out of the window opposite the refreshment room and briefly shouted:

"Sonny!"

A bright looking boy came up to the window.

"Little boy," she said, "have you a mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you go to school?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And are you faithful in your studies?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you say your prayers every night?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can I trust you to do an errand for me?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I think I can, too," said the lady, looking steadily down on the manly face. "Here is five cents to get me an apple. Remember, God sees you."—*Boston Courier.*

* * *

A Necessity that Knows no Law

An old mammy, who had known Governor Taylor of Tennessee from his childhood, came into his office, and began at once to plead for the pardon of her husband, who was then in prison.

"Laws bress yo' life, Marse Boh," she hegan, "I wisht you'd pahdon dat po' ole niggah Jim. He ain't no good for nuffin' nowhar. He jest dat useless an' triffin', even at home, dat he cahn do no mo' den sorter scrape aroun' an git a little sompen for we-all to eat, an' he sholy ain' no good down dar in dat pen."

"I can't do it, aunty," the Governor said. "I am being abused every day. What's Jim in there for?" he asked, seeing the light that was left dying out of the old woman's eyes.

"W'y, Marse Bob, dey jes' put him in dar for nuffin' 'pon earth 'cept takin' one po' little ham outen Mr. Smith's smokehouse. We was outen meat, an' de o'e niggah didn't do nuffin' 'cep tek de ham fur ter keep we-all fum starvin'."

"Well, now suppose I should pardon Jim, what good would that do you? He is so onery and trifling," the Governor was saying, when the old woman broke in with the reply:

"W'y bress you, Marse Boh, we is outen meat agin, an' we jes' got to have anothah ham!"

—*Louisville Times.*

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St., Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

Palace Hotel

Every feature connected with the management of this Hotel was introduced for the purpose of adding to the comfort, convenience and entertainment of guests.

The policy of providing luxuries such as have made the Palace famous will continue in force, and innovations calculated to still further increase its popularity will be introduced.

Desirable location, courteous attaches, unsurpassed cuisine and spacious apartments are the attributes which have made the Palace the ideal place for tourists and travelers. American plan. European plan.

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

California Northwestern R'y

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Shellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices—650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office—Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

AUTOMOBILES

WE BUILD TO ORDER

GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.

All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,

FACTORY—346 McAllister St.; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

to be taken from the Library.++++
STATE

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 24. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

COMMANDER GEORGE WILLIAM BAUER, Naval Militia of California.
Commander of the Alumni Commissioned Officers Association of the University of California.
Photo by Blauert & Widder.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—November 9, 1901.

The Code Amendments.

There seems to be no question now that some definite step will be taken to secure the needed amendments to the Codes, which the Supreme Court has declared, were passed in an unconstitutional manner. The petition for a rehearing in that case is signed by almost all the leading men of the San Francisco bar. The argument promises to be a memorable one and of course the outcome may be favorable in the first instance and the revised law obtained without further action. In the event of the Supreme Justices sustaining their former judgment, recourse must be had to the governor who then alone can meet the situation by calling an extra session. To pass the several thousand amendments recommended by the Commission by single bills, the only way in which they may become laws, unless the Court modifies its first decision, would require a month or more of the undivided attention of the legislature. This means that the task could not be undertaken at a regular session. A special session must be called entailing an expense of about sixty thousand dollars upon the State. Such a disposition of the treasury funds would afford the party not in power ample political capital against any governor, who should convene the lawmakers for such a purpose. This difficulty can be met however. A movement is on foot among the members of the Bar Association in case the rehearing before the Supreme Bench comes to nought, to present a petition to the governor, signed by the leading democrats among the attorneys, requesting him to take such action. This would rob the session of any political significance.

That the amendments, so carefully prepared by the Code Commissioners, are needed, is amply evidenced by the signatures to be found on the petition now before the Court, asking it to reverse its action. Representative lawyers in every line of practice are in favor of the proposed changes. Should the petitioners, therefore, not be able to induce the Supreme Court to reconsider their original opinion, it seems possible that the political obstacles will be cleared by the Bar Association, and the needed modifications of the Codes effected through the legislature. In such event, it is to be hoped that the Association will meet with success in advancing the movement among its members, of whatever political faith.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that certain aw-publishing houses have lost a great deal of money through the falling of the Commissioners' bills. Complete editions, incorporating the amendments, and supplemented by extensive annotations, were compiled and published, all of which, of course, now appears to be a total loss. Many attorneys, as well as the publishers, deemed the changes legally passed, and have been compelled to retrace their steps in various matters of procedure, at more or less expense.

The City and its Suburbs.

Many reports have been received of late, which show the rapidity with which various localities about the bay, are advancing along business lines. Among the latest is the establishment by the Standard Oil Company of an immense refining plant at Point Richmond. This, in conjunction with the Santa Fe, makes the solidity of the industrial foundations of this new suburb, undoubted. One by one, all the deep water sites, between Oakland and Port Costa are being seized by large companies that soon build a little town around their main structures. The Selby Smelting Company's plant, near Crockett, the California and Hawaiian Sugar Refinery, the various powder companies, a furniture concern, and others are all located along that shore. Other sides of the bay are springing into life, with the establishment of various industries.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of some of the business men of this city to look with jealousy on all these signs of prosperity among our smaller neighbors about the harbor. The idea seems to be with such people, that the building up of these towns, involves just so much loss to the metropolis. An investigatton of the necessary economic results of such surrounding prosperity will quickly convince the most fearful. San Francisco, is the keystone in the arch, and binds all the suburbs together into a strong fabric from Port Costa, industrially, nothing but a suburb, to the San Mateo end of the bay. More properly, San Francisco is the main and central receptacle, into which, all these outlying points pour their several streams of commerce. They act as feeders to the business of the city, augmenting it many times when their separate contributions are totalled. They are as much a part of the commercial San Francisco, as one of its own outlying districts within the city limits.

Instead, therefore, of mistaken apprehension at the signs of such growth among these offshoots of the main stem, we should welcome all advance, as we would our own, since our interests are identical with theirs. The thing we need to make our financial and commercial growth more certain and speedy, is cooperation and kindly feeling among our business men, whether of San Francisco proper, or, of its tributaries and feeders, the towns about the bay.

The Teaching of Spanish.

Next to English, the foreign language which should receive the first consideration at the hands of our public educators, is the Spanish tongue. This question has been raised before in the public school systems of the State—but it recurs again at this time with far increased claims upon our consideration. The foundations of civilization in California were laid by the Spaniards. Their missions dotted this great territory, which then was an outlying province of their Mexican Empire. The names of our rivers, counties, cities and towns are ample evidence to the stranger of the former dominion of the Empire of Spain. Today, Mexico lies on our Southern border, a country teeming with possibilities to the ambitious and progressive people of our State. Advices from there show how rapidly these advantages are being exploited by settlers from the "States," as Americans are termed in the Empire—republic of Diaz. Beyond Mexico are the states of Central America, with their rubber, coffee and other plantations, to say nothing of their vast mineral resources. Still further beyond is the southern continent, rapidly coming to the front, with its many prosperous states. In all these countries, Spanish is the mother tongue. But these conditions have been almost unmeasurably strengthened by the results of the late war. The Philippines, a Spanish possession, are now part of our own country. If there was need before to educate our youth in the language and customs of our immediate neighbors, how much has it been increased by the annexation of many millions of square miles of territory of which the possibilities are but just beginning to be appreciated.

A knowledge of the Spanish language and Spanish ideas and usages is now a necessity to the young men and women of California, if we would have them competent to undertake the duties of professional or business careers in the new life opening before the inhabitants of the Pacific slope. The rudiments of the tongue should be instilled in the minds of the grammar grade children. Advanced courses should be offered in the high schools and universities. Competent instructors should be procured and the necessary additions made to the libraries. In short, the situation and its opportunities should be met intelligently and promptly, that our proper share may be secured in this great field now open to us.

To-Days Game.

The annual football game is played today by the two universities, California and Stanford. This is the first "big" game, as it is called, held here on any day, other than Thanksgiving. The change was insisted upon by the faculties of the two universities, and thus the national autumn festival has lost its great feature upon this coast, while the game itself will probably lose much of its importance.

While the reason which dictated this course to the learned men directing the destinies of the two educational institutions, are doubtless good ones and weighty, it nevertheless seems too bad to rob the enthusiast in the sport, of his yearly event, and the alumni of the colleges of their opportunity to meet old campus comrades. The association of the day with the struggle between the athletes, has gained a strong hold in the hearts of not only the college men, but all their friends and relations, for whom Thanksgiving will now have but a small part of its former significance. It is to be hoped that the faculties will be induced to reconsider their action, and hereafter to restore the gala event to its accustomed date.

BY THE WAY

Colonel J. T. McLaughlin, who represents the defense in the Nome contempt proceedings, now being heard before Commissioner Heacock, is a man who has worked his way from the bottom round of the legal ladder to the position he holds, one of the leading attorneys of Minnesota. In his early practice, instead of selecting his clients from among those who came to him, as he now does, he was glad to get anything that came along. Among the experiences that helped him to emerge from the condition of a briefless barrister, he tells the following: One day a miserly old fellow came to him and asked that the young attorney draw up a will.

"How much cash have you," was the first interrogation.

"Wall, I dunno," responded the client, "somewheres nigh on to thirty thousand dollars, I reckon."

"How do you wish it divided?"

"I want my old woman to have fifteen thousand dollars, and you can say that I give and bequeath five thousand dollars to each of my three children," said the old man unloading himself of the legal phrase with much gravity and deliberation.

"What else do you wish to say?"

"Say that to each of my several nieces and nephews, I also give the sum of five thousand dollars."

"Hold on, sir, this is a work of superrogation, you have already disposed of all your money, how are they to be given the sums you specefy?"

"Gol darn 'em, let 'em work for it as I did," came the answer.

* * *

How a man may be the victim of circumstances is shown in the affairs of Howard Veeder, the host who entertained young Haight, the night the latter did dumb-bell and Indian club stunts with Mrs. Haight. Veeder gave a little party at a down town restaurant, and in order to be sure that the affair should be strictly proper, asked Mr. and Mrs. Haight to chaperone it. The affair was singularly unfortunate for Veeder. When Mrs. Haight applied for divorce proceedings, the young man was brought into publicity in a way that puts him in a bad light, and which is of such a nature that he cannot very well combat it. Veeder is a young man who has always borne a most excellent name. He comes of a good family, is a college man, and stands high in the very best society. His friends have not been slow in coming to his defense, and asserting their belief in his integrity and uprightness of character.

* * *

The following tale of the Bench and Bar comes from over the Bay. It is well known that Judge Greene of the Superior Court, while a genial, courteous gentleman off the bench, displays at times a somewhat hasty temper, while engaged in the discharge of his judicial duties. County Clerk Jordan, consequently, has found some difficulty in inducing his deputies to remain for any length of time in the Judge's courtroom. But now, all is serene. Judge Greene and his clerk are as harmonious as the moonlight and the soft guitar on a summer's eve. The clerk who effected this result is Ray Baker, the nattily dressed son of the well known attorney. Ray is known among his friends as the Hall McAllister of Reno, but that is neither here nor there.

Baker had been assigned to Judge Greene's courtroom but a short time when a criminal came up for sentence one morning. The Judge pronounced sentence upon the offender, without disposing of a motion for new trial, made by Judge Frick, the attorney for the prisoner, whose face at this juncture wore a placid and satisfied smile as he thought how quickly he could take advantage of the omission. At this point, clerk Baker innocently turned to His Honor and asked: "What shall I do with that motion on my minutes, Judge?" Greene saw the mistake, which, by the way, the greatest of men will sometimes commit. "Bring that man back," he thundered to the Sheriff, and after disposing of the motion, sentence was pronounced in due form. Since that day, everything has been placid and uneventful in Judge Greene's courtroom, where clerk Baker basks in the sunshine of the Judge's good humor.

* * *

Judge Angelotti of San Rafael tells the following incident, which happened in his court one day last week. A suit was being heard before him involving a mechanic's lein. The contractors claimed that they had complied with all the demands made upon them while the opposing parties averred that such was not the case. Among one of the points at issue, was the nature of the mortar used in the brickwork, the declaration having been made that it was not up to the standard demanded in the contract. One of the witnesses put on the stand in respect to this point, was an Irishman who had helped to mix the mortar and carry the hod.

"Now sir," said one of the counsel addressing the old fellow, "will you kindly inform the court the different ingredients of which it was composed?"

"Phat's that?" said the bewildered witness.

"What did you put in the mortar?"

"I put water in it."

"Yes, yes, I know. But that is not the question. What substance or substances did you use in mixing it?"

"What did I use in mixing it? Sure I used a hoe."

It was five minutes before the examination could go on.

* * *

A little San Francisco girl has made a decided hit at the Orpheum this week as a contralto singer of great promise. Jessie Dale is her name. To Mr. Rosner, the genial leader of the orchestra, Miss Dale who, it may be mentioned, is only fourteen years old, attributes her success. From her modest home on O'Farrell street, to success on the vaudeville stage, is quite a step, but the young artist carries it.

Incidentally, John Morrissey is taking a week's respite from his labors at Paso Robles. For seven years the popular manager has worked without a vacation, and declares even now that he is as fit as ever and don't need it.

Lillian Burkhart, the charming vaudeville artist, who is appearing at the Orpheum this week with her company in "A Leap for Love," is one of the most hard-working women in the theatrical business. Miss Burkhart insists on everything being absolutely right that is connected with her number on the program. She selects all her own properties, and in this connection the graceful little lady told me the trouble she had in getting bolsters, mattresses, pillows, etc., for the scene in the rectory. The property-man had collected these articles, but they did not suit Miss Burkhart.

"I had to go for them myself," she said, "and almost suffered a severe accident in doing so. I pulled down a bolster in one of the stores, and a brass wire caught my lip, and cut it rather badly. But thank goodness it healed very quickly." And indeed not the faintest trace of a scar could be seen.

Everything that goes to make up the setting for the little playlet must be scrupulously clean. The pillow cases are laundered daily. In rehearsals the clever actress is tireless. Detail in stage "business" as the actor-folk call it, must be worked out to perfection. Miss Burkhart believes, and rightly, that the small things are the ones that count.

And, by the way, strange as it may seem, the Orpheum star is taking lessons in dancing. "Its somewhat difficult for me," she remarked, "I haven't a bit of music in my feet. I am going to essay a cake-walk in one of my new plays, and thought I had better study it a bit."

* * *

Charles Nelson, the well known banker and capitalist of Woodland, recently had a very interesting meeting with Carrie Nation, the iconoclastic prohibitionist. Mr. Nelson was in Buffalo at the time, where he was visiting the Pan-American exhibition. He was standing on the sidewalk, casually smoking a cigarette, when a large woman somewhat advanced in years, plainly dressed, and who walked with an awkward, from side to side gait, came up to him and shaking her finger in his face while she spoke said:

"Young man, take that nasty, dirty, stinking thing out of your mouth and throw it away." Then she turned on her heel and left as abruptly as she came.

"Who is that?" said the object of her remarks who, to say the least, was surprised by the lady's abrupt advice.

"That is Carrie Nation," answered a bystander.

Mr. Nelson was thankful that she did not tomahawk him.

* * *

One day last week a Berkeley student in one of Professor L. Dupont Syle's classes came into the reciation room so late that the English teacher made a mild remonstrance at the extreme tardiness of the young man.

"Professor," replied the young fellow in excusing himself, "my watch was slow. I shall have no faith in it after this."

"My dear fellow," said Syle, "what you need is not faith, but works."

The rise of William A. Brady, the manager of everything from a prize-fight to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," continues apace. Some twenty years ago, Brady was an underling at the old California theatre. In fact, his first position was that of call boy. For several years subsequent to this, he worked in various capacities about the theatre, sometimes as a stage-hand, again as an actor, and finally, in the front of the house. It was here that his abilities began to assert themselves. Sometime later, he went on the road with his own company in a dramatization of H. Rider Haggard's novel, "She," just at the time that wierd literary production was in the zenith of its popularity. The result was, that he made a mint of money, and with the funds so obtained, began putting on plays east of the Mississippi river. Here he duplicated his Western success. In all the years that have followed, he has scarcely known a failure. He has all kinds of plays on the road, and each one of them is making money. It is estimated that he is worth $2,000,000.

* * *

"There is no particular way to decorate a show-window except by the use of judgment and taste," said one of the firm of Eldar & Shepard, the Post street book dealers, whose artistic displays are always worthy of attention. "In placing our curios on exhibition, we determine upon three elevations, one above the other. This is arranged after some simple color scheme. We either place those things near to each other, the colors of which are in harmony, or else are in striking contrast. In arranging our book window, the display is confined to one subject. One week it will be contemporary fiction, another, Victorian poets, and following that, books for the young. As far as possible we preserve a due regard for harmonious colors here. In fact, our entire place of business pays respect to this aesthetic law. A hard and fast rule cannot be made to apply to an entire store however, for the size, shape and other characteristics of books must be taken into consideration as well as the shades of the bindings. In fitting up our windows, we steadfastly avoid any elaboaate method or plan. Whenever that is attempted the windows look too set, and the simple artistic effect we always strive to produce, is lost.

* * *

The benefit performance at the Tivoli last Sunday afternoon furnished a bit of fun. The crowded house were listening in rapt appreciation to the liquid notes from the throat of the great Salassa, when the people in the rear seats were puzzled to note signs of intense meriment among the audience in the front rows. The singer was dressed in conventional black, with an expansive shirt front of spotless white. But when he threw up his arms to make the gestures, which go with the selection, a red undershirt gleamed forth in all its vividness from underneath his arms and below his vest. The harmony was forgotten, and the effect of the beautiful voice was lost for a moment, when the listeners saw the famed emblem of anarchy in such an unexpected place.

* * *

One Sunday recently, a San Jose minister created a slight sensation by praying for one of the sisters in Israel "who was," he declared with much fervency, "standing with one foot in the grave, while the other was moving swiftly on to eternity."

Sometimes a man can have too good a friend and a case in point has cropped up in connection with the opening of the Oakland race-track on Saturday last. An attorney in one of the downtown office buildings had been given a straight tip that Hagerdon would win the opening handicap, and believing that it was near being as sure a thing as anyone could get, he gave a friend who was going to the track $50 to bet for him on the horse at the best price possible.

About two o'clock the amateur plunger strolled into a Sansome street cigar store to speak to a friend and there found a handbook in operation—that is to say, bets were being taken there and prices quoted by a well-known bookmaker who was dodging the anti-poolroom ordinance in that way.

"What price are you laying against Hagerdon" asked the attorney.

"Six to one."

This made the man of the law do some hard thinking. Had he known he could have got such big odds down town, he would not have sent his money to the track. Furthermore, there was the probability that he would not get as big a price the other side of the bay as was now in sight. The result of these deliberations was that he decided to take the odds being quoted to him and telegraph to his friend not to do any betting for him in the ring.

* * *

Having made the wager he hied promptly to the Western Union office and wrote a rush dispatch to his friend instructing him not to bet the fifty. He handed the telegram to the operator and was just asking, "How much" when there came the chilling remark, "We can't send this. There is a fight on between the Western Union and the Telegraph Company and we can't get it through."

Horrors! One hundred dollars was more than he wanted to bet and remembering that he had a friend upstairs in the operating room, he sent the dispatch to him, requesting him to get the telegram across the bay if there were any possible chance to do so. Then he went back to his office.

When later in the day he saw by the returns that Hagerdon had won, he hoped against hope that the dispatch had not gone through. He went to the telegraph office only to learn that his friend had just gone out and that no one knew anything about the dispatch, all being of the opinion that it had not been sent.

His heart was light when he returned to his office and it became more so when he found his friend awaiting him with a countenance brimfull of glee. "Say, old man," said the caller, "I'm your friend all right. You kuow that wire was closed, and I couldn't get it through"——

"Hooray" shouted the attorney.

"But," resumed the operator, "I found that by dispatching it to the Oakland office I could have it repeated in a way that would reach the track and I fixed it for you in that manner. Shake!"

"Thanks," said the legal light; "I am much obliged to you, very much obliged, but your hard work on my behalf cost me just three hundred dollars. Excuse me, therefore, if I do not participate in your jubilation."

W. R. Hearst of the "Examiner" scored a big victory over his local enemies at the Pacific-Union Club affair last Friday. Although so far the events that then transpired have been confined to gossip, it is pretty generally known that an attempt was made to oust Hearst from the Club on account of the fight against the "Examiner." The effort, however, was disastrous for those attempting the coup, for out of the whole Club all they could get together was a total of seven votes for the expulsion proposition, Hearst being sustained by all the rest.

The fight against him was engineered by Irving M. Scott, the Spreckelses and Prince Poniatowski, and it might have been thought that they would have enough influence to make a bigger showing than they did. The Club members, however, took the high stand that Hearst's social position had not been impeached and all the friends of his family rallied to his support with such good effect that he secured a clean cut and decisive victory.

* * *

Walter E. Perkins, now playing at the Grand, made an observation on a well known California characteristic the other night, which is too good to let go unrecorded. He and several friends had gathered together in a well known down town after-theatre resort; when he chanced to speak of the scenery of the Rocky Mountains.

"We can discount it out here," said some one. "It is acknowledged that some of our California scenery, such as Yosemite for example is unsurpassed anywhere in the world." In a few minutes the subject had turned to wines, and Perkins mentioned that there was a certain French brand which he rather preferred, and was about to give his reasons for his selection, when some one interrupted his remarks with, "you know that a large number of the best French wines shipped from California to France, and then shipped back to the United States, bearing French labels?" Perkins said nothing. Before long, the subject had turned to historic matters, and the comedian remarked upon the number of clever and beautiful women coming from the Southern States, who had adopted the stage as a profession. A third friend informed the speaker that California produced the most talented and most beautiful actresses in the United States today, and after proceeding to name a score or more, concluded his statement with the remark, "now what do you think of that?"

"Well," said the actor "I think the man who makes the first statement in a California crowd stands a mighty poor show."

* * *

The other morning an Irishman named Emmet was on Judge Mogan's calendar, charged with petty larcency. He was accused of having stepped behind the bar of a corner grocery, while the proprietor was in front waiting on a customer, and taking three bottles of whisky, leaving a fourth undisturbed. Why the man should have left the fourth bottle was a puzzle even to Mogan, who is more than ordinarily shrewd in divining the ways of those brought before him.

"What made you take three bottles and leave a fourth," said the Judge in conducting the examination of Emmet."

"Your honor," replied the Irishman in all seriousness, "I did not wish to sully the immortal name I bear."

The Mercantile Library is moving, lares and penates, from its building on the corner of Golden Gate and Van Ness avenues, to quarters on the south side of Sutter, between Kearney street and Grant avenue. The Mercantile is by far the oldest library in San Francisco, it having been established on January 25th, 1853. On March 1st, of the same year, its rooms, over the old California Exchange were thrown open to the public, and its 1500 volumes placed at their disposal. It has continued, with varying fortunes, to be a positive element for culture and refinement ever since. It has now over 70,000 volumes on its shelves, and to these, additions are constantly being made. Once, during the early '70's, in order to raise funds for the library, a lottery was organized by the members. This netted the institution nearly half a million dollars. Since Librarian Williams has been in charge of the Mercantile, its affairs have begun to improve perceptibly. He has reclassified the library, improved its service and has been most judicious in the matter of selecting new books. The new rooms on Sutter street are not quite so large as those being vacated, but otherwise there is little or no difference. It will be a week or ten days before the Mercantile will be established in its new quarters, where Librarian Williams will be glad to see all those who are interested in books.

* * *

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has completely recovered from her sudden indisposition at Newport some weeks since. Her complication was not as bad as the daily press would have its readers believe. Mrs. Oelrichs had been enjoying herself for several weeks at the rate of eighteen hours a day. The result was, that as a matter of course, she broke down under the strain.

Mrs. Oelrichs, it is said, is becoming rather tired of Newport, and is really desirous of finding some other place to spend her summers. She is anxious to dispose of Rosecliff, but her husband who, as we all know, prefers San Francisco to Newport as a summer resort, will not consent to the sale. Newport society circles criticise Hermann Oelrichs quite severely for his long continued absences in the height of the summer season, and think it strange that he should be willing to separate himself from his wife by a continent, but then Newport has always been noted for the interest and attention it has paid to other people's affairs.

* * *

The work of selecting the best views from among the three thousand which were taken by the members of the Camera Club is now in progress. The task of segregation is a most difficult one, and at times a severe test on the judgment.

The best views will be used to compose a lantern slide lecture on the city of San Francisco. This will be sent to different camera clubs throughout the world. This entertaining application of photography is original with the club here, and has been copied extensively throughout the continent by similar organizations. One set of lantern slides on Yosemite Valley was away from the club for eight years. During that time it was exhibited in nearly every large city in the United States, and then crossed the Atlantic. Clippings were received from England, France, Germany, and Switzerland in reference to the slides, and the admiration aroused by the beauty of our wonderful valley. The club has done much during the ten years of its existence, to raise the photographic ideals of this city. During that time, such members as Dr. Genthe, Weidner, Backus, and Miss Miss Floride Green, now in New York, have graduated from its ranks. The second photographic salon, which will be held before long, is under the direction of the Camera Club, and promises to be an event of general interest.

* * *

Otie Evans, the well known bookmaker, is said to be dying of consumption in New York City. Evans made his first appearance in the world of sport some ten years or more ago, when he secured a position with a firm of pool sellers on Pauper Alley, between Pine and California streets. He soon developed remarkable ability as a pool seller, and was always in demand. He was employed in turn by Charley Kingsley, Henry Schwartz and Sam Whitehead. In recent years, he has been the right bower of George Rose, and has booked on all the large American tracks. Few men have ever shown better judgment in making up a book than Evans. His friends here hope the rumor concerning his ill health is untrue.

* * *

This is the season of the year when the curbstone florists who cluster around the corner of Kearney and Market streets make their most gorgeous displays. Earlier in the season their merchandise may be more fragrant, perhaps, but at no time of the year is there such a beautiful wealth of color as now. The chrysanthemums seem to be unusually brilliant and of a larger size than usual. The story so often heard, that the Italian street salesmen take the cullings that the more pretentious florists are glad to dispose of at any price, is untrue. Early every morning, wagon loads of flowers, coming from the different towns between here and San Jose, may be seen, unloading at the warehouses of these sidewalk salesmen, which are located on Stevenson street, between Third and Fourth. The Italians sort these flowers carefully, rejecting the bad, and saving the good. The major portion of the flowers they sell is raised by Chinese, who often combine with their vegetable gardens, a conservatory as well.

* * *

"Brick" Morse, the famous Berkeley athlete, who has won more medals and holds more records than any other college man on the Pacific Coast, and who bore a national reputation in the field of sport when an undergraduate student, has developed into a vocal instructor of more than usual prominence. He has a large number of pupils in his native town, Berkeley, several of whom are said to be showing exceptional promise. "Brick" and his pupils will give "Elijah" in a few weeks for the benefit of the Berkeley High School. The event has caused considerable interest in the college town, and will be largely attended.

* * *

A young married lady of this city who moves in the local four hundred, is often criticized by her friends because of the freedom and indiscriminateness with which she accepts little attentions from her gentleman friends. At a recent function, she drew from her pocket her lace handkerchief, in which a knot had been tied, in order to call to her mind some trivial duty. "Dear me," said the popular young married lady to several gallants about her, "why is that knot in my handkerchief? I tied it there to remind me of something, but of what, I have forgotten."

"My child," said an old lady who overheard her and who is noted for the acrid wittiness of her repartees, "it was probably tied in order to remind you that you are married."

* * *

Our own Charles Rollo Peters is winning golden opinions in the East and Europe. Even Chicago has been moved by his wonderful genius. An art critic in that city, in speaking of Peters' work said recently: "A small work by Charles Rollo Peters, at O'Brien's, shows that he is getting out of the cellar. It is not at all certain that his cavernous tones were bad or wrong. It is well for man to live alone in paint Perhaps no one wanted to buy the blackness, but it had something about it peculiarly Peters, and it felt well the night. This one is the same subject, a ranch with white walls in the glowing moonlight, but it is tender in color, better to live with if less special in effect."

* * *

"You have no idea," said a policeman to me the other night, "the amount of money that the lodging houses in this city of the 'transient' class make from one year's end to another. To the ordinary passer-by, these places may not seem to be a paying investment, but to those whose business it is to watch them, the result is astounding.

Talk about the evils of the side entrance, why they are not in it with the things I have referred to. By the way, I see that the family entrance, which was such a factor in the last municipal campaign, is now as wide open as ever, and the night birds come and go through them as fearlessly as they did before the moral wave strikes the town. Popular morality is little more than a fad, anyhow."

* * *

One of the most striking characteristics of the members of the late Episcopal convention, was their ready wit, and love of a joke. The town is still full of the bon-mots perpetrated by the reverend gentlemen of the cloth. Among one of the best of these that is going the rounds, is a witticism by our own Bishop Nichols, who was told one day that the House of Bishops, because of the unpopularity of Bishop Willis of Honolulu, were considering the expediency of doing away entirely with the missionary diocese of Honolulu, and merging the same with the diocese of California. "Well," said Bishop Nichols, "in that case it will not be a case of Barkis is willin', but Willis is barkin'."

* * *

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir will again visit the Coast in March next in greater numbers than on their previous visit of some years ago. They will combine sight seeing with concert givings, remaining in San Francisco five days, giving a concert at Metropolitan Temple each night. From San Francisco they go to Pacific Grove to see the renowned Del Monte. They will also visit Stanford University. The party will number three hundred and will travel in its own special train of Pullmans.

Books That are Being Read.

"The Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker.

"Stephen Calinari," by Julian Sturgis.

"The Tempting of Father Anthony," by George Horton.

"The Lady of Lynn," by Sir Walter Besant.

"The Strength of the Hills," by Florence Wilkinson.

"Famous Actors of the Day in America," by Lewis C. Strang.

"The Private Life of the Sultan of Turkey," by Georges Dorys.

"Views of an Ex-President," by Benjamin Harrison.

"A Friend With the Countersign," by B. K. Benson.

"The Road to Frontenac," by Samuel Merwin.

"Johnnie Corteau, and Other Poems," by William Henry Drummond.

"In Our County: Stories of Old Virginia Life," by Marion Harland.

"The Serious Wooing: A Heart's History," by John Oliver Hobbes.

"Raffles: Further Adventures of the Amateur Cracksman, by E. W. Hornung.

"The First Men in the Moon," by H. G. Wells.

"Mistress Brent: A Story of Lord Baltimore's Colony in 1638," by Lucy Meacham Thruston.

"Cardigan," by Robert W. Chambers.

"Tristram of Blent: An Episode in the Story of an Ancient House," by Anthony Hope.

"The Eternal City," by Hall Caine.

"Kim," by Rudyard Kipling.

* * *

GEORGE W. CABLE,
The latest portrait of the author of "The Cavalier."

In his latest novel, "The Cavalier," George W. Cable has produced a book that is exceptionally full of human interest. The "cavalier" is a splendid fellow, a representative of the New Orleans aristocracy, brave, chivalrous, and honorable to the core. Side by side with him, as scout, nurse, and war correspondent, works a wonderful little woman, who eventually becomes his wife. A loyal soldier boy and three charming girls are the other important personages in a series of exciting events.

J. Pierpont Morgan figures in a recent English melodrama. Mr. Morgan is one of the characters who ought to be dramatized in sections.

The Political Situation.

There is an old adage among race-track men, that in a three-horse race, one should back the outsider, which seems to have held good in our municipal campaign, terminating as it did in such startling manner last Tuesday. Politics is fully as uncertain as racing, and Schmitz, the outsider, was a great surprise to even those who are constantly in touch with public sentiment. Consternation has prevailed among the business men over the result. They conjure up the gravest contingencies, with the representative of the labor party in the Mayor's chair. Throughout the week, gloomy talk over the outlook has been more or less prevalent on the downtown streets. But an examination of the matter shows that the conditions are not as bad as they have been painted. The idea is current that the charter puts almost unlimited appointing power in the Mayor's hands. But this is not the case. The various branches of authority are vested in commissions, and with the exception of the Board of Public Works, only sufficient nominations can be made to their membership to give the party in power an equal representation, the boards consisting of four members, not more than two of which can belong to the same party. Another thing, only one member of the boards, as at present constituted, retires each year. So there can be no radical overturning of the constituency of these bodies, and at the most, the followers of Schmitz can secure but an equal representation in them. This holds good of the Fire and Police Commissions and the Board of Education, while the Board of Public Works will have a majority of the new Mayor's appointees upon it, only in the last year of his term. It is patent from these conditions that ex-chief Lees has not got a walkover, in the effort he is making to secure his old position.

* * *

A study of the vote by precincts shows plainly that Schmitz was elected by Republicans. The strength he displayed in even the strongest Republican districts of the Western Addition, such as the Forty-first, and out in the Mission, where so many of the stalwarts of the G. O. P. reside, is good evidence of this conclusion. Despite statements to the contrary, it is quite apparent that the merciless hammering of the "Call" and the "Chronicle" did much to defeat Wells. The continuous publication of strong denunciation, which the ex-Auditor was subjected to, had a big effect on his vote, beyond question On the other hand, the result is not such a victory for the papers. Their fight was Tobin and Tobin finished third. He received the lowest vote given a Democratic candidate for many years. The efforts of the two dailies, while they undoubtedly took votes away from Wells, did not add many to Tobin's standard. Their fight during the last week of the campaign, to set the union men against Schmitz, was a signal failure. In fact they accomplished very little for themselves.

* * *

The Republican party, moreover, will be split wide open in San Francisco as long as this state of things continues. No prominent man can be induced to serve the city in public office, with the certainty of being torn to pieces by the dailies staring him in the face. The newspapers cannot nominate, and it is to be hoped that they will soon appreciate this fact. They are undoubtedly entitled to their legitimate share of the plums, as party papers. One thing is certain and that is that the disasters will continue to attend the efforts of Republicans, until a compromise is effected between the dailies and the party directors.

* * *

People are wondering what effect the result will have on the Senatorial election. The local machine has escaped the third party avalanche almost intact. The organization has the County Clerk's office, the Sheriff's and the Tax Collector's, where most of the patronage lies. Again the leaders have the Central Committee, and are in a position to do most effective work at the primaries. While, therefore, the party men have been routed, they have not been swept from ths board.

* * *

The defeat of Fisk was a surprise. His fight with Byington was a desperate one, but the latter had a far better organization—one of the best, incidentally, ever in evidence in a local fight. The incumbent also had the advantage of a strong Catholic support.

* * *

The Board of Supervisors will probably be run on the same lines as during the present administration. Nine of the old Board are re-elected, and they will undoubnedly be able to draw one reform vote from the remainder of the body. Thus, it is to be noted that the Ruef people are not in a position to control the Supervisors, where most of the patronage exists. Neither is Phelan strong in this quarter.

* * *

Sacramento witnessed the same results that were experienced here. Clarke, the independent Republican, represented everything opposed to bossism, and won without the aid of party machinery. Although backed by Republieans, should he come up again, he will have to make the same fight that he made in this campaign, as the leaders and the organization are against him.

Not long ago, in Sacramento, while the evening services were being held in a popular church, a bat flew into the building through one of the windows which had been opened for the purpose of ventilation, to catch what little breeze there might be stirring. It circled about the lights, flew noisily and awkwardly against the wall, and would every now and then swoop down upon the congregation, much to the anxiety of the ladies. The strange visitor had begun to form circles about the head of the minister, when the congregation, who were singing at the time, came to the lines in the well known hymn:

"Happy the birds that sing and fly
Around thine altars, oh Most High."

As the words were being sung, the bat suddenly changed the course of his flight, and with a precision that was mathematical, went as he had come.

Alumni Commissioned Officers Association of the University of California.

The Alumni Commissioned Officers' Association of the University of California was organized on Sept. 1, 1900, with a charter membership of eighty. During the past year the membership has doubled.

The aims and purposes of this organization are:

1st. To bring together in close social intercourse all those who, during their college course, have shown a taste for military science and tactics.

2d. To bring all officers commissioned from the University of California to a full realization of their duties and their privileges.

3d. To foster and promote the efficiency of the University Cadets by bringing together those who have proved themselves to be interested in the welfare of the Cadet Regiment.

All those who have received or who shall hereafter receive a commission from the University Cadets shall be eligible to membership. Professors of the University, military men of note and such other persons as the association may see fit may be elected honorary members.

Regular meetings of the association are held every second Friday of each month in the rooms of the San Francisco Club. During the past year the association has given three banquets, at which many military men of note were entertained, and gave a most successful military reception and ball in Native Sons' Hall on the night of the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

The officers of the Alumni Commissioned Officers' Association of the University of California are: Commander, Col. George William Bauer: Senior Vice-Commander, Major Percival Dolman; Junior Vice-Commander, Major W. A. Brewer; Adjutant, Capt. William Jurgens.

Col. Bauer, commander of the association, appointed the following committee, to serve for the ensuing year: Executive Committee—Col. C. H. Murphy, Capt. F. A. Denicke, Capt. J. W. Millar, Capt. J. W. S. Butler, Lieut. J. D. Hatch, Lieut. F. Otis, Lieut. J. A. McGee.

Of the above committee, Capt. F. Denicke was elected chairman, and Lieut. J. A. McGee, secretary.

Membership Committee—Capt. R. C. Daniels, Capt. B. L. Logan, Capt. B. L. Quayle, Capt. T. R. Kelley, Capt. L. T. Wagner, Lieut. C. Schilling, Lieut. J. Gallagher.

Capt. R. Daniels was elected chairman of the above committee.

The Commander of A. C. O. A. U. C. reviews the Regiment of University Cadets twice a year, and sends a report of the condition of the regiment to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

Commander George William Bauer, of the Naval Militia of California who Commander of the Alumni Commissioned Officers' Association of the University of California, was Colonel of the Regiment of University Cadets in the year 1897, and upon his graduation from the University of California on May 11, 1897, he was commissioned by Governor Budd and placed on the retired list with the rank of Colonel. The officers of the Regiment of University Cadets upon their graduation are commissioned by the Governor of California, and are placed on the retired list with ranks from Second Lieutenant to Colonel, and rank with retired officers of the National Guard of California of the same relative rank. Commander George W. Bauer was commissioned Commander of the Naval Militia of California, which is the second highest rank in the navy of California, consisting of naval divisions at San Francisco, Santa Cruz, Eureka, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Diego, on April 16, 1901. The rank of Commander of the Naval Militia is the same relative rank as a Lieutenant Colonel of the Army.

The Regiment of University Cadets, from which the officers of this association have received their commissions, consists of over nine hundred cadets, made up of twelve infantry companies, a detachment of artillery, Signal Corps and Military Band. The University of California has the largest military department of any university in the United States. Col. Burton, Inspector-General of the United States Army, in one of his reports to the War Department, said that the Regiment of University Cadets stood at the head of college military organizations. The present high state of efficiency of the University Cadets is due to Capt. H. De H. Waite, U. S. A., Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the University of California; and with him at the head, the University Cadets will retain their place at the head of college military organizations.

The Alumni Commissioned Officers' Association has decided to give a military ball and reception December 11, 1901, at Native Sons' Hall. The following committee was appointed to complete arrangements for the ball: Col. George W. Bauer, Col. C. H. Murphy, Major Percival Dolman, Capt. Wm. Jurgens, Capt. F. A. Denicke, Lieut. J. Gallagher, Lieut. J. A. McGee.

Members of the Alumni Commisssioned Officers' Association are eligible for membership in the United States Service Club, to be formed at San Francisco for social intercourse and instructions between officers of the various branches of the service of the army and navy.

The honorary members of the association are: President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Major-General W. R. Shafter, U. S. A.; Lieut.-Col. M. P. Maus, U. S. A.; Gen. W. H. Seamans, Adjut. General California; Colonel C. H. Murphy, N. G. C.; Major J. E. Millar, N. G. C.; Capt. S. A. Cloman, U. S. A.; Capt. F. L. Winn, U. S. A.; Capt. H. De H. Waite, U. S. A.; Capt. P. Hayne, U. S. V.; Capt. P. Riley, U. S. V.; Capt. T. A. Nerney, Naval Militia of California; Professors M. Haskell, E. O'Neill, W. B. Rising, C. Stringham, A. Putzker, F. Soule, W. E. Magee, A. O. Leuchner, W. D. Armes, H. Senger, C. L. Cory, W. Setchell, and S. B. Christy, of the University of California; Mr. James Sutton, Mr. John Mitchell, Mr. C. J. Bauer, and Regent E. A. Denicke, University of California; Mr. L. Hunt, Mr. R. Phelphs, Mr. G. Colby, Capt. Charles Jansen, N. G. C.; Col. Charles Boxton, N. G. C.

Members—Col. Geo. W. Bauer, Col. H. W. Gibbons, Col. J. R. Moulthrop, Col. Geo. C. Edwards, Col. J. K. Moffitt, Col. C. W. McConaughy, Lieut.-Col. W. A. Starr, Lieut.-Col. M. R. Gibbons, Lieut.-Col. C. A. Son, Lieut.-Col. H. S. Robinson, Major Percival Dolman, Major N. Moran, Major G. Foulks, Major W. Houston, Major H. B. Graham, Major W. A. Brewer, Major Rex Sherer, Major G. Allen, Major T. R. Fischer, Major R. H Collins, Major Philip R. Thayer, Capt. William Jurgens, Capt. J. B. Metcalf, Capt. B. P. Miller, Capt. H. P. Veeder, Capt. Oliver Dibble, Capt. F. A. Denicke, Capt. G. D. Kierulff, Capt. R. L. Oliver, Capt. A. C. Babson, Capt. Raymond Russ, Capt. W. Houston, Capt. R. L. Logan, Capt. J. L. Vde Laveaga, Capt. B. L. Quayle, Capt. R. C. Daniels, Capt. Cartwright, Capt. Tracy R. Kelley, Capt. J. E. Rainey, Capt. A. George, Capt. E. L. Oliver, Capt. W. A. Foster, Capt. Thos. W. McPherson, Capt. Ernst Denicke, Capt. W. F. Mooney, Capt. W. W. Downer, Capt. J. W. S. Butler, Capt. C. Carlson, Capt. P. L. Bush, Capt. J. W. Millar, Capt. H. F. Peart, Capt. D. E. Collins, Capt. J. White, Capt. W. N. Bradley, Capt. G. E. De Golia, Capt. W. W. Fogg, Capt. B. A. Hammond, Capt. J. D. Hoffman, Capt. W. E. Conlin, Capt. G. Harker, Capt. R. H. Kelley, Capt. N. Vanderbilt, Lieut. J. McGee, Lieut. G. F. Reinhardt, Lieut. E. R. Jackson, Lieut. Chas. E. Parcells, Lieut. W. W Everett, Lieut. F. Dunn, Lieut. J. Gallagher, Lieut C. Schilling, Lieut. E. F. Goodyear. Lieut. R. Bender, Lieut. H. A. Melvin, Lieut. W. Richardson, Lieut. J. C. Meyerstein, Lieut. F. Mulgrew, Lieut. N. Vanderbilt, Lieut. E. H. Pearce, Lieut. Geo. Gibbs, Lieut. W. H. Hilton, Lieut. W. F. Neiman, Lieut. H. W. Crozier, Lieut. V. Henderson, Lieut. Chas. Seyler Jr., Lieut. H. B. Budd, Lieut. F. Mumma, Lieut. S. Sargentish, Lieut. J. C. Nicholls, Lieut. F. E. Howard, Lieut. I. C. Allen, Lieut. L. H. Earle, Lieut. J. D. Hatch, Lieut. C. Turner, Lieut. Fred Lowell.

The organization of Universi y Cadets was inspected last April by Lieutenant-Col. M. P. Maus, Inspector-General United States Army. In his report to the War Department Colonel Maus highly compliments Captain H. De H. Waite, Professor of Military Science and Tactics, for his excellent work during the past year in bringing the regiment to a high state of efficiency.

Colonel Maus also highly compliments the Alumni Commissioned Officers' Association of the University of California, stating that the organization will aid in promoting the efficiency of the Cadet regiment.

"The Ruling Passion" by Henry Van Dyke is a collection of short stories, some of which are reprinted from "Scribners Magazine." They are all good and have a strong human interest. They are told in Mr. Van Dykes leisurely style which has many charms. Through the volume, however, there is a note of affection perhaps the reverberations of the "writers request" with which it opens. That Mr. Van Dyke has the courage of his self-consciousness no one who reads his very quotable and literary prayer can doubt.

MAJOR GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG, U. S. A.,
Commanding Department of California.

Presidio

One of the best known places of interest in San Francisco is the Presidio. About it cluster some of the most stirring memories in the history of our State. The original building, now used to house the Officers' Club, was erected in the palmy days of the alcaldes, when the little hamlet that afterwards became the metropolis of the West was known as Yerba Buena. A handful of Spanish soldiers were all that was required to keep the Indians in check, the Franciscan fathers, who were the spiritual guides of the simple red men having such control over them that uprisings and revolts were few and far between.

Now all this is changed. The little adobe fort is one among the hundreds of buildings that dot the hillside, sloping gently to the sea. Instead of a paltry number of half-drilled, easy-going soldiers, over two thousand men are garrisoned upon the Government reserve. Here are some of the formidable defenses of our country, and strong indeed would be that naval force which would sweep past their fire of death and destruction.

Important as the Presidio has been in the past, its value has been greatly increased since our struggle with Spain and our new national policy. In former times it was looked upon as one of the outposts of our military service. Now, since we have unfurled the stars and stripes over dreamy Hawaii and the far-away Philippines, it has become a relay station of great importance.

There are few spots contiguous to San Francisco more interesting, and he who comes to this city without seeing the Presidio cannot say that his visit has been complete.

LIEUT. COMMANDER T. A. NERNEY,
Naval Militia of California.
Photo by Vaughn & Keith.

Worthy Selection

The election of Mr. Emmett Jones to the position of First Lieutenant of the Signal Corps, Second Brigade, N. G. C., last Thursday evening, is recognized in local military circles as a promotion well deserved. Mr. Jones entered upon his military duties as a private in the Signal Corps in January, 1897, and the service of the United States as a private in the First Company, U. S. Signal Corps when that organization was recruited here in May and June, 1898, for service in the Phillipines. After some fifteen months of hard campaigning he was mustered out in October, 1899, as First-class Sergeant, and acting First Sergeant of the Nineteenth Company, U. S. Signal Corps.

Apropos of Lieutenant Jones' election, mention is due the Signal Corps itself. Limited by law to forty-five enlisted men and two commissioned officers, and required by law to parade and drill as cavalry as well as signalmen, it maintains a thorough system of field and indoor flag, heliograph, telephone and telegraph work, of target practice, of cavalry drill, and, for the instruction of recruits, a riding school conducted precisely as that at West Point. In point of equipment—signal and cavalry and of camp equipage—nothing is lacking. The discipline is perfect, and, everything considered, the Signal Corps is a credit to California's National Guard.

Mrs. Stalemate—I had my fortune told by Professor Ketchum yesterday, and only think, he tells me I shall live to be fifty years of age.

Mrs. Sharpe—What, again?

SOUTH GATE, PRESIDIO

GENERAL HOSPITAL, PRESIDIO

Illustrated Interviews No. 2.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL R H. WARFIELD.

There are few men who are possessed of a more interesting personality than Brigadier General R. C. Warfield. In his time he has touched life on many sides, and in every instance has shown his strength and ability to be more than of the ordinary.

General Warfield is a man of striking appearance, over six feet in height, with silver gray hair, and a face as free from the marks of time as a man of forty-five. In his movemts, General Warfield is quick and decisive. Although he has seen more than half a century of life, he has the vitality of a man who has not yet passed the meridian of existence. Whenever he is in this city, General Warfield may be found behind his desk at the California Hotel, directing the many enterprises in which he is interested. He seldom takes a formal holiday. When he wants a little fresh air, he goes to Healdsburg, where he is interested in a bank with his son and where he also has other valuable interests. While he is resting, he spends his energies in looking after these. In his habits, the General is most methodical. Whether in town or country, he is always at work as early as any of his employees. Probably, as much as anything else, the subject of this sketch is characterized by his wonderful ability to master details. Many men have the power to handle large affairs,an infinitely greater number are able to direct small enterprises, or some branch or phase of a great industrial institution. Few men are so constructed as to be capable of both. General Warfield is the exception.

General R. H. Warfield comes of an old and distinguished New York family, who have figured prominently both in the history of that state and in the history of the nation as well. Many of his ancestors have been famous in both civil and military life. As soon as his education had been finished, which was a military one, General Warfield enlisted in the army, the Civil War being in progress, and was sent to the front immediately as a first lieutenant in the corps of engineers.

From the battle of Gettysburg to the end of the war he served continuously, as he says, "taking in everything that came along." After the war was over and peace had been declared, he returned home, where he remained until the early 70's when he came to California and settled in Healdsburg. He immediately became identified with the commercial pursuits of the place. Some ten years ago, he took charge of the Baldwin Hotel, and although he had previously had no experience in that line of business, he made a signal success of the enterprise. Later, he assumed charge of the California, with the same results.

General Warfield is not a man who has sought the public positions he occupies. On the contrary, they have always come to him unbidden. His early training, and the exciting scenes through which he passed during the first years of his manhood have, of course, made a lasting impression upon him. In conjunction with his natural love for things military, his innate ability to command and direct great enterprises and to control the movements of large bodies of men, he is ideally fitted for the responsible position he occupies in the National Guard of California. He has given perfect satisfaction, not only to his subordinate officers, but to the State of California as well.

General Warfield commands the Second Brigade of the National Guard of California. He has also been on the staff of four governors of this State. Other honors have been offered to him in a political way, but these he has always declined, not caring to take an active partisan position in the affairs of the day, although he has taken a keen interest in such things, invariably throwing his influence with those forces that count for the stability and the integrity of things politic.

Our Public Men.

Not many members of the legal profession are better known in California than Judge John J. De Haven. He first made his appearance in politics in the years of 1869-70, when he was elected to the Assembly from Humboldt County. Although the Assembly was overwhelmingly Democratic, there being eighty Democrats to twelve Republicans, Judge De Haven was unanimously elected to the Judiciary Committee, his nomination being both moved and seconded by Democrats.

In the sessions of 1871-72 and 1873-74, he represented Humboldt County in the Senate of this State. From 1891 to 1895, Judge De Haven was in the Supreme Bench. At one time he was a member of the firm of Denson & De Haven, his legal associate being S. C. Denson, who was one time Superior Judge of Sacramento County.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT JUDGE JOHN J. DE HAVEN.

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

This is a most remarkable city. When one really wants to raise money, just come to San Francisco. Within the last two weeks, I have counted ten different charitable affairs to which auntie has received a dozen tickets, and each for some different affair. One to raise the debt on a church, another for a guild in a church, but the most interesting is this last one in aid of the Doctors' Daughters. Everyone—even the Doctors, admit this as being one of the finest institutions in the State. The board of managers are San Francisco representative citizens and society girls, and they really work hard and have accomplished a great deal. This week they hold a concert and sort of fair at the Maple Hall. Past years they had dolls' shows, at which the leading tailors, dressmakers and milliners dressed or bonneted dolls, which were sold at the very highest prices. In the evening an auction was held. Large sums of money were raised. San Francisco is a city, however, in which people demand novelty, so this year the managers went to the Bohemian Club and asked the committee on amusements to help them out. Peter Robertson wrote a farce in which Messrs. Wilson, Hotaling, Peck and Hopkins will take part. Mr. Peck is to be the representative of the "fair sex." He is a man with an inordinately keen sense of humor. When he is doing anything, he paints quite well, too. In fact, were he not such a jolly good fellow, he might be an artist of great note. Mr. Wilson is one of the most popular of the younger men in San Francisco. Mr. Hotaling is noted for being the only supervisor who had the courage of his convictions. He will always be remembered by the masses as being the man who said the two bright things at this election. The first was that Tobin wore a south of the slot face and north of the slot clothes. Again, that Tobin was no two-faced chap; if he were, he'd wear the other one.

Hopkins has a beautiful voice and is one of the most popular young men in the club. With this combination in a farce, it should be a success. Then young Doctor Shiels is to give a recitation at which he is inimitable. His record is that he is the best story teller in San Francisco. Horace Miller, the wizard of Oakland, will give a slight of hand performance and Fritz Bottum will attract many people—first, owing to his popularity and secondly, for his very clever ten-minutes' spiel. Then the Bohemian Glee Club will sing the songs they know best, and the Doctors' Daughters will be duly praised for their happy entertainment. But, mama, I almost forgot to tell you about the Sextette from "Florodora" arranged by Mrs. George Carr, a prominent Sorosis Club woman. This will be one of the greatest of the many drawing cards. The young ladies have been carefully trained, and both men and girls have good voices. Auntie has taken a box. So have all the other prominent people who are anxious to help this institution.

Last week on Hallow'een I went to a sort of coming out party given by Mrs. DeYoung to her daughter Helen. It was a great success. Any number of the debutantes were there. We had queer games and lots of quite new Hallow'een tricks, all of which amused, and at the same time entertained me. The DeYoung house is ideal for entertaining and Mrs. DeYoung is an artist when it comes to being the hostess. I never have known a better one. The men I met were unusually bright, and rather struck me as an Englishman does. Each endeavored to entertain me, instead of my endeavoring to entertain him. Helen DeYoung has a charm which in a schoolgirl from an American institution, is quite unknown.

On Saturday afternoon I went to the Magee's to tea. It was quite novel—a dear little fair-haired girl played most charmingly. It was really wonderful to see this little bit of a dainty British girl manipulate the keys as she did. She is a Miss Hullah and has played extensively in England. Anyone who has ever known anything about the Saturday afternoon popular concerts in London has heard of Miss Hullah. She was anxious to see California so came out here, and is willing to play at afternoon or evening receptions. To say she is a Letetstchyky pupil is sufficient recommendation to anyone who knows anything about music. Mrs. McGavin sang some delicious French songs that were quite new, and sang them in the sweetest and most fascinating voice. Then a young fellow with curly hair played exceedingly well on the violin. Altogether it was so nice, I wish people would give more of that sort of thing in San Francisco. It is infinitely more enjoyable than standing about talking to the same people day after day, as one does at teas. I left the Magee tea and strolled into that of Miss Vokes on Broadway. There was quite a large crowd of people and the house was most beautifully decorated. The receiving girls all looked well. Edith Huntington and Pearl Landers seem so far to be the most popular girls, whereas Katherine Robinson is the prettiest. She looked ravishing at the Presidio the night of the dance last week. Mrs. Salisbury is chaperoning her. It will be an easy task, for she has loads of men after her for her dances, so none of the effort of getting her partners will make chaperoning irksome. Sara Collier also looked well at the dance. Ruth Dunham's party on Tuesday night was a jolly affair. I thought Jacqueline Moore was the handsomest girl on the floor. She has quite a regal appearance in a ball room. All the girls I know were there, each with a new gown. Ruth looked very well in white, so did May Denman, and Pearl Landers. Miss Halle, in whose honor the dance was given is really charming. She is an Eastern girl, and is to spend the winter with the Dunhams. I think she is pretty lucky for they are an interesting trio af girls.

The Woman's Auxiliary Dance was also a fine affair, but I did not get to it. Auntie would not allow me to go to both in one evening. The girls all said, however, they had a fine time. I believe the committee specially complimented Miss Emily Carstan on her cheerful and untiring work in arranging this dance as successfully as she did. I know of no other hospital in San Francisco so worthy of help as the Children's.

After this week there will be a rest from private affairs. No one has any ambition to give teas or dinners during the opera season, though there will be any number of suppers after the opera. All the tables at the Palace Hotel Supper Room have been engaged I believe for the first evening. The University Club too will be a popular place for private suppers. One of the nicest suppers to which I have ever been was given there by Miss Edith McNear to Caro Crockett. It was one evening after we had been to hear Florodora. Now mama, dear, tell me, do you not think I am becoming a true San Franciscan in all my ways. See how enthusiastic I can become even over charity affairs. I have quite decided to have a thoroughly enjoyable winter out here.

ELIZABETH.

When You Eat

Do you have a feeling of undue fullness in the stomach, belchings, or sour or bitter risings? These are but a few of the symptoms of the diseased stomach.

The worst thing which can be done for the stomach in such a case is to take some tablet or powder which merely gives temporary relief from discomfort. The best thing to do is to begin the cure of the disease by beginning the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It makes the "weak" stomach strong, and puts the body in a condition of vigorous health.

"I was troubled a long time with dyspepsia, torpid liver, and constipation," writes Mrs. Julia E. Deal, of Ostwalt, Iredell Co., N. C. "Could scarcely eat anything at all; would have attacks of pain something like colic, and sometimes it seemed as though I could not live. I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce, stating my condition, and in a few days received a kind letter of advice, telling me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took four bottles, and one vial of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, and now I can eat anything I want and it don't hurt me. I have not been in bed a day since I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I have not since felt any symptoms of disease. I have not taken any medicine in twelve months."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

ASTHMA CURE FREE.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in all Cases. Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chain d with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of Asthmalene, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, Asthmalene will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the more glad we are to send it. Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City. Sold by all Drnggists.

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER

THE PRESS

Open all Night

—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—

Steam and Lager on draught

15 THIRD STREET

Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal.

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed

HORNLEIN & KRUMB

Phone Main 151

CAFE ROYAL

Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster

Formerly of Cliff House

Grand Hotel Cafe

New Montgomery St.

Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Tamale Cafe Phone East 336

DON R. DUNBAR

Straight Wet Goods and Best Smokes

N. W. Cor. GEARY and LARKIN, San Francisco

E. C. Gassaway W. C. Wood

"The Castle"

101 Stockton St. Tel. Main 5999

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG

The True Blue.

308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.

Excellent Lunch Served.

—ESTABLISHED 1823—

WILSON WHISKY

THAT'S ALL!

Bielenberg & Weniger

Sole Distributors

101-103 POWELL ST.,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE

Billiard, Pool and Club Room

(Never Closed.)

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET.

SMALL TALK.

The Stubbs family left last week for Chicago. Miss Beulah Stubbs will be married in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, Miss Delmas and Mrs. Barnes will spend the winter at the Savoy.

Mrs. McCarthy and Miss Helen Wagner have postponed their Eastern trip until after the holidays.

The latest news from New York is that the home of Lieutenant and Mrs. T. Gaines Roberts has been brightened by the advent of a little son.

The Burlingame crowd has closed up for the winter. Most of the residents are opera box owners, and all are likely to be seen at the opera every night during the season. Music is quite fashionable in this set.

The Irwins' house is almost ready for occupancy. Mrs. Irwin and her daughter are staying at the Richlieu until everything is quite complete for them to step into this wonderful abode of theirs on Washington and Laguna streets.

Miss Irene Baker and Doctor Grissim of San Jose will be married early in the season. It will be a church wedding with six bridesmaids and all the paraphernalia that goes with these affairs when carried on in the latest approved fashion.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Miss Virginia Joliffe returned from the East last week. Mrs. Spreckels is looking very handsome and has begun to grow strong again. Miss Joliffe intends making her debut this winter. She has postponed it for two years owing to her being in mourning.

Doctor Thorne returned from a five months trip abroad last week. He spent a month in Vienna visiting the hospitals, also another in Berlin and at Paris. He expects to give several lectures to the different medical societies on the latest improvements in surgery that he saw while away.

Mrs. Charley Baldwin is not nearly so well as she has been. Her lack of improvement is a great source of anxiety to her friends. She is little more than a girl and is possessed of the most cheerful disposition and winning ways. Mr. Baldwin is at Colorado Springs with Mrs. Baldwin and her two little boys.

The Athern Folgers will spend the next few months in San Mateo, having secured the De Guigni house for the winter. Madame De Guigni will winter South. She is not very strong and the climate is not sufficiently mild for her to live here. Mrs. Folger though still slightly lame is able to get about and is very often seen driving around San Mateo.

The Spreckels have quite decided upon giving a large ball at their new house on the corner of Laguna and Pacific avenue after the opera season is over. There will be an invitation list of about five hundred people. There is a large ball room in the house and as each room opens into the other there will be ample space for this number of people.

The engagement is announced of Miss Charlotte Eaton and Dr. Garry. Miss Eaton is a beautiful girl with violet eyes and light hair. She is a sister of Mrs. A. H. Taylor of this city, and has lived most of her life in the northern part of the state. Dr. Garry is one of the faculty at the Cooper Medical College, being Professor of Physiology. He comes from Chicago and is considered to be one of the very ablest men in his branch in California. They will be married early in the year.

The engagement of Miss Ethel Keeney and Mr. Tomlinson of New York was hardly a surprise to the friends of either. Miss Keeney has almost been a stranger to San Francisco the last two winters, having spent most of her time with relatives in St. Louis. She is a bright young woman with a particularly stunning figure and very dark eyes. She has always been a great favorite with her own special girl friends, though not so general a favorite as her cousin Miss Leontine Blakeman. Mr. Tomlinson is nice looking, very well off in this world's goods, and a steady honorable fellow. The greatest regret of the people of San Francisco is that these young people are to make their home in the East.

Among the many honors accorded DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY has been the Royal Warrant recently granted by King Edward. The Royal Family has accorded this honor to DEWAR'S SCOTCH for many years past. It is a compliment which the judges of Scotch whisky think highly deserved.

RACING

EVERY WEEK DAY RAIN OR SHINE

NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB

OAKLAND RACE TRACK

Races start at 2.15 p. m. sharp.

Ferry boats leave San Francisco at 12 m. and 12.30, 1, 1.30, 2.30 and 3 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in 15 minutes.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4.15 and 4.45 p. m., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.

R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

REFRESHING SLEEP.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc. to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,

155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.

VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRED

Engraving Department

Mysell Rollins Co.

22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty two-inch, in all numbers. Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks. Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

Half-tones and Zincographs

The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.

Etchers and Engravers of

Printing Plates

24 Montgomery St., S. F.

Phone Bush 290

Famous Russian-Oriental Tobacco Store
418 Montgomery St, Phone Black 1233
Near California St. Established 1876.

MRS. FANNIE ROSENTHAL, Prop.

Leading importer of choice varieties of Russian, Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes and Smoking Tobaccos. High-grade Cigarettes made to order for private clubs and special social events. Delicate Aromatic Cigarettes made for Ladies' Tea Parties. Latest French and English novelties in pipes and smokers' articles, also Turkish water pipes, etc.
Order by Telephone

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR
VAUGHN LEADLEY,
Solicitor for
J. F. SNOW & CO.,
Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.

Works, 1623 Mission Stroet, Tel., South 755.
Office, 22 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

EDWARD HALL, President. WM. J. BIGGY, Vice-Prrs. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.

United States Laundry Association

LAUNDRY 3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.
(Near Valencia)

TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418

OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST.,
near Powell.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
TRY THEM FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.
Fac-Simile Signature of John L. Brown & Son on every box.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

THE tour de force of the Loring Club concert on the evening of the last Thursday in last month was Buck's "King Olaf's Christmas," given with piano, organ, flute and string quartet, with Dr. J. F. Smith and Mr. H. E. Medley as the soloists. The two gentlemen acquitted themselves with much credit, the latter especially displaying a voice of striking quality, and abundant spirit in its use. The composition itself was interpreted famously under the baton of the veteran Mr. Loring. As I understand the matter, this gentleman gives his services without price or emolument to the club, and in consonance with the members pursues the work for the mere love of the music for its own sake. That is something sufficiently unusual in this Age of the Hammer. With this concert the Loring Club celebrated the entrance into the twenty-fifth year of their existence, and the gentleman whose name is borne by the organization has conducted it, with the single exception of a short time during which he was absent from the city, for the whole of that period. It is a fine record, and one that both leader and members should take the greatest pride in, for it shows qualities on both sides of the most generous nature. From a musical standpoint the work of the club is very good. They cannot be said to sing together as one man, for there were ragged places where one of the first tenors insisted on coming in ahead of the beat and other unpleasant spots where one or more of the first basses became ambitious for individual attention and held their notes when everyone else had stopped. The voice balance is weak in the first tenor part; but this may have been owing to the absence of some of the members. The enunciation of the club is open to sharp criticism. In the fortes, some of the words could be understood, but in the mezzo-voce and piano passages the enunciation was a mere smear, the text being utterly indistinguishable. The phrasing was handled in all cases with the nicest selection and taste. Taken altogether, the club is far and away the best singing body we have in our midst and is a credit to this city, as it would be to any other.

The principal soloist of the evening was Miss Anne Louise Daniels of Alameda. Her first number, the "O, Love, Thy Help," from "Samson and Delilah," was miles beyond her in every respect. This aria demands a robust temperament and a big voice, neither of which Miss Daniels may claim. She has plenty of temperament, but as yet it is immature. She may be said to exhipit what Mr. Tomlins aptly designated as surface emotion—the proper swells, diminuendos, accents, etc. ,but an inability to make the text live, to throw personality and voice into one mould. Miss Daniels' voice is a very beautiful one, and she used it with much skill and taste in her later numbers. Her high tones are constricted and sound pinched; but with this exception her voice is a thing of beanty. Her personality is ditto. She has manner and repose, and she should go far in her chosen field.

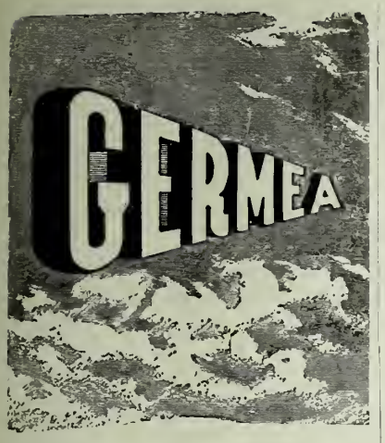
MISS NORAH SANDY,
Child Pianist, very clever, age 14, pupil of Sig. Martinez.

Two other musical debutantes I heard this week were Miss Annie Wilson at the Tivoli and Miss Jessie Dale at the Orpheum. The first mentioned sang Michela in "Carmen," and sang it in a noteworthy manner. She is the first singer the Tivoli has advanced from the ranks who possesses the raw material out of which grand opera singers are made. Her voice is big, of a rarely sweet timbre, and has plenty of body in it. She does not impress you as a chorus singer making a scared debut, but rather you instinctively scan your program to see what prima soprano this can be who has escaped your ken. Mrs. Wilson has her share of good looks and a fine stage presence, combined with an easy carriage and unembarassed action. Miss Dale is exploited as San Francisco's phenomenal female barytone. She makes a tremendous hit with the house, but she is anything but a phenomenon. I know a dozen girls here with fully as good voices and who know something about singing, the same which Miss Dale distinctly does not. She has a pleasing voice of limited compass, and she sings in a simple, unaffected style which adds much to her success.

Mr. Charles Hoffman sang the first two numbers at his concert in Sherman-Clay Hall, and then half of his audience filed rapidly out of the room, choking down their feelings. He sang English songs with an accent to bring

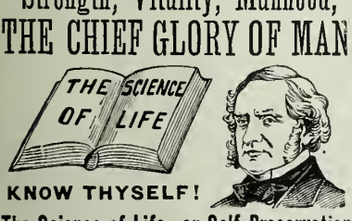
Continued on Page 13.

Achille L. Artigues
PIANIST
Organist of Notre Dame des Victoirer
1248 McAllister St. PHONE Fell 1749



A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5178]
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

Telephone Green 248
Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .
115 GEARY STREET
Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood,
THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN


KNOW THYSELF!
The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,
A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.
☞The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.
☞The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

The World of Tone.

Continued from Page 12.

tears to a glass eye. His voice is the typical throaty German tenor of the Van Dyck variety, and he misuses it shamefully. Mr. Hoffman introduced an innovation in afternoon concerts by wearing full evening dress; it was very effective.

Mr. Fortescue, for so many years the tenor of Trinity Church, has resigned his position there, and it may be that Mrs. Birmingham, the contralto, will also resign, she being offered the solo place in the Boston choir of which Mr. Stewart has charge.

I understand that the entire choir of the First Congregational Church in Oakland has either resigned or been requested to do so. At any rate, I know positively that Mr. King, the organist, and the music committee are trying out voices for the vacancies.

As a rule, infant phenomenons are my pet aversion and abomination, but the troupe of juveniles now playing at the Tivoli are of such an amazing precocity that one's attitude is instantly upset into stunned wonderment. No words of mine are equal to their pen-picturing; they actually "must be seen to be appreciated." It is quite as much for grown-ups as for children, the naive delight exhibited by some of the more elderly in the audience being alone worth quite as much as the performance. The music of "The Belle of New York" is catchy and sprightly to a degree.

Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "Come to Me, Sweetheart," by J. C. Bartlett; "Crossing the Bar," by Eugene Cowles, both published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

The Tunkhaven Horse Race.

"We must go over and see the horse race."

"Is the' a hoss race?"

"Yes."

There came toiling along the simple and rugged path of the beaten highway a man with a fierce expression, and swart and knotty as a pine-tree; in the other rut walked the master of ceremonies, and between them they led a horse so amiable and domesticated in his appearance that their solemn guidance of him with ropes oppressed us with an awful sense of the mysterious.

"Ladies and gentlemen," cried the accustomed voice, "for a purse—of three dollars—Ed. Codman—and Ed. Sype—contracted on this here race. Ed. Sype has got mad about something—and backed out. But in order not to disappoint this audience—Ed. Codman is a-goin' to run this race alone!" (Cheers from the satellites of the despolled merchant.) "He contracts—me timing him" (here the speaker took out his watch)—"to go clean through Snare Crick—around Loon Point—to the right hand of the Nubble—over Blueberry Clump—and turning Shabby Corners—striking into Z Clot—and Windy Holler—around to the left hand o' the Nubble ag'in—and Snare Crick—home. Here's hopin'. One—two—three—Ed.—GO!"

The fierce being who had mounted the horse gathered up the reins, and we were suddenly and unjustly taken off our feet to hear him shout in a voice of thunder, "Give me the road here! Give me the road!" for it was already his, as well as pretty much all the adjacent territory as far as eye could see.

"Give me the road, I say!" he yelled.

"All right, Ed.," said a sarcastic-soothing voice from the audience; "the' ain't time to have the title-deeds drawed up now, but the road's yourn all right. Go ahead!"

With a dreadful look at the speaker, Ed. pulled the grazing animal's head out of the grass, and, slapping him into a canter barren of all enthusiasm, the two disappeared with a decorum that was almost melancholic around the bend of the road.

"Keep out of the way!" said the alert master of ceremonies; "he'll get waked up and he'll come in here like hell-fire!"

But in no manner whatever did he return—neither as demoniac flame nor as cold, crawling molasses. It was after long waiting that the umpire finally returned his watch to his pocket and turned away. "He's mad about something, too" he murmured. Indeed, we were all convinced that Ed. Codman's feelings had been wounded in some way, especially as Johnny Bowles appeared about this time, round-eyed and corpulent from an excessive consumption of bananas, and informed us that "Ed. Codman was settin' down on the wharf swappin' hosses with Bill Askam."

At The Theatres Next week.

Alcazar—"For Fair Virginia."

Central—"Lights o' London."

Grand Opera House—Maurice Grau Opera Company in Grand Opera.

Tivoli—Pollard Jeuvenile Opera Company. A clever little troupe.

Orpheum—Refined Vaudeville. A good bill.

Harold—When Miss Budd accepted me I was so excited that I kissed her on the nose.

Percy—That was rather embarrassing, I should think.

Harold—Yes, it was, but I got out of it very nicely. I told her that her mouth was so small that a fellow could hardly be expected to hit it the first time.

* * *

Teacher—What are the three primary colors

Johnny—Red, white and blue.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Teledo, O.

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON In each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate For Brain Workers.
Strengthens the exhausted and confused brain, relieves nervous headache, and induces refreshing sleep.
Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

TRINITY SCHOOL
Founded 1876
A day school for young gentlemen.
2203 Central Avenue San Francisco, Cal.
Preparatory department for younger boys under the supervision of a lady. Grammar and high school departments under gentleman teachers. University graduates. Accredited to the Universities.
LYON & ROGER, Principals.
Phone: Steiner 4550.

MRS. W. H. HORD,
Piano and Guitar.
Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.
Residence, 2005 Oak St Phone, Page 1622
OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.
TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

SUITS
CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED
BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY
40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.
Ring up Drumm 44 We run two wagons

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

TRADE MARK

A Positive Relief — For — CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.

Get Mennen's (the original). Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus, $2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash, 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29 1901 . . . . . 29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President . . . . . B. A. Becke
First Vice President . . . John Lloyd.
Second Vice President. Daniel Meyer
Cashier . . . . . A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier. . . . Wm. Herrmann
Secretary . . . . . George Tourney
Assistant Secretary . . . . A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rolte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt,

San Francisco Savings Union
535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901 . . . . . $28,973,540
Reserve Fund, ... 296,994
Paid Up Capital 1,000,000
Contingent Fund. 445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.
42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital. $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve. 330,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG . . . . . President
W. A. FREDERICK . . . . . Vice-President
H. BRUNNER . . . . . Cashier

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT. Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

TEL. GREEN 12.
CHAS. P. DROLLA
ATTORNEY AT-LAW
534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal
All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts

A Green Room Wooing.

When the author entered at the close of the first act he found the prima donna alone. Her costune was that of Queen of the Revels. She smiled and gave him her hand with grace that was queenly. Like a courtier he bent low over it, barely touching his lips to one slender finger. Then she laughed and said:

"Perfect; the tenor couldn't have done it better. Now, Billy, come down to the earth; what are you doing with your royalties?"

"Permit me," he said. And, taking from his pocket a little box of plush, he opened it and placed on the finger he had kissed a gold ring set with an enamel heart framed in diamonds.

"Oh, Billy!" Looking hastily around to be sure that they were not observed, she leaned forward and kissed him on the lips—lightly, so as not to do violence to her make-up. "There, Billy, that is for a successful author."

"You admit it?"

"I see the house packed to the doors nightly, and the treasurer shows me the box office statements."

"Then keep your promise—name the happy day."

"How would a week from Wednesday do?"

"Darling"——

"Stop! Not too fast, sir! When I marry I shall sing or not, as the spirit moves me. Your royalties may have to suffice for two. Now, the question is. How many successful operas can you write per year? You remember, you kept me waiting two days for that extra lyric."

"But you are unfair," he protested. "The piece was already successful and your promise filled my mind. I was thinking of you, not of tawdry rhymes."

There was mischief in her eyes as she retorted:

"And you will cease thinking of me when I am your wife, sir? Thinking of me will not keep the pot boiling."

She glanced at the clock, and continued:

"I am dressed for the second act. I do not go on for fifteen minutes. In that time, if I am to marry you a week from Wednesday, you must prove your ability to support me in the style to which I have been accustomed. You shall make me an impromptu lyric of two quatrains and two refrains."

"Agreed," he said, producing pencil and paper, "provided you furnish the first and alternate lines"—

"Oh, but you pretend to be a poet, while I"——

"You may handicap me," he said, eagerly. "I'll furnish the rhymes, and you shall be the stakes in a battle of wits."

She seized the pencil and wrote:

"With autos, flowers and diamonds."

"Oh, you poor, over-confident author, doomed to die a bachelor!"

His reply was to write quickly:

"He hurried and he harried her;"

To which she added, with a smile of triumph:

"But she was more than sweet sixteen."

"I score!" exclaimed the author, gleefully, and completed the first quatrain:

"And that is why he married her."

"Oh, you cynic!" exclaimed the prima donna, reproachfully; "besides, it is not nice."

"What do you expect in fifteen minutes? Shakespeare?"

"You are right, this is comic opera," she said, "and by comic opera we must live. Now for the first refrain. But you had the advantage of the last word. Now you shall begin."

"Agreed," he replied, with suspicious celerity and wrote:

He—"He harried her."

She—"And married her."

He—"And aided and abetted her."

She—"He scolded her."

He—"And molded her."

"Wait a minute," said the prima donna, with pencil poised—"'abetted her—abetted her'"—

"Time!" he exclaimed.

Still she hesitated. He seized the pencil and completed the refrain:

"And frequently regretted her."

"You beast!" she pouted. "But you have had the advantage of a cynical man's standpoint. Now I have you."

For an instant her fair brow contained three perpendicular corrugations. In answer to the call boy's warning the baritone, in powdered peruke, the contralto, with towering chignon and patches, and the principal comedian, with a carmined, pepper-box nose, passed hurriedly through the room to the stage.

"Ten minutes!" said the author.

The prima donna wrote:

"With tears and smiles and sweet concern,"

He (quickly) "She petted, coaxed, enraptured him:"

She (with faltering pencil)—"His soul invited with her sighs"—

He (with a flourish)—"And that is how she captured him."

"Wretch! You are not fair. This time I shall begin the refrain myself." She hesitated.

"You are sparring for wind," he said, in prize-ring argot. "It is against the rules of the game."

"Look to your laurels, Mr. Poet! Now for the refrain." Her pencil flew over the paper.

She "Enraptured him."

He—"And captured him."

"Just a minute," she pleaded.

"Comic opera authors with domestic responsibilities have no time for reflection," he said sternly. "Time!"

"But, you tyrant, I almost have it——"

"I have it quite," he said, and taking her hand with the pencil in it, wrote:

"Then forthwith she diminished him;
Then doubted him."

"Oh," she said, accusingly, "so you cheat? It wasn't your turn."

"It was my turn," he insisted. "Am I to sacrifice my turn simply because I am amiable enough to play your hand for you?"

"Oh, very well sir; this is easy:"

She—"And flouted him."

He—"And ultimately finished him."

"Is that a prophecy?" she demanded, warningly.

"No," he answered, "it is comic opera. It is proof that the pot will continue to boil after a week from Wednesday."

"You win," she said, and gave him her hand.

The call boy thrust a towzled head into the room. "Your cue, Miss Sylvester."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

St. Lawrence
Livery and Sale Stables
W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor
423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason
Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

Christmas Holidays

—IN—

MEXICO

Southern Pacific Special Train EXCURSION

Personally Conducted Composite Car, Dining Car, Vestibuled Sleepers.

RATE	LEAVES
$80, San Francisco,	Dec. 18
$70, Los Angeles,	Dec. 19

Good 60 days. Optional side trips Special rates from all California points

Inquire of agents for literature.

E. O. McCormick,
Pass. Traf. Mgr.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:

For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Dec. 2. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Dec. 2. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Nov. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Dec. 3.

For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)

Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.

Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 a. m.

For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and Newport.

Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.

For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month

For further information obtain company's folder.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

TICKET OFFICE 4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

C. A. GARTER C. W. CROSS

Law Offices of

Cross & Garter

Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.

Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... **PAPER**

COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.

Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

A Mother's Medicine.

There is never any question of the value of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the minds of those who have used it as a preparative for maternity, and for the reason that every woman who has experienced maternity has a definite standard of comparison by which she can measure the difference in her condition with and without the health giving aid of "Favorite Prescription."

For example, Mrs. S. E. Rose, of Big Otter, Clay Co., West Va., writes Dr. Pierce as follows: "I am the mother of five children and have been as high as eight days in the doctor's hands and never less than two days at any time until the birth of my last child. Then I had used two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and the doctor was with me only two hours."

Every mother will appreciate the force of that testimony. There is no chance for error or forgetfulness in such a case. It is a plain statement of fact; one hundred and ninety-two hours of suffering reduced to two hours by the use of "Favorite Prescription."

This shows what help "Favorite Prescription" renders in extreme cases. In the ordinary case of childbirth the use of this medicine makes the baby's advent practically painless. Thousands of women testify to this. Mrs. W. J. Kidder, of Hill Dale Farm, Enosburg, Vt., says that she was in fast failing health and with the trial of motherhood before her, when she began the use of "Favorite Prescription." The result was, to quote the exact words of her letter: "I began to improve immediately; my health became excellent and I could do all my own work. I had a short easy confinement and have a healthy baby boy."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription by its remarkable tonic properties, puts the system on a basis of sound health. Nature does the rest. Nervousness, sleeplessness, morning sickness, loss of appetite, despondency and anxiety are all cured by the use of "Favorite Prescription." It gives great physical vigor and muscular elasticity, which explains the practically painless birth hour. It also induces a free flow of the nutritive secretions so that the mother is abundantly able to nurse and nourish her babe.

Is it any wonder that many a grateful woman's letter ends in terms similar to that of Mrs. J. W. G. Stephens, of Mila, Northumberland Co., Va., who writes: "I unhesitatingly advise expectant mothers to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

How He Spelled Cat.

An old army surgeon who was fond of a joke, if not perpetrated at his own expense, was one day at a mess when a wag remarked to the doctor, who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary delinquencies of some of the officers appointed from civil life: "Doctor, are you acquainted with Captain G ?"

"Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor. "But what of him ?"

"Nothing in particular," replied the officer. "I have just received a letter from him, and I wager you a case of wine that you can not tell in five guesses how he spells cat."

"Done," said the doctor; "it's a wager."

"Well, commence guessing," said the officer.

"K-a-double-t."

"No."

"C-a-t-e."

"No, try again."

"Ka-t-e."

"No, you've missed it again."

"Well, then," replied the doctor, "c-a-double-t."

"No, that's not the way; try once more; it's your last guess."

"C-a-g-t."

"No," said the wag, "that's not the way; you've lost the bet."

"Well," said the doctor, with some petulance of manner, "how does he spell it ?"

"Why, he spells it c-a-t," replied the wag with the utmost gravity, amid the roars of the mess; and, almost choking with rage, the doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, I am too old to be trifled with in this manner!"—Chicago Tribune.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You will find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

"GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

It is said that certain people cannot sing this song but anybody can go away back East and sit down in the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road. These trains carry Nickel Plate Dining Cars in which are served American Club meals at from $.35 to $1.00 each.

Call or write for free book showing views of Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Jay W. Adams, P. C. P. A 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions** of **mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence

1021½ Market St. bet. 6th & 7th S.F.

The Quick Route to the East

THE **"Overland Limited"**

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Than Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED

Leaves San Francisco 9.00 a. m. Daily

New equipment has been provided. Courteous treatment, superb dining service, perfect in every detail makes it the finest transcontinental train.

No limit to the good things for your comfort.

The Santa Fe Office 641 Market Street, and at the Ferry.

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

The Best FRENCH DINNER in the City
FOR FIFTY CENTS
At the Maison L'Aiglon
S. W. Cor. TAYLOR and GEARY Sts.
Meals served from 5:30 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Family Trade Solicited.

JEAN LOUPY LOUIS PARISOT
PHONE MIAN 5066
Pup Rotisserie 12-14-16 Stockton St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Lunch 50c. Dinner 75c.
Private Rooms. Banquet Halls for Parties.

CHRONIC
AND OTHER DISEASES
CURED
Every case so undertaken guaranteed. Our work is our proof. Charges Low. X Ray and complete Electrical apparatus of all kinds. Consultation Free. Book of Health on application. Bank References. Dr. Gordin 514 PINE ST. near Kearny, only four short blocks north of Kearny & Market. We have no other address.

Borrowed Plums

The Story.

A little joy;
A little strife;
Hope, fear, hate, love—
And this is life.

A little pain;
A shortened breath;
Ease, rest, peace, sleep—
And this is death.

The song, the sigh,
The evening call—
Thus live, thus die,
Thus pass we all.

—Arthur J. Burdick.

* * *

Mayer—The English can't beat us at any game, not even at golf.

Lewis—Golf isn't a game; it's a disease.

* * *

"Charles, did you hear that trowsers are not going to be worn any longer?"

"Great Scott, no! Why not?"

"Because they are long enough, dear boy!"

* * *

"What is that pretty little widow, Mrs. Flip, doing now?"

"Oh, she's been laying in a new husband for the winter."

* * *

Lives of all great men remind us
That we are a different kind;
And in parting, leave behind us
Tracks an Injun couldn't find.

* * *

Hobb—That fellow Quilldig is a genius.

Nobb—What makes you think so? He has never written anything to show it.

Hobb—Maybe not. But his wife says she can't live with him.

* * *

Firm as a rock is, and yet
No hope do I possess
Of winning her; because she is
So steadfast in her fickleness.

* * *

Miss Emerson (of Boston)—I presume yours is not one of the Mayflower families?

Miss Triplex (of Minneapolis)—No, indeed. Ours is one of the famous Minnesota-flour families.

* * *

Daisy—I have made up my mind to enter society.

Hardhead—What has your mind got to do with it?

* * *

In France: "What's the French for mashed potatoes?"

"Why, eh—*pomme-de-terre d'amour*, of course."

* * *

"Bridget, did you call the hoys?"

"Indade an' Oi called thim iverything Oi cud think of, hut they wudn't git up."

* * *

"If I stand on my head the hlood all rushes to my head, doesn't it?" No one ventured to contradict him. "Now," he continued, triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet, why doesn't the blood all rush to my feet?"

"Because," replied Hostetter McGinnis, "your feet are not empty."

* * *

Why is it folks sit this way in
The car we miss,
While in the car we catch at last
We're jammed like this?

* * *

Have you heard the story of two holes in the ground? Well, Well!

Palace Hotel
San Francisco, California

On one side of this immense hotel—the largest in the world—is the wholesale and manufacturing district; on the other, theatres, retail stores, clubs, railroad offices, banks and newspaper buildings. Street cars to all parts of the city—depots, ferries, Cliff House and parks pass the entrance.
A beautifully illustrated book sent free to any address.
American Plan *European Plan*

California Northwestern R'y
Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.
The Picturesque Route of California.
Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips
On SUNDAYS
HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip
From SAN FRANCISCO To
St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Shellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.
No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.
TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY
Ticket Offices—650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office—Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.
H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

AUTOMOBILES
WE BUILD TO ORDER
GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.
All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.
CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
FACTORY—346 McAllister St; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

A WISE PRECAUTION
BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 25. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

The **Late William P. Sullivan Jr.**

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—November 16, 1901.

The Street Railway Deal.

The purchase of the Market Street Railway system by the Baltimore syndicate, is an event in the history of San Francisco, the results of which cannot, at this time be adequately measured, or appreciated. It means, in the first place, that Eastern capital has confidence in this city. An investment of twenty-six millions in cash, to say nothing of the further disbursements which improvements and the ulterior plans of the new owners call for, is proof conclusive of this fact. Conservative moneyed men of the Atlantic seaboard are satisfied with the commercial soundness and possibilities of this locality. This is of the first importance, and means much to the Pacific Coast at large. Again, the successful termination of this colsosal deal, has given a world-wide advertisement to our city, and the opportunities it offers to investors. The news of the transfer has been heralded to every money center on the globe, and active investigation from various quarters is sure to follow. Many people have long been firmly convinced of our great future, but the timidity of capital is proberbial, and the first is always the hardest step. Now that the initiative has been taken, it would seem that other openings will speedily be seized upon by outside investors.

The sale of the system means much from another standpoint. Twenty-six millions of dollars will be paid to the stockholders of the cable company. As these owners are chiefly residents of San Francisco, this money is now open to investment, and there should be no necessity for it to seek other fields. Another feature and a welcome one to the public generally, will be the establishment of a modern street railway system here. The men at the head of the purchasing combination, propose to spend some four millions in improvements. The latest Eastern modifications in rapid transit in centers of population will be introduced. The advent of new men, and new ideas cannot fail to result in progression in many ways, some of which we may not perceive for some time to come.

A lesson can be learned by some of the business men of San Francisco from the mammoth transaction just affected. We should be at least as quick as external interests to discover the commercial chances in our midst. Golden opportunities along legitimate lines are as plentiful here, in one sense as they were in '49, and our citizens with idle capital are surely in a better position than non-residents to take up the splendid propositions, which the many natural advantages of our situation, and the trend of recent political events have laid before us.

An Exploded Canard.

The election of Schmitz has effected one thing for San Francisco's good. It absolutely and forever laid to rest the ridiculous canard that the success of the Republican candidate meant that the city would become what is called a "wide-open town." That cry is of course completely stilled, for Wells was not elected, and the triumph of one of his adversaries effectually disposes of the question in the minds of non-residents.

Nothing is more dangerous to the wellfare of a city than the circulation and belief in such an idea—than it is thrown open to gambling and vice, and all their train. The danger does not lie in the spreading of the knowledge that gambling is permitted. Many business men believe that some gambling is beneficial to a metropolis, as it undoubtedly brings ready money and circulates it. But the phrase "wide-open" carries the further significance of corrupt officials, through whose dereliction in duty, evils are permitted to flourish. To the capitalist and commercial man this means the possibility and probability of blackmail—unsettled conditions generally, and he declines to put any of his money in such a place. And further, it is easy to see that the report that a city is "wide-open," does as much damage almost, as if it actually were so. Hence the danger of the circulation of such stories, as were published in the campaign just closed. But as we have said, the success of Mr. Schmitz has blotted them out.

But, again, it seems scarcely possible, that a story so absurb, could threaten so much harm. There can be no doubt in the minds of men who are at all familiar with the prominent politicians of our city, of the utter absurdity of the yarn that the success of Mr. Wells meant the inauguration of a "wide-open" state of affairs. Mr. Wells' character is well known. Of the three men before the people he stood preeminently for conservatism. It is equally well-known that Col. D. M. Burns, Mr. Herrin, and the other prominent republican leaders are not in politics for the money there is in it. Considering the independent means of these gentlemen, alone, to say nothing of their personal characters, it is patent that such an idea has not a leg to stand upon. These leaders of course desire to secure patronage and to gather friends nnd supporters about them, as any leader in politics does, and must, to maintain his position. But that these gentlemen use their influence for personal aggrandizement, is so chimerical, that the utterance of the statement, furnishes its own refutation. It is sincerely to be hoped, that future campaigns, will be spirited and well contested, but never to the point where the publication of unfounded matter is indulged in to the detriment of our city.

A Twin Peaks' Park.

The residents of the Twin Peaks' district are agitating the question of having that region declared a city park. They say that the locality is suited for the purpose, and that if it is not so set aside, that portion of the city will become an unsightly quarry, and its possibilities as a residence section ruined. Their prayer should meet with attention from the city authorities. Speaking generally, it does not seem possible to err on the side of establishing too many parks within the municipality, when the opportunity offers, and the proposition is a practical one. Green plazas here and there add much to the health as well as the sightliness of our metropolis. Children have a place to romp and play and are not compelled to stay on the hard pavements. Too much sunshine has never injured anyone.

But further, the devoting of these sightly hills to this use, will rescue them from the fate which similar portions of the city have suffered, notably Telegraph Hill. This once beautiful elevation has become a towering rock, with its sides cut sheer for the materials they contained—a quarry, in fact, surmounted by tenements. And the question has been raised several times as to what course to pursue to redeem its appearance, standing as it does on the city's front, where the visitor gets his first impressions of the town. The Twin Peaks' district is, it is true, not yet very populous, but that is all the more reason for taking action now before the improvements upon the land make condemnation proceedings costly. These sister hills lie directly out Market street and buildings are rapidly encroaching upon the territory. Before they become scarred and battered monuments to street work and grading, it certainly seems that San Francisco should take some action to preserve these ancient and impressive landmarks in their natural condition, in which they will be a benefit and a source of pleasure to all.

Congressman Loud's Warning.

Congressman Eugene F. Lound, in his address before the Richmond Club on last Wednesday evening, called attention to the fact that San Francisco is in danger of losing a portion of her Alaskan and Oriental trade because of the persistent efforts made by Seattle in that regard. Congressman Loud's statement is a true one, and is worthy of all acceptance. Unfornunately our commanding geological position, our climate, and our immediate connection with the Eastern States and the Orient, have made us too unmindful of the fact that there are other things to be taken into consideration to control our commercial prestige. Seattle is handicapped by her situation, her climatic conditions do not compare with ours, and her railroad facilities are no better; but she has what, unfortunately, San Francisco has not as yet developed, a thorough realization of the fact that unless her business men stand together on each and every question that involves the good of their city, they are curtailing their own welfare indirectly. In this respect they outrival the citizens of Los Angeles. There is probably no city in the United States where business rivalry is so keen as it is in the Puget Sound country, and there is, beyond question, no other locality where the people are so loyal in working for those things which tend to produce the most good to the community.

BY THE WAY

Charley Michelson, long connected with the "Examiner," and now a member of the staff of the "New York Journal," contributes to this month's "Munsey" an article on the bad men of the West in which he grows reminescent over Chris Evans, Sontag and other desperadoes that have come under his personal observation. So far, so good, but then he drifts off to hear-say matters and in trying to tell the tale of the death of King Fisher of Texas he makes some frightful bulls culminating in glaring inaccuracies.

According to Michelson's story, Fisher met his death while still a bad man, at the hands of a Mexican who stabbed him during a row over a game of cards at Eagle Pass. Such, however is not the case. King Fisher was sheriff of Uvalde County when he died, and he was shot to pieces in Jack Hams's saloon at San Antonio, Texas, after one of the most thrilling episodes in the annals of the Lone Star State. As the writer was present at the affair he can vouch for the accuracy of what is to follow.

* * *

Sixteen or seventeen years have passed since the tragedy occurred, but it will live forever in the memories of those who participated in it. A feud had been in progress for a long time between the Hams family, who ran a notorious saloon and vaudeville house at San Antonio, and Ben Thompson of Austin, Texas. Thompson was one of the noted gun fighters of the State. An Englishman by birth he had drifted to Texas in search of adventure, and was first prominently heard of in connection with the building of the International and Great Northern Railroad. The right of way was in dispute, and in order to hold it by force, the builders of the line engaged a squad of men armed with Winchesters to protect the laborers. It was as one of this detachment that Thompson publicly inaugurated his bloody career.

As time went on he became a professional fighting man, just as the free lances did in mediaeval times, and then he drifted into that occupation so frequently preferred by "bad men" in Texas in those days of lawlessness—he was appointed Town Marshal of Austin to protect the people from the rustlers and cowboys who took in the town whenever they had money and wanted a good time.

While on a trip to San Antonio, during the performance of his duties as marshal of Austin, Thompson drifted into Jack Hams's resort, got into a game of cards, lost a large sum of money, and also his temper. He claimed he had been fleeced and later on the dispute became hot and Hams sent word to Thompson who had in the meantime gone to a saloon further down the street that he had better quit talking or heel himself. Thompson left the saloon without a word and started for Hams's place. Hams saw him coming and stepped for shelter into a little alcove in the wall, but Thompson by one of the most remarkable pistol shots on record fired at an angle and the bullet entered Hams's chest and killed him. Jack Hams, the dead man's brother, was not in San Antonio at the time or the feud would have been continued then and there. As it was Thompson left town unattacked.

* * *

Six months later business called him to San Antonio again. He knew that trouble awaited him if he got within range of Jack Hams, but he was fixed for it and consequently he did not heed the warning of a friend who met him just after he left the depot for up-town, and who told him that Hams would kill him on sight.

"That's all right," said Ben. "Mebbe he will, and mebbe he won't."

As he headed up past the Alamo Plaza a voice hailed him with "Hello my son, when did you get in?"

Ben turned and recognized King Fisher, an old desperado friend of his who was now serving a term as sheriff of Uvalde County, the citizens having elected him because they knew he was the only one who could cope with the lawless elements that infested that section.

The two men greeted one another heartily and then Fisher who was killing time strolled along with Ben who headed on towards the Military Piaza. "Guess you hadn't better travel with me King," said Thompson. "I hear Jack Hams is going to drop me on sight, and you might get in the mix-up."

To mention fight to Fisher was like inviting a Kentucky gentleman to take a drink. He not only would go along but he announced his intention of staying with the proposition to a finish.

* * *

It was about 8:30 in the evening when they reached Hams's, for Thompson had come in on the late train. There was the customary crowd of gamblers, heelers and touts at the entrance, and those of them who recognized Thompson and Fisher scattered, for Hams was inside and they knew what was in the air.

Before Hams knew of their presence Thompson was standing in front of him with his right hand in his overcoat pocket, Hams knew what that meant.

"Good evening, Ben," he said pleasantly. "Good evening, King, won't you walk up stairs boys—the show's just started. Here Charley," summoning one of the roustabouts, "give these gentlemen the stage box."

Thompson looked inquiringly at Fisher who nodded assent. Keeping a weather eye on Hams the followed Charley and soon landed in the box.

* * *

Half an hour or so passed by and the theatre was full. No, the box immediately opposite from where Thompson and Fisher were sitting was empty. Strange to say it was also darkened. Thompson who was naturally suspicious of his surroundings noted this fact and commented on it to Fisher. That premonition of danger that comes to a man in a moment of peril suddenly seized Thompson. "Come on King," he said, "let's go."

They stood up, pushed back their chairs, and then——

Bang! Bang! From the darkened box opposite came a volley of pistol shots and Thompson and Fisher fell dying. As they writhed on the floor in mortal agony the door of the box was thrown open and Jack Hams with the expression of a fiend and a pistol in each hand dashed in.

"Curse you, you —— —— ——," he shouted as he stood over Thompson who was struggling in death, and then his demoniac fury prompted him to raise his heavily booted foot and crush the dying man's face with his heel.

He had forgotten Fisher, though. The sheriff had not lost consciousness and had enough strength to raise himself on his elbow and pull his gun. As Hams was stamping on Thompson's face, Fisher slowly and deliberately drew a bead on him, pulled the trigger, and then——

Down went Hams shot through the stomach, and booked for the other world just as surely as the other two. Fisher and Thompson were dead when the box was cleared out ten minutes later, but Hams lingered in frightful agony for two days and nights, and then, he too, passed in his checks.

And that is the true story of the death of King Fisher, as brave a man, as loyal a friend and as daring a desperado as ever wore boots in Texas.

* * *

Michael Mullany, the senior member of the well known law firm of Mullany, Grant and Cushing, once cherished an ardent ambition to be a modern Demosthenies, and thereby hangs a tale. A gentleman, standing on a street corner, one evening, opposite the office, where Mr. Mullany was then pursuing his studies, noticed a light appear in the window, by which he could plainly see a young man in the room. His curiosity was aroused at the unexpected presence of any one in a down-town business office that late in the evening, and so he let his car pass and awaited developments. They came, and quickly. Throwing off his coat, the young man in the room began to pace up and down the floor, flinging his arms about with wild and erratic motions. He would rush at the farther wall, and then retreat in a subdued way, and then repeat his performances again and again. Fully persuaded that a dangerous maniac was at large, free to wreak his crazy notions on the populace, the public-spirited on-looker determined to return next evening with officers of the law.

He did, and sure enough the scene was repeated, with scarcely the loss of a single detail. Backed by four stout-hearted policemen, the agitated citizen rushed up stairs, and broke open the door. They found—not a raving lunatic, but blushing young Mullany, with the "Orators of our Country," open before him on the desk, declaiming to imaginary thousands. Explanations were in order, and with a drink all round, captors and captive separated. Mullany's friends, however, occasionally in jest request him to favor them with an oration, which by the way, the able attorney is quite competent to do.

* * *

One of San Francisco's fashionable girls ventured to give her mother a few tips on etiquette the other day in the following manner. "You should have turned down the upper corners of your visiting card mother, when you called on the bride. That means congratulation. But instead of that, you turned up the lower corners, which means condolence."

"Yes, dear," replied the mother, with dignity, "but you had better wait until you are married before you criticise me."

There are more good stories illustrating the native wit of Judge Coffey, than any other member of the municipal judiciary. Some time ago, the judge had occasion to hear a case, in which the lawyers did nothing but split legal hairs, all of which was extremely exasperating to the Court who is never so happy as when matters are mov- ng expeditiously. Time after time his honor had been called upon to pass judgment, very much to his disgust. At last, the attorney for the defense asked that the court pass upon a certain point over which they had been disputing several minutes. Without looking up from his writing Judge Coffey said:

"I rule in favor of the defendant, for the reasons given by the plaintiff."

* * *

In a down town hostelry, there are a set of poker players who, for sensational bets, pure nerve and big stakes put it all over anything in the city. They are an exclusive lot, and it requires much to enable one to join their select circle. Many stories are floating about, in which their deeds of daring with cards and chips are narrated. The latest of these is, that one day last week, the contest became unusually interesting and hazardous. No one would give in, and huge sums of money changed hands with wonderful rapidity. When the game was finished, it was found that they had been playing fourteen hours, and that over $40,000 had changed hands. Talk about Monte Carlo or the days of '49!

* * *

They were two south of Market maidens, just at the age when "society" has its greatest charms for them. They were looking in the Market street show windows one evening last week, when the announcement of the play, presented by the California students, on the night of the big game caught their eye.

"The Fantasticks," said one, who is them, Mame?"

"Aw, I dunno. One of them new social clubs that's being organized for the winter, I reckon."

* * *

Luke Howe, the city attorney of Sacramento, tells the following story concerning one of his clients, the police of the capital city, and a burglar. One night, his client was awakened during the wee sma' hours by some one prowling about the room. As he was aroused from his slumbers, he made enough noise to frighten the intruder away. Going to the telephone, the householder rang up the central police station and told them that his home had been entered. He could not, he said, identify the man, as the thief carried no light with him, and besides, at no time did the man have his face turned towards the proprietor. With absolutely no clue, the police set to work. There were two bad men who had just floated into town, and they determined to see how much they knew about the burglary. Going to the lodgings of the first suspect, they hauled him out of bed with but little more than an explanation and the statement that his pal had "peached" on him. To the disappointment of the officers, the man stoutly maintained his innocence. Number two was then arrested, with the same pleasing information. To the great joy of the police, the arrested man admitted his crime, and implicated two other men who were not under suspicion. All three men are now under arrest, and will soon be brought to trial. There are other things than poker in which a game of bluff stands one in good stead.

* * *

The big attraction at the Orpheum this week, is "The Girl with the Auburn Hair." She is not only rarely beautiful in face and form, but sings in a wonderfully sweet voice. Her act is one of the most expensive on the vaudeville stage today, requiring a special car to carry the scenic appurtenances to this lady of mystery.

Girl with Auburn Hair.

* * *

In a divorce proceeding before Judge Sloss one day this week, the question as to the sanity of the abusive husband was being questioned. It was claimed by the man, that at the time of the alleged misconduct on his part, he was non compis mentis, while the wife with equal strenuousness, declared that her spouse was nothing more than drunk. One of the witnesses put on the stand to testify in the matter was a Swede. Said one of the attorneys to the child from the land of the midnight sun; "Can you tell the difference between insanity and drunkeness?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"How?"

"By the next day."

* * *

Did you ever walk down a street in the residence portion of the city and study the lace curtains at the window? It is an interesting study. The dress is said to proclaim the woman and most certainly the curtains proclaim the housekeeper. A young lady I know, who has had much experience in selecting boarding places says that she never stops to inquire at places where the window curtains are torn or soiled. Clean curtains of muslin or dotted mull may denote a slender purse.

* * *

There is nothing so commendable as being particular as to one's associates. There are times, however, when this punctiliousness causes inconvenience. It is for this reason that Miss Therese Morgan is minus a maid and Orrin Peck is being congratulated by his friends for his exceptional cleverness as a female impersonator of the adventuress type. One evening a week or so prior to the presentation of Peter Robinson's farce, "The Billionaire," at the Doctors Daughters' Benefit, a dress rehearsal was held at the Bohemian Club. All the principals were there and a goodly number of friends, who were working in the interests of the entertainment. Among these was Miss Morgan who came with her maid. Miss Morgan proceeded to witness the farce, leaving the girl in the anteroom. As usual on such occasions, everyone is not on time. Among the belated, was Peck, who came, dressed in his furs, silks and his stunning blonde wig. He paused a moment before entering, and as he did so, addressed a few words to Miss Moagan's maid. No sooner had Peck passed into the main room, than the girl gathered her things together and left, and her mistress was compelled to return home under escort. The next morning the maid told the Morgans' that she wanted her money, and proposed quitting then and there.

"What made you leave the Bohemian Club last evening just after Mr. Peck came in?" said Miss Morgan, sorely perplexed. "I am sure he did not say anything to offend you."

"I don,t know anything about Mr. Peck, ma'am," said the maid with much stiffness. "I did not see him. But you ought to know better than to take me to a place where I would meet women like that."

* * *

A benevolent looking man boarded a downtown elevator already occupied by three ladies upward bound. With a subdued Chesterfieldian air he respectfully doffed his hat and held it in his hand until he reached his destination.

"What a charming man! Such lovey manners!" gushed the ladies in chorus.

A few minutes later the benevolent looking man of the lovely manners reached his office. Pitching his hat on the back of his beneficent head, sprawling himself down in true manly abandon at his desk, puffing a clay pipe in an artistically masculine fashion, occasionally expectorating in the vicinity of a cuspidor, he greets his $6-a-week-for-ten-hours-a-day stenographer by jocularly inquiring why ——those legal papers aren't finished.

Lovely man.

Oh yes, very.

* * *

Books That are Being Read.

The Right of Way, by Gilbert Parker.

Stephnn Calinari, by Julian Sturgis.

The Tempting of Father Anthony, by George Horton.

The Private Life of the Sultan of Turkey, by Georges Dorys.

A Friend With the Countersign, by B. K. Benson.

The Road to Frontenac, by Samuel Merwin.

Raffles: Further Adventures of the Amateur Cracksman, by E. W. Hornung.

The First Men in the Moon, by H. G. Wells.

Mistress Brent; A Story of Lord Baltimore's Colony in 1838, by Lucy Meacham Thruston.

Cardigan, by Robert W. Chambers.

Tristan of Blent: An Episode in the Story of an Ancient House, by Anthony Hope.

The Eternal City, by Hall Caine.

Kim, by Rudyard Kipling.

Life on the Stage: My Personal Experiences and Recollections, by Clara Morris.

The Cavalier, by George W. Cable.

The Secret Orchard, by Agnes and Egerton Castle.

The Making of a Marchioness, by Frances Hodgsen Burnett.

The Lion's Whelp: A Story of Cromwell's Time, by Amelia E. Burr.

The Victors: A Romance of Yesterday Morning and This Afternoon, by Robert Barr.

Karadac, Count of Gersay: A Romance, by K. and Hesketh Prichard.

The Teller: A Story, by Edward Noyes Westcott.

"If you could see the way the average woman leaves her room in the morning, when she goes out to work, you would not wonder why it is that the great majority of people who advertise in the 'rooms to let' columns of the daily papers prefer men," said a lady who has kept a lodging house in this city for more than twenty years. "A woman leaves her clothes scattered from one end of her apartment to the other. It is indeed the most picturesque study of disorder of which the mind can conjure. Often the dress worn the evening before is on the floor, just as she stepped out of it. Powder is scattered over the bureau scarf, water is left in the washbowl, while ink and fruit stains cover the table and spreads. There is no use in trying to run after them and pick up their clothes. The more one does such things the more they will let you. As bad in her way, and much more trying, is the woman who does absolutely nothing but stay in her room, go out calling in the afternoon, and sit with her husband at the table during meal hours. These dawdling creatures are never satisfied, and find fault with everything, from the furniture in their room to the food set before them. Men as a class, are much pleasanter than women. They are up and away in the morning and do not return until they have to. While they may scent the room with the odor of tobacco, it is very seldom that they splash and scratch the furnishings as women do. I know my statements are contrary to all accepted theories, but they are true, as every other person in my business will testify."

* * *

Mistress Joy adds one more to the long list of readable historical novels and should be as popular as many of its predecessors. The scene is laid in the extreme South. Joyce Valentine, the beautiful daughter of a pioneer Methodist preacher, wins the hearts of two men—one, a bankrupt Englishman who ultimately comes into an earldom; the other, a stalwart neighbor. She intends to become a preacher, but before committing herself is induced to spend a season in the Creole capital, where she proves a social favorite.

The story itself moves slowly through the opening chapters, and in the prose there are evidences of inexperience. Here, for example, is one: "The water, sullen, slothful, seemed scarce to move. It was as if all the glue that could be found in all the world had been unbottled and emptied into its channel, so dark, so slow, so difficult was the river which yet bore resistlessly to the unknown." Whether it is the modernity of the image, or the implied mountains of empty bottles that annoys one, is hard to say. Here is another: "The hands, resting on either side of the frail boat which moved a helpless speck upon the broad bosom of the Father of Waters, were horny."

Following the conventional recipe, a full quantity of history has been added with the other ingredients, but has been poorly mixed. To employ the phraseology of the cook books, there are lumps in the pudding. Such criticism perhaps is not fair under the circumstances. The historical novel has privileges.

* * *

Edward W. Townsend, the creator of "Chimmy Fadden," who served his literary apprenticeship in this city, was picking his way through Pell street, New York, the other day just before election, having come in from his Montclaire cottage the get the details of some old houses that will figure in his next story. He was scanning a peculiar looking doorway and making some rough sketches and notes.

"Ketch on ter de bloke wid a kodak, will yer!" sang out one of the few English-speaking urchins in the vicinity.

"Kodak nuthin'," was the rejoiner. "He's one o' Jerome's men laying plans for a raid. Don't yer know a thing when yer see it?"

* * *

The second edition of John Kimberly Mumford's "Oriental Rugs," which is just from the Scribner press, has been put in the hands of the booksellers. The original edition was issued last fall and sold completely out in a few weeks, something quite unexpected by both author and publishers. At the time there were orders in hand demanding the immediate issue of a very large second printing. But here came the hitch. The process of making those remarkable illustrations that reproduce the value of rug colorings so closely as to almost baffle the expert, was not a rapid one. In fact the company behind whose locked doors this wonder was accomplished declared that it was impossible to print a new set of plates in less than six months. Nor was there any appeal from this dictum, and with hundreds of orders waiting the publishers were obliged to postpone the new edition untill recently.

* * *

Among the largest odds offered in the betting on the recent election which came to my notice, was a wager of five hundred to twenty-five dollars. It was recorded at a well-known down town political resort, a leading Republican taking the long end on Harry Baehr's chances of victory. The sweeping success of the campaign of the auditor-elect was a flattering justification of the backer's judgment.

* * *

At its regular monthly meeting held last Monday night, the Freemont Club distributed prizes won in the recent billiard tournament among the members. Director Bert Gibbons in witty vein, presented an elegant chafing dish to M. M. Garoutte, the player with the highest score, and a set of costly military brushes to Director Treadwell, who came off second best. This organization is prospering, and already holds the place amomg the young men of the Republican faith which the Union League occupies with their elders. With a membership of nearly three hundred, and finances in good shape, President Percy V. Long and the directors are looking about for substantial permanent quarters, the club being housed temporarily in the History Building.

* * *

At supper the other evening after the opera, ex-Governor Budd was telling some of his campaign experiences the year he ran for Governor. Among others was this one: Once during his Gubernatorial fight he was scheduled to speak in a little country town Of course, the population turned out for miles around to see the Democratic choice for the highest office in the State. After the usual torchlight procession, headed by a wheezy brass band, the candidate with the Titian colored whiskers—"Jim" wore a full beard in those days—was escorted to the platform from which he was to do his spell-binding, let the eagle scream, and do several other interesting things according to program. The chairman was an old, dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, built on the David Harum plan, with Oom Paul trimmings, and he felt the awful responsibility that rested, Atlas like, upon his shoulders. He made a most florid introduction, which was punctuated every now and then by a pause of such length as would enable his constituents to express their approval by prolonged applause. At last he introduced the speaker of the evening in the following tangle of words:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to introduce Mr. James Budd, who will be our next Governor a Democratic Governor, such as you will never see again."

Budd solemnly says he was the only one present who saw the joke.

* * *

Mr. A. B. Forbes, the well-known insurance manager, is possessed of a keen sense of humor. Not long since, someone asked in an argument, what religion might be, according to his definition. Mr. Forbes thought a moment, and as a smile came over his features, said:

"Religion is an insurance against fire in the next world, in which honesty is the best policy."

* * *

Down at Coronado, there is an old green lounge on one of the wide and spacious porches which, it is said, has heard more proposals than any other piece of furniture under the stars and stripes. It is placed in an obscure, out of the way, sunny corner, where no one but two young people whose hearts have been punctured by Cupid's arrows, would think of straying. But those employed in managing the hotel know all about it, and as soon as the lounge finds its two occupants, the knowing ones know that it is but a matter of time umtil it will be the "Lohengrin Wedding March" and "Among Those Present." As stated, the old green lounge is not a thing of beauty. It is faded, the varnish is almost gone, and the wood work is cracked, but the aggregate wealth of the young men who have said "will you" and the blushing young ladies who have said "how sudden—ask papa," will run into six figures.

* * *

There are few better story-tellers than the Rev. Robert MacKenzie, who is soon to leave this city for New York. Here is one of the many good anecdotes that he tells.

Some years ago, when he first came to this city, he met a parishoner who was quite an active worker in the vineyard of the Lord, but who attended service only once a day, in the morning. Wishing to know why this might be, the minister said:

"I see you come to church in the morning only. Why so, my friend?"

"Well, my wife stays home to take care of the children, and I have to keep her company. Our servants allow us no privileges.

A bright and enthusiastic band of thespians are the Pollard Troupe at the Tivoli. It is certainly a novel sight to see the way these youngsters handle themselves in comic opera. Their perfect training is as noticeable a feature as any. The midgets have seen a good deal of the world too. They have made two tours through India and South Africa. In fact they were performing in Kimberly when the war broke out.

"We had to leave on an hour's notice," said Mr. Moulton, the teacher who accompanies the children, for the Australian government requires that its future citizens be well educated. "Mr. Pollard, our manager, was caught in the beseiged town, and had to remain there until the place was relieved. We went to Cape Town, without a stick of baggage, scenery or anything—all left in Kimberly. But at the Cape, we borrowed an amateur company's rig and played the 'Mikado' with such success that we fitted ourselves out completely with the proceeds." The little tots were entertained at Singapore by the Sultan of Johore, who turned his private residence over to them. The troupe has played throughout the Malay Archipelago. It is interesting to know, that in Java alone, there are towns of such size that the company can stay for six weeks in a place with good houses. Genial "Doc" Leahy, the Tivoli's popular manager, can congratulate himself upon booking an exceptionally good attraction in these little people, as the crowded houses testify.

One of Them.

* * *

Helen Churchill Candee's "An Oklahoma Romance" moves fast and ends happily. There are good pictures of Oklahoma life. The style is fairly straightforward and is suited to the story. Such a sentence as the following, however, while it is an exception shows her literary materialism, her subordination of style to plot—"You are talking far beyond me," returned Paul, "as a moth might say to a star." Nevertheless the story is bright and interesting.

* * *

John Breuner, the well-known furniture man, cherishes a glowing ambition to become a finished chaffeur of the frisky automobile. He recently purchased one of the latest steam machines and began at once to study its management. After Mr. Breuner considered that he had obtained a high degree of proficiency, he went out to the Panhandle one day to show his skill before the official examiner, who passes upon permits to steer the wagons through the drives of the Golden Gate Park. The test proceeded with great credit to the attainments of the amateur, and finally, the examiner told him to run his machine at an object and stop it when at a distance of four feet from the thing selected.

"What shall I aim at?" asked Mr. Breuner.

"Oh, anything," was the reply. "That policeman standing there will do," pointing to the broad back of an unconscious guardian of the law.

Away dashed the auto with the valiant Mr. Breuner at the helm. But alas for the poor cop. The brakes wouldn't work, or the gallant steersman was rattled; anyway, the four feet vanished like melting snow, and the blue-coat went down in a whirl of dust and steam, as the unruly vehicle passed over him and came to a standstill some fifty yards beyond. Fortunately, the officer was not seriously hurt, although his clothes suffered. But the crestfallen merchant was tenacious, and some time later secured his permit. And now he grasps the steering bar and the throttle with a nonchalance born of conscious mastery of the art.

* * *

"Royal Rogues," Alberta Bancroft's new book is something new in the story line. It is written in the purest vein of imagination and deals with fairy land in quite an original way. While the stories or story, for a connecting thread runs through them all might be termed fairy stories, they are hardly for children. They appeal rather to those grown ups who still love fairy land and its dreams and can still revel in Nawthorne, or Hans Anderson, or Fouque, or Andrew Lang.

The "Royal Rogues" are Prince Helder and Prince Rudroon, the sons of King Goldemar of fairy land who steal away from home and go down into the valley lands among the human kind. They have many adventures with the various denizens of the fairy world, and interwoven in the story are Kobolds, the Water Nixes, the Berg Schmieds, the Elves, the Witches, and all the rest. There is a magic fiddle which plays an important part in the tale, and a witch maid who figures conspicuously in the fortunes of Prince Helder. The stories are daintily told in a style that is delightful and are situated with the folk lore of fainy land.

The author, Alberta Bancroft comes of an old San Francisco family. She is the wife of James Steel Reid, the well known lawyer.

* * *

Frank Norris, the most striking figure among California writers of fiction today, began his literary work at a very early age. When only seventeen, he produced a romantic poem, in six cantos, called "Yvernelle." The poem deals with the life of the French nobility during the middle ages. The book was beautifully embellished with pictures. Nowadays Norris does not depend upon the artist's pencil. There is probably no other writer in American fiction who weilds a more trenchant pen than he.

* * *

The house of Shortridge is known from one end of California to the other for its forensic powers. Here is one of the many anecdotes told of this oratorical family. Some years ago, Clara Shortridge Foltz was chosen to deliver an address in San Diego. The occasion was a public one, and a large gathering assembled, partly because of the nature of the meeting, and partly because of the fact that the orator of the day was to be a woman. The lady made a masterly effort. She was interrupted time and again by applause. Her speech was printed in full by all of the papers. The next morning, however, Tom Fitch, "the silver tongued orator," who was at that time a resident of San Diego, was up in arms, declaring that the speech was one that he had delivered on a similar occasion in the city of Sacramento,some five years previous, and that it had been stolen word for word. That afternoon, the stentorian voiced Thomas met the fair oratoress, and chided her in no gentle terms for what he termed her "plagarism."

"Mister Fitch," said the accused lady drawing herself up to her full heighth, quite an accomplishment when done by a Shortridge—"I positively deny that I stole that speech from you. True, it is not original, but with the source from which I took the oration it was perfectly agreeable that I should have it. My brother Charlie delivered that speech in San Jose, two years ago."

* * *

A young California writer who is coming in prominence, is Miss Ernestine Coughran, who is at present in the Hawaiian Islands. Miss Coughran, who writes under the name of "Nan Byxbee," has a very interesting article in the November "Cosmopolitan," in which she describes the feat of "fire walking" as performed by an aged kahuna, named Papa Ita. Before going to the Islands, the young lady was a member of the "Call's" Sunday department, where her exceptionally clever work attracted much attention.

* * *

The friends of Howard Scott, the well-known member of the Alcazar stock company, are telling the following little pun, perpetrated at his expense by manager Belasco. Scott is, as a rule, very punctual at rehearsals, a fact which commends him to the management of the theatre where he is engaged, who are very exacting in matters of discipline. The hour for rehearsal had arrived and all of the members of the company were present except the above mentioned actor.

"Well, well," said some one, "I fear that Scott will be fined."

"Before he is fined, he must be found" said Belasco, as he adroitly dodged a brick.

Love's Symptoms.

To be in love is to know anxiety in the hour of his illness and apprehension over his weakness; to feel responsibility, which you must bear for yourself. No one can even share it with you to lighten your burden. To be in love is to have half your life go with him when the door closes, and to live only for his return. It is to have all your selfish desires lose shape and resolve themselves into ambitions for him. It is to find your happiness in his; for your ideals to take a more virile form; your hopes a loftier aspect. It is to forget yourself and your eager search for happiness, and to merge your whole existence into a prayer to do more, to give more, to be more, not for the approval of your little world, but closing the door on all in the great Without, to pour yourself and all that you are and all that you hope to be into the small and sacred Within—for his sake.

That is to be in love.

Are you?

A well-known theatrical man boarded an Ellis street car the other night, which is piloted in its course over the city's streets by a very patient and good-humored conductor. The car was crowded and the Thespian had to stand on the lowest step. Perhaps he was thinking of his past life, perhaps of the possibilities of the future existence of the race, or perhaps he——anyway, he didn't hear the stentorian "Fares, please," which the conductor repeated some half dozen times, leaning far over to secure the nickel. At last, it dawned upon the theatrical passenger, that he was being called upon for his passage money. He held up a dollar in a spiritless way, but the car had reached a transfer point and the conductor had to go to the rear.

In the middle of the next block, the man in the blue coat and brass buttons returned, but the dollar had gone back to its former receptacle, and the entire performance had to be repeated, to the intense amusement of the passengers. At the seventh or eighth request, Vining's representative got the dollar. By continued efforts, and through touching the man of the stage upon the shoulder, he was at last able to get him to accept the change due him. With a reproachful look, the long-suffering conductor had turned to go to his post at the rear of the car, when he thought better of it, and wheeling about said to the grinning dummy-full of passengers:

"It's a shame we have to carry them." The theatrical man did not turn his head. Fearful that his remark had not penetrated to the understanding of the offender, the exasperated railway man repeated in his loudest tones:

"I say it's a shame we have to carry them," and retired to his usual position, with a look of injured virtue on his face.

* * *

Leigh Irvine's latest novel, "An Affair of the South Seas," is having a remarkably good sale, so the book sellers say. Mr. Irvine's work is not being boomed by a wealthy publishing house, but is selling entirely upon its merits. The reviewers speak very favorably of this highly original love story, the best thing that the talented California author has done so far.

* * *

Attorney E. S. Pillsbury as amicus curiae, and Judge McLaughlin, representing the defense, have had several sharp controversies during the progress of the Nome investigation before Commissioner Heacock. At nearly four o'clock the other day, Judge McLaughlin, called the attention of the Commissioner to the lateness of the hour and suggested an adjournment till the next day. At this, Attorney Pillsbury arose from his seat, and deliberately drawing his watch from his pocket, and after carefully scanning its face, said:

"Your Honor, it is just three minutes to fonr; I insist that we proceed until four o'clock." And the court ordered the case to continue.

On the next day, at almost the same time, it was Mr. Pillshury, who, forgetting his little objection of yesterday, reqested that the case go over. Judge McLaughlin saw his opportunity. He got on his feet, and with long drawn out movements, held his watch far before him in the palm of his hand. With a withering glance at his learned friend, he said in reminescent tones:

"Your Honor, in the language of my worthy adversary, 'It is now just three minutes to four, and I insist that we proceed until four o'clock.' " And with a grim smile the court granted the motion.

* * *

One of the most unique, original and at the same time unaffected figures in the present literature of California, is Charles F. Lummis, the editor of "The Land of Sunshine," the well known Los Angeles monthly magazine, which occupies a field all its own among Pacific Coast publications. At first glance, one would not settle up Lummis as a literary man. Wherever he goes, he wears a corderoy suit and a wide brimmed sombrero, looking for all the world, barring the dust, and grime, as thought he might have just come off the cattle range, or from the mines. As an editorial writer he is extremely forcible. Aside from editing his magazine, writing books, working for the preservation of the landmarks of the State and studying Spanish-American history, Lummis is also an architect and stonemason along original lines. Years ago, while traveling through Mexico, he conceived the idea of building himself a house after the Spanish style, and proceeded to gather material for it. Whenever he saw an old lock, pair of hinges, or anything of that nature, he immediately purchased it if possible. The result was, that in due process of time he had everything but the four walls. These he is now erecting with his own hands. The building is located between Los Angeles and Pasadena, and is constructed entirely of small boulders and cement. In his manuel labor, he has no other help than a Spanish boy. He mixes his own cement, puts the rocks in place and does all the carpentering with no other aid than that just mentioned. His neighbors declare in all seriousness that Lummis sleeps but four hours a night, and often less The versatile editor is also an amatuer photographer of more than local fame, and the pages of his thoughtful little magazine are enlivened with many half-tones from the camera of the proprietor himself.

The Political Situation.

The Gubernatorial campaign has at last begun in earnest. From the moment the returns in San Francisco and Sacramento showed that the machine was beaten, Senator Flint roused himself to vigorous action and posted to the south, girt with shield and buckler, his war flag fluttering. He is down to business, and no mistake. His cause has been taken up down there by the papers opposed to the Governor, and it is along this line that the Senator is working. He is attemping to unify and consolidate all elements disgrunted with the administration, and in his success at this will lie his strength. In the past there have always been a number of candidates opposed to the machine, but now all outside elements seem satisfied to rally under Flint's banner. He will thus go into the primary at the head of everything practically that is opposed to the present regime. Should the fight continue with no other men in the field, Flint anticipates making his contest on these lines, of machine or no machine.

He is working as follows. He expects to put up independent delegations in San Francisco and Sacramento, and if any question comes up such as was referred to the State Central Committee recently held, he will go ahead anyway and return another set of delegates. Then whoever controls the convention will of course win. If these conditions obtain, the State Convention is liable to see a large attendance. Senator Bard is a source of great assistance to Flint, especially in the south. Flint is making every effort to break up this solid section. He realizes that if he can divide the delegation from beyond Tehachipi, he will strongly impair Gage's prestige. Senator Bulla has charge of his campaign at that end.

Walter Parker, Daniel Keevane and Pendleton are looking out for Gage's interests down that way. They are not worrying about the Governor's chances to succeed himself, and neither are his friends here. They feel sure of San Francisco in the strength displayed by the rank and file in the defeat of Ruef. It will be the same fight over again, and they figure that a State convention can be won as well as a county. The same comment may be made about Sacramento, where Clarke had the machine against him in his fight with Land. But the friends of the administration feel as confident there as here that they can capture the State convention delegation.

Gage thus counts on San Francisco and Sacramento. In Alameda County he has great strength. Supreme Justice Henshaw is running matters there to put up a delegation for his friend Chief Justice Beatty. And the latter and the Governor are together in the fight. As to Los Angeles County, the Governor, aside from other reasons, has placed so much patronage there as to be very powerful. In fact, this very thing has stirred up some complaint in other quarters.

A strong card for the incumbent, also, is found in the low tax rate, which appeals especially to the farmers. They are not active politicians, but they always scan the tax question with careful eyes, and Gage's standing with them is consequently excellent. The settlement of the strike, too, will unquestionably assist him in San Francisco.

E. B. Edson is still in the field as a third candidate. He is very strong in the northern counties, where his friends are many and energetic. There seems to be no doubt but that he can secure a renomination for Railroad Commissioner, his present position, should things not come his way on the Gubernatorial issue.

Among the judicial candidates it is becoming more patent every day that Garoutte will be placed in the Flint camp. All this native sons' business identifies Garoutte with Flint in the fight. Judge Sweeney of Shasta and Judge Frank Oster of San Bernardino are working away putting up their barriers. They are both very strong in the localities they hail from, to say nothing of outside connections.

Illustrated Interviews No. 3.

PRESIDENT WHEELER does not impress one as being a teacher, upon first meeting. It is not until he begins to express himself in words, that the visitor realizes he is listening to a man whose aim is to lead people into better ways of thinking and living. The head of the state university looks and acts like a man who has under his direction, some huge mercantile institution. His movements are quick and decisive, and he has the faculty of doing two things at once, a trait that characterized so many leaders in the world of business. The little office of the President, situated in South Hall, on the Berkeley campus, like its occupant, is entirely free from pedagogical suggestions. President Wheeler has not even allowed his own specialty, as an educator the classics to intrude itself. No busts of Homer, Plato, Plutarch or Cæsar looks down upon one. Not even so much as a print adorns the walls of the office. These things impress one with the thought that the man who directs the affairs of the University is a man with some ideas of his own as regards matters æsthetic, particularly so when it comes to fitting out an office. His place of work is furnished in severe plainness, but in thorough good taste.

President Wheeler is a native of Massachusetts. He took his degree from Brown University. Later, he studied abroad. He has been a member of the faculties of his Alma Mater, Harvard, Cornell, and last of all, the University of California. President Wheeler does not wish to be classed as one who, in order to instruct his fellow men, withdraws himself from humanity into monastic like seclusion. When he was questioned as to the nature of the books he had published, President Wheeler said:

"They are scientific, not educational. I have little or no patience with the idea that education is a thing apart from the rest of life. Life itself is the greatest of all schools. I do not believe that a university is a place where people may withdraw from the active, work-a-day world around them, and proceed to ripen. A university means opportunities to those who wish to help, not only themselves, but their fellow men. I wish it understood that I am not an educator; I am simply an American citizen trying to be honest."

The conversation next turned to the President's eastern trip. He again stated, as he had done on previous occasions, that he had no intention of leaving California. When asked what his impressions were concerning President Roosevelt, he replied by saying:

"He still carries with him that same naturalness and unaffectedness that he always did. It is noticeable how open and above board every thought and action of the man is. He is particularly desirous that everything he is doing should be fully known to the people at large. During Roosevelt's occupancy of the Presidential chair, the American people will be taken into the confidence of the chief executor, more perhaps, than has ever been the case in any other presidential administration. I noticed the same things in him as President that were so characteristic of him as Governor. That which he tells privately and apparently confidentially to his friends, differ in no wise from the things he gives to the public through newspaper reporters. The statement I read only the other day regarding the position he would take concerning the trusts, corresponds precisely to what he said to me when talking about his policy. He will undoubtedly meet some difficulties, arising from his total frankness, but the American people will soon get acquainted with him, and when they learn there are no hidden purposes or schemes, and indeed nothing but what he tells them there is, they will have confidence in him, and no sensationalist can intervene to disturb his perfect understanding with his people. Ventilation and oxygenation, I think, will be applied to their full extent and value."

"Now," said President Wheeler, as the interview came to an end, "Let me ask this of you: do not misrepresent what I have said in any way, shape, form or manner. It will be, I am sure, as easy for you to say what I have said and no more, than to garble my statements, not only putting false declarations into my mouth, but also placing me in an embarassing position, from which explanations and apologies cannot entirely extricate me. California is a beautiful place in which to live, but the interviewer who makes one say untruthful things renders it well-nigh uninhabitable. I understand that I am a public man, but that is no reason, so far as I can see, why I should be misrepresented. I havn't a cent of money, but I have have some character, and I do not want that blasted."

Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

Dairy of an American Abroad.

Monday, 10 a. m.—Reached England. Country half asleep.

4 p. m.—Reached London. Village awake, but not really spry.

8—Dinner. Arranged to turn dining room into ante-room for callers. Tired. Counted checks. Bed.

Tuesday, 9 a. m.—Read "Times" at breakfast. Leader disparaging our company. Must see to this.

10—Saw proprietors of "Times."

11—Bought "Times."

3 to 6—Interviewed the company's competitors; three minutes each.

6 to 7—Wrote checks.

8:30—Theatre. Play. "The Ironmaster." Don't like the sound; suggests rivalry; must see if rights are to be had.

Wednesday — Curiously unlucky morning. Admiralty wouldn't sell fleet. War office refused to scrap guns. Colonial secretary declined to let me have Jamacia as a tip for our ashes. At this rate no use staying out. Picked up Thames steamboat fleet for an old song on my way back. Will do to run on the canals inside our fitting shop.

Thursday, 5 p. m.—Things have been humming today. Steamboat deal evidently leaked out. Bought the P. & O., Cunard, White Star, Orient, Union Castle, and North German Lloyd. Bought the London and Northwestern. Cabled to my company that they might begin making.

Friday, 10 a. m.—Cable from company asking me to buy less and sell more. Nonsense. Plenty of time for selling. Much best policy to buy up all our customers first; sell to ourselves then and make sure to orders.

4 p. m.—Bought Holyhead harbor. Made an offer for St. George's Channel.

Saturday, 9 a.m.—Cable from home, "Rival trust formed. Underselling. turn at once."

10 a. m.—Returning.—"London Punch."

"For mercy's sake, how many pancakes have you had, Georgie?" "Mamma, you know 've only learned to count as far as ten."

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

The people of San Francisco are a curiously complicated crowd. One never quite knows how they intend voting or patronizing, or in fact, anything about them. How they will accept an entertainment or patronize a charity is an enigma even, I believe, to themselves. What I have especially in mind at the present time is this Dolls' Show, of which I told you a great deal last week. It was made a fashionable affair. Twenty-one boxes were sold, and all the Four Hundred came out in their best bib and tucker ready to enjoy the most tiresome entertainment to which I have ever been, and to spend money ad libitum. There was a refreshment table, bag grabs and raffles. All simply coined money. A few of the debutantes helped. I particulariy noticed Edith Huntington surrounded by army officers. She wore a red chiffon gown; it made her color more elusive than ever, and brightened her bonny brown eyes. She is a delightfully frank maiden who has already made the fact obvious to the men she knows that life for her is to be a jolly affair, the first season at least. Pearl Landers was there in a white, soft woolen gown, looking very dainty. Helen DeYoung was in her mother's box. She really looked very stunning and has the most wonderful self possession. There is nothing like a European education to give a girl poise. Kate Brigham, Kate Herrin, Katherine Robinson were others of the debutantes I noticed. Helen Dean was with Pearl Landers; she is not to "come out" here until after she has had a season in New York. Lucky Helen. How she will enjoy that. A few people wore decollete gowns—Princess Poniatowski, Mrs. Henry Scott and a few others. The Princess has a beautiful neck, but, mama, the loveliest neck and shoulders I have ever seen on woman belong to the daintiest and most elusive of maidens—Marie Wells. She was a miniature "living picture" and I should really like to have carried her away with me and put her in a cabinet, so no time nor rubbing against the world should have taken the bloom from her fair cheek.

Auntie went to a luncheon given to Mrs. Meynell on Thursday last at the University Club. Mrs. Joe Tobin, the most strikingly aristocratic woman in San Francisco, was the hostess. She wears her clothes exactly as does the Countess of Warwick. Of course you know that means, mama, that clothes are simply a part of her. They do not strike one, but one intuitively realizes that they are perfect in every detail. The luncheon was a success. How I envied auntie sitting next to Mrs. Meynell. She and I are great friends. You know I love her books, mama, and she is so sympathetic. We had a long discussion on the Boer War. She is Pro-Boer, General Butler's sister-in-law, and gives lectures and explains "Why Great Britain had no right to fight the Boer" when she is in England; out here she just admires and appreciates and is the most responsive woman I have ever known. Now, mama, I must tell you of the First Night at the Opera. Gorgeous gowns, stunning jewels, and best of all, truly an appreciative audience. Promptly at 8 o'clock the curtain arose. It was "Lohengrin." Oh, mama dear, I just closed my eyes and listened and felt the joy of living—that wild, mad pulsation that can alone arise from the strains of the violins and the voices. Emma Eames was at her best. But this is to tell you of the people.

The most conspicuous were the Hopkins' crowd. I never saw Mrs. Gus looking handsomer. Her fair, noble head, the subtle smile on her lips and her lithe form are wonderfully attractive. I think she was entertained. I don't imagine she is devoted to music, but she is, as lots of society women, an ornament to any opera-house. Her sister, Mrs. Will Taylor, is graceful and has beautiful eyes. She wore a stunning gown of cream white silk and lace.

But I do admire my orchid girl—that is, Mrs. Walter Martin. To me she is much more responsive than any of her crowd. Then there were the Spreckels girls, Lily and Grace; both handsome girls and with a great deal of magnetism. The Holbrook crowd, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Miss Katherine Dillon, Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mrs. Joe Tobin, Mrs. James Flood—all these people were particularly well gowned and were the only ones whose jewels especially attracted my attention. But the handsomest gown and jewels in the house was worn by Mrs. Hearst. It was a wine-colored velvet. Her jewels were diamonds and rubies. She looked so young and pretty. I admire her from all points—her generosity, her thoughtfulness, and the fact that she is living her own life according to her own ideas of how it should be lived. So few women do that sort of thing. Miss Apperson, looking like a delicate piece of statuary, sat apparently enjoying the music. Doctor Flint, from whom it is predicted we shall hear a great deal, owing to his being very clever, was in the box.

After the second act, everyone went into the foyer. Someone stepped on my pink tulle ruffle, so that gown is off my hands. It was the most becoming of all, auntie thought. She, the dear old love, wore black panne velvet and point lace Venetian and emeralds. Margaret Salisbury and Azalea Keyes looked well in red chiffon. I am much fonder of Azalea than of Margaret, but Margaret is the prettier of the two. Azalea just beams—she is so jolly and entertaining.

It seems to me now I have told you all about the opera. It was a great success. I have never known greater enthusiasm than there was Monday night. The houses the rest of the week were very good, but "Lohengrin" is the opera that I really love. Now, mama dear, I shall write you more next week about other people and things.

ELIZABETH.

Along the Shore Line.

How much the ocean enters into the enjoyment of the average San Franciscan, few people ever stop to consider. Aside from the climate, which is tempered by the Japan current which flows down the coast at this point, it directly contributes to the happiness of thousands. Many find enjoyment in yachting. To the credit of our local organization, it may be said that there are none better anywhere than those flying the colors of the clubs sailing on San Francisco bay. By far the greater number, however, find their Sunday's rest and recreation on the long beach, where young and old give themselves over to those pleasures which the seashore always affords.

If you want to peruse something that is really interesting, do not fail to read "The Fond Adventure," from the pen of Maurice Hewlett, and which was begun in the November number of "Frank Leslie's." The period is subsequent to the time of "Richard Yea and Nea," and concerns the pleasant adventures of Captain Brazenhead on his memorable pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

By the Sad Sea Waves.
Photo by Akerman

At Land's End.
Photo by Sully.

SMALL TALK.

Miss Edith Huntington will be hostess at a luncheon this week.

Mrs. James Robinson will give her daughter Elena a luncheon before she leaves for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Knight are guests at the Hotel Crocker where they anticipate remaining during the winter.

The Misses Loughborough will give a large luncheon on Tuesday, the nineteenth at their Franklin street residence.

Miss Mary Kip will leave this week for the East to be the guest of her sister Mrs. Guy Edie at Columbus Barracks, Ohio,

Mrs. Butler and her daughter Miss Emma Butler left for the East last week to remain in New York until after the holidays.

The Fosters will give a large tea at Century Hall on Saturday, November the twenty-third, to introduce Miss Anna Foster who is to make her debut this year.

The Misses Hager will return to San Francisco in a few weeks. The latter part of the trip has proved more beneficial to Miss Ethel for whose health the trip was taken.

Miss Leontine Blakeman will be maid-of-honor to Miss Maud Mullins. It would be difficult to find two handsomer girls. The wedding will take place early in the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr of Oakland, Miss Florence and Mr. Walter Starr have taken apartments on Bush street for the winter. Miss Starr is a strikingly handsome blonde and will be amongst this years debutantes.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin leaves for New York on Monday next. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin will join her in January. They will remain there as the guests of Mrs. Burton Harrison for a month, and then take an extended European tour.

Mrs. Will Tevis will return to San Francisco this week to remain here during the early part of the winter. Owing to the death of her brother-in-law she will virtually do no entertaining, though in her usual hospitable manner she will have guests continually staying at her house.

Mrs. Le Moyne was the guest of Miss Bender at a small tea on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Le Moyne's personality is quite as prominent in a drawing-room as on the stage. It is this that has won her the position she at present holds in New York among the really cultured people.

The Misses McClung had a tea on Sunday last. They had scores of men a great number of whom were army officers. Miss Gladyy McClung is one of this years debutates, and as bright and witty as her grandfather Cole was in his golden days.

The Presidio hop took place on Friday evening. It is a great blessing to the lovers of Carmen that Calve's first appearance is to be the following Tuesday. These Presidio hops are the greatest sort of a success, and the officers are the most attractive we have had for many years.

The wedding of Miss Grace Grimes daughter of Colonel Grimes, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Tompkins was an event of much pleasure at the Presidio Thursday. Miss Grimes is an exceedingly attractive girl, noted for her wonderful tact. She is said not to have a single "knocker" in the Presidio. Lieutenant Tomkins is indeed to be congratulated.

The Hays who were so popular during their short stay in San Francisco, have gone for an extended European trip. Miss Orian Hays by her sweet simplicity won the hearts of all her girl friends. They spent this summer in Menlo Park and were often to be seen with the Hopkins girls.

Miss Charlotte Field's engagement to Mr. Arthur Luck was somewhat expected. There was rumors of it all through the summer. Miss Field is a typical California girl with good coloring and bright eyes. She is a great favorite with her girl friends, and is the most sympathetic of any of her crowd to older people. Mr. Luck is a mining man, and clever, and bound to rise. They will be married sometime in the spring.

It was a shock to most of Miss Agnes Simpson's friends when they heard of her engagement to Bishop Partridge. This is the first Californian who has married so high in the clergy. A bishop suggests years of study, and a great deal of dignity, and is likely to awe the average maiden. But in Bishop Partridge Miss Simpson has found a brilliant talker, a deep thinker, and a young man. She will return with him to Japan in a few months.

Miss May Denman surprised everyone by announcing her engagement to Captain Cheatham last Thursday evening. May is a brunette with deep violet eyes and superb coloring. A typical athlete. There is no horse she cannot ride, no fence she cannot jump, and yet she is sweet and gentle and has as charming a manner as any girl in town. She comes from some of the best of New England people, and is marrying into quite the most exclusive families in Tennessee. Captain Cheatham is small and rather inclined to embonpoint but he holds a record for bravery that is envied by most of the most of his fellow officers. They are a fortunate couple and the best wishes of their friends are that they will not remain too long in the Philippines.

Mrs. Terry—Miss Sibyl Sanderson—has hardly time to acknowledge the flowers and notes welcoming her arrival in San Fradcisco. She is quite as handsome as when a girl and reminds her father's friends of the judge in his most brilliant moods. Mrs. Terry is very well off, having been left a large income by her late husband, notwithstanding the fact that we in California have always heard differently. She is singing now for the honor and glory of her art and the love she bears for the stage.

The wedding of Mr. Lawson Adams and Miss Hazel Curtis was a brilliant affair last week in Oakland. All the Adams' friends were delighted with Miss Curtis, who is a bright clever amusing young woman with a very striking appearance. The ceremony was performed by Dr. George Sweeney who varied his service with an interesting and flowery address quite novel, and unique in a ceremony of this sort. Laurie Adams was one of San Francisco's most popular young man. His bride will be extremely welcome to his friends. They will reside at Belvedere for the present.

A most enjoyable musical evening was given at the residence of Arthur Fickenscher on last Tuesday evening. The gathering was composed entirely of musicians. The following is the program presented:

1 Sonata for violin and piano ..... Cesar Frank
Messrs Samuel Savannah and Arthur Fickenscher
2 a Les Cygnes ..... Hahn
b Evening Star ..... Wagner
Mr. L. Van Linghem
3 Liebestraum ..... Liszt
Mr. Frickenscher
4 Elegie ..... Mossenet
Mrs. L. Segley Reynolds
Violin obligato by Mr. Savannah
5 a Nocturne from Nachtstuecke ..... Schumann
b Gnomenreigen ..... Liszt
Mr. Fickenscher
a Du bist die Her ..... Schubert
6 b Erster Kuss ..... Fickenschur
e Die Loreler ..... Liszt
Mrs. Carsie Brown Dexter
7 Petite Suite for violin and piano ..... Cesar Cui
Messrs Fickenscher and Savannah
By request Mr. Fichenscher played
Isoldas Liebestodt ..... from Tuistan and Isolda
Fenerzauber ..... from Die Walkyne
Liegfuido Todt ..... from Gotterdammerring

The Floods are occupying their Broadway home. It is a vision of beauty within, and Mrs. "Jimmie" will be one the large entertainers this winter. She is devotedly fond of dinner entertaining, and has made a study of the art of a perfect dinner given. Mrs. Douney Harvey ranks first as a dinner hostess in San Francisco, and Mrs. Chauncey Winslow is a close second. Mrs. Flood, however, has a larger menage, and if she continues making friends as quickly as she has done in the past her house will be one of the most popular in San Francisco.

Mrs. Frederick H. Harson has, owing to illness, postponed her dramatic recital until the evening of December 3d, for which tickets already issued, are good.

"I suffered from female weakness for five months," writes Miss Belle Hedrick, of Nye, Putnam Co., W. Va. "I was treated by a good physician but he did me no good. I wrote to *Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.*, for advice, which I received, telling me to take his 'FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION.' When I had used the medicine a month my health was much improved. It has continued to improve until now I can work at almost all kinds of house-work. I had scarcely any appetite, but it is all right now. Have gained several pounds in weight. I would advise all who suffer from chronic diseases to write to Dr. Pierce."

RACING

EVERY WEEK DAY
RAIN OR SHINE

NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB
OAKLAND RACE TRACK

Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp.

Ferryboats leave San Francisco at 12 m. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2:30 and 3 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry-tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in 15 minutes.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

Famous Russian-Oriental Tobacco Store
418 Montgomery St, Phone Black 1233
Near California St. Established 1876.

MRS. FANNIE ROSENTHAL, Prop.

Leading importer of choice varieties of Russian, Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes and Smoking Tobaccos. High-grade Cigarettes made to order for private clubs and special social events. Delicate Aromatic Cigarettes made for Ladies' Tea Parties. Latest French and English novelties in pipes and smokers' articles, also Turkish water pipes, etc.
Order by Telephone

Don'tBorrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR —

VAUGHN LEADLEY,
Solicitor for
J. F. SNOW & CO.,
Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.

Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 00 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

EDWARD HALL, President. WM. J. BIGGY, Vice-Pres. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.

United States Laundry Association

LAUNDRY—3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.
(Near Valencia)

TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418

OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST.,
near Powell.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
TRY THEM FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.
Fac-Simile Signature of John L. Brown & Son on every box.

A Well Known Mining Attorney

Judge Kenneth McKenzie Jackson

The above striking face is that of Mr. Kenneth Jackson, one of the best-known lawyers in Alaska. He has been peculiarly successful in mining cases. He was retained by the Alaska Pioneer Mining Company in 1899, to defend the interests of that company from claim jumpers. Later, several of the larger claim owners on Anvil creek, near Nome, also employed him for similar reasons. In both instances, he was paid handsomely for his services, the results of which were eminently successful and highly gratifying. He has been one of the active attorneys for these same clients throughout the peculiar litigation that has brought Judge Noyes before the Circuit Court of Appeals, to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt.

Mr. Jackson does not intend to return to Alaska if the Noyes case ends here, but in case Judge Noyes returns to Nome he, too, will follow, to protect his own mining interests. Mr. Jackson expects to locate somewhere in the West, and will continue to devote himself to his specialty, that of Mining Law.

In politics, Mr. Jackson is a Democrat. By birth he is a Texan, belonging to one of the oldest and most aristocratic families in the South.

The Twentieth Century Girl.

She is plastic and elastic and can trip the light fantastic in a style enthusiastic with abandon that is rare;
She is sweetness and petiteness in a bunch of great completeness, and and she keeps us at her feetness in a manner debonair.
She can dally on the alley, with tenpins make a tally, and the boys around her rally when she's out upon the links;
And she'll patter 'round and chatter on most any weighty matter, but she's talking through her hat—'er little thinker never thinks!
Oh, she's happy when she's frappe and is throwing bright and snappy bits of Chilcoot Pass at chappy, freezing out the spoony boys.
And the measure of her pleasure in never ceasing leisure in a little world of treasure in unmitigated joys.
She'll abuse you and amuse you, and both well and ill she'll use you, and she'll finally refuse you, though heart-broken you implore.
But don't bother; get another; be content to be her brother, for she likes to see her mother mopping up the kitchen door.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving

Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS,
$1.00
HUNDRED
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfg'd by Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.
Murphy, Grant, Co.

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

REFRESHING SLEEP.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.
Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5178]
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

Achille L. Artigues
PIANIST
Organist of Notre Dame des Victoirer
1248 McAllister St. PHONE Fell 1749

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

Again Mr. Grau and a wonderful company; again the comforting thrill of being one of the excited first night audience; again the semi-circle on semi-circle of gorgeous gowns eclipsed by the escaping shoulders—the flashing glitter of jewels paled by the more penetrating gleam of eyes ablaze with the fever of it all—the formal little linen breast-plates of the men, like spots on a domino—the pleasant rustle of gowns and programs and nervous feet—the briefly important episodes of radiant "somebodies" coming in late—the half-grudging whisperings and nudgings of the hoi polloi—the fumes—the—well, all of it.

And after it all, again the flood of bosh from the daily papers; one muddy torrent of "who was there," "what they wore," "what they ate after the performance," etc.

Emma Eames was a surprise to many, Much was expected, of course; you go prepared to expect much—you pay a breath-stopping price, and these people are the pick of the world: but even then I do not believe that we are prepared for a voice such as this. A voice is not to be reduced to words, but here is one that makes you close your eyes to listen the better, and tell yourself to be glad for your privilege; a voice that transports you instantly to the darkening twilight when you feel the gripping at your heart and the tightness at your throat. And then, too, she can sing. Her production, method, style, phrasing and intonation are flawless, and her acting is of a high order. I think she will be the star attraction for the world of society during this engagement, as was Melba last year.

A very fine performance of "Lohengrin" opened the season; the only drawback to an otherwise ideal presentation being the off-pitch, throaty singing of Van Dyck. How this man, outside of the power of his lungs and a certain flamboyant, exaggerated style of stage emotion, ever attained to the musical reputation he bears, is an interesting mystery. I think, however, that we may look for the cue in the fact that Frau Wagner took him up and made him a success at Bayreuth, and in these days of Wagner-worship, Bayreuth spells fame. The man most certainly has a bad voice,

MADAME EMMA EAMES,
with the Grau Company at the Grand Opera House.

his choking tones throw him constantly out of tune and his art never rises to any heights worth mentioning.

Schumann-Heink, de Reske, Bispham and Muhlmann were all and more than they were last season—one cannot say much more than that. They are all artists of the first degree—capable, earnest, brainy. Mr. Damrosch has, if possible, gained in that grip of his subject and people which gives him the magnetic mastery over both. His efforts were quite fully appreciated by the lavishly enthusiastic house. "The Huguenots" brought out a cast quite as important as that of the former production and one that fell nothing short in effectiveness. Of the much heralded new tenor, de Marchi, I would rather wait to hear him in another opera than pronounce an opinion at this time. Mr. de Reske was quite wonderful, as we knew he would be.

Limited space necessarily forbids anything like an analysis of the productions, but we may bunch it, as it were, and say that this is the opportunity of San Francisco's lifetime. Mr. Grau presents the greatest singers the world has produced in casts the like of which no other city in the world has witnessed. Practically, we get from three to four times as much for our money as the people in European capitals do for nearly the same prices. Nobody can with any justice objects to the prices here, for there is not a performance out of the whole list which is not worth fully as much again as is asked. We are given to understand that this company will not visit this coast again on account of the enormous expense involved, and we can very readily appreciate how this can be; but when the well runs dry how we will miss the water. It will stand us in good stead to anticipate the inevitable regrets by grasping Time's elusive forelock now, and grasping it tight.

Two string quartets performed to good audiences last week. They were the Minetti and Zech quartets, and coming so closely together as they did, comparison is difficult to avoid. The Minetti quartet is the older organization and one that we naturally

Continued on Page 13.

MRS. W. H. HORD,
Piano and Guitar.
Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.
Residence, 2005 Oak St Phone, Page 1622
OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.
TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

SUITS
CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED
BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY
40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.
Ring up Drumm 44 We run two wagons

ASTHMA CURE FREE.
Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in all Cases. Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.
The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chain d with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."
We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of Asthmalene, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, Asthmalene will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the more glad we are to send it. Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City. Sold by all Druggists.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For
Brain Workers.

Strengthens the exhausted and confused brain, relieves nervous headache, and induces refreshing sleep.

Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER

THE PRESS

Open all Night

—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught

15 THIRD STREET

Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed HORNLEIN & KRUMB Phone Main 151

CAFE ROYAL

Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House

Grand Hotel Cafe

New Montgomery St.

Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG

The True Blue.

308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served.

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE

Billiard, Pool and Club Room

(Never Closed.)

Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET.

The World of Tone.

Continued from Page 12.

look to for the best results. Their work is marked by a concert of action, a unity in attack and release, a nicety in the estimate of values, an elevated refinement in conception and execution that is most admirable. Mr. Otto Bendix lent dignity and finish to the piano part in the Brahm's quintet.

The Zech quartet played in Century Hall (a rather poor hall, by the way, very unsatisfying for chamber music) to the generous applause of a large assembly. The Brahms quintet for clarinet and strings was very well done. The andantino and the presto movements were given with fine feeling, and are, I think, the most interesting members of the composition. Mr. Wrba needs no encomiums on his clarinet playing at any time. He is a most reliable artist. The Greig G Minor Quartet proved the hit of the afternoon. It was in this work that the Zech quartet showed a fire and spontaniety that the Minnetti organization did not equal at any time. While the former have as yet much to polish, there seems to be more blood and soul and enthusiasm than the latter displayed.

Miss Nora Sandy turns out to be something rather different from the general run of infant phenomenous. She revealed a thorough training in technic, expression and finish, and played with the repose of a veteran. She is a pupil of Signor Martinez, one of the very best of local teachers, and was assisted by her father, an instrumental trio, and Mr. David Manlloyd, tenor, all of whom acquitted themselves with the utmost credit.

The Orpheum has in "The Girl With the Auburn Hair" a novelty of striking proportions. The Girl is possessed of a very good voice and sings with an expression and taste thoroughly in accord with the spirit of the act she adorns. The mechanical effects of this unusual feature are something beyond anything we have ever seen in this line.

Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "Heeltap," by H. Clough-Leighter; "Love is Blind," by the same author. Both published by the Boston Music Company.

A Murical Treat.

On Sunday evening, November 17th, the 18th anniversary and ball of the Harmonie Singing Society will be given in Union Square Hall. Miss Olga B. Wagner is the soprano. The pianist is Mr. P. Scholz. The The program is an exceptionally well arranged one, and will be a treat to all lovers of good music.

Among the many honors accorded DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY has been the Royal Warrant recently granted by King Edward. The Royal Family has accorded this honor to DEWAR'S SCOTCH for many years past. It is a compliment which the judges of Scotch whisky think highly deserved.

At The Theatres Next week.

Alcazar—Lilian Convere in "Self and Lady."

Central — "King of the Opium Ring."

Grand Opera House—Maurice Grau Opera Company in Grand Opera.

Tivoli—Pollard Juvenile Opera Company. "A Gaiety Girl."

Orpheum—Vaudeville. Lillian Burkhart, "The Girl With the Auburn Hair."

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Cycling Proverbs.

As a pair of wheels that run truly with a pleasant murmuring, so is the talk of man and wife in an house which is well ruled.

As the noise of a cheap wheel which rattleth, so is dissension in the house of a niggard and a sloven.

The inches of our gear are three score and ten; and though there be some so strong that they ride four score, yet is their speed but labor and sorrow at the day's end, when they fetch their wind short upon an hill.

Blessed is the damsel whose cruse of oil faileth not, and who looketh to her own tires; and behold, he that taketh her to wife shall prosper.

My son, beware of inventors which promise marvelous things with their mouth, lest when thou puttest thy trust in their many inventions thou be overthrown in stony places.

Reverend Gassington — Honestly, Miss Deering, do you think my sermons are long? Miss Deering—Oh, dear, no! I merely think that life is too short.

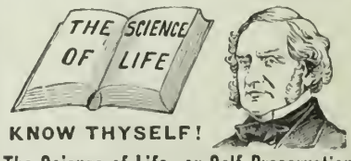
Mrs. Upperton—Ah! Is it yourself or your wife who is descended from King Alfred? Mr. Commonstalk—Neither one of us. It is our daughter Henrietta and our son Percy.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat may result in an Incurable Throat Trouble or Consumption. For relief use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Nothing excels this simple remedy. Sold only in boxes.

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

Strength, Vitality, Manhood, THE CHIEF GLORY OF MAN



KNOW THYSELF!

The Science of Life, or Self Preservation,

A Great Medical Book for Every Man—The Million Embossed cloth, full gilt, elegant Library edition, **ONLY $1.00.** In paper covers, **ONLY 25c.** Get the best. It contains 370 pp., with engravings, 125 prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases, and is the Gold Medal Prize Treatise on Aptitude and Inaptitude for Wedded Happiness, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Manhood, Varicocele, Atrophy (wasting) and **ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN,** from whatever cause arising. The distinguished author and Nervo specialist graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864 and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House) Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Know Thyself Manual, a Vade Mecum Pamphlet, Free to every male reader of this paper; 6 cents for postage. Write for these books to-day. They are the keys to health, vigor, manhood and happiness. Address as above. Consultation by letter or in person from 9 to 6. Sundays 10 to 1. Expert treatment and positive cure.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute is a fixed fact in the medical phenomena of this country, and it will remain so.—Boston Journal.

☞ The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.

Get Mennen's (the original). Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29,1901.....29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becke
First Vice-President.....John Lloyd.
Second Vice-President..Daniel Meyer
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

H. Horstmann. B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt,

San Francisco Savings Union
535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....$28,973,540
Reserve Fund..... 226,994
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier. R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.
42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

TEL. GREEN 12.
CHAS. P. DROLLA
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal
All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

What Dora Did.

The Tale of an Emotional Girl who Thought She was Strong Minded and her Tilt With Love.

"WELL, I'll wear it as short as I please; one can't ride decently in a long skirt anyway," said my sister Dora, in an aggressive, what-are-you-going-to-do-about-it tone. The tone, with an accompanying tendency toward bachelor-girldom, had been brought home from college the year before, and they both grated on me unpleasantly.

"All right," I replied, "the shorter you wear it the more you'll please, no doubt, and I suppose you use the word 'decently' according to your lights, and it doesn't seem to fit, to me."

Dora was much surprised at this outbreak on my part, for I rarely interfered with her fancies and fads, having regarded them merely as harmless college aftermath, which would adjust itself naturally in time. But it did not adjust itself; on the contrary, it seemed to be taking a permanent hold upon her once retiring, domestic nature, a hold which I determined to break, peaceably if I could, forcibly if I must. And so on this particular morning, when she came in to breakfast after her bicycle ride, wearing a skirt which would have been quite proper ten years before, I entered what she would have termed a "vigorous kick." Hence, I expected my sister to become furious; had counted upon it, and carefully prepared a wholesome lecture in response to her looked-for tirade. I was rather crestfallen, therefore, when she merely gave me an "et tu, Brute," look, and without another word sat down to breakfast.

This was plainly no fit opening for my lecture, but that evening, picking my quiet time, I again broached the subject.

"Dora, what do you think Rob thinks of this business?" I asked abruptly, when we were alone.

"What business? I am sure I don't know what you are talking about," she retorted.

I gazed at the bowl of my pipe and said nothing.

She continued: "Now look here, Henry, I want to know what you are up to. You talk as though I were Mary Ellen Lease and Phœbe Cousins and all the rest of them rolled into one. I don't know whatever I've done to make you go on so, and say such horrid, ungentlemanly things as you said this morning. And if Rob is so narrow-minded that he thinks it a woman's place to sit stuck up in a house all day, and darn stockings and read 'Cranford,' and all such things as that, I had better know it now and thank my stars that I found out in time."

It hurt me to hear her speak so, and I fell to other tactics. "Dora," I asked gently, "did it occur to you while you are going on in that absurd style that your description fitted mother's life? Yet she is not such a bad model, it strikes me—not such a very bad model—although she has not thought it essential to wear skirts up to her knees after she was a woman grown, nor do any of the 'all such things' which you seem to consider necessary to prevent your being an object of pity."

My sister was troubled. "Brother Henry," she began, (she had always called me Brother Henry before she went to college) "you don't understand exactly, I think. When mama was a girl there were no colleges except for men. A woman could not be a doctor then, nor a lawyer, nor a worker of any kind in the professional field. A gentlewoman was helpless unless there were a man to support her. It is very different now. Women are their own bread-winners and we have to be more—"

"Mannish?" I suggested. "Possibly so, but I don't think, Dora dear, that you have been called on to do man's work as yet, and I cannot, for the life of me, see why you should lose your womanliness because the times are put out of joint by these idiotic, 'strong-minded' women."

Dora thought I was an "old fogy," and many more unpleasant things and told me so. She would continue to make speeches at the "Woman's Reform Club" (for which gathering of the elect she performed the duties of secretary) if she liked, and I might approve or not, as I chose. Rob, she knew, was much too sensible to hold such absurd opinions, and if he did she didn't care. And furthermore, if I ever made ill-bred remarks again about the length of her bicycle skirt she would ride up Main street in bloomers, so there! Whereupon my sister marched off. The matter was a dilemma no longer. The "forcibly if I must" was the sole remaining horn.

The next morning I went to Rob's office to sound him on the question. Rob was running for the legislature, and was entertaining the "Committee of Ten" when I called, but would see me in a few minutes, the office boy said. In the interim I mapped out my interview fully. I knew that I had an unenviable task, for it is precarious work, this interfering between fiancees, but I relied much upon Rob's common sense, and my privileged position as elder brother elect. When the committee left, I went into his private office, told him the object of my visit and frankly asked his aid. It was sometime before he spoke.

"I have given that subject more serious thought than you have, I fancy," he said, finally, "but I just can't help myself. Dora is going to do pretty much as she likes, you know, and she will get rid of all that sort of stuff before long, I trust."

His tone showed plainly that it was trust and nothing more with him. I felt encouraged to submit my plan. "My idea," I said, "is to give her an overdose of her own medicine, and unless I am much mistaken, she will be heartily sick of the taste of it. Understand?"

"Oh yes, I understand," he answered doubtfully, "but if it is a risky experiment, and with too much of an overdose I might lose my patient."

"Of course if you are going to bungle the thing you had far better leave it alone," I replied. "You will have to use judgment, but you can do it if you will, and without risk either."

He was piqued at this call upon his shrewdness and answered quietly, but with a determination which I liked to see, "All right, old man, I'll do my best. I may call on you for a lift, so keep your wits on tap."

He promised to stop by on his way to a rally that evening, and I left. I said nothing of his coming, but arranged to be on the front porch when he appeared.

"Hello, Dollie!" he called from the gate, and as she ran to meet him, added, "I heard a compliment paid you down town today, and came by to see if I couldn't trade it off. Anything tempting in stock?"

"Oh, everybody pays you compliments; another one would turn your head," insisted Dora. "Who has been telling you nice things about me? I wonder you allowed it."

"This was several men, not just one," he assured her, "and there's safety in numbers. It was this afternoon, as you rode up to the soda fountain. A crowd of men were standing there, and as you dismounted one of them whistled and said, 'hasn't that girl got—'

"Rob," I interrupted, genuinely alarmed—

"The most intellectual face you ever saw," he concluded innocently.

My sister gave me an annihilating glance, and I strolled into the house. This was not my affair and it was quite evident that no assistant was needed. Rob "would do" undoubt-

Christmas Holidays

—IN—

MEXICO

Southern Pacific Special Train EXCURSION

Personally Conducted Composite Car, Dining Car, Vestibuled Sleepers.

RATE	LEAVES
$80, San Francisco,	Dec. 18
$70, Los Angeles,	Dec. 19

Good 60 days. Optional side trips Special rates from all California points

Inquire of agents for literature.

E. O. McCormick,
Pass. Traf. Mgr.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Dec. 2. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Dec. 2. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Nov. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Dec. 3.
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)
Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.
Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 a. m.
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and Newport.
Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo' Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas' Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

C. A. GARTER C. W CROSS
Law Offices of
Cross & Garter
Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.
Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... **PAPER**
COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.
Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

edly. As I was leaving for my office next morning Dora met me at the door.

"I am just going down town for some stationery," she explained, and then, in answer to my questioning look at her costume, "no, I'll walk today, I believe. I want to talk to you—about Rob, you know."

"Why, that wasn't anything to quarrel about," I protested. "If you simply want to tell me that you had a fuss over what he said, you can save yonrself the trouble. It's absurd to try to make anything out of that."

She shook her head. "No, it isn't that alone, though that was very unlike Rob, and I can't understand his speaking so to me. I don't know just how to describe it, and I don't like his manner."

"For instance?" I asked.

"Well, for instance, he said his party was going to have a big blowout, and wanted some girls, some pretty girls, I believe he said, to serve refreshments, and asked me if I should object to acting as one of the waitresses. I was about to tell him how pleased I should be, when he deliberately paused, the horrid thing, and added, 'in your bicycle suit,' and giggled. Yes, he positively did! He giggled when he said it. Now what do you think of that? And for Rob, of all men!" demanded my sister in an indignant voice, but of which, however, she could not keep a telltale quaver, which I thought an excellent omen.

"What I think of it doesn't much matter," I ventured cautiously. "What do you think of it? That's the main point."

"Well, you may be sure I have thought a great deal of it," she replied, and the quaver entirely hid the indignation in her tone. "I thought of it the greater part of last night, and Brother Henry—" the voice could hardly sustain itself now—"do you think it makes so very much difference—my 'strong-mindedness' as you call it? You don't think Rob could—" the voice was gone, and as she couldn't continue without one, I came to her relief.

"No, I don't think he could," I said encouragingly. "That is," for her brightening face warned me to be careful, "I don't think he could—yet. But this I know, from the beginning it has been, and to the end it must continue to be true, that a woman who would hold a man's affection must be, above all things else, as a woman, womanly. Joan of Arc led men to victory, and thousands worshiped and admired her, but no one was made a widower when she died at the stake. No, my dear sister, Ruth, with her simple 'whither thou goest I will go,' set the best example that I know of, and the woman who patterns after her will always be the happy woman." I glanced at Dora, but she was looking away, her eyes filled with tears.

I did not remark the sudden and decided lengthening of the bicycle skirt nor the renewed frequency of Rob's calls, which had been less regular of late, owing, as Dora carefully explained, to his urgent campaign duties. My medicine was already producing better results than I had ever hoped, and I was content to wait. It was a few days after this that Dora, with studied nonchalance, asked me to mail a letter for her. It was a bulky package, addressed to the "Woman's Reform Club."

"Draft of a bill which our legislator is to support, contending for more 'rights?'" I asked.

"No, just my resignation. Those are their records," said Dora, demurely. I kissed my little sister approvingly and went on my way rejoicing.

Some weeks later, when Rob's campaign had been brought to a successful finish, and the women of our household were trosseau-mad, I found on my desk one morning one of those pretty, useless things which women, through courtesy, call blotters, and on it in the most impossible gilt letters, "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You wil find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

"GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

It is said that certain people cannot sing this song but anybody can go away back East and sit down in the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road. These trains carry Nickel Plate Dining Cars in which are served American Club meals at from $.35 to $1.00 each.

Call or write for free book showing views of Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Jay W. Adams, P. C. P. A 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeas corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell
Office and Residence
1021½ Market St. bet. 6th & 7th S.F.

The Quick Route to the East
THE **"Overland Limited"**
Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Th n Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Fran cisco every Wednesday and Friday.
Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.
D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal.

THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED
Leaves San Francisco 9.00 a. m. Daily

New equipment has been provided. Courteous treatment, superb dining service, perfect in every detail makes it the finest transcontinental train.

No limit to the good things for your comfort.

The Santa Fe Office 641 Market Street, and at the Ferry.

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

Borrowed Plums

Fifteen handcuffed convicts on their way from St. Joseph to the Missouri penitentiary gave this "yell" each time the train stopped: "Two-years, five-years, we-will-stay; didn't like-St. Joe-anyway."

* * *

At a Kansas City Sunday School yesterday the children sang the gospel hymn, "Jesus is Calling To-day." After the service one little girl went home and told her mother she'd better dust up the parlor, "Cause Jesus is out calling to-day, mama."

* * *

As I sit at fall of evening,
Musing 'fore the open fire,
'Joying thoughts as light and flitting
As the blazes of the pyre.
Lo! appears to me a figure
Standing in the flickering light,
And I say in trembling accents,
"Art thou come again tonight?
Speak! who are thou? what thine errand?"
Answer comes without delay;
"I'm Jim Brown, the tailor's son, sir;
Here's that bill. Pa wants his pay!"

* * *

"On our wedding journey twenty-five years ago we had here a very choice roast of venison. For old times' sake I should like such another."

"Yes, sir; I'll see if there's any of it left, yet"

* * *

Long bath the busy biker hit
The cinder path for keeps,
Toiled bravely up the rising grades
And coasted down the steeps.
Long he in triumph hath displayed,
His muchly checkered hose,
And swells his breast with lordly pride
As by the girls he goes.
But now with sad dejected mein
He puts his wheel away,
And gloomily doth bide his time
Until some drier day.

* * *

"The best known and most successful hotel keeper in New York began his career by opening oysters."

"That's funny. I began my career by samping bottled milk."

* * *

Nothing for breakfast but food,
Nothing to row but a boat,
Nothing to do when the fish won't bite—
Nothing to do but float,
Nothing to wet but feet,
Nothing for lunch but food,
Nothing to lie on but autumn leaves,
Nothing to burn but wood.
Nowhere to go but camp,
Nothing in sight but more,
Nothing to do when the lights are out—
Nothing to do but snore.

* * *

"War," says Winston Churchill, "is an unmitigated nuisance." It has been described more briefly and eloquently than that by General Sherman.

* * *

Tell me not that love is blind,
Better to say that love is kind.
'Tis not because love cannot see
Defects that strangers find so free;
For brighter are the eyes of love
Than all the stars that shine above,
And if, then, love the fault denies
And smiles and will not criticise,
But praises that which others blame,
And counts the bad and good the same,
Then know that love defends its own,
And may, but will not cast the stone.

Palace Hotel
San Francisco, California

On one side of this immense hotel—the largest in the world—is the wholesale and manufacturing district; on the other; theatres, retail stores, clubs, railroad offices, banks and newspaper buildings. Street cars to all parts of the city—depots, ferries, Cliff House, and parks pass the entrance.
A beautifully illustrated book sent free to any address.
American Plan *European Plan*

Lessee of S. F. and North Pacific Ry.

California Northwestern R'y

The Picturesque Route of California.

Is More Than Attractive for Short Sunday Trips

On SUNDAYS

HALF RATES, or One Fare for the Round Trip

From SAN FRANCISCO To

St. Vincent, Ignacio, Novato, Petaluma, Cotati, Santa Rosa, Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Asti, Cloverdale, Preston, Hopland Guerneville, Sbellville, Vineyard, Sonoma, Agua Caliente, Glen Ellen, Sebastopol and Ukiah.

No one traveling on this road on Sundays will come in contact with Sunday picnics, either on boats or trains.

TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY

Ticket Offices—650 Market Street, (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry.
General Office—Mutual Life Building, corner California and Sansome streets, S. F., Cal.

H. C. WHITING, Gen'l Man. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

AUTOMOBILES

WE BUILD TO ORDER

GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.

All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
FACTORY—346 McAllister St ; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 26. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

Chief of Police George W. Whittman

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—November 23, 1901.

Suburban Development

San Francisco is at the threshold of a movement which has already made great progress in Southern California, notably in Los Angeles; that of the development of the suburbs, the growth of residence sectious in territory contiguous to the city proper. In Los Angeles the building up of adjacent localities has been marked. Santa Monica, Pasadena, and the many other places of the same character are but residence districts of the greater Los Angeles. Rapid transit, cheap and efficient carriage, has effected this change in the southern metropolis. In many directions out of that city today, whole fields are being graded into town lots, street work and sewerage all being completely finished. New York has witnessed the same thing. A set of wealthy men select a locality on the Jersey side, erect their magnificient country homes, with spacious grounds, and are conveyed in a faultless club car, to and from their business, in what seems an incredibly short time. The man of small means enjoys the same things in proportion, using less pretentious service. Rapid transit is the key to the problem of living in a quiet country neighborhood out in the fresh air, and at the same time attending to work in a commercial center with economy and convenience.

The recent deal which places the ownership of this city's street railways in the hands of progressive eastern capitalists promises to open up a similar developement here. The Baltimore syndicate propose an immediate extension of their lines to San Mateo, and from that point to San Jose. All night service is another reform which it is rumored will be initiated. This means the development of the residence possibilities of the peninsula. The man of moderate income will then be able to afford a home in some of the many beautiful localities of San Mateo or even Santa Clara county. It is true, that Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, and the Marin side will still have the many advantages they have always possessed over the interior; chiefly their situation on the bay, where the invigorating ocean breeze is constant, together with the pleasant marine prospective. And there is no doubt that their claims for a home site will always be in the fore. But with a steady growth in population, which we have, and can count upon with absolute conviction in our onward progress, the time is undoutedly ripe for such a move as the far-sighted men at the head of the purchasing syndicate are about to make. There seems to be no question that a rapid and prosperous suburban growth is sure to take place about our metropolis, which will make for our prosperity in many ways.

Of Interest to Shipping

The successful outcome of the experiments with wireless telegraphy now being conducted by the government with a view to the establishment of stations of communication about the Golden Gate and the heads, and particularly on the Farallones, is of the very first importance to the shipping interests of San Francisco. The necessity of direct communication with the Farallones has long been felt. The dangerous fogs prevail in the region between these islands and the Gate. A ship often has to lie to on the outer edge of the obliterating mist and wait for it to dispel, while in the meantime the Merchants Exchange, the underwriters, owners and consignees are in total ignorance of the vessel's proximity. On the other hand, to the westward of the Farallones, the ocean is almost uniformly clear, the fogs sweeping in about the harbor's mouth, and leaving the former locality free from their dangerous presence. Vessels can thus be sighted from these islands when such conditions prevail, many hours before they are reported in the city. With a wireless telegraphic station situated upon the Farallones, by which messages could be transmitted in a few seconds to another station on the heads, and from thence by phone or wire to the city, it is easy to forsee what an immeasarable improvement would be effected upon the present conditions. There are other things to be considered as well as this most important practical side to the seafarer. Immediate reports upon changes in the winds, temperature, moisture and so forth, would result in the greatest benefit to the interior, and would supplement extensively the present abilities of the weather bureau.

At the present writing, indications all point to a successful termination of the government trials with the wireless method of transmitting the messages. Should, however, the invention not prove practical in its workings, a bill will be introduced at the next session of congress, providing for a cable between the Farallones and the city. The invaluable assistance which such a connecting link would afford to navigators, and to all the other interests concerned, is recognized at Washington, and our own representatives are also alive to the great benefits to be derived. The time promises to be short, when San Francisco can congratulate itself upon possessing not only one of the grandest natural harbors in the world, but also the most complete artificial protection to vessels that science can suggest, and money erect.

Our Commercial Expansion.

The manner in which American products are invading England, is attracting the attention of the reading people the world over, and while, as a matter of course, the people of this country rejoice at the thought that they have been able to storm and capture the very stronghold of the world's commerce, the situation is viewed with no little concern, not to say alarm, by the people of the British Isles themselves. Instead of sending the raw material to England to be manufactured, we are now sending the manufactured articles to the world's metropolis, thereby entering into direct competition with the merchants of England, and at the same time cutting off a source of revenue from the manufacturers as well. In speaking of this condition of affairs, an English writer recently said:

"In the domestic life we have got to this: The average man rises in the morning from his New England sheets, he shaves with Williams' soap and a Yankee safety razor, pulls on his Boston boots over his socks from North Carolina, fastens his Connecticut braces, slips his Waltham or Waterbury watch in his pocket and sits down to breakfast. There he congratulates his wife on the way her Illinois straight-front corset sets off her Massachusetts blouse, and he tackles his breakfast, where he eats bread made from prairie flour (possibly doctored at the special establishments on the lakes), tinned oysters from Baltimore, and a little Kansas City bacon, while his wife plays with a slice of Chicago ox tongue. The children are given Quaker oats. At the same time he reads his morning paper printed by American machines, on American paper with American ink, and, possibly, edited by a smart journalist from New York City.

"He rushes out, catches the electric tram (New York) to Shepherd's Bush, where he gets in a Yankee elevator to take him on to the American-fitted electric railway to the city.

"At his office, of course, everything is American. He sits on a Nebraskan swivel chair, before a Michigan roll-top desk, writes his letters on a Syracuse typewriter, signing them with a New York fountain pen, and drying them with a blotting sheet from New England. The letter copies are put away in files manufactured in Grand Rapids.

"At lunch time he hastily swallows some cold roast beef that comes from the mid-West cow, and flavors it with Pittsburg pickles, followed by a few Delaware tinned peaches, and then soothes his mind with a couple of Virginia cigarettes.

"To follow his course all day would be wearisome. But when evening comes he seeks relaxation at the latest American musical comedy, drinks a cocktail or some Californian wine, and finishes up with a couple of 'little liver pills,' 'made in America.'"

Concerning Timber Legislation.

The timber land in this state is rapidly passing into the hands of the few. The government, in enacting the timber land law, had directly the opposite design in mind, but when the law was reduced to a working hypothesis, large holdings and extensive exploitations were found to be the only means by which this industry could be advanced. To convey the lumber from the precipitous slopes of the almost inaccessable mountains, to the railroad lines, and to tide water, involves such an outlay of capital that the small land holder is by the very nature of things completely handicapped in the beginning. From the conditions caused by nature, there is no appeal, and whatever the legislation may be, it must adjust itself to the state of affairs caused by the mountainous topography of certain portions of our golden state.

BY THE WAY

Even into a coroner's duties there are times when gleams of humor penetrate the gloom, although they be as sepulchral and as gruesome as the wit indulged in by the two grave diggers in Hamlet. Coroner Leland tells the following story which occured at the morgue a few weeks ago. The body of a woman had been found in a lodging house, where she had committed suicide by inhaling gas. The only thing that pointed to the identity of the woman was that her name was Jones. This was made public by the newspapers. The next day, two stylishly dressed women came to the morgue and asked that they be allowed to see the body, one of the ladies further stating that her sister-in-law was named Jones, and that for certain reasons she did not care to make known, feared the suicide was her relative. They looked at the body, but they could not identify it. As the ladies were going away, the one who proffered the last bit of information said:

"Oh! I am so disappointed. I was so sure it was Mary!"

* * *

During the third act of Romeo and Juliet at the Grand Opera House on last Monday night, a little knot of breathless men were gazing with strained intensity toward the inner shrine of the ladies tiring room. The sight that met their gaze was that of one of San Francisco's swellest and fairest daughters in the act of adjusting the golden buckle of a blue silk garter. She was in just an angle of the narrow opening to allow of a pleasing birds-eye prospect to the anxious watchers. They braced themselves to meet the ordeal of further developments, when there was a soft rush of horrified femininity and the black-gowned attendant pushed the bewildered fair one from the disappointed view. The men sighed regretfully, hied themselves to the convenient bar-room and absorbed a long and thoughtful drink.

* * *

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but a swift bit of repartee sometimes stops the mouth of an unreasoning critic most effectually. Not long ago a prominent Jewish divine of this city, who requests that his name be not used, had an argument with his grocer, in which the latter attempted by bullying methods, to force the reverend gentleman into paying more on his bill than justice demanded. The gentleman of the cloth was mildly obstinate, and the grocer raved and fumed. The grocer at last became insulting and after a tirade of abuse said to the Rabbi, who was listening composedly, "Well sir what are you looking at me like that for? Do you intend to eat me?"

"No indeed" was the reply, "my religion forbids that."

* * *

Gillett Burgess, in a recent article, attacks the pseudo-literary critics who read nothing deeper than current fiction. Bad as they may be, they do not compare with the pseudo-musical critic, who is just now painfully in evidence. A well-known society lady, who lives on Pacific avenue, revealed her classification the other evening at the Grand Opera House, when she spoke of "the Hammer Song" from "Trovitata." The worst of it was, she was entirely ignorant of her error. That she knew no better was revealed by the fact that she repeated the statement more than once, and always in the same form.

Another case is that of a young swell, who belongs to the most exclusively exclusive set in town. He was heard to say between the acts of "Manon" last week that "Sybil Sanderson's voice goes so well with the music."

In the same category, is one of last season's debutantes, who remarked, on the first evening of the season that she thought "singing was one of the very best parts of an opera."

Kohler and Chase tell a story of a lady of this rank who came to them a few weeks ago, and asked that they tune her piano so she could play Wagner on it.

* * *

What is Fame! At Robinson's book store they tell the following little incident, showing that even the greatest are not sure that their work is appreciated as it should be. An old miner, who came to San Francisco recently, dropped into the Post street book store, and made several purchases, remarkable more for their indiscriminateties than their uniform literary taste. Popular novels, essays and poetry, were all fish for his net. A few weeks ago, Mr. Robinson received a letter from the wilds of Modoc county, in which the old man said he "liked that religeous poem by Mr. Milton all right, and Mr. Shakespeare's plays were not so bad." In case they should write anything more, the old man asked that their works be sent to him immediately, as Elbert Hubbard of the Roycrofters would say, "on suspicion."

* * *

"English as she is spoke" has its horrors, but when reduced to the written word, it presents terrors of its own peculiar and specific kind. Chinatown is full of these wild, weird and wonderful philological productions. On Clay street, near Dupont, is a sign, which for incorrectness, it is doubtful has an equal in the city. He who runs may read the following:

OLD CAIN SEDDE
CHAIRS RE-BODEMT.

* * *

San Francisco has two poets within her confines who, ten years from now she will be proud to say she has harbored. These "two poet laureates of doggeral" as they have been called, are Wallace Irwin, and Lowell Reese.

Irwin is from Colorado. Even as a boy, "he thought in numbers for the numbers came." Wishing to go to college, he came West, landed in California without a sou, and entered Stanford Univeasity, where he was one of the most conspicuous figures in college. He wrote plays, ran college papers, edited annuals, kept up in his classes, and made a living for himself, the latter just to put in his liesure time, by teaching. An opportunity presented itself, he became enrolled on the staff of the "Examiner," where his abilities soon asserted themselves, and he was assigned to the protecting care of Ashton Stevens, who soon made Irwin's good qualities more conspicuous than they had been before his kindly tutoring. Irwin is at present editor of the "News Letter," and has much to do in shaping the editorial policy of the "Overland," which in his hands, has improved greatly during the past year. He is writing a booklet for the Christmas trade, entitled, "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," wherein, in sonnet form, are depicted the sad amour of a south-of-the-slot butcher's apprentice. The slang os the street is the vocabulary that is used to express the passions that fill the young man's breast. Grace Luce Irwin, the talented wife of the poet, is a dramatist of some ability, and is writing a play which Lilian Burkhart is considering favorably.

* * *

The other rhymer, Reeses, is rapidliy attracting attention in the East. His clever verses, which are appearing in the "Bulletin" are copied far and wide. He has a remarkably flexable muse, and the many different metres he has at his pen's end are quite astonishing. Reese is not only a poet, but a philosopher as well, and his observations an life and things in general, bid fair to make him the equal of Josh Billings or Bill Nye. Reese is a Hoosier by birth. He came West some ten years ago, and engaged in business in Los Angeles. About a year or two ago, he invested in a mine, and not getting returns from it as soon as he hoped, took some of his verses to "Bob" Burdette, who lives in Pasadena, with the request that the humorist pass judgment upon them. Burdette was so pleased with his work, that he secured him a place on the Los Angeles papers. The mine turned out all right, but Reese has become so addicted to the habit of writing jingles that he cannot stop, try as he may.

* * *

A poet who has been among us only for the time being, is James Barton Adams, the man who writes such excellent dialect verse for the "Denver Post." Adams is a West Pointer and a civil engineer. He first came West some years ago, as an officer in an Indian campaign. He liked the city of Denver so well, that when his time expired, there he stayed. He turned his attention to newspaper work, and then to the manufacture of a brand new kind of rhyme, which he delivers the "Post" in quantities to suit. Adams is a most interesting man, and is as full of good stories as an egg is of meat. He likes Frisco, but says it is not Denver.

* * *

General W. H. L. Barnes contributes the following mite to the many other good jokes that the opera has given us. On Saturday last, while being shaved, he happened to ask his barber if he had attended the Grau performances at the Grand. The answer was in the affirmative.

"How did you enjoy it?"

"Not at all sir. From my place in the gallery I could see your head below me and it mortified me to notice that I had not parted your hair straight."

Sausalito is preparing for a big political fight next spring. Party lines are obliterated, and the two opposing factions are divided into the poolroom camp and anti-poolroom camp. New trustees are to be elected, and as Sylva goes out of office the party which comes out victorious in this election will have things all its own way. Each side is keeping tab on every male voter in the place. Just now, the anti-poolroom division has a majority of eight votes. And great is their joy there at.

* * *

But the pool-sellers are not disheartened. Before election day comes around, they intend anchoring a vessel off the Marin shore, within the limits of Sausalito-by-the-sea, containing some sixty or seventy men. These men will all be qualified to vote, because of their residence in the little town, and because they will be regularly signed on the ships articles. The law on the subject is, that any man living on a vessel, provided he can qualify as a resident has a right to vote, if he can prove that he is connected with the said vessel in a lawful, legitimate manner. This "floating vote" will completely inundate anything in the way of reform that is now being considered. It might not be a bad plan for the reform party to make special inducements to the ark colony farther up the bay, to come down and spend the early spring in the aquatic suburbs of Sausalito. This is only a suggestion however.

* * *

The North Pacific Coast Railroad, whose ferry runs between this city and Sausalito, had the following notice posted in several conspicuous places on the boat last Friday morning:

NOTICE.

A boat will run at midnight tonight, in order to accommodate such of our patrons who wish to participate in the last few rounds of the opera.

The thoughtfulness of the railroad was greatly appreciated. Almost the entire male population on the Marin county side took advantage of the corporation's kindness, although not one in twenty wore a dress suit.

* * *

There is not a road leading out of San Francisco that is more popular with its patrons than the North Pacific. It is always making improvements both in appointments and in service. In the near future it will begin to run its boats at closer intervals and later at night. Much of the prosperity that attends the development of the towns on that side of the bay is due to the efficient service of this company.

* * *

Many good stories are told of the Rev. Dr. Stebbins, now a resident of Cambridge Massachusetts. Like all clergymen, he was always being made the object of worldlings of the holier-than-thou type. On one occasion, some twenty-five years ago, shortly after he had accepted the pastorate of the First Unitarian church of this city, which extended over so many years, he was asked to lecture in a suburban town many hours ide from this city. The journey was by rail,and was somewhat lonesome, but this did not bother the reverend gentleman, who was busy with his thoughts, and those who have heard his sermons know what excellent thoughts they must have been. The only other occupant of the car was a small, insignificant, red-faced man, who filled the car with tobacco smoke, the train not having the accommodation of a smoker. The man who as subsequent events soon showed had a good opinion of his wit, and at length approached Dr. Stebbins and engaged him in conversation. Finally, the little man could keep back his curiosity no longer, and broke in with abrupt inquiry:

"Say, are you a parson?"

"I am, sir," said the Unitarian minister.

"Well, if I were unfortunate enough to have a stupid son, I would certainly make him a preacher."

The minister looked the man over for a moment or two, and then said very impressively, with the bass stop in his voice pulled out, and without the least show of anger.

"My friend, it is evident that you think differently from your father."

The conversation stopped, not to be resumed.

* * *

Religious matters should always be treated with the greatest reverence, but now and then something happens of that nature which causes a smile to come to one's face, despite all attempts to the contrary. Late one night last week, a Salvation Army lassie was coming down Market street, when she espied a young man, dressed in the heighth of fashion, who had a little more on board than he could comfortably manage. Thinking that he might be a brand from the burning, the young soldier approached the gilded youth, and began talking to him about his soul's salvation. He listened to her respectfully as he leaned against a cigar store counter, and let her have her say without making an answer of any kind, either one way or the other. At last she came to the end of her little talk and started to go. The young man prepared to move on also.

"Now my dear friend," said she, as the light of human interest shone in her pretty blue eyes, "let me ask you this very night to call on God."

"I will (hic) Miss," said the unsteady Beau Brumell, as he moved away. "If I (hic) go that way, (hic) but I don't think (hic) I shall."

* * *

Zelma Tiffany, the belle of Sausalito, is rapidly recovering from the accident which almost cost her her life, but it will be a long time before she is thoroughly well, and fully recovered. The accident was a most peculiar one. She was sitting before the open fire reading a paper, when one of the servants threw a handful of rubbish on the coals. Suddenly a loud report startled the occupants of the house, and the room in which the young lady was sitting, was filled with ashes and smoke. To add to the perplexity of the situation, her friends were horrified to find the young lady lying senseless on the floor, with a huge gash in her cheek. Upon examination, it was found that the rubbish which had been so innocently consigned to the flames contained a cartridge, which was exploded by the heat. The ball hit the young lady in the face, ripping open her cheek, and almost putting out her eye. Fortunately her sight was uninjured. The scar, the physicians say, will in time disappear, leaving no traces of its existence behind it. This is something for which all who know her are glad to hear, for Miss Tiffany is a young lady of more than ordinary beauty.

* * *

Frank Rudolph, the handsome young tenor, who made a bulls-eye hit in the Floradora sextette as presented by the Doctor's Daughters, is going East, with the intention of going on the vaudeville stage. He has had a most flattering offer, and "Rodie," in a years time, will no doubt be coming home, as an Orpheum top-liner, with his name clear across a three sheet poster.

Rudolph made a "rep" for himself while at Stanford by his wonderful ability as an athlete. Some of the envious ones used to call him "King of the Co-eds," because of his winning ways, his good looks, sweet voice, and records galore which he had, but this did not bother him, for despite his popularity with the "queens" it was impossible to spoil him. Since leaving college he has been in business with his father. He will undoubtedly make as big a hit behind the footlights as he has in society and at college.

* * *

Dr. O. P. Jenkins of the Stanford University faculty is one of the foremost scientists of today, especially along the line of physiological research. There are many stories told of his absent mindedness. Not long ago, just after the noon lunch, he went up to his room, to prepare himself for his afternoon recitations. The window curtains were down, and the room darkened. The absent minded man of science forgot himself and undressing, went to bed,where his wife found him an hour or so later, fast asleep. Some of his friends declare that on one occasion the good man climbed into the bathtub with his clothes on, after he had filled it, preparatory to taking his evening ablution. One commencement, when he delivered the address to the graduating class on behalf of the faculty, after he had finished and sat down, he absent mindedly joined in the applause.

* * *

Mrs. Phœbe Hearst drove down to the "Examiner" building the other day in her handsome equippage, and bidding her coachman wait, she entered one of the offices. The elegant carriage at once attracted attention from passers-by, and soon the footman and coachman, horses and harness were under close scrutiny. At this juncture a young fellow with a white tie and a cutaway, accompanied by a pretty young woman, both unmistakably from the rural districts, were standing at the corner looking vainly about for a car. The swain waxed impatient at the delay, and leading the girl by the hand approached Mrs. Hearst's vehicle.

"Oh, let's do it anyway, it will be fun," he was saying as he approached. Without so much as by your leave, he had opened the carriage door and was attempting to assist his companion to enter. "Take us to the Cliff House, driver," he said to Mrs. Hearst's irreproachable coachman, who was observing his actions with a look of staid astonishment. A roar of laughter from the crowd apprised the couple of their mistake and they departed in hot haste to avail themselves of the services of the lowly street car.

The city is agog over grand opera not the music alone, but the troupe, individually and collectively, what they wear, how they look, which is which, and so on. This story arose over what they eat. Madame Gadski, Walter Damrosch, and a third member of the company were seated in the ladies' grille at the Palace the other day, and the diners at the neighboring tables craned their necks as far as politeness would allow to see what the trio were going to order. Some truly Bohemian dish or European novelty, doubtless, was uppermost in the minds of all. The deft waiter stood, all attention, at the great leader's elbow, who looked inquiringly at Madame Gadski. "I believe I shall take some corned-beef hash and a glass of beer," said that star, thoughtfully. The other member of Grau's company said, "The same, please." It was now up to me. Damrosch, who turned to the waiter, said, "I will also have corned-beef hash and beer." The listening patrons of the grille turned away with an audible sigh to discuss their own luncheons.

* * *

People who heard Mr. Bispham sing the Evening Star song in "Tannhauser" with such abstracted repose and such complete segregation of self from material things, would find it hard to credit that he had been in a towering rage but five minutes before. In truth he was, however, and that portion of the audience which sat on the left side of the house will scarcely blame him when they learn that the cause of his anger was the fact that he was aware of the pallid row of faces peering above the judge's stand when any of the soloists sang. These faces belonged to the young men and women of the supernumeraries who pay seventy-five cents per night for the privilege of carrying a spear and hearing the operas, and when a row of them reared themselves above the said stand, they were in plain view of fully half the house and adding nothing of contemporary interest or consecutiveness to the production. Mr. Bispham whirled about the back of the scenes in a perfect frenzy of rage, declaring vehemently that he would not go on in the next act if the offending supers were not instantly cast into outer darkness. Peace was finally restored, but the audience will see no more seventy-five cent apparitions to distract their thoughts from the thematic intricacies of Mr. Wagner.

* * *

The gentle art of deceiving a husband found a pleasing exemplification the other night at the opera, where a brief comedy shared the interest of Gadski, de Reske, etc., et al. with a highly amused portion of the brilliant audience. There was a very pretty young woman in an engaging stage of undress, very smartly gowned, and with a most distracting pair of shoulders, seated with her husband in orchestra chairs. Immediately behind the husband sat a well known man-about-town, who found the highest favor in the speaking eyes of the wife, if one were to judge from the frequency with which she stole the most languishing of surreptitious side-glances at him. Indeed, so very frequent were they, that people for a radius of several rows behind were all attention. Presently the lights in the house went out to allow of a lightning scene shift on the stage, and in that instant the audience was startled by a long-drawn "Oo-ooo" coming from the location of the pretty wife. When light was restored one distracting shoulder, at the angle of the neck, bore a flaming red spot with four white indentations in the center of it, all too plainly visible for some yards around. There was a solicitous husband, a murmured something about a mouse from the wife, a man-about-town with a scarlet face and defiant eyes gazing straight ahead of him, and a delighted audience. These things do happen.

* * *

Marion Convere, the talented leading lady at the Alcazar, had a rather unpleasant experience a few nights ago, which nearly prevented her appearance on the stage at the raising of the curtain. The star had not been in good health for a few days, and as a final effort to break up her indisposition took an exceptionally large dose of quinine. By some complication this immediately acted as a poison, and it was only by the prompt calling in of medical assistance that serious complications did not arise. The clever little lady is all right again now, however. Next week she has the role of Lucille Courtney in the entertaining play of "We-uns of Tennessee."

* * *

Mr. Edmund Godchaux paced the checker-board foyer between the acts of Massenet's "Manon," thought writ large on his accordeon-pleated brow and abstraction revealed in his hesitant step. Then he approached an animated group of his acquaintances and said with meek impressiveness: "She may not have a very large voice, her singing may not have the perfect finish that characterizes that of Sembrich, her acting may not eclipse that of the divine Sarah, but oh, my boys, she's a dream—she's a dream, she's a dream!" "That's three dreams," said one of the men. "I know it," replied the enchanted Recorder, "and I raise it three more; she's six dreams and any number of visions thrown in. I sat up near the front, and never lowered my glasses once. No wonder Paris, my Paris, loves her." And the group responded feelingly, "Amen and Amen!" Such is the class of artistic criticism evoked by our own Sybil Sanderson.

* * *

Secretary Williams, of the California Jockey Club intends, for the benefit of harness racers, to try some ideas of his own relative to the training of horses of this class. Instead of putting his colts on the track when they are still soft-boned and tender-muscled, he proposes letting them run almost free for the first five or six years of their existence, with just enough work to keep them harness broken. At the age stated, he will begin to put his nags through a severe course of training. His theory is, that as trotters are now developed, there is more good equine flesh spoiled than brought to the condition desired by trackmen. This is because of the fact that colts are put on the track too young. Instead of being allowed to harden by judicious training, the young ones are literally burned out, through excessive training. Out of a thousand colts, not more than one good one is now developed. Of this select thousand, not more than two or three became habitual stake winners. The majority of horsemen incline to the opinion that the present system is the only one, and that Williams has a theory which will not work. At the race track, the say that a horse that faces the signal flag the first time after five or six years of age, finds few friends in the betting ring. Whether wrong or not, Williams should be commended for his sincere interest in horseflesh and the practical way he is going about it to test them. He has already purchased several colts, and will secure a dozen or two more. These will be taken to his ranch in the northern part of the State.

* * *

Few of the vast throng that pours nightly through the narrow gates that lead to operatic Elysia realize that the white-haired young man who leans smilingly over the brass rail, scanning with seemingly casual eye the faces of the bustling crowd, is a man who bears throughout the country the reputation of having one of the most remarkable memories known to the theatrical world. The man is Mr. Hirsch, the treasurer of the Grau company, and it is said that any face he has once seen, any name he has once heard, is indelibly imprinted on the retina of his mind's eye, and it needs but a glance or the name spoken again, to instantly recall to him every detail and circumstance connected with the last meeting, no matter how long the intervening interval. Mr. Hirsch is regarded by Mr. Grau as the ablest treasurer in the country.

* * *

Judge Abram S. Humphreys has returned to Honolulu, and as a result, the political pot in the islands is beginining to "bubble, bubble, boil and bubble," with considerable activity. The Bar Association which last June declaired that Humphreys was acting like a third rate Czar, has again repudiated the Judge, and will once more try to have the matter opened in Washington, with the purpose of having Humphreys removed. So far, the man who has incurred the enmity of the lawyers of the far away territory, has won his battles almost single handed. Whether he will be able to retain his political supremacy remains to be seen. So far he has won every battle he has fought, much to the chargin of his political opponents. The pale, intellectual face of Judge Humphreys, is something that is not looked upon as a thing of beauty, neither is it a joy forever to the missionary element in Hawaii.

* * *

The expression, pale, intellectual face," has become a cant expression in Honolulu, and the reason for this entails a story of some length. Early last spring, the Judge had occasion to deliver a public address in the island capital. A reporter was detailed by the "Republican," a paper in which Humphreys is interested, and a front page story was made of the event. In describing the man who directs the policy of the paper, the reporter in a rather hysterical three column article, described his Honor. Among the other rhetorical phrases used was the above quoted phrase, "pale, intellectual face." The words stuck somehow in the memories of the opposition, and now, instead of being used in a complimentary sense, are used derisively.

A prominent attorney with offices in one of the large buildings, was seated at his desk the other day, deep in a legal problem. His managing clerk knocked at the door and entered. "What is it," was the curt question of the lawyer, annoyed at the interruption. "Mr. So-and-So is here," was the reply, "and wants to know what we are going to do in that case." "I can't see him," was the abrupt answer of the nettled barrister. "What shall I tell him," rejoined the clerk. "Oh, tell him anything," the lawyer returned, "give him an evasive answer,"—a grim smile spread over the legal countenance,—he continued, "such as—go to ——"

* * *

The green links of the golf club, out at the Presidio present an aminated appearance on a bright clear Sunday, such as we enjoyed a week ago. The red-vested weilders of the many-headed sticks, are much in evidence out that way as they chase the compressed rubber globes over bunker and dale. The McNear boys are enthusiastic and good players but I did not notice that they wore red vests. Everett Bee and Fred Beaver were making the rounds also, followed by critical caddies. Golf is a very exasperating diversion at times. At least it appeared so, when one of the prominent members of the club, tried to demolish a bunker, single-handed and without a shovel, using his golf stick alone. But it is certainly picturesque, and the club, from what I hear, was never in a more prosperous condition than it is now.

* * *

Music has charms to soothe the savage breast only on occasions. When the savage breast is the property of an orchestra leader, there is very little soothing done. A little story told of Walter Damrosch illustrates that dulcet strains are not always in the nature of a panacea for the woes that flesh is heir to.

It was during a Wagnerian rehearsal the other day, that one of the lady principals incurred the criticism of Mr. Grau's musical director. His remarks were more severe than ordinary. The lady was as much as told that she was not doing her best, and that if she was slighting her work. She in return, made a spirited reply, and concluded by saying that the passage was most difficult.

"Difficult, most difficult is it?" said he, "Ach Gott, madam, when you sing it, as you have done this afternoon, I wish to Heaven that it were impossible."

* * *

A young matron, prominent in the city's upper social set,and who, it may be said, is always correct to a degree, was invited to meet Sybil Sanderson the other night. They chatted in the apartments of the great singer, of grand opera, the star's experiences, and so forth, for some time. All at once, the charming hostess, with a look of chargin at her thoughlessness, producrd a jeweled cigarette case, and tendering it to her guest, said; "Won't you have a smoke, how careless of me not to offer you one before." "I don't smoke, thank you," returned the somewhat startled visitor, whereupon her entertainer lighted one of the weeds for herself. "And she does smoke them bewitchingly," remarked the young lady afterwards, to a friend.

By the way, many of our society girls notice, are taking up the habit, which is now quite the thing in the East, and expected of every one on the continent. I was told that in Vienna and the other European capitals, a young lady in the smart set, was voted unusual who did not indulge in the cagarette. An inspection of the index finger of the right hands of our own girls will however, disclose quite often the tell tale yellow stain.

* * *

Some few years ago, it may have been three or perhaps four, John Garber, the widely known attorney, who stands among the leaders of the San Francisco bar today, was trying a case in the United States Circuit Court. Two youthful practitioners, seated in the courtroom, were listening to his argument.

"That's one of Garber's last cases, I imagine," said one, "He is getting well along in years, and will be retiring from active work soon." The other embryo solicitor nodded assent to the comment. How far they were wrong is shown by the fact that Judge Garber, since that day, has made something like fifty thousand dollars in fees, and is now as able and as energetic as ever, with a practice that evidences not the slightest sign of abating in its size or importance.

* * *

R. S. Masson, the energetic and capable superintendent of the Independent Electric Light and Power company, is letting no trick escape him, in the rivalry which exists between his own and other electrical concerns in the city, as the following incident will testify. The various plants maintain the strictest supervision over their subways carrying their wires. But it is often found convenient for one company to cut through another's ducts instead of digging out a more circuitous route, and the different managers are on the alert for any infringements.

Now for the story. Mr. Masson was serenely proceeding along a downtown street the other day, at peace with the world and his business rivals, when he noticed a gang of men cutting into one of his company's ducts about a block away. With a keenness worthy of Sherlock Holmes, he dodged into a drugstore, and telephoned for the police. Accompanied by a strong squad, the detective-superintendent bore down upon the unsuspecting laborers, congratulating himself that he had at last caught a bold competitor in the toils. "Arrest these men, Sargeant," shouted Masson. It was done. But just then a head appeared from a neighboring manhole. "What's the matter, officer, can't we work on our own lines," its owner required. It was one of Masson's foremen; the amateur sleuth had caught his own men, making some repairs, which he himself had ordered and forgotten about. With profuse apologies, Superintendent Masson dismissed the police, and ordered drinks all round for his employees.

* * *

THE WAVE has an office boy who at times indulges in remarks which show a brilliancy of intellect that is almost human. The other day, when asked what part of the day's work he liked the best, he answered:

"Shuttin' up, sir."

San Jose is stirred to its very center. It is undergoing the same spasms of aesthetic pain that troubled San Francisco some years ago when the people awoke to fact thal the statues of that well known citizen Dr. Cogswell were as far from being a joy forever, as they were things of beauty. Not satisfied with having embalmed his memory here in cast iron statues which served the utilitarian purpose of water fountains, the dentist-philanthropist bethought himself of other worlds to conquor, and proceeded on his way as far as San Jose. Here, just across from where the city hall now stands, is the figure of the doctor, of heroic size, clad in a long Prince Albert, with his arm out-stretched—city hallward by the way—as though he were about to make the oratorical effort of his life. On the pedestal is the following legend:

WELCOME
IN PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE
Of That Great,
Good, and
Noble Man
DR. COGSWELL
of San Francisco.

The people of San Jose think it is bad enough to have the statue. To have greeting extended by a stranger is unbearable enough, but when tourists gaze reverently upon this work of the blacksmith's art, and say in soft, subdned and inquisitive tones, "Is he the founder of San Jose?" the worm turns completely over.

* * *

The people of the Garden City will have to follow the example set by several public spirited citizens of San Francisco who some years ago, after having tired of these Cogswellian types of manly beauty, determined to rid themselves of one of these rare works of art, which stood in their neighborhood. Accordingly, notices to the following effect were sent to one hundred public spirited citizens.

DEAR SIR:—Be at the south-west corner of ——— street at 9 o'clock tonight. You are wanted to pull on a rope. COMMITTEE.

Those who had been requested to appear, appeared, and pulled on a rope until the order was given to cease. Then they adjourned to a liquld dispensary not far away, and ordered the man in the white jacket and long apron to dispense. As the crowd was about to drink to the health of the mysterious enterprise, some one came in with the information that good, kind Dr. Cogswell's statue had been unpedestaled. Upon investigation, it was found to be the truth. A long rope was found in the pile of debris, but no one knew how it came there, nor has any one ever volunteered an explanation.

* * *

A worthy solicitor for public favor is "The Secret Orchard," by Agnes and Egerton Castle. The story deals with one of the members of the house of Stuart, who, though married, makes love to, and betrays an innocent young girl, just out of the convent. The subsequent ruin of the man and all that he holds dear, makes a most powerful tale. There are a few flashes of lime light, which do not seriously mar the book.

The Political Situation.

SENATOR TOM FLINT is continuing his triumphal tour throughout the southern country. Like the Roman leaders in the days of old, he stands in his war chariot beside his pennant, his toga folded about him, as he scans the hostile array, and directs the movements of his legions. The Senator has dropped over into Mexico for a few days to look up some mining properties in which he is interested, but he will be back here in a day or two, ready to renew his exertions with unabated zeal. And it certainly must be conceded that Flint is making a determined effort to put lots of life and energy into his campaign. In this he has been far-sighted in selecting Ex-Senator Bulla to undertake the guidance of his fight. Bulla has a great deal of skill and resource and is leaving no stone unturned in the interests of the man from San Benito. In Los Angeles, Bulla's home, his managership will undoubtedly be a great aid to Flint's chances, as Bulla is familiar with every phase of the political pulse of the southern metropolis. From county to county, the twain are proceeding, strengthening here, tearing down there, arraying in solid ranks the disaffected opponents of the administration into a united band.

* * *

And by the way, the gubernatorial aspirant got a big reception from the Union League Club in the southern city. The affair was well attended and Flint received an ovation. This naturally inspires his adherents with enthusiasm, for that organization is a strong one, and the event is certainly entitled to significance.

* * *

Flint's continued and thorough work in the southern counties shows how much importance he attributes to securing for himself a part of the delegation from that proverbially "solid" section. He is attempting to strike Gage a body-blow by impairing the latter's strength in his home district. And barring any unexpected shiftings in the situation, it certainly seems probable that Flint will come out of the southern counties much stronger than before.

* * *

The senator is not having the field all to himself, however. Governor Gage is on the scene, and is in evidence daily. The governor realizes that nothing goes as well as when under the eye of the chief, although his managers down that way are on the alert, and certainly don't seem to be worrying about the outcome. As to Los Angeles, itself, it is the governor's home. He has resided there throughout his career, and has the great strength which such associations bring. The attempt to work up a sentiment for the San Benito man in the incumbent's home city, has this strong bulwark to overcome.

* * *

Another thing which makes much for Gage's chances of winning out in the southern capital, is the patronage which he has placed there. A number of the choicest plums in the disposition of the state's chief executive have been bestowed upon residents of his home county. And as a matter of fact, there has been comment in some quarters over this very proposition. It has been asserted by some that the governor has unduly favored Los Angeles' claims for preferment, and has not distributed the easy chairs dispassionately over the state. However, the present situation shows that he knew what he was doing. And his appointments in that section will soon stand him in good stead. Without figuring upon his many other sources of strength, Gage can always count with certainty on his appointees, and all that they represent.

* * *

The fight is being taken up by the newspapers. The "Times" is for Flint, and the "Express" also seems to have that tendency. In fact, the struggle is on, and the lines are drawing tighter every day.

* * *

The chief interest, of course, centers about the two candidates for the head of the ticket. But there is another scarcely less absorbing contest waging down south, in the fight for the Supreme Justiceship. Judge Lucien Shaw of Los Angeles and Judge Frank Oster of San Bernadino are both making a strenuous struggle for the nomination. The former is not a politician, but he has many friends who are, and they are putting up a strong alignment for him. Judge Oster is a very popular candidate. He is well-known throughout that country, and is frequently called upon by judges outside of his county to sit in cases where they are disqualified. His friends claim that he is not to be beaten.

* * *

The judicial contest is colored by the gubernatorial. Shaw, hailing from Los Angeles, is a part of the Flint combination, while Oster, from San Bernadino, is an ally of the governor. This creates lots of politics, and a great deal of the article will be on tap from now on, till the primary and the convention. One thing is certain in the matter of Supreme Court position. One of the nominations will go south of Tehachapi. If Gage wins out, the nominee will be Oster; if Flint is the lucky one, Shaw, of course, will have the place on the ticket. This leaves the other places of the bench positions open for candidates in other sections. It can be said with equal certainty that one of the nominations for the supreme bench will go to the north. Judge Edward Sweeney of Shasta is not tying up with either end of the gubernatorial issue, but is making an independent canvass. His candidacy will certainly have to be reckoned with in the convention. Chief Justice Beatty's position remains steady. His forces are found on the side of the governor's. Garoutte, by stress of circumstances, is being forced to the Flint end of the proposition, although Flint has not tied up with him.

* * *

In the Democratic camp, there are some signs of activity in the judiciary contest, doubtless caused in part by the hope of success through Republican dissensions. Here in the city, the names of Seawell, Coffey and Lawlor are mentioned as possibilities. From the mining country comes the name of Judge Nicoll of Tuolumne. As a representative of the interior, E. C. Farnsworth of Visalia, the chairman of the last Democratic convention is spoken of. The withdrawal of Farnsworth from his fight for the same nomination in favor of Judge Conley, who was beaten at the polls, will give him the hearty support of the latter and all his friends.

* * *

Things are lively right here in town at the present writing. It was expected in many quarters that the mayor-elect would take a hand in police department matters in their present condition, but he evidently does not mean to show where he stands until he gets in office. There is considerable comment going the rounds over the absence of Schmitz from the banquet of the merchants. It was confidently expected that the coming mayor would be present, and his acceptance of the invitation to the function was hailed with a feeling of satisfaction by the men of commerce. Mr. Schmitz did not materialize, however, and his failure to do so is viewed with some disquietude by the conservative elements. They are not as yet able to place him, and his first move will be awaited with a lively interest

* * *

A new feature has been added to local politics through the success of the Union Labor party in the campaign just closed. The leaders of the organization now announce that they are here to stay. They propose to perfect a permanent organization, and their next step will be taken in the state and congressional election, a year hence. Their plans look to the nomination of both a legislative and congressional ticket. Should their ideas materialize, and it looks now as though the labor people would work hard to that end, the third party will have to be reckoned with. Out of an organization, born seemingly of temporary conditions in San Francisco, they propose to create a permanent political machine.

* * *

It does not seem likely that their influence will amount to much in the outside districts of the State, but here in San Francisco it will cut quite a figure. The success of Schmitz has given the new organization confidence in itself. Doubters, whose inclinations were that way, will next time be active workers. And besides, what patronage is at the new mayor's disposal, will be of assistance in solidifying their ranks.

* * *

The new conditions will have to be considered by the Republicans, in Congressman's Kahn's district especially, which embraces the Latin quarter and the tenderloin. Both of these sections contain classes which will be found in the ranks of the new party. Further, a man will probably be nominated by the labor people in this district against Kahn, who is fully as strong as Schmitz among the union voters, J. M. Parry. Add to this, the possibility of an indorsement by the Democrats of the Labor Party nominee, and it is easy to see that the incumbent has some work cut out for him in the ensuing months. And indeed, congressman Kahn realizes the import of the situation, for when he left for Washington a few days ago, he was a little disturbed over the shape that affairs had taken.

Illustrated Interviews No. 4.

HOW many people in San Francisco know anything definite about the Greek church in this city? The average person is aware, that somewhere out towards North Beach, in the shadow of Russian Hill, there is a peculiar building, the first two stories of which are like an ordinary dwelling, and the third resembles the upper portion of a synagogue.

It is here that Bishop Tikhon lives, with three priests of the Greek or Eastern church. His see extends from the most northern part of Alaska to the southern part of California. It is known as the See of Alaska and the Alentian Islands. It is more difficult to see the good bishop than it is a railroad president, or an indisposed prima donna, but when one has gained his permission for an interview, the trouble is well worth the pains. What a fine looking man he is! He reminds one of pictures of Tolstoi, when the great Russian novelist was still in his prime. A face as refined as a woman's, full of intelligence, its natural delicacy heightened by a shaggy head of hair that falls over his broad shoulders, and a typical Russian beard that covers his chest, extending half way to his waist.

Who to inquire for, I did not know when I rang the bell. I was thankful that a Japanese, whose knowledge of English was as limited as was mine of ecclesiastical matters, opened the door. After some conversation, confined to words of one syilable, the Oriental suddenly made a bolt to the rear and disappeared through a door. I had misgivings. Probably I had said something offensive and he was going to have me ejected. My ruminating was suddenly interrupted by the Jap reappearing, followed by a man with a face of a Semetic cast, a closely trimmed beard and a head of hair that seemed to bid defiance to all the combs and brushes in the universe. He was a brunette Paderewski.

"Do you wish to see the bishop?" he said in most excellent English.

I replied that I did.

"I will see for you, if you will kindly wait," and turning on his heel, upstairs he went, three steps at a time, while I seated myself on the ample leather lounge in the hallway. In a few minutes my athletic interrogator reappeared, and I followed him to the second story.

"The bishop does not speak English," said he, "and I will act as your interpreter."

The reverend gentleman I had come to see is evidently a student. Early as the hour was, I found him in his library, writing amid his books, printed in characters that to me were entirely unfamiliar.

"Will Bishop Tikhon give me a short history of his life?"

The interpreter said a few words in a strange, musical tongue. I have always thought that Russian was a jargon, something like the Chinese language of the lower classes. When spoken by the educated, however, the language of the Czar is far from being unpleasant in sound. Then my interpreter spoke as follows:

"Bishop Tikhon is the son of a priest, and was born in the borough of Pskof, on January 19, 1865. He first attended the ecclesiastical school of Tostopetsk. Upon graduating, he entered the ecclesiastical seminary of Pskof. From this institution he matriculated with the highest honors. From here he went to the University of St. Petersburg, from which he graduated in 1888.

Bishop Tikhon.

In 1891, he took his monastic vows. The following year he was appointed to the post of inspector at the seminary of Kholm, (government of Lubin,) and in the same year, was appointed rector of the same seminary. The bishop was made Vicar of the Kholm—Warsaw diocese in 1897. He was at this time the youngest member of the Russian episcopate. In this capacity he was so successful that on September 14, 1898, by a decree of the most Holy Synod, he was appointed to the See of Alaska and the Alentian Islands. Early in January 1899, he arrived in this city, and has since made his residence at his cathedral see."

"How does the bishop find his see?"

"Of course," said the man with the black eyes and long midnight locks, after he had addressed a few words to his superior, "in this part of the world our churches are so stattered that it requires much traveling on the part of his Eminence. We have a church in San Francisco, anther in Jackson, California, two in Washington, one in Canada, and eleven in Alaska. Often it takes weeks to go from one church to another. The wildest country must be passed through, and privations must be endured. But it is the will of God."

"How many communicants has the church in this city?"

"There are something like a thousand. They are not all of one nationality, but are very cosmopolitan. There are Greeks, Arabs, Slavonians, Russians, Bulgarians and Austrians. In the United States there are something like thirty thousand members of the eastern church. We have places of worship in Chicago, New York, Galveston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and several other large cities on the Atlantic seaboard. The majority of these are not entirely self surporting, but are kept up by assistance from the Czar."

"I notice you say the eastern church instead of the Greek church, what distinction is there between the two terms?"

Both of the men smiled at this question, and after he had a short conversation with the bishop, my interpreter continued.

"What is called the Greek church in the western world is, more properly speaking, the Eastern church, which is both the source aud background of the Western, or Roman church. Greek was the language of the New Testament scriptures and early services of the church. When the Roman church withdrew from the Eastern church, the term "Greek" was given to the Eastern church, in contradistinction to the term 'Roman' the name by which the occidental branch of Christendom was known."

"Who stands at the head of the Greek church and directs it's course?"

"The Greek church has no one among its ecclesiastics who corresponds to the Pope of Rome. The Eastern church is not a spiritual monarchy, governed by a single man, in whom plentitude of power resides. It is an oligarchy of patriarchs. There are five patriarchs who are the five most powerful bishops in the church. There is no appeal from their decision. These five patriarchs are amendable only to the Œcumenical Synod. Each patriarch is, within his diocese, what the Gallican theory makes the Pope in the Universal church.. Rome has always tried to efface national distinctions. The Greek church has always striven to preserve them.

"What other distinctions are there between these two great branches of Christendom?"

"The Greek church has always interested itself in spiritual questions, rather than temporal, as has Rome. It has paid less attention to church

government and more to spiritual matters. The great differences between the two divisions lie in the doctrine of the essential nature of the Godhead in relation with manhood in the incarnation. This you must accept as a simple statement. It is too long to explain. Even if I were to go into particulars, I doubt, (not meaning to cast any reflections on your intelligence) if you could understand. The Greek church has no normative, no hard and fast creed, as has Rome. We have certain tenets, but it is not a case with us of you must believe so and so. The Western church believes that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father and from the Son. It believes that the spirit of the Father must be the spirit of the Son also. The Eastern church claims that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father only. The Western double procession degrades the Deity and destroys the perfection of the Trinity. The church of Rome, for the purpose of causing a rupture, in the eleventh century, made unwarranted changes in their creed, to which we could not subscribe, and in the interests of the barbarian empires in the west. Their action was without authority. There is also a decided difference in the rituals of the two churches.

"You say that the Eastern church encourages national churches, and does not attempt to unite all divisions into one body?"

"Exactly so. The Eastern church recognizes the Protestant Episcopal church as the American branch of the Apostolic church. There has always been a close relation between the church and national life. Christianity from the first connected itself with the social organization of the people, and therefore in every locality assumed the languages and usages of that locality.

"What is the most powerful and important branch of the Eastern church?"

"The Russian church is the most powerful. It dates from 992, when Prince Valdimar and his people were converted to the true faith. The office of metropolitan or chief patriarch, the head of the state church, continues until the time of Peter the Great, who did away with that office, and in its place, established the Holy Synod, which is composed of five or six bishops, one or two other ecclesiastical dignitaries and several laymen.

"What, substantially, is the belief of the communicants of the Greek church?"

"The Eastern church holds that the church alone may interpret the scriptures, although all believers may read them. God is a trinity. Homage may be paid the Ever Virgin Mary, and reverence paid to the saints and to their pictures and relics. Man was created a perfect being, but by sins fell from his high estate, thereby losing immortality. But man is not absolutely without power of will towards good, and is not always doing evil. Christ, by his vicarious death, has offered man redemption. Without the visible church, there is no salvation. Bishops must be unmarried, and priests and deacons must not contract a second marriage."

"What is the total number of those who look to the Eastern church for spiritual consolation?"

"Over one hundred millions souls. We are the most powerful branch in Christendom."

Feeling that the good man had been interrogated sufficiently, I withdrew, followed by the handsome fellow with the Jewish features and the beautiful raven tresses.

"And who may you be?" said I, turning to go.

"Only an humble servant of the Lord. My name is John Shimiæ. I am an Arab; at sixteen I left my home in Damascus and went to St. Petersburg, where I was educated."

"Are you ever homesick for Russia?"

"It is not my place to be homesick. I am God's servant, and God's will be done."

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

I am already tired of the opera. Still we have another week before us. You know there is nothing more tiresome than sitting in a box night after night and having to look amiable and happy and be cheerful to the tiresome people auntie insists upon having with us. If she would only ask girls, I should be happy. But no, mama, she persists in entertaining women who are real bores, and to whom she does not have to talk except for a few minutes during the intermissions. There is no opera company that is sufficiently interesting to entertain hundreds of people who do not care a straw for music, and have not a sufficient number of jewels nor new clothes, to wish to parade themselves night after night. So for the sake of the hundred and fifty people I know, I do hope Mr. Grau will have no opera season next year. The young people all look pretty. Light dresses are most effective, and the appearance of the house is charming to behold. Madame Eames took me behind the scenes to see things as they are. I gazed at the orchestra and boxes through a small hole, and simply was dazzled. I hope I look as well as all the other people in their light clothes. It is bewitching to see a mass of stunning looking women. I really wonder men can resist us. There is so much that is dainty and sweet in a woman, especially in a lacey light gown. Mrs. Gus Taylor has looked handsome more frequently than any other woman in the house. She is radiantly happy, and her happiness seems to permeate the Hopkins' box when she is in it. Miss Grace Spreckels is another girl I have really admired at the opera. She sits so well, and seems to enjoy the music and her surroundings. Miss Katherine Dillon wears a different gown every evening. She has just received six different colored creations from Vienna. Her pearls, which belonged to her aunt, from whom she received her immense fortune, are the envy and admiration of every girl who knows her. Miss Redmond, Mrs. McKittrick's niece, is adorably sweet and attractive. She generally wears white. Miss Apperson is a handsome girl with a profusion of light hair. One night she wore some stunning turquoises with a blue gown.

Oh, mama! how I do wish the object of my love and affection were out here. How I do envy Georgie Hopkins, and Miss Apperson, and Lily Spreckels, and Katherine Dillon, and Margaret Salisbury, and Marie Wells, and Zalsa Keyes, and Edith McBean, and all the others who have either their husbands or sweethearts with them! It does so add to one's pleasure to know there is one man in the house who is thinking of you all the time, and who puts you in the place in his mind of the prima donna. And mine is in the East, and you do not approve of him, dear mama. Madame Eames Story told me her mama disapproved of Julian Story, too, when he was courting her, just because he was an artist. Now he is her husband and designs the loveliest of gowns for her. What a glorious future is in store for me if you will but give your consent.

I love Sembrich's voice, and went wild about "La Nozze di Figaro." It is such a light, beautiful opera. "Carmen" took the house by storm. Every one wanted to see Calve, and she was most attractive, though really, mama, not one of those singers can touch Sembrich. She has ease, voice quality, quantity, and is a perfect actress. I call her my number seven voice. Calve and Eames and Gadski are number five voices, and the rest of the women do not interest me to the slightest degree. Suzanne Adams is good to look at, and has an excellent appearance. But the men are infinitely better. Their voices are, with but these exceptions, generally superior to the women. The greatest thing of all is the orchestra. The orchestration in the Wagner operas is more interesting to me than the voices. I know the music so well, having bought all the scores for auntie's pianola. I hired a German waiter to come up every morning and peddle the pianola. He is awfully musical, and I can sit in the adjoining room and sew on my Christmas gifts and learn all the music. When I go to the opera it is familiar. That is all I find necessary to enjoy an opera, especially a Wagner. Sybil Sanderson was delightful as Manon. But it is such an obviously "immoral" opera, I do not see why Massenet needed to have made his character so bad. There is one place in vice when it is nasty, and that is Manon. Sybil astonished everybody. Her voice has a very delightful quality, though her high notes are thin. But she is a most magnetic young woman and wore gorgeous gowns. As Juliet I liked her so much better than as Manon. Most of the girls did not. "Romeo and Juliet" is not a popular opera, but I love it, and enjoyed her so much. Sybil Sanderson nights are well filled, and every one is now satisfied that she has sung in her native town. You know, mama, her father was a noted Judge here, and her family has oceans of friends.

This is a whole letter of opera, but except for a lunch at the University Club that Mrs. Seward McNear gave to her future sister-in-law, Georgie Hopkins, the Loughborough, the Robinson, and the Harrington lunches, I have done nothing else but go to the opera and the Presidio dance. That was such a glorious change. I had a great time, and was awfully popular. I do like Mr. Brower so much. I really think he is one of the very nicest officers at the Presidio. Marjorie Gibbons looked awfully well. She has such pretty dark-brown eyes and the reddest of red lips, beautifully curved. Edith Huntington and Jean Nokes received a great deal of attention; so did Margaret Salisbury. Mary Kip, who is just off for the East, looked very well. She is a typical Kip, but has not had a fair chance, being in San Francisco all these years. I am sure her relations in New York will rave over her stunning eyes and complexion.

I forgot to tell you what a glorious time I had last Saturday. Mrs. Long of Piedmont gave a tug party to Helen De Young. It was a glorious day, and the bay was as blue as the true Californian sky. We had a jolly luncheon and a fine trip up to all the charming places about the bay. I never knew a more congenial crowd nor a debutante who has made more friends than Helen De Young. She is really one of the most attractive girls I have ever met in years. That is saying a great deal, for the girls out here are bright, lively and full of fun. You would be

really surprised at the hearty laughter one hears in the foyer of the opera-house during the intermission.

Monday night Edith Huntington gave a theater party to her fellow debutantes, Katherine Robinson and Pearl Landers. She had Mr. Brower and Dr. Collins, for those are the two favorite army officers now stationed at the Presidio. They went to see "Nellie Collin," and thoroughly enjoyed it. Pearl told me next day at luncheon that it was so jolly to listen to something besides opera. It is true, mama, even the greatest opera lovers like a little respite. A play brimming over with the most remarkable humor and ridiculous situations cannot be otherwise than a success after an opera season.

Every one is a little excited over the First Fortnightly. Nadine Nuttall, Kate Brigham, Kate Herrin, Miss Paterson and Miss Sperry will make their formal debuts at this dance. The other debutantes have already gone out a good deal, having had teas and luncheons given in their honor. Mrs. Salisbury has had a larger list this year than ever before. It is curious, but nevertheless true, the Friday Night cotilions are the greatest success of any dancing club since the Greenway cotilion several years ago.

Now, mama dear, good night.

ELIZABETH.

Coming Events.

WEDDINGS—Nov. 27th, at St. Luke's church, at high noon, Miss Agnes Simpson, daughter of Consul and Mrs. John Simpson, to the Rt. Rev. Sydney Curlin Partridge, Bishop of Kyotogan.

BALLS—Nov. 27th, La Junesse, at Native Sons' Hall.

LUNCHEONS—Nov. 23d, Sorosis Hall, California Collegiate Alumni.

TEAS—Nov. 24th, Miss Edith Huntington at 903 Eddy;

Nov. 30th, Mrs. Robert Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Sherwood at 1123 California street.

Nov. 30th, Mr W. R. Warfield at 416 Bush, 4 to 7.

Nov. 30th, Mrs. Wm. Cluff and Miss Mabel Cluff at 2118 Pacific avenue.

RECEPTION—Dec. 13th—Ebell Club, Oakland.

Mrs. George Boardman will be at home every Tuesday in January.

Mrs. Sidney Smith gave a small tea to Madame Eames Story one afternoon last week.

SMALL TALK.

Mrs. Will Taylor and Miss Georgia Hopkins have sent out cards for Fridays in January.

Mr. Lansing Mizner was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin on Saturday night.

Mrs. Walter Dean and Miss Dean will be at home the first and third Monday in December and January at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, left for the East Monday evening to be away for several months.

Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mrs. Will Taylor and Mrs. Maurice Casey were the hostesses at supper at the University Club last week after the opera.

The Joseph Grants, the George Popes and the Howard Morrows are all to be congratulated on the happy arrival of boys and a girl in their families within the last week.

Mr. Tommy McCaleb has returned to San Francisco after a few months' visit to his relatives in New York. Mr. McCaleb says San Francisco is the only place for a sensible man to live.

Mrs. S. R. Colhoun and her daughter have returned from the East, and are at the "Crocker." They will remain in San Francisco until the return of Paymaster Colhoun, who is now in Panama on the "Iowa."

Mrs. Robert Sherwood, Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman and Mrs. William Sherwood have sent out "at home" cards for Saturday, November the thirtieth. Mrs. Warfield has also sent out cards for that afternoon at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Martinez had a large reception to meet Madame Sembrich on Wednesday afternoon last at her Pacific avenue residence. Madame Sembrich was gracious and most cordial to every one, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy meeting the ladies of San Francisco.

There were about sixty people at the Mills' on Sunday afternoon. Miss Della Mills is a particularly genial hostess and has quite as many beaux as her sister Bessie, who will make her formal debut this winter. Both the Mills' went to a great number of social functions in Paris and London, where they were very popular in the American set.

Mrs. Meynell's reception at the Century Club last Monday was well patronized. Mrs. Meynell talked of Dickens so ably one could quite realize how near her family was to his, and how fond she was of this great man. There are very few women who have the magnetism and capacity for lecturing in so interesting a manner as Mrs. Meynell.

Princess Poniatowski has entertained Madame Eames Story, and Mrs. Terry at her Burlingame home. Mrs. Terry is delighted with Burlingame, it is all so new to her, and her friends are all so sincerely glad to see her; it would not be surprising if she eventualy made California her home.

Miss Francis Hopkins is now the only remaining Hopkins' girl to be won. Rumor says it will only be a question of the Hopkins-McNear wedding to have her engagement announced to a young New Yorker, who is at present visiting this coast. He is with Miss Hopkins almost every evening at the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott returned to San Francisco last Saturday morning and were warmly greeted by their friends on Saturday evening at the opera. Mrs. Scott looked as fresh as a rose after her travels, and was as cordial to her friends as ever. They will spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Crockett on California street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander during their stay in New York. They have also been wined and dined by Bishop Potter's family and several others of the extra exclusive of New York people. They will return to San Francisco before the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller, the parents of Lieutenant Cyrus M. Miller, are in San Francisco for the opera season. Mr. Cyrus Miller is one of the greatest favorites of any naval officer that comes to San Francisco. He is one of the few who entertains the girls who entertain him, and is ever ready to help in any charity that might come to hand.

Miss Marie Wells entertained a few girls at tea on Friday afternoon at her Geary street residence. The guest of honor was Miss Dunsmuir of Victoria. She is a dark, bright, vivacious young girl with a wonderful fund of information on all subjects. The men are very much interested in her, as she is so different from California girls. Her father is one of the wealthiest men in Canada. Miss Dunsmuir will remain in San Francisco until after the opera season, and will then spend a few months in Southern California.

The dance and entertainment at the Sausalito yacht club Saturday night last was a great success. Mrs. Morrow was the "chef d'oeuvre" of the living pictures. She is always beautiful with her dark brown eyes and waving black hair, but Saturday night she was, as the men said, "a Queen." Marian Harrison, Mary Polhemus and several of the other girls were excellent in the rendition of their parts, and altogether it was a most enjoyable entertainment.

Mrs. Boardman gave a large and elaborate tea to Mrs. Terry, better known to all as "Sybil Sanderson" on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Terry is exceedingly French in her manner, which is exceedingly fascinating. She seemed to remember all her old friends and was so cordial and full of tact that she quite won the hearts of everyone. Mrs. Terry wore a very elaborate French gown, but did not look in the least like an actress. About two hundred people met Mrs. Terry at Mrs. Boardman's.

The marriage of Miss Linda Pritchard and Mr. George Taylor de Cobesmuil has just been announced. Miss Pritchard is a typical Spanish girl with dark eyes and hair and a beautiful voice. She is the daughter

Women Dread

The disfiguration caused by skin disease, even more than the tormenting irritation which is so commonly associated with it. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery generally results in a complete cure of eczema, pimples, eruptions and other forms of disease which have their cause in an impure condition of the blood. "Golden Medical Discovery" absolutely purges the blood of humors and poisons, and so cures the cutaneous diseases which bad blood breeds and feeds.

There is no alcohol in the "Golden Medical Discovery" and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

"I was troubled with eczema from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet," writes Mrs. Ella Quick, of Cass City, Tuscola Co., Mich. "Could not walk at times, nor wear my shoes. Thought there was no help for me—at least the doctor said there was none. I went to see friends at Christmas time and there heard of the good that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery had done for them, and was advised to try it at once. For fear that I might neglect it my friends sent to the village and got a bottle and made me promise that I would take it. I had been getting worse all the time. I took thirteen bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and ten vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and used the 'All Healing Salve,' which made a complete cure. It was slow, but *sure*. I was taking the medicine about eight months.

"I would say to all who read this: Try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery before wasting time and money."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of the "Discovery."

f the late Miguel Pritchard who was for many years Minister from Mexico to the United States, and one of the most able and learned Mexicans ever sent from that country. Mr. de Cobesmuil is a young architect associated in Suisun with Mr. Van Frees.

It has been said several times during the opera season that Mr. Edward Hopkins is the only handsome man adorning any of the boxes. It is true, too, San Francisco cannot either boast of handsome nor well-groomed men. This is especially noticeable during opera season, where each man going in or out of the opera has a differently cut coat, opera hat, and a general appearance of having hired his clothes for the evening. If the women can afford to dress so ornately, why can the men not occasionally think of their appearance ?

Miss Bernie Drown has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Parker in New York. They have seen all the Bohemian parts of the city together, and Miss Drown has met a great number of artists and musicians. This is a rare privilege for a San Francisco girl, for these people in New York are quite as exclusive in their way as the very upper ten into which, it is said, no San Franciscan has ever received absolute recognition. The Drowns will return to San Francisco in time for Miss Newell to dance her Christmas cotillion. She is an exceedingly sweet, attractive young girl, who will be surrounded by friends wherever she may go.

Amongst the most noticeable people at the opera are Mrs. Tom Williams, a brunette with very fine dark eyes and hair and with exquisite coloring, and her sister, Miss Muriel Steele, her direct antithesis. Miss Steele has a wealth of golden hair piled in a flat coil on top of her head. She has stunning shoulders and a beautiful neck and is altogether most satisfactory to look upon. Mrs. Jimmie Flood also attracts general attention. She wears her fair hair parted in the center, and a tiara of diamonds just above the part. With her absolutely complacent smile and stunning gowns, she is one of the observed every evening in her stage box. Miss Jane Flood frequently accompanies her.

There were many sad hearts Saturday last after the departure of Miss Polly Dunn. She is a girl of rare personality and one whose sweet smile wins her friends wherever she may go. She was chaperoned to Honolulu by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Tobin, who have taken a trip to the Islands for a few months with Miss Bates. Miss Maye Colburn, who is to be maid-of-honor, also accompanied them. This is Miss Colburn's second trip to a distant land to be maid-of-honor. Several years ago she went to Paris to act in a similar capacity to Miss Camille Gros, a former school friend of hers in this city. Miss Gros made a brilliant match. She married the son of Monsieur Rabiant, the owner of the Paris "Figaro." Miss Colburn will return from the Islands in time for Miss Mullin's wedding, as she is to be one of the bridesmaids.

Our Public Men

Governor Henry T. Gage

There are few men in the West possessed of a more striking personality than our Governor, Henry T. Gage. He is a self-made man in the true sense of the word. Beginning life under most adverse circumstances, he, by his own efforts, educated himself and studied for the bar while engaged in other pursuits. When he became a full-fledged attorney, he came to California and settled in Los Angeles where he still resides. He was an unknown factor politically until the campaign of 1898, when he received the Republican nomination for Governor, and was elected by an overwhelming majority.

Governor Gage is one of the best known lawyers in the southland. His specialty is criminal law. He was retained in all the leading criminal cases in Southern California for ten years prior to his election to the highest office within the power of this State to bestow.

The Governor is not a society man, and is not given over to the five-o'clock luncheon and pink tea habit. His motto is "work, work, work," and he lives up to his creed, never forgetting to practice what he preaches. He is original in his expressions and habits, even to the extent of unconventionality, but those who know him best like him all the more for his frank and manly independence, because they are so typical of the man.

During his administration Governor Gage has reduced the tax rate of this State to a lower figure than ever before known. He was the arbitrator in the recent strike, and brought the troubles between labor and capital to a swift and peaceful dissolution.

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER

THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal.

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG
The True Blue,
308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE
Billiard, Pool and Club Room
(Never Closed.)
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.
924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET

RACING
EVERY WEEK DAY
RAIN OR SHINE

NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB
OAKLAND RACE TRACK

Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp.

Ferryboats leave San Francisco at 12 m. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2:30 and 3 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry-tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in 15 minutes.

Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m., and immediately after the last race.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
CHAS. F. PRICE, Secretary and Manager.

World of Tone

By S. Homer Henley.

AT this writing it is Wednesday night, and I have just returned with the spell of Calve still on me, surviving the muddy journey home, the mingled plaudits and knocks of the quicksilver public, the maddening attitude of crass stupidity that same public will insist on assuming. Taken by and large, I have always maintained that the consensus of public opinion was not only something that could not be ignored, but also came pretty near to reaching the heart of the real facts in the case. You know it was Edwin Booth who said that he would rather abide by the verdict of the gallery than that of the critics. There seems to be a quickening instinct in the body public that goes to the elementary basis of things and returns with the truth in its hands; but all this pretty theory of mine was wrenched quivering from its bed of custom by the attitude of the audience that witnessed Calve's "Carmen" to-night. Here is a woman with a voice as pure and beautiful as either that of Sembrich or Eames, with a quality reminiscent of something in both, a personality as ideal for almost any role she could assume as for that of "Carmen," and an art in both singing and acting, especially the latter, that places her on an eminence far removed from her sisters and brothers in grand opera. Her acting alone is a thing to give her fame should she choose to renounce her singing and tread the legitimate boards. And yet, because she did not rant up and down the stage, roaring like the bull of Bashan, doing risque things on the muscle-dance order, and label every glance and gesture with its intention—this glance means artfulness, this body-movement passion, this gesture abandonment—the intelligent public whines around like an old maid who wants tea and gets only hot water. "I don't thrill," says one. "She does not stir me up," says another. "Collamarina's got her skinned to death," says a third. Now, in the face of such blatant idiocy, what is one to do? Yet, with all this, I do not think Calve great. She has all the elements and their refinements, but the divine spark, the subtle gossamer filament that weaves itself through the quality we know as genius, is not hers. Great is a word much abused. We hear a voice out of the ordinary, we see a picture that arrests attention, we read a book erotic enough to command brief popularity, and we instantly clamor "Great, great!" when, as a matter of fact, it is merely clever. I have heard but one person in my little span whom I thought great, and that was Sarah Bernhardt. Truly great she was. In Cleopatra, when she called Antony to come to her, I, sitting in the balcony, half rose from my seat with the instinct to throw myself over the rail and go to her. Then, with true American embarrassment at being betrayed into a display of emotion, I glanced guiltily around to see if any one had noticed me,

WILLIAM F. ZECH,
Conductor of the Zech Quartette

and discovered half a hundred men in exactly the same position and frame of mind. I have never heard any singer whom I considered to be within hailing distance of greatness, the nearest approach to this being Plancon and Salassa. Plancon had the very finest voice I have ever heard, and Salassa had an indefinable touch in both voice-quality and temperament that went far beyond mere excellence.

Calve's support in "Carmen" was very good. Mr. Scotti gave us a beautifully phrased Toreador, but scarcely as virile and resonant an one as could have been wished for. The Michela of Suzanne Adams was something to remember; exquisite phrasing, good acting and a limpid voice of strength and roundness and beauty.

Sembrich has been the real sensation of the season. In "Traviata" she portrayed a Violetta such as we have never heard and seen before. Such perfection of vocalization, such a creamy voice, such interpretation, such overflowing charm and graciousness of personality: Truly a most superior artist is Marcella Sembrich. But then words, incompetent little words, are so weak when one tries to express anything adequate to the deserts of these wonderful artists. One can but string out the same stock adjectives and long impotently for a new lexicon. The Marriage of Figaro brought Eames and Sembrich together in the star performance of the series. Comparisons were of course inevitable, but so complete was the double triumph that preference found no place; each of the artists outshone themselves vocally and histrionically.

Eames' Elizabeth in "Tannhauser" scarcely equalled her Elsa of the preceding Monday night. Her voice came out with more dramatic ring, but taken as a whole her rendition left a sensation of coldness; an aloofness that left you vaguely chilled. Mr. Bishpam sang the Evening Star song much better than he did last year. In "Die Walkure" too, Mr. Bispham again proved himself the brain superior of the other men in the company; indeed, he is my ideal of what a live, up-to-date, modern barytone should be. He has lots of brains, he uses them constantly, he is a deep student, an experimentalist in the field of tone-color, he never stands still in his art, and each succeeding performance brings out some new point of betterment, some new shade of meaning. I consider Nordica, Bispham and Calve to be the brains of the operatic stage.

Our own Sybil Sanderson came in for a lot of undeserved disfavor. People said she had no voice, her singing but tolerable, her acting fair. Well, one's opinion is everything, so says Marcus Antoninus, and I am not hindered. I think her voice very good indeed—not a great voice, but then, whose is? She knows how to sing; her adjustment, phrasing and execution are not open to reproach; while her acting was a delicious bit of Dresden-china and Watteau-shepherdess effect in "Manon"—a rather poor opera, by the

ASTHMA CURE FREE.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in all Cases. Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chain d with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of Asthmalene, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, Asthmalene will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the more glad we are to send it. Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City. Sold by all Drnggists.

MRS. W. H. HORD,
Piano and Guitar.

Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.

Residence, 2005 Oak St Phone, Page 1622

OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.

TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

SUITS
CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED
BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY
40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.
Ring up Drumm 44 We run two wagons

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.

Get Mennen's (the original). Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,0 0,000.00
Deposits, June 29,1901.....29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becke
First Vice-President.....John Lloyd.
Second Vice-President.. Daniel Meyer
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary.....George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

H. Horstmann. B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, Ign. Steinhart. Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt,

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901.....$28,973 540
Reserve Fund..... 226 934
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000.000
Contingent Fund..... 445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.: W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.: Lovell White Cashier R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Dan ielE. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Au horized to act as Execu or, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mf-s..

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories. stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610

609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

TEL. GREEN 12.

CHAS. P. DROLLA

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal

All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts

The World of Tone.

way; vocal score flabby and orchestration thin. Her Juliet was an almost ideal performance in some respects. She lent a tender glamour to the part that is seldom met with in the operatic version. Altogether, Miss Sanderson is, as a matter of fact, anything but a disappointment. She is a sterling all-round artist.

Salignac is a boo-hoo tenor of the Avedano tppe. Ferris Hartman in the "Toy-Maker" gives us a travesty on the vibrate singer that lives in actuality in the person of Salignac. If one could forget this feature of his singing, a pleasant residue would result; for he gives an intelligent rendition in almost every instance.

Apropos of these singers, Mrs. Hearst has arranged to have Mr. Damrosch give one of his illuminating lectures in Hearst Hall in Berkeley on Friday afternoon of this week. The subject will be "Parsifal." Then on Tuesday, the 26th, there will be a concert by Schumann-Heink, Bispham and Damrosch; and on Saturday afternoon, the 30th, Suzanne Adams, Campanari and Leo Stern, the 'cellist, will give another. These concerts are strictly for the students at Berkeley and are arranged for by Mrs. Hearst out of her private purse. All honor and credit be to this benevolent and progressive woman who uses her money to some purpose.

Last Saturday I had again the pleasure of hearing little Enid Brandt, San Francisco's genuine wonder-child of music, after the lapse of a year. A wonder-child in very truth. She has progressed beyond all reasonable expectation and stands today immeasurably aloof from the mediocre herd of questionable phenomenons of infancy. Her technique is almost immaculate, and impossible power leaps from her tiny arms and fingers, while her interpretations carry more than mere imitation of precept and example. Wonderful as it may seem, there enters into her playing an initiative, an originality springing solely from herself that bears no uncertain stamp of real maturity and something more. The world will hear of Enid Brandt.

Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "Only to Die" and "Beware," both by Noble Hardee. Pub. by the Boston Music Co.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You will find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

Extraordinary Hindoo Trick.

Captain James E. Weaver, of London, who has just come home from India, has added an entirely new and a remarkable chapter to the many stories of Hindoo fakirs.

"The acknowledged greatest of all Hindoo mystic performances," said the captain, "and the one that has been told by trustworthy persons too often to be doubted, is the one in which the fakir throws a ball of twine into the air above him, while he holds the loose end of the string and then climbs it with a knife between his teeth, following the boy assistant who has preceded him. In this performance the spectators, surprised when both boy and man climb our of sight, are horrified when the boy's severed head. arms and legs followed by his trunk, fall to the ground, with the man sliding down close behind. Their astonishment is increased when the fakir gathers the quivering members and restores the boy to life.

"Well, I saw this performance once, and once I didn't see it; and the latter experience was more wonderful than the former.

"I had some London friends visiting me, and after having left them for a few minutes on the broad veranda of my bungalow, I saw, as I was returning, the very fakir and his assistant whom I had seen perform the trick, standing about forty feet in front of them apparently preparing for their performance. As I was about the same distance behind the Indians and had not been observed, I stood quietly where I was.

"The man placed a drawn knife between his teeth, took the usual ball of twine in his right hand, made a motion as though throwing it in the air, and then stood perfectly quiet. My friends were looking into the upper air with astonishment pictured on their faces, which in a minute turned to a look of horror as their eyes came back to the ground. In another minute their countenances lit with pleasure, and they loudly applauded"

At The Theatres Next week.

Alcazar—Marion Convere in "Weuns of Tennessee."

Central—"Siberia."

Grand Opera House—Maurice Grau Opera Company in Grand Opera.

Tivoli—Pollard Juvenile Opera Company. "The Geisha."

Orpheum—Vaudeville. Lillian Burkhart, "The Fraser troupe of Bicyclists."

What Made Her Pause.

"Farewell, proud world, I'm going home!"

Beautiful, beyond the fairest imaginings of painter or bard, she stood there on the bridge as the bells rang out the midnight. But on that fair, pale face was the imprint of sorrow and suffering and bitter grief. A wild determination and a desperate resolve.

"The time has come——"

She turned her glorious face up to the cold night sky.

"And now to end it all. I have sworn to never see the light of another day. Death, I fly to thee. Pity me, kind Heaven—and forgive."

She laid her little hand upon the cold railing. Then started back with a lost cry.

Ah! did some quickening realization of the awfulness of the step she was about to take suddenly pierce its way to her soul? Did she pause to think before it was forever too late of what it meant to her soul unsummoned into the great Beyond?

Did she, in that supreme hour, catch a glimpse of her happy childhood at mother's knee?

Nay.

Then what was it that saved this maddened, wronged, world-weary woman from seeking surcease of sorrow beneath the chill waters below?

This:

The rail had been freshly painted, and she saw she couldn't get over it without getting her dress all over paint.

Among the many honors accorded DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY has been the Royal Warrant recently granted by King Edward. The Royal Family has accorded this honor to DEWAR'S SCOTCH for many years past. It is a compliment which the judges of Scotch whisky think highly deserved.

Achille L. Artigues

PIANIST

Organist of Notre Dame des Victoirer

1248 McAllister St. PHONE Fell 1749

TRINITY SCHOOL

Founded 1876

A day school for young gentlemen.

2203 Central Avenue San Francisco, Cal.

Preparatory department for younger boys under the supervision of a lady. Grammar and high school departments under gentleman teachers. University graduates. Accredited to the Universities.

LYON & ROGER, Principals.

Phone Steiner 4550.

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

Famous Russian-Oriental Tobacco Store
418 Montgomery St, Phone Black 1233
Near California St. Established 1876.

MRS. FANNIE ROSENTHAL, Prop.

Leading importer of choice varieties of Russian, Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes and Smoking Tobaccos. High-grade Cigarettes made to order for private clubs and special social events. Delicate Aromatic Cigarettes made for Ladies' Tea Parties. Latest French and English novelties in pipes and smokers' articles, also Turkish water pipes, etc.
Order by Telephone

Don'tBorrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR —
VAUGHN LEADLEY,
Solicitor for
J. F. SNOW & CO.,
Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.

Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 22 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

EDWARD HALL, President. WM. J. BIGGY, Vice-Pres. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.

United States Laundry Association

LAUNDRY 3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.
(Near Valencia)

TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418

OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST.,
near Powell.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
TRY THEM FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.
Fac-Simile Signature of John L. Brown & Son on every box.

A Belated Avowal.

"You know I like you, Barbara! I've always liked you," stammered John Leighton, awkwardly, leaning against the kitchen window-sill, and looking in with a shy, embarrassed smile. "I've never seen my way clear to telling you so before—but—but—I've made the last payment on that old account this morning, Barbara! I can start fair after this."

The woman to whom he spoke stepped back, and returned a cooling flat-iron to the stove before she answered. Seen under favorable circumstances, her face must have been an attractive one. Today, however, her hair was twisted into a solid knot above the collar of an unbecoming brown calico; her eyes showed traces of tears, and the drooping corners of her mouth rendered her expression both stern and sorrowful.

"Yes, John, I know you've always liked me," she spoke in a hard, resolute tone, "just as I know that you like old Towser, and the horses and cows at home, and pleasant weather in haying time and a good price for your apples in the Fall. You're used to me, and you have a fashion of liking what you see around every day."

Her listener flushed hotly, opened his lips, then closed them again, as if he found it difficult to utter what was in his mind.

"I feel like telling you just once, John," went on the voice at the ironing-table, "how much you've cared for me in reality. It began when I was eighteen, you remember—with plenty of others to choose from. I was a pretty girl in those days, too, as there's no harm in saying now, when all the prettiness has faded." John Leighton's honest eyes rested upon her in astonishment, but hers were bent upon her work. "You paid me lots of attention at first, but you never really said—anything. I kept expecting that you would, through week after week and month after month; and I set my whole heart upon you, John, fifteen years ago! It's a long time to be kept waiting upon uncertainties, isn't it? No; don't interrupt me! For at least half of those years I've wanted to have my say once. Now I'm going to.

"You needn't look at me so reproachfully, either. I understood all along that your mother had queer turns, and wasn't exactly right in her mind; and everybody said she was scared almost to death for fear you'd bring a wife home. But didn't you know you could trust me to wait, John—and hold to you steady through it all?

"What did you say? That was just it—you didn't want to stand between me and anything better? I showed so many signs of wanting anything better, didn't I?" She smothered a sudden sob—"and a girl has no pride to be hurt, of course, when folks keep asking her when it's to be, and she knows in her own heart that there is no 'it,' let alone the 'when.'"

She flung a handful of drops at random across the sleeves of a garment that she had been drying while she talked. Her cheeks were scarlet now, her eyes shining. "You needn't look so ashamed of me," she flashed out excitedly. "I know you're thinking I'm too bold to live, but I shouldn't be saying all this to you, John Leighton, if the house wasn't let and my trunks all packed ready to go out of it tomorrow. When this ironing's finished—and I've taken up a little root of myrtle from the burying-ground—I'm through here. Don't upset that flower-pot, John; there's no need of jumping 'round as if something had stung you, if I am."

"Barbara, aren't you forgetting about my brother, and the shame—?"

"What did that amount to, anyway? It wasn't you that forged the check—besides, I never can see that it's any man's duty to put on every yoke that a whole family see fit to whittle out for him. You were foolish to let it go that 'twas your signature; six hundred dollars is a pretty big sum for a farmer to save up and pay out for somebody else, as you have. But I never cared so much for you in my life as I did the night you told me about it—and when you got through the telling you took up your hat and went home, without so much as a good-by."

The man who stood outside the window had bowed his head. More than one thread of silver gleamed in his hair as the sunlight fell upon it; his face was grave and pale.

"Barbara," he began, with a curious choking in his voice, "I've always, ——"

She did not seem to hear him. "I did expect you'd speak, John, when father died, and I was left all alone here. I can own it now as honestly as if I'd died too, you see. Something has died in me lately; my heart perhaps, or the old happy feeling—and there's nothing left but the lonesomeness and the ache."

A sigh that was almost a groan came from her listener, but he made no attempt to speak.

"I used to think there never were two people any better suited to live together than we were"—for the first

REFRESHING SLEEP.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.
Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

ATTENTION!
We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge
A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT
In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to
THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving
Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS,
$1.00
HUNDRED
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

Cotton Sail Ducks
Twenty two-inch, in all numbers: Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfg'd by Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.
Murphy, Grant, Co.

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else
Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

Christmas Holidays

—IN—

MEXICO

Southern Pacific Special Train EXCURSION

Personally Conducted Composite Car, Dining Car, Vestibuled Sleepers.

RATE	LEAVES
$80, San Francisco,	Dec. 18
$70, Los Angeles,	Dec. 19

Good 60 days. Optional side trips Special rates from all California points

Inquire of agents for literature.

E. O. McCormick,
Pass. Traf. Mgr.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Dec. 2. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Dec. 2. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Nov. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Dec. 3.
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)
Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.
Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 a. m.
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and Newport.
Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

C. A. GARTER C. W CROSS

Law Offices of

Cross & Garter

Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.

Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... **PAPER**

COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.

Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

time her voice trembled. "We're both plucky and fond of work; a good laugh now and then suits one of us just as well as it does the other; we like books, too, and we're about the only ones in the neighborhood who realize that there can be a little strip of the world outside of what's in sight from Montrose Hill. As to dispositions, I'm quick, I know, but I don't hold my temper; and you—why you havn't any temper to hold."

"I don't know about that." John twirled his straw hat upon his fingers, and made the admission with slow sincerity. "I can be pretty spunky when I get started, but I've always liked you too much for——"

"Oh, well, it does not make any difference now! The end has come at last—both to the wishing and the worrying." She had dried her wet fingers upon her apron, and stood erect with tightly-folded arms. "You've let duty, and what you were foolish enough to call disgrace, stand between us like a great iron fence. You've played at being dumb so long that you are almost dumb in reality at last; and I'm nothing but a homely, disagreeable, old cross-patch in these days, whatever I may have been once. I'm going to live in Springfield after this, out of sight of the old home where I used to be so happy. When you go by here on your way to the postoffice, perhaps you'll remember the times we've talked together down by the cinnamon rose-bush in the garden, and forgive me for being so hateful to you this last morning. It's almost killed me to blame you, John; but—somehow—I can't help it." Her voice yielded upon the words to a sudden storm of sobs that shook her from head to foot.

The straw hat fell unheeded to the ground. Its owner made two steps to the open door, two more to the kitchen, and clasped her, heedless of resistance, in his arms. His eyes, misty with sympathy and love, sought hers eagerly; his heart beat with strong throbs of tenderness—but his lips shaped only the familiar words, "You know I like you, Barbara! I've always liked you."

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeas corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

Books That are Being Read.

The Right of Way, by Gilbert Parker.

Stephnn Calinari, by Julian Sturgis.

The Tempting of Father Anthony, by George Horton.

The Private Life of the Sultan of Turkey, by Georges Dorys.

A Friend With the Countersign, by B. K. Benson.

The Road to Frontenac, by Samuel Merwin.

Raffles: Further Adventures of the Amateur Cracksman, by E. W. Hornung.

The First Men in the Moon, by H. G. Wells.

Cardigan, by Robert W. Chambers.

Tristam of Blent: An Episode in the Story of an Ancient House, by Anthony Hope.

The Eternal City, by Hall Caine.

Kim, by Rudyard Kipling.

Life on the Stage: My Personal Experiences and Recollections, by Clara Morris.

The Secret Orchard, by Agnes and Egerton Castle.

The Making of a Marchioness, by Frances Hodgsen Burnett.

The Victors: A Romance of Yesterday Morning and This Afternoon, by Robert Barr. A well told story of the life of a political boss in New York City.

Karadac, Count of Gersay: A Romance, by K. and Hesketh Prichard. An entertaining medeaival love story, strong in incident.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

"GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

It is said that certain people cannot sing this song but anybody can go away back East and sit down in the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road. These trains carry Nickel Plate Dining Cars in which are served American Club meals at from $.35 to $1.00 each.

Call or write for free book showing views of Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Jay W. Adams, P. C. P. A 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5[illegible]]

Sutter Street Hammam

TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS

Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,

No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell

Office and Residence

1021½ Market St. bet. 6th & 7th S. F.

THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED

Leaves San Francisco
9.00 a. m. Daily

New equipment has been provided. Courteous treatment, superb dining service, perfect in every detail makes it the finest transcontinental train.

No limit to the good things for your comfort.

The Santa Fe Office 641 Market Street, and at the Ferry.

The Quick Route to the East

THE "Overland Limited"

Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Th n Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.

Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal.

Occidental Hotel

For those who appreciate

Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .

San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas

Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.

American and European Plan

Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

Telephone Green 248

Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .

115 GEARY STREET

Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material. kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

Borrowed Plums

Saint Peter—Won't you walk in?
The Shade—Are there golf-links?

* * *

Alice—What makes you think that Mr. Perkins means business?

Bertha—He just asked me why I didn't attend cooking school.

* * *

"The hope of the rest of us lies in the fact that the great men can't fill the public eye without leaving interstices, particularly if they be square as well as great."

* * *

"I am always grateful to my p rents for the musical education they gave me," said Willie Wishington

"But you never sing."

"No. Thanks to my thoughtful parents, I know enough about music not to try"

* * *

"Do you know," said the man in the gray ulster, "that police statistics show a total of nearly 20,000 persons who are reported missing every year?"

"I'll bet more than half of them aren't missed at all. They only think they are," responded the pessimistic man.

* * *

"Ring out the old
Ring in the new;"—
Ring out the curse
Of "coon" songs. too!

* * *

The commanding officer had surprised the young lieutenant and his daughter trying to occupy the same chair.

The lieutenant sprang to his feet and saluted.

"Sir," he said. "I have the honor to report an engagement at close quarters, in which I have been entirely victorious. It now merely remains for you to give your sanction to the terms of surrender.

* * *

Marconi dreams the secret his
Whereby the silent message leaps
All wireless through the pulsing air,
Across the surging deeps.

Ah, vain the thought! Dan Cupid wrought,
In blushing cheek and eyes aglow,
This selfsame miracle of space
Three thousand years ago!

* * *

Pat Maloney was nailing a box containing articles which he intended sending by rail. From the nature of the contents a friend knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted during the passage. He ventured to suggest to Pat to write conspicuously on the case. "This side up, with care." A few days afterwards, seeing Pat again, he asked.

"Heard any more about your goods? Did they get there safely?"

"Every one of them broke," said Pat.

"The whole lot? Did you label it 'This side up,' as I told you?"

"Yes, I did. And for fear they shouldn't see it on the cover, I put it on the bottom, too."

* * *

Her hedde shee turned upon the staire
So sweete, wyth sunshyne inne herre haire
And oer herre shoulderre threwe a smyle
That would an anchoryte beguile.
If such a glance be stille a faulte
She'll turnne to suggerre, notte to salte.
Oh thatte I hadde the artyst's knacke
To painte herre, smilynge, lookying backe
Herre lyttle nose; herre dympled chinne,
Wyth such a picturre fame I'd winne
And swyft I'd buy me wyth the chekke
A rose for Ladye Rubbyrnekke!

Palace Hotel
San Francisco, California

On one side of this immense hotel the largest in the world is the wholesale and manufacturing district; on the other; theatres, retail stores, clubs railroad offices, banks and newspaper buildings. Street cars to all parts of the city—depots, ferries, Cliff House, and parks pass the entrance.
A beautifully illustrated book sent free to any address.
American Plan *European Plan*

Hotel Los Palmas

1820 Market Street, S. F.

Phone Folsom 1856

The rooms surround a center court filled with palms and hanging baskets, thus making the place one of the most beautiful as well as the most desirable to be found in the city.

MRS. ANNA C. MILLER, Proprietress.

AUTOMOBILES

WE BUILD TO ORDER

GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.

All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.

CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
FACTORY—346 McAllister St.; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

A WISE PRECAUTION

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

STATE
This Paper not to be taken from

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 27. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

The Late James M. Gleaves,
Late United States Surveyor-General for the District of California.

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—November 30, 1901.

Editorial Splashes.

France has seized the Smyrna Customs. The official sent to gather in the coin can take the title of Collector of the Porte.

Weyler has been appointed Minister of War for Spain. "The Butcher" seems to have located the right place to grind his political axes

A real estate trust is to be formed in New York. If city property is involved, there should be lots of opportunities for corners.

Bakersfield is going to have a refinery. They may be crude in their methods in that part of the State but they don't propose to have their oil that way.

Senators Pettigrew and Butler are at the head of a large liquid air company. They should be able to get lots of material to work on during the sessions of Congress.

The individual who now-a-days figures on going out to paint the town red had better be a little careful. The feeling against everything that represents anarchy has by no means died out.

The Methodists have raised thirteen million of dollars as a thanks offering fund. They should divide it into two equal parts—one with which to send out missionaries, and the other to have on hand to ransom them with.

The daughter of a prominent resident of Spokane, Washington, has set local society there agog by opening a barber shop. What an opportunity she will have now to cut those of her acquaintances with whom she is at outs.

King Edward is said to smile very rarely. In view of the enormous amount of monarchical duties he is being called upon to perform he probably thinks that the laugh is on him rather that that he has any right to display hilarity.

General Chaffee says that civil government in the Philippines is a failure. This looks like an attempt on the part of the military department to pass the buck to the civil authorities in the matter of the recent setback to the operation of our troops.

A wild man has been terrorizing the good people of Shasta. Strange that the authorities up that way cannot hold him in jail on some pretext or the other; with the Shasta bottling works at their command it looks as if they ought to be able to charge him with almost anything they feel inclined to.

Maryland Democrats are resorting to offensive cartoons of President Roosevelt in connection with the Booker T. Washington incident. That's all right; let them keep it up, for that sort of thing furnishes the best possible capital for the Republican party—the country has had enough of the tactics that brought about the death of its beloved president, William McKinley.

General Kitchener seems to have secured the services of the typewriter that Weyler used with such good effect in Cuba. Scarcely a day passes without a report a victory large or small coming from the British commander, but the Boers continue to hold the fort and are apparently in a condition to keep on doing so.

Roosevelt's Appointees.

Roosevelt has given the politicians more alarm by the stand he has taken regarding army appointments. In the past, influence has had a great deal to do with the advancement of officers and especially in such matters as the appointment of brigadiers, the United States Senate has practically controlled the situation.

Now, however, comes Roosevelt, determined to upset the entire system. He is disregarding every recommendation but that of merit in his promotion of officers, and has made his position the more pronounced by letting the Senators know that he does not desire to be importuned in behalf of any particular individuals. The story that has come over the wires from Washington that this action is stirring up a storm in senatorial districts is undoubtedly correct, and taken with the appointment of Jones of Alabama to the Federal bench and Roosevelt's declaration that he will not make any appointments for political reasons alone, indicate that there will be lots of trouble at the Capitol this winter.

Under the constitution the Senate is made part of the appointing power, for, without its confirmation, no presidential selection for any important office can secure the place. This has always led to an understanding between the President and senators in the matter of appointments for, as each branch of the government is in a position to block the other, they must necessarily work together in order to achieve results. Cleveland, in the Hornblower matter, tried to do what Roosevelt is essaying now, but the Senate promptly turned down his appointments and the President lost his fight, although he used every influence he could summon to turn the tables.

Should Roosevelt, therefore, attempt to carry out the policy credited to him, it is certain that he will be involved in a fierce wrangle with the senators. Their claim that appointments must occasionally be made for purely political reasons in order to strengthen the party machinery, is fully as strong an argument as the one he advanced that nothing should be considered but merit, and if he refuses to make concessions, they will unquestionably decline to confirm his appointees and a deadlock will ensue. Furthermore, if the fight becomes bitter, the Senate will tie up every administration measure and Roosevelt, instead of building up strength for the presidential nomination in 1904, will not only be unable to go before the people with a record, but will have the hands of all the politicians turned against him. Everyone knows that this will mean a defeat of his ambitions so in view of all this it is scarcely likely that Roosevelt intends to pursue the radical policy credited to him. He has lived in governmental circles long enough to "know the ropes" and he will scarcely carry his reform ideas to the extent of killing himself off politically.

The Fur Industry.

In addition to the tons of gold that are coming out of Alaska this year, the fur industry there is, under the new opportunities for transportation and marketing rapidly becoming of great prominence. Some of the largest fortunes in the world have been founded by the hunters and trappers of the far north, and it is a matter of history how fabulous wealth poured into the coffers of the famous Hudson Bay Company when a hundred years or so ago it practically had that line of business to itself.

The present movement in the upper Yukon is the most notable that has taken place in the last half a century and J. C. McCook, our Consul at Dawson City, has forwarded to the State Department at Washington an interesting report on the subject. He says that about 1,000 men, exclusive of Indians, are at present engaged in hunting and trapping in that section, fully 40,000 peltres being annually exported from Dawson to the great fur markets of London and New York. The industry yields a revenue every year of nearly $350,000.

The season is now at hand, adds the Consul, when the hunters are moving their outfits to the various rivers and streams where they will winter and men are leaving town almost daily for their long sojourn amid the "great white silence." In most cases, the work of reaching their destination is of an intensely arduous nature, as they must pole their canoes to the head waters of the surface streams, make long portages and penetrate pathless woods. But no hardships daunt these Yukon trappers and they well deserve the success they achieve.

Those who are in the habit of purchasing expensive furs in the stores and marts of civilization will be interested in reading the quotations that obtain at Dawson where the pelts are turned over to the commission men. Bearskins, black, silver tip, brown, grizzly and cinnamon bring from $10 to $25, the first in the market being obtainable for the maximum price. Beaver range from $3.50 to $7; mink from $1.50 to $3; marten from $3.50 to $12; otter from $4 to $8; foxes from $1.25 to $300, the latter price being obtained for the rare black variety; lynx from $1 to $2.50; wolves from $1 to $2.50. The industry is an interesting as well as an important one, and adds another notable attraction to the "Empire" we are rapidly building up in the Arctic wilds.

BY THE WAY

"You can talk all you want to about hammam baths," said Bert Martin, one of Shreve's popular managers, as he strolled down the sunny side of the street the other day; "But I took a Russian bath at St. Michaels, a couple of years ago, that beats all the hammams you ever saw."

"I was taking an Alaskan trip, and while the ship was lying in the harbor of St. Michaels, a gentleman told me by all means not to fail to enjoy the Russian bath there. Well, I decided to go. El. Hamilton was along, Charley Yale, the statistician, and Billy Rank, the well known railroad man, in the Crocker building. We were conducted to a large circular wooden building and fortunately fell in with a fellow who knew the ropes. We put our clothes in a rough locker and were ushered into a large compartment, surrounded by circular seats in tiers, which extended to the roof.

* * *

But the thing that made us stare, was the novel heating apparatus that was situated in one part of the room. It consisted of a regular bulwark of white hot stones—the most intense heat springing from them. They had evidently been fired a long time. We all wondered whether our bath was to be a dry heat proposition, when our friend picked up a dipper and a bucket of water and suddenly threw some on the stones. A gush of steam immediately filled the room. We promptly followed his example and before many buckets were emptied the place was seething with the warm aqueous vapor, and our bodies bathed in prespiration.

* * *

"We now learned the philosophy of the arrangement of the benches in tiers. The lowest were of course in the cooler atmosphere, while on the topmost the heat was intense. The crowd commenced at the bottom bench, and finally landed at the top, going up step by step. By this time we were drenched. One of the boys, I think it was Charley, at this juncture, espied a rope hanging from the ceiling.

'This is a call bell, of course,' he said, 'I'll ring for an attendant,' and he gave the rope a vigorous pull. Instantly we were deluged by streams of ice-cold water. The entire roof of the concern, being nothing more than a large reservoir."

* * *

"And what's more," Bert continued, "we could not shut it off. There we were, getting soaked with ice-water, with the white hot stones gleaming at us through the steam. Finally after three or four minutes it seemed, the downpour ceased. A good rub down completed the performance, and we were about to depart, feeling fine, and in the best of spirits, when in a thrice, our exultation left us. The bill was six dollars and a half apiece. The crowd wore a dejected look, as it wended its way to the ship, and thought of the bill, but the experience was worth it, and those Russian baths have had our sincere respect since, whenever we hear them mentioned."

When vacation comes, Dr. Branner, the head of the Stanford geological department, hies himself far away from all things pedogogical to the remote fastnesses of the mountains, and there studies the formation of the rocks, and reads the life history of earth in the deposits of the ages. Last vacation he was in the Sierras. He had as his guide a man indigenous to the soil, who had never been twenty miles from the home of his childhood. He looked with much amusement, and scorn upon Dr. Branner and his assistants, and saw nothing in their work that was of interest. To him the students seemed more like good men gone daft. One day Mr. Branner located an old Indian burying ground. In digging he came upon some choice arrow heads. Thinking to test his guides geological, as well as his ethnological knowledge, the doctor said:

"Elijah, do you know how these arrow heads came here?"

"Growed thar" said the native with great positiveness.

"Nonsense. If you were to take an arrow head and put it on your table and leave it there for a year's time, do you think it would grow?"

"Taint no nonsense, nuther," said Elijah. "If you was to take a potato and put it on your table, and leave it there fur a year, do you think it would grow?"

* * *

In making the announcements to his congregation recently, an Episcopal minister, whose parish is not more than a thousand miles from San Francisco, said:

"Remember our communion service next Sunday. The Lord is with us in the forenoon and the Bishop in the evening."

Here is another lapsus linguæ, which had its origin in a Sunday school out in the Mission. The superintendent was making a fervid prayer a few Sundays ago, and asked Divine blessing upon each and every enterprise in which the school was interested. He closed his petition to the Throne of Grace in the following words:

"And now, oh Lord, bless the lambs of this fold and make them 'meet for the Kingdom of Heaven. Amen.'"

* * *

The luck of "Jack" Bonnet, the editor of "Town Talk," is proverbial. There is scarcely ever a time when he invests in a raffle or prize drawing that he does not draw something. Even the lotteries are not proof against him. The latest story concerning the wonderful luck of this wonderfully lucky man is as follows: Some two weeks or ten days ago, he attended a church fair, and was importuned by the pretty young ladies to invest in things which are only to be found in a church bazaar. Blotting pads that would not blot, handkerchief boxes that were no earthly use, cravat holders that would only take up room, all were disposed of to the good natured editor. Among the many other things which he bought, was a ticket entitling him to a drawing for a one hundred dollar dress. Some days later, Bonnet's stenographer was objecting to working overtime, her employer, in order to appease her, handed her the ticket he had bought, with the remark, "Here, you go get a nice dress." The young lady put the ticket away, and dismissed the subject from her mind. What was her surprise, when a few days later, Bonnet received a letter telling him that the ticket he had purchased, entitled him to the costly bit of feminine apparel.

And great was the joy of Miss Typewriter.

* * *

Fred Poett, is as well known in good society, because of his famous bull terrier, "Mike," as for his engaging manners and good dancing. Like Mary of third reader fame, everywhere that Fred goes, Mike is sure to go. The two are as inseparable as Damon and Pythias. Master and dog come down town together. The blooded bull has a couch, especially made for him, in the bed room of his doting owner. Not long ago Poett attended an exclusive function but did not lend himself to the festivities of the occasion, but held himself apart from the other guests. Some one seeing his melancholy air, spoke to him, saying..

"What's the matter Fred?"

"I am lonesome for Mike," was the answer.

* * *

He was gloriously full. He owned the state of California in fee simple from San Diego to Siskiyou. You could have had the city of San Francisco for your own personal use, if it had been even remotely hinted to him. He hung with alcoholic limpness to the strap of a Powell street car, as it began its toilsome ascent of Nob Hill. When the car reached Sacramento street he called out:

"Shay, conductor, do you know where I am at?"

"You are at the corner of Sacramento and Powell streets, where do you want to get off?"

"At the next saloon," said the genial, generous intoxicated gentleman. Even the gripman smiled.

* * *

Prophets may be without honor in their own country, but with artists it is otherwise. Up in Oregon the people swear by Homer Davenport. In the webfoot country people hold that even Michael Angelo was scarcely the equal of the elongated cartoonist who illumines the pages of Hearst's papers with his pencil. It is told of a lady in Portland who is a friend of Davenport's and a great admirer of his work, that she said recently in apostrophising him in the presence of some friends:

"How proud Oregon should be of her native son! He is the best artist in this country. It is not saying too much to pronounce him the Maison Dore of America!"

* * *

Speaking of these malapropian blunders in art criticism, reminds me of the story told by a witzy editor in town, who detailed one of his cubs to keep up the literary man on the Sunday extra. Among the books given the lad to review, was an edition de luxe of a classic work. The tyro was all right so far as the literary qualities of the book was concerned, but his superiors were amazed and amused to read this criticism on the plates, with which the book was embellished:

"The engravings are by the eminent French artist De Luxe."

What counts for character depends much upon the time, place and circumstance by which a man is surrounded. In the swashbuckler novel, which is now the popular brand of literature that the literary, not race track, bookmakers are furnishing the public, the hero who holds his own by his good right hand is the man who is always allowed to carry away ye lady fair. In Boston, character is measured by one's familiarity with Emerson and Browning. An old Irish gentleman in this city who is a devout Catholic, holds an entirely different estimate from either of the above. Not long ago, an attorney went to the old man at his home on the San Bruno road, and made some inquiries regarding a neighbor who was to be a bondsman for a client of the lawyer. Among other questions the attorney said.

"Is so-and-so a man of good moral character?"

"What's them?" queried the old Irishman, whose knowledge of words outside of monosyllables was very limited.

"What I mean is, is he a good man?"

"A good man is it that ye mean? Indade he is sor, indade he is. Faith, and haven't I seen him thump the face off three A. P. A's at once!"

* * *

"Yes, sir," said the telephone repairer, as he screwed the telephone together and called up the central office to see if the machine was in good working order. "A telephone is pretty near like a human being. The more you handle them the more they seem to be real flesh and blood creatures, and not a mechanical contrivance. Why, if you don't humor some 'phones as you would a spoiled child, you never will have them in working order. Some improvements have to be treated with the utmost consideration. Others, again, one does not have to be so considerate with. You cannot make people believe this, however. The way they bang and batter their instruments about is a fright, and then they wonder why it is that they can never get proper service out of their instruments. A safe rule to go by in handling a telephone is, be good to your 'phone and it will be good to you."

* * *

"Attorney" W. H. Hanlon of Sacramento has encountered the ill will of his legal brethren of that place. Hanlon, who is not a regular practitioner, recently acquitted a friend of his in the Justices' court of the capital city, very much to the surprise of three or four lawyers who were opposing him. Hanlon spent a week or ten days in the law library in the State Capitol, getting his facts together and his arguments arranged. He has a local reputation at the present writing, which, though it may be ephemeral, is second to none in the city among the tules. When the case came up for hearing, Amateur Hanlon made the professional order, reserved seats in the rear. Hanlon says he will still continue as the people's lawyer.

* * *

When the fact of his purpose to continue became known, the attorneys of Sacramento who had been in the habit of moistening their inner man at the liquid emporium presided over by Hanlon sent him a happily embellished set of resolutions, deploring the fact that he has broken in upon the most sacred traditions of that profession, and that he should be dealt with accordingly. The punishment prescribed is embodied in the following resolutions, which are the last two of half a dozen:

"Resolved, That each and all of the members of the said Bar Association do hereby declare a boycott against the said W. H. Hanlon, and that they and each of them do hereby declare that from and after the date of these presents they, nor either of them, will drink, imbibe, or indulge in, or either of them, in the place of business of the said W. H. Hanlon, any lemonade, soda, ginger ale, orange cider, Tolenas water, Shasta water, Bartlett water, Cook's water, Castle Rock water, Blue Canyon water, Whisky Hill water, east wells water, mechanical filtration water, Sacramento straight water, or water of any kind or nature whatever; and be it further

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and a copy of the same be sent to said Hanlon.

"Dated this 22d day of November, 1901."

* * *

Unfortunate as it is to be deaf, the lack of this sense often causes some ludicrous blunders to be made, as embarassing to the afflicted unfortunate as it is mirth provoking to those who are lookers on. A story of this kind is told of a postmaster in Santa Ana in Southern California some years ago and a green countryman. The farmer drove up in front of the postoffice and called for the postmaster. Out came the local nasby, who was almost destitute of hearing, even when assisted by all that the best science could afford him. As he emerged from his private office, he uncoiled his ear-trumpet, a flexible affair, and as he reached the edge of the side walk, stuck it full in the granger's face. Reuben Glue was too surprised to utter a sound. He had never seen an ear-trumpet before, and to have such a thing sprung on him in the main street of Santa Ana, in full view of passers by, and entirely unannounced, struck him as dumb as the postmaster was deaf. The deaf man stood with his ear-trumptet outstretched, expectant. The farmer sat in his wagon nonplussed. Some fifteen or twenty seconds passed, and the official thinking that something was wrong looked up. He grasped the situation at once, and as he pushed the appliance still nearer the man's mouth, stuttered angrily: "S-s-s-speak in it, y-y-y-ou —— f-f-fool. Y-y-you can't see w-w-what I-I-I-I am th-th-th-thinking about by l-l-looking in it!"

* * *

A deaf man came into the law office of Carles W. Slack some weeks ago, carrying conspicuously an ear trumpet of mammouth proportions. It closely resembled the trumpets used on phonographs. The gentleman whose hearing was deficient was ushered into the office of the lawyer and made known his wants. The point involved was an obscure one, and required several minutes of research on the part of the attorney. This he explained to his client, and as he was about to turn away, he bellowed into the telephone like receiver, "And just hold the line will you, until I come back?"

* * *

Horace Wilson tells a story based upon the deficient aural organs of a certain country capitalist who comes to San Francisco every few weeks. Not long since Mr. Wilson met the deaf banker on the street, and began a conversation with him. In addition to the man's being deaf as a stone, the noise of the street added to the difficulty of the situation.

"Are you going to the Stock Exchange?" said Mr. Wilson.

"Oh, I can't tell anything about that. I am not in the clothing business," came the answer in that calm deliberate manner which so often marks those who are deaf.

"Are you going to the Stock Exchange, I said."

"Really Mr. Wilson you had better ask a dry-goods merchant. I know nothing about the stocking trade, whatever."

* * *

Another deaf man story, and my last. Coming down town on the Sutter street car the other morning, a nice dapper little fellow got on, just the other side of Van Ness. He was one of those pleasant, sunbeamy men, who imagines that it is his duty to go about the world handing out chunks of happiness. The human sunbeam sat down beside an austere, saturnine looking old German, who glanced neither to the right nor to the left. As the dispenser of joy shook the moisture off his umbrella, it was raining heavily at the time, he remarked in a pert, cheerful manner to the old Teuton.

"Nice morning!"

The man addressed looked up with a start. A bewildered, puzzled expression came over his heavy features. He was plainly ill at ease. The whole car saw it. Suddenly he made a grab for a hand satchel between his feet. He opened it and began to rummage. The car was interested. Then out came a speaking trumpet. He placed one end in his ear, and swung the other into the face of the pleasant man.

"Vill you repeadt dot expression vot you yust now make yourself to me, already," said the German with a choice Weber and Fields accent.

"I said it was a nice morning!" replied the man, blushing scarlet, as a gust of rain laden wind whistled about us.

Slowly the ear-trumpet came down and was replaced. The sad look came back to the ponderous features. The satchel was slowly closed, and locked with the greatest deliberation and replaced on the floor. The passengers were watching intently. I was so engrossed that I rode to Powell, instead of changing at Hyde, as was my intention. As he resumed his former posture his deafness turned to his interrogator and said.

"Und vot makes you think like dot?"

The sunbeam did not reply.

* * *

Irving M. Scott's master piece in the gentle art of building war ships, the "Oregon," is now in the dry dock at Puget Sound undergoing repairs from the injury received by striking an unchartered rock in Chinese waters some eighteen months ago. A great hole was made in the hull of the vessel, and she lay for hours, swinging with the tide, impaled upon the unknown reef. The noble craft was finally released, thanks to the good seamanship of her officers and her crew, and a temporary patch of plank and canvas kept the water out of her compartments until Nagasaki was reached, when more permanent repairs were made.

* * *

However, not until the "Oregon" went on the dry-dock at Puget Sound, Mr. Scott says, was it realized how badly the hull was in-

jured. Over one third of the plates along the keel are so badly twisted and battered that they will have to be removed and replaced by new ones. The injury to the ship's bottom and interior extends from directly under the forward turret on which are mounted two of the four great thirteen inch guns, and extends for one hundred and twenty feet aft past the waist of the vessel. It will take something like four months to make the "Oregon" seaworthy again. The cost is not known at present, but will be somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars.

* * *

In the central and northern parts of the Sacramento valley, a strange and unknown disease has been carrying off hogs in large numbers. What makes the matter particularly unbearable is that the hogs are bringing a fancy price this year. Near Redding is an old farmer who is very pious. He had a herd of over two hundred and fifty hogs, upon which he hoped to make enough to pay the running expenses of his place this year. The unknown disease, which is being investigated by scientists versed in ailments of domestic animals, left him with scarcely more than one hundred head. It was a hard blow to the old fellow, and he was not backward in making complaints. His wife, an extremely religious old soul, also, tried to console him and at the same time draw a lesson from the affliction. One day after she had been pouring oil on the waters, she concluded by saying:

"And remember Hiram, the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away."

"Yes, Jane I know," said the husband resentfully whose soul refused to be comforted. "But durn me if I can see what the Lord wanted o' them hund ed and fifty head o' hogs."

* * *

"At the next election" said State Superintendent of Public Instruction Thomas J. Kirk to me the other day, "there will be an amendment submitted to the electors of California, the purpose of which is to secure state recognition to the high school and technical schools. There were in California ending June 30, 1901, 129 high schools, with 587 teachers and 13,197 pupils. The question to be voted on means simply this: Shall these schools, these teachers and these pupils be considered as embraced within the school system of the state? At present high schools are little more than free private schools. They are supported entirely by district or local taxation. The state extends neither aid nor recognition of any kind to this class of schools, except to provide by legislative enactment how they may be organized and obtained by local authority and taxation.

"It seems scarcely necessary to offer an argument or make a plea for the claims of the high schools. Their growth in the state during the past ten or twelve years has been almost phenomenal. Forty-four of the fifty-seven counties have established one or more of them and the time has come when it is believed they may properly come under the fostering care of the state. There can be no good or sufficient reason advanced for declining to place them in the state system along with primary and grammar schools, normal schools and the university. I should suggest, that in case the amendment is carried, as I believe it will be, that the high schools be supported by both state and local taxation, as is now done in the case of primary and grammar schools."

* * *

Up in Trinity county, where a wedding, revival or a funeral takes on social functions that are akin to the ones that grand opera serves the swagger set in the metropolis, some very interesting and amusing incidents occur. It was at one of the last named affairs that the following happened: A well known citizen had died, and the country, for miles around, turned out to honor the memory of the deceased. The undertaker was, of course, the director of the proceedings, both necrologically and socially. He tiptoed here and there in his long, black coat, with a fixed look of mournful self-importance on his face. Ned Greenway, in all his glory, never reigned more supreme. The friends gathered to pay their respects to the memory of the departed. They waited patiently and no sign of beginning the last sad rites was made. The undertaker was plainly worried. People began to question each other and finally, the one who was overseeing the funeral was approached. As the perspiration stood out in great beads upon his forehead, he stepped forward and said in faltering accents:

"Friends-er my dear friends-er-er, I am-er-very sorry, but we have-er-er mislaid the corpse." A search was made at once. It was soon found that the casket had been completely hidden beneath the cloaks and overcoats of those who had come to attend the funeral. The coffin was a plain one, and sat at one side of the room. In the darkness, the window curtains being drawn down, the visitors did not notice the nature of the object upon which they laid their extra garments.

Much to the relief of all, the funeral proceeded.

* * *

The Orpheum has a good bill this past week. La Tortajada has attracted much attention. Her dancing and singing are equally good, and the chappies are wild about her. At the Tivoli, the juveniles continue to draw crowded houses. The little tots give a wonderful performance. "Weuns of Tennessee" proved a good drawing play at the Alcazar. The work of Marion Convere as "Lucille Courtney" was especially notable. Out at the Central, the crowds are increasing nightly. The new rubber tiled entrance gives the portals of this popular playhouse a very attractive appearance.

* * *

The Belgian hare craze is no more. A year ago, where the pedigreed jumpers with the dark fur shades along his spinal column, who would bring a sum worth a span of horses and a new wagon, now waves the tattered cloth sign, a mute emblem of departed worth. A few boys, out of their love for animals, have here and there some of the large-eyed creatures, but even these seem to wonder what it is all about, anyway. The Belgian hare banquet is a thing of the past. No more are we pestered by those invitations in which everything on the bill of fare, except the fruit, cigars and drinks, was made of Belgian hare. No more the wonderful culinary possibilities of the half-cousin to the John rabbit exported by the (Belgian) hare brained crank. No more do we encounter the man who used to insist upon your standing still for half an hour in the busiest part of the day, while he would with pencil and paper demonstrate to you that in exactly five years 3,809,322 Belgian hares would descend from the original pair that he wished you to buy. No more does he tempt you by such alluring phrases, "Now, if these hares sell for as low even as a dollar apiece," and then in glowing words try to conjure up the scene of your becoming a J. Pierpont Morgan in spite of yourself, thrust your hands full of Belgian hare literature, and as you departed call after, "I'll see you again tomorrow, old man." A few years ago there were, it was estimated, something like 8,000,000 Belgian hares in this country. Today where are they? Echo answers, "Where?"

* * *

"Zeke" Burnett of the Santa Cruz "Sentinel" was in town this week to meet his friends, eat Thanksgiving turkey with his own kith and kin, and incidentally to see the opera. Burnett has been in Santa Cruz some sixteen years or more, and seldom absents himself from the city by the sea. With such allurements here to attract him as those above mentioned, however, he could not stay away. He mourns the fact that Santa Cruz does not go in for Wagner, but instead likes the farce comedies put on the stage there by traveling companies of the one night stand variety. He tells some very funny stories of the people in Santa Cruz. Recently it seems that a new opera-house was opened in that town. The principal light in the auditorium was a huge chandelier. Instead of the ordinary tips, such as are generally used, the artistic proprietor had the tips inserted in the ends of imitation candles, which toiled not, neither did they burn. Some theatrical troupe of a high order visited the place, but it was impossible to fill the orchestra more than half full, although the gallery would be crowded. The local manager was at a loss to know why it was that people did not turn out, especially the class he most desired to have present. He was very much surprised when he found that the natives were afraid to sit in the orchestra seats for fear that candle grease would drop on them. The manager found this fear so prevalent and so deep rooted that he was forced to order another chandelier, much plainer than the one first purchased. Now the theater is crowded above and below.

* * *

In justice to Charley Michelson whose article in "Munsey's" was the subject of comment in the WAVE a couple of weeks ago, it should be stated that a misapprehension was created in reading his account of the death of King Fisher. It is not fair to charge Michelson with having committed a "gross inaccuracy" in view of the fact that he covered in a general way the manner in which Fisher met his death.

This paragraph is penned to put matters straight, because Michelson is making a name for himself in the magazine field, and an attack upon him in his former home would not be the best kind of advertising. On the contrary, every one knows that he is one of the best posted men on western life now in the journalistic arena, and his eastern writings attract a large following of readers in this section.

There are few places so generally known, about which people are so ignorant as the Molakai leper settlement, situated on the island of the same name in the Hawaiian group. The settlement is located upon a tongue-shaped peninsula on the northern coast of the island. This tongue of land is completely shut off from the rest of the island by a huge mountain range, extending east and west along the coast. It presents to the sea and to the settlement a series of bold, precipitous cliffs, that range in height from 1800 to 3000 feet. The approach to the settlement is a very impressive one. The steamer anchors off the little town of Kalaupapa. It is a beautiful little place, with its churches and little white-washed houses, surrounded by lava fences; tropical foliage grows in great profusion. Landing is rather difficult, owing to the large rocks which line the shore and the northerly swell. After the steamer has cast anchor, the passenger is dropped over the side into a small row boat, the motive power of which is a Kanaka boatman, who handles a row boat as only a native Hawaiian can. The arrival of the weekly steamer from Honolulu is the one great event in the lives of the lepers, who dress themselves in their Sunday best and decorate themselves with leis, or wreaths made by the natives. The leper band comes down to the water's edge and dispenses music for the occasion. Quite well they play, too. Altogether, the scene is a most lively one. While many of the faces one sees are distorted, drawn and fearfully eaten into by the dread disease, the unfortunates do not seem to be an unhappy lot. They take life in that same free-from-care way that typifies the entire Polynesian race.

* * *

Kalupapa is on the western side of a peninsula forming the leper settlement. On the eastern side, similarly situated, is the village of Kalawao. The first named town contains some 600 lepers, the latter one-third that number. All over the settlement, however, are to be seen the little white-washed houses of those who prefer to live by themselves, or cultivate their own taro patches. Taro, by the way, is the plant from whose root the national dish, poi, is made. In Kalawao is to be seen the church erected by Father Damien in 1873. The grave of this latter day member of "the noble army of martyrs" is also in view here, carefully tended by loving hands. The leper home for boys is here. At the present time it contains 112 inmates and is under the supervision of Brother Dutton. The Bishop Home for leper girls, founded by Mrs. Bishop, a noble minded half-caste woman, is to be seen in the town of Kalaupapa. It has 109 inmates. The girls, in fact, all the women seem to be less affected by the malady than those of the opposite sex. There are seventy-eight non-leperous children in the settlement at the present time born of leperous parents. Provided the parents give their consent, the children are transferred to Honolulu and housed in the Kapoalani home at the expense of the government. At the present time, there are 909 unclean and 164 clean persons in the settlement. Of the clean inhabitants, sixty-seven are "Kokuas" or helpers. They feed and take care of the lepers. The number of whites who contract the disease is very small. During the past ten years only ten clean residents have become lepers. Leprosy as seen in the settlement upon the Molokai peninsula is of two kinds, tubercular and anaesthetic. The former presents itself in swellings, which usually appear first on the face and arms. In time these break, ulcerations form, and the process of infiltration or diffusion of the morbid tissues, begins. In this phase of the disease are to be seen also the enlarged, red ears. When the disease first broke out among the Hawaiians the ears, when attacked, would enlarge to such an extent, that they often hung down upon the shoulders, an enlarged, shapeless mass. Such revolting sights as this are no longer to be seen, as the mysterious malady is gradually decreasing in violence, as well as in the number of its victims. The other form of the disease is anaesthetic, and is strictly of a nervous nature. It has many stages, from the patient who has a slight numbness in his finger ends, to the blind paralytic. In the anaesthetic stage, the sight and hearing are quite frequently affected. As just stated, lepers are gradually becoming less and less numerous. In 1891 the number of those sent to Molokai was 122. In 1900, it was 85. When it is born in mind that nowadays, as never before, the lepers are hunted for throughout the islands, high and low, and that in former times, unless the case was a virulent one, a bribe would satisfy the authorities, it can be seen that the disease is gradually wearing itself out.

* * *

It costs the government something like $80,000 a year to keep these people. This is a relatively small amount upon which to conduct such a settlement.

When the steamer leaves the island, the same lively scene that presented itself when the visitor landed, is repeated. Many of the women set up the native "uwe" or wail. It is a cry hard to describe, and must be heard in order to be appreciated. It is a most mournful sound.

A description of Molokai would not be complete without a word concerning Father Damien, the Catholic priest who went to the settlement in 1873, never to leave it. He was a Belgian by birth, and at the time he made his high resolve, was thirty-four years of age. It was not unth 1884 that leprosy made itself apparent in his system. At first he thought it to be rheumatism, but was soon undeceived. In the latter part of 1885, a tubercle appeared on the lobe of the left ear and infiltration of the forehead and cheeks began, while at the same time he began to lose his eyebrows. Father Damien had his faults. He lacked in executive ability, was quick tempered, and was not as cleanly of his person as he should have been, especially in a tropical climate. Whatever his failings were, however, they can easily be overlooked and condoned, for his heart was in the right place. Noble as his mission was, he did not escape the tongue of calumny. He was criticised severely by Protestants in Honolulu whose bigotry failed to let them see the true nobility of the man behind his formal professions and his creed. There were others who championed his cause, among whom was Robert Louis Stevenson, a Scotch Presbyterian. Stevenson devoted an entire essay to the defense of this noble man, of whom it may be said, as it was of one two thousand years ago, "Greater love hath no man than this, to lay down his life for his friends."

* * *

"After all, it is accident to which we owe the subject of a book," said George Moore in a recent interview. "It is an accident that enslaves us to an idea for months, perhaps for years. I remember buying a paper and finding in it an article upon servants. In this article occurred the phrase: 'That though we often complain of the trouble servants are to us, we never seem to think of the great trouble we are to servants.' How true this is, I thought; what an admirable subject for a novel. And before I had walked three hundred yards I had sifted the subject down to the central idea of 'Esther Waters,' down to the fact that a servant girl can bring up a child upon £16 a year, but not upon £14. Therefore, £2 is the margin between life and death for the illegitimate.

"The subject of 'Evelyn Innes' came to me in as seemingly accidental a manner. One year on my return from Bayreuth I stopped in Paris. I went to see my friend Mme. Darmesteter (the poetess, Mary Robinson). During breakfast she spoke of a little actress who had had scruples of conscience about her lovers and thought she had better go into a nunnery and repent her sins. But the little actress did not remain in the nunnery: though she was only two or three and twenty, she found the nuns far too juvenile for her, and they were all aged women. 'Oh,' I said, 'what an extraordinary subject for a novel! I think I'll write that. I can see the nuns playing games, children's games, and the nuns would seem like children to the actress.'

"'I can see that one scene,' said Mme. Darmesteter, 'but one scene does not make a novel.'

"'But the novel,' I said, 'will be of extraordinary length. I can see a long, long book. Your chance words,' I said to Mary Darmesteter, 'have enslaved me to an idea.'"

"When I came to consider my subject, the first thing that struck me was the impossibility of doing much with an actress in a convent, whereas, if she were a singer the nuns might make use of her. This happened about seven years ago on my return from Bayreuth, where I had gone for the first time, filled by an enthusiasm inspired by some performances of the 'Ring' at Covent Garden. I was therefore little disposed to make my singer a singer of operetta, of 'Madame Angot,' the 'Cloches de Cornevlle'; she had to be a Wagnerian singer; and now I sometimes think that if she had been merely a little singer of operettas, living in a villa in a picturesque neighborhood, whose debts were paid by two middle-aged city merchants, dull-witted, credulous folk, believing everything she told them, my book would have gained in reality.

"Of only one thing I am sure, and that is, that in whatever way I had written the book, I should have had regrets that I had not written it in another."

* * *

A croquet party has led to expensive litigation. No wonder, they were all knockers.

The Political Situation.

THE feature which is attracting the most attention in political circles at the present time, is the attitude of the leaders of the Union Labor Party in their movement to create a state organization. The unexpected success of Schmitz in the municipal campaign has breathed vigor and energy into the newly created political faith, and emboldened and encouraged by the outcome of their first struggle, the third party men think that they see an opportunity to erect their standard permanently. Their talk now is of an entire state ticket, and also of congressional nominations. These directors of the affairs of the new party are over-confident, however, in their assertions of their strength. Their victory in San Francisco can be largely ascribed to local conditions. And, while it is true that their vote will probably have to be figured upon here in the metropolis at the next election, it is not altogether clear where they will draw very heavily from the ranks of Democrats or Republicans in the interior.

* * *

The agitation which the third party talk arouses, however, is having some bearing upon the aspirants for nominations in the two old parties. Appeals to class distinctions engender strong feeling, and this may have some effect on the governor fight. Flint, a wealthy man, is placed among his associates, the capitalists, by the unreasoning followers of the new banner. And should the labor people fail to make a gubernatorial nominee, this might have some bearing on the chances of the man from San Benito.

* * *

Labor and its party have been brought to the front in a striking way, also, in the proceedings of the Exclusion convention, which was strictly a labor convention. The representatives of the various organizations of the workingmen and the trades, formed a large proportion of the delegates. The question in the first place is, of course, of the greatest importance to them. It is labor, primarily, that deems itself menaced by Chinese immigration. Secondly, the convention contained a number of politicians who saw the opportunity to make considerable capital for themselves, without the possibility of sacrificing any popularity. Again, the "Examiner" fostered the gathering, and lent its columns and influence in aid of the deliberations. The position the "Examiner" occupied in the matter is clear, from the selection of the chairman, Thos. Geary, and from the fact that one of the delegates chosen to proceed to Washington, is E. J. Livernash, one of the daily's reporters.

* * *

With all the talk and bustle in the Republican and Labor camps, the Democratic end is not stagnating. Although badly disrupted by the outcome of the late municipal fight and the dissensions that existed then, which caused in a measure some of the surprising returns, the Democrats are already planning to retrieve old disasters in the state campaign. There are no lack of candidates in their ranks for the head of the ticket. Some half a dozen names are prominently mentioned in this connection.

* * *

Among them, is that of Mayor Snyder of Los Angeles, whose friends are booming him as the standard bearer. Mayor Snyder has many friends in his own city, and throughout the southern country, to say nothing of his affiliations with the leaders of his party up this way. The rank and file are with him in Los Angeles. It seems curious to recall, that when he first ran for Mayor of Los Angeles, his chances of success were pooh-poohed by the knowing ones, to whom his victory was a stunning surprise. When he came up for re-election, the same disbelief in his ability to win out, was manifested in many quarters, and again, the wise people were not correct in their opinions. All of which goes to show that one can never be sure of what is going to happen in politics.

* * *

Our Congressional representatives departed for Washington during the week. The labors of the new session will soon be upon them, and this meeting of the country's lawmakers promises to keep California's legislators at the national capitol more busy than ordinarily. Three important measures of the greatest interest to this state are to be taken up: The matter of the re-enactment of the Chinese Exclusion Act, the Nicarauga Canal and the Beet Sugar Question.

* * *

As to Chinese immigration, our representatives of course, will have much to do. The renewal of the present law, or attempts to force a compromise measure on the part of the east, to insure amicable trade relations with the Celestial Kingdom, will doubtless provoke much debate and a severe fight, in which our congressmen and senators will take a leading part. The protection of our state's sugar industries from the encroachments of the trust through legislation, is a second question of vital import to us. The inter-oceanic canal is also of the closest concern to the Pacific Slope. So it is easy to foresee that our delegation will have its hands full.

* * *

And while on the subject of the work of Congressmen, it is interesting to note what a busy political life a representative in the lower house of our federal legislature leads. His term is but two years. The part of the year he spends at Washington is of course not very onerous upon the lawmaker. When the session is over, the legislator must look all along his fences, and recommence his campaign for the next election. If he hails from a country district, this involves considerable traveling. To be successful, he must ascertain whether any of his partisans are disaffected, must keep the ranks of his supporters closed up, look out for the proper distribution of patronage, and so on. Then comes the campaign proper, with speeches nightly and then, if successful, the lawmaker boards his train for Washington, to commence the round again. The salary for the office which involves such continuous campaigning, is but five thousand dollars per year. The item of mileage, however, is considerable, especially when the representative hails from a western state.

* * *

There is some talk among the Democrats, by the way, of sending Geary back to Congress, or possibly of giving him the gubernatorial nomination. Such a choice, of course, is calculated to, and would, receive support from among the labor people. Geary's defeat by Barham, however, showed that the advocate of the anti-Chinese act is not by any means invincible.

* * *

Out at the City Hall these days, there is great hurrying to and fro, over the various deputyships at the disposal of the officials-elect. Sheriff Lackmann's office has been claimed by the regular Republican leaders, but Lackmann was a member of the reform party, and was a compromise candidate, so that it would seem that this statement does not accurately place this office. In the County Clerk's office, it is rumored that W. A. Deane will receive the chief deputyship under Bert Mahoney. This gains a ready credence from the active support which the popular incumbent and his friends gave to the clerk-elect.

* * *

The Treasurer's, Tax Collector's and Auditor's offices are listed as straight Republican. The places in these departments of the city's government will undoubtedly be distributed among the men who constitute the bone and sinew of the regular party organization.

* * *

The contest between Doctors McGettigan and Regensburger for the appointment of examining physician of the Lunacy Commission, which has stirred up considerable attention locally, not only among the politicians, but throughout medical circles, has gone over till January. The vote of the judges stands six to six in the matter. No actual political lines were drawn in the fight, as the vote disclosed. The great struggle waged over the heads of Judges Graham and Kerrigan. Dr. McGettigan at last succeeded in gaining Graham's support, but at this point Judge Coffey fell down and joined the opposition. And so the matter stands at a deadlock. Meantime, the two doctors and their friends are leaving no stone unturned to secure the needed one vote. Dr. Regensburger has the DeYoung influence, while Dr. McGettigan has the support of the younger element generally. Dr. McGettigan is very popular, and the fight promises to be a close one.

* * *

In the contest over the Building and Loan Commissionership, between E. D. McCabe and Charley Shortridge, both sides are awaiting a decision from Judge Seawell. The question of the constitutionality of the ousting of Commissioner McCabe by the Governor's appointment of Shortridge, involves a nice point of law. The length of McCabe's term, an appointee of Governor Budd, is one of the matters at issue, and whether under the circumstances he can be ousted without cause. There is another question in the proposition—that of several hundred dollars of back salary. The outcome is awaited with interest by attorneys and politicians, as well as the many friends of both parties.

Illustrated Interviews No. 5.

I HAD never met anyone of royal lineage before, and I confess, as I started out, on that damp, drizzling morning to have a little talk with Liliuokalani, the deposed Hawaiian Queen, who last week departed for the National Capitol to protect her lost revenues, I felt a little uneasy.

In my fancy I had always pictured to myself my first meeting with any one of the blood royal. In my visions, I had conjured up ranks upon ranks of nobles, lining each side of the long vista that led to the throne. Heralds announced my approach, and singing children cast flowers before me. When I came into the presence of the royal house and cast myself prostrate before the glittering throne, a voice in my visions, would say in angelic sweetness, as a soft and caressing hand would be laid upon my shoulder, "Rise noble sir, and take thy seat beside me and at my right hand."

It was not a bit that way when I met Liliuokalani. After making inquiry of the dapper hotel clerk, who said, "First floor, third suite to your right," and cast a mechanical smile at me, after the Queen had said that I might meet her, and the elevator boy said "W'ot floor?" I found myself in the private apartments of the noblest of the Hawaiians. It was some moments after I arrived that the Queen entered. While I was alone, a hurried inventory of the room was made. In one corner, gracefully draped over a portrait of Kalakaua, the late King, was an Hawaiian flag. Here and there about the room were pictures of Hawaiian scenes or friends of the royal traveler. So engaged was I in satisfying my curiosity that I was not aware of the Queen's approach until some one said in a soft, gentle, almost caressing voice, "Good day."

I turned. There was the royal lady herself. Imagine a rather oldish woman of medium height, rather stout, with a wealth of iron grey hair, small hands and feet, a figure remarkably well preserved for one of her years and size, an oval face, beautiful dark eyes, a nose somewhat broad, her lips slightly thick, but by no means coarse, and you have in a general way, the characteristics of the lady I had come to see. I had always had an idea that Hawaiians resembled negroes, but Liliuokalani was far from that, as were the other members of her party, whom it was my pleasure to meet on a subsequent occasion. Most of them could easily have passed for Spaniards.

"It is very kind of you to come," she said in most excellent English. "I was really quite anxious to see you, especially when I read in your note that you would exclude politics. You see, I have been misrepresented so by friend and foe, that I long ago came to the conclusion never to say anything for publication that is not absolutely necessary. Often the slightest word has been taken, both by my supporters and by my enemies, of the latter of which I am sorry to say I have some, and my ideas have been so warped and twisted that I regretted ever afterwards that I had spoken. Now, I am anxious to know what is the first question you will ask me, in this, my first public interview which does not deal with politics."

"What do you read?" I asked. There was no more reason why I should have put this interrogation to her Highness than I should "what do you eat," or "what do you wear." It seemed like a good, inoffensive sort of query, however, and it had no political significance. Liliuokalani laughed heartily. She can afford to indulge in audible merriment, for her teeth are beautiful.

Queen Liliuokalani.

"Well let me see. I suppose I will have to tell the truth, and not indulge in diplomatic fibbing this time. I read the current magazines, some fiction, and the remainder, works on religious matters. Now, you would never think, from some of the things you have read about me that I ever had a desire to do a single good act would you?"

With a candor that was as direct as her question, I replied that I would not have thought it, judging from some of the books that I had read.

"I think I enjoy music as much as anything else. I play the piano some, and am very fond o the music of our national instrument, the ukulili." She spoke a few works in Hawaiian, and as the rippling notes of her voice died away, an attendant entered, and handed her an instrument, that looked like a diminutive guitar. "This is our native instrument" she said. "This and another, very similar, except that it is a little larger. You will notice that all the strings of the instrument are guitar G strings. One cannot play a melody upon it, but it is an excellent accompanying instrument. It is capable of some very fine choral effects." She stopped speaking for a moment, and gently strummed the strings, while she hummed, half for herself and half for me, the air of the Hawaiian national song, one of the most beautiful songs of parting ever written, a melody in which words, sentiment and music blend in one harmonious whole, the far famed "Aloha Ae."

"My people are all fond of music. It is a national trait. As well as music, we love floowers. Let me see, who was it said in speaking of us 'A nation that loves music and flowers cannot be wholly bad.' That is a remark that has often been a great comfort to me," and her beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"How do you spend your time, now that——"

"Now that I am deposed?" she queried, taking the words out of my mouth. "Bless you, there is enough to look after. I have business interests in Honolulu and in other parts of my country. I am never quite satisfied with agents, be as well meaning as they may. My interests always seem to thrive better when I look after them myself. There are friends to visit, many of whom have not fared any too well in these later years. Every now and then it is necessary for me to go from Oahu, the island upon which Honolulu is situated, to some other of the group. My visit to this country at the present time is in protection of my personal rights. When the islands were made a part of this country, the crown lands, which were taken from me by the provisional government, were not returned to me. These, I claim are still mine, and I am sure that the American people, if they do not return me my property acre for acre, will make restitution in some other way. The lands so taken from me are valued at $15,000,000, and yield an income of $700,000 annually——but I fear I am beginning to talk politics," and her earnest look was followed by a smile which, natural as it was, did not entirely hide her feelings and the gravity of the mission that was carrying her to Washington.

"I shall be gone some mouths; just when I shall return I do not know. While I expect to enjoy myself in Washington, yet, after all, my island home is by far the pleasantest place to me in all the world."

"Must you go? I am so sorry. It is really quite delightful, this thing of being interviewed when one does not have to talk politics."

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

The last week of the opera. I can't imagine what on earth I shall do with myself evening after evening when it is really over. There will be four extra occasions next week, but I do not expect to go. Auntie is a little tired of it; I am not. It is delightful, and now that I am quite in the humor of being so well entertained, life without something of that sort will be tame indeed. The boxholders have been particularly attentive to the opera, most of them never having missed a single performance. I have not, mama. I even went to hear "Carmen" on the off night: Any number of others who go every evening did too, evincing, I thought, most obviously how dear the opera was to them.

I suppose you are a little tired of hearing so much about it, mama. But it is a great deal to me; more, perhaps, than I ever really imagined. But I shall tell you more about the First Fortnightly. It was not at all crowded. I was glad of that, but it was not as jolly as I had anticipated. The hall was nice. It seems it has all been cleaned, and now the walls are of a light-blue color, with painted garlands of flowers, giving it quite a festive and rather Frenchy appearance. The dressing-rooms, too, are signally improved. Altogether it is really attractive. Most of the girls wore new gowns, and after I was quite worn out with dancing, I went upstairs to look upon the scene. It really was beautiful. Every girl in that hall was exceedingly pretty and well gowned, fresh looking, and exuding the vigor of youth and happiness in every breath. That in itself is delicious to see. Most of the young men, too, were quite attractive—one specially. He was dancing with Helen De Young. A tall, fair young fellow, with clean-cut features and a most charming ingenuous manner. I heard his name was Earl, but apparently he is a stranger here, for none of my friends knew him. Then there was my very good friend, whom I call the most interesting man in San Francisco, Knox Maddox. I danced several times with him, and also sat upstairs for awhile watching the others. Bank Somers and Olive Holbrook led. They did it well, too. Bank is a quiet sort of fellow, but he is one of the few who never forgets an obligation. That is such a rare thing with the men out here. The girls say that, no matter how often one entertains a man, unless with but few exceptions, if he is so disposed, he will never take the trouble to ask a girl to dance, nor put himself out to the slightest degree for her. Reddick Duperu danced with Lily Spreckels. I like him; he has such a sort of eighteenth century manner that won me the first time I met him. Allan Wright is another attractive fellow. All the mothers swear by Allan. There were loads of others, too, but I must tell you of the girls. I think that Kate Brigham had the best time. Not that she danced more frequently, nor looked better than the other debutantes, but she enjoys every step she takes most keenly. Katherine Robinson is a typical debutante. She looks like a pink bud, and has the most naive manner of telling every one she knows how happy she is. It is hardly necessary, for her face has the unmistakable evidences of her nature. Helen De Young looked very well. Her partner and she I thought were the handsomest couple on the floor. Then there was Jacqueline More, who has a simply stunning figure. All the men rave about it, and her manner is that of a girl who has been out for years. Jean Nokes interests me a great deal She is handsome and most intelligent, and, I have heard, a wonderful housekeeper. Kate Herrin is a stunning looking girl, with really beautiful hair of a rich auburn shade, and wonderful deep, dark eyes. I'd fall in love with her were I a man. She is very well poised, too, and I only wish she was in Washington. The men, especially the foreigners, would go mad about her. Miss Paterson is rather pretty, and I love to watch her smile; it is the most elusive thing, the way it plays about her lips. Then her eyes brighten, and the whole expression of her face changes. Little, dainty Pearl Landers I have already told you about. I should love to see her in a Watteau costume. She is just the type for it. Miss Dunsmuir of Victoria is here now. I am going to ask her to spend a few days with me. She is rather petite, with long, narrow eyes, and quite an intense expression. If she should marry a diplomat, she could win for him by her manner and charm, any position he should desire. She is a most unusual type, and a girl who will be remembered by any one who has ever met her. Of Edith Huntington I have told you before. The other girl, though not a debutante, whom I noticed, was Sara Collier. She is the prettiest girl, I think, in San Francisco, and quite the most refined. I missed so many of the girls whom I know so well—there was no Bernie Droun, nor Stubbs girls. The Hopkins, Scott and Martin contingent were missing, and also the Voorhies. Anna and Leila were always two of the most charming looking girls in any ballroom. Leila, now Mrs. Scott, has returned to San Francisco for a few weeks. She has the dearest of babies and is so happy.

Matrimony plays sad havoc with dancing parties. Though the girls are as keen on dancing after marriage as before, it bores their husbands. Mary Scott Martin is still, as she says, "crazy about it," but Walter does not care for it. The same story comes from Caro Crockett Scott and Helen and Edna Taylor; yet just a year ago those were our best dancing men. I was glad to see Mrs. Hyatt Allen. She is as fresh as when she made her debut two years ago, although she is now the proud possessor of a lovely little boy. Her sister-in-law, Frances Allen, is most attractive to me. She has that exquisite, soft, quaint voice and manner that is the hall mark wherever one meets it of the "thoroughbred." Ruth Dunham is a girl who is most interesting and attractive to me. She is very clever and one of the most capable girls I know. I think she will be at twenty-five a leader in San Francisco; she is just the sort of girl who will take things into her own hand, and whatever she manages she will manage well.

Now, mama dear, I have given you a graphic account of the girls. Their dresses were either pink, blue or white. The white I prefer, though the color scheme of the three are lovely together.

There is a rumor about town that Mr. Greenway is going to give two cotillions this year, one before Christmas and one in January. From all accounts those parties must have been ideal in every way. The older people are always telling the girls about them. They were real balls. Wonderful decorations, a superb supper, a German with lovely favors; in fact the sort of thing we have at home all the time, but which is very rare in San Francisco. I do hope he gives them while I am here, for I am most anxious to see the best that San Francisco can do.

I shall have one private ball anyway, for the Spreckels' are to give one, so all their friends say, just as soon as everything in their house is in perfect readiness. How I wish auntie would give one to me. If she should, I should have it just before Christmas, for I can't imagine anything more effective than these wonderful red berries that they have out here to use as a decoration. Besides, mama, one can have any kind of roses, even the American beauty, on Christmas day. I just revel in the California flowers. Fancy Olive Holbrook and Lily Spreckels wearing orchids almost overy evening at the opera. It is quite enough for a man to win a girl, I think, to send her orchids, for they are such wonderfully beautiful, graceful flowers, and so terribly expensive.

Now, mama dear, good night.

Your daughter,

ELIZABETH.

SMALL TALK.

Miss Mabel Toy will be the hostess of a card party at the Sorosis Club on December 7th.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has postponed her Eastern trip owing to a severe cold.

Miss Marie Wells was the hostess at a tea last week in honor of Miss Dunsmuir who is visiting here.

Miss Maud Williams invited a few girls to tea to meet Miss Helen De Young on Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Agnes Simpson and Bishop Partridge have been the recipients of more handsome presents than any bride and groom for some time in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Baldwin left last week for a trip to Honolulu. They will be away about ten weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Taylor will be at home every Wednesday in December at their home 2007 Steiner street.

Mrs. General Warfield has sent out cards for a reception on Sunday afternoon from four until seven at the California Hotel.

Dr. Dick Follis will return to San Francisco next week. He has the aristocratic appearance of all the Follis family, and comes to San Francisco heralded with the greatest success as a physician. Mr. Clarence Follis will return with him.

Mrs. Low and her daughter Miss Flora will spend the winter at Del Monte owing to the ill health of Mrs. Low.

Miss Sarah Drum has sent out cards to be at home the first and second Fridays in December at her home 2524 Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Britt left for the Orient on Saturday. Their departure is keenly regretted by their friends whose names are legion.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean and Miss Dean have postponed their trip to New York until the end of January, owing to Mrs. Dean's health.

Miss Bessie McNear and Miss Wilcox will return this month from Honolulu, where they have been visiting and enjoying the hospitality of that place.

Mrs. William Stewart has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Herrin the past week. She has been to the opera with them almost every evening.

It is a great disappointment to all of Miss Edith Huntington's friends that she is to go East for some months. She was one of the most popular of the debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Callaghan will spend the winter at the Colonial. Mrs. Callaghan was Miss Violet Carey, the daughter of the most popular captain on the Pacific ocean.

Miss Anita Whitney who has spent a great part of her time the last few years with her aunt, Mrs. Andrew McCreery in Rome and Paris, will return to Oakland early next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Drown and Miss Bernie and Newell Drown returned to San Francisco last week. The evening after their return Miss Bernie was the guest of the Holbrocks at the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott are in New York but will remain there only a short time, as Mr. Scott has urgent business in Washington and must be in San Fransisco early in December.

Mr. Henry Holbrook will give a dinner to Madame Eames next Tuesday evening. The guests Mr. Holbrook has invited are, he considers the brightest men and women in San Francisco.

The young son of Mrs. William Tevis has been quite ill the last two weeks with an attack of fever. This little boy is not very robust, and the Tevis family are very much worried over his condition.

Mr. Cyrus Miller invited about fourteen of his friends to tea on the Albatross on Tuesday afternoon. The guests were shown the contrivances for deep sea fishing, and had generally a very pleasant afternoon.

The De Youngs leave today for Europe where they will spend Christmas. The younger members of Mrs. De Young's family are in Dresden at school. Miss Helen De Young will return to San Francisco in January.

Mr. George Newhall was the host at a luncheon on Thursday last at the Burlingame Club. The guests, mostly from San Francisco, spent the day driving or watching the sports that took place in Burlingame on Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. and Mrs. William Morgan returned to San Francisco this week. Mr. Morgan though slightly improved by the trip, is a source of great anxiety to his family. Mr. Morgan is suffering from overwork.

Miss Alice Kline was the hostess at a Japanese tea in honor of Mrs. Walter Martin and Mrs. Laurence Scott at Golden Gate Park last week. It was quite an original idea, and every one had a very good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Parker have leased a charming apartment at West 83d street for the winter. Mrs. Parker is delighted with New York, and is making friends quite as rapidly in the metropolis as she did in San Francisco.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy was hostess at a tea for young ladies on Tuesday, to introduce Miss Coffin who is visiting her. Miss Coffin is a very popular Eastern girl, who will spend the winter in San Francisco and the southern part of the state.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller's luncheon at the University Club on Friday was quite a large affair. There were two tables beautifully decorated in red and white. With the exception of Miss Ella Morgan and Miss Sophia Price all the guests were married people.

It was a keen source of regret to Mr. Phelan's many friends that Mrs. Terry was not sufficiently well, to be able to be present at the dinner which he intended giving her on Wednesday last at the Bohemian Club. Owing to her illness the dinner has been postponed indefinitely.

Colonel and Mrs. Smebburg, Miss Cora Smedburg and Mrs. McIvor give a tea today in honor of Mrs. William Renwick Smedburg. Young Mrs. Smedburg will be the guest of honor. She will be quite a rival to Lieutenant Smedburg for she has quite an attractive personality as he, and is exceedingly handsome.

Mrs. McNear, Mrs. Seward McNear, Miss McNear and Miss Church will be at home the first and second Fridays in December and January. They have rented the old Newhall home on Van Ness avenue, and expect to do some entertaining this winter. Miss Georgia Hopkins and Mr. Fred McNear will be married in February.

The Misses Hager arrived from the Orient this week. Miss Alice Hager looks better than she has since her Europeon trip a few years ago. Miss Ethyl, though not by any means entirely recovered, has been benefited considerably by the sea voyage. They are at present staying with Mrs. Dean at the old Hager house and are delighted with the small son of the Deans who arrived during their absence.

There are very few girls as lucky as Miss May Denman. That is the general verdict of those who have met the Misses Cheatham of Tennessee. Sisters-in-law are not generally conducive to affection, but the Cheatham girls are particularly attractive, and it is to be hoped some of our promising young men will endeavor to make San Francisco pleasant enough to one or both young ladies to get her to make her home here.

The San Francisco Symphony Society whose directorate contains among many others Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, Dr. E. R. Taylor and Professor Wm. C. Jones, is to give a series of Symphony Concerts at the Grand Opera House in the near future. The orchestra will consist of fifty-five musicians under the direction of Paul Steindorff, of the Tivoli, and the affairs promise to afford a musical treat. The first concert is scheduled for December 13th.

Mrs. Hearst is an opera box holder who has taken the trouble to find out amongst her friends those who really care for music. She however is so sure of her own social standing that it really does not matter if her guests are in the most exclusive set. They are her equals intellectually, and that is all that Mrs. Hearst requires in her friends. In a few years the "exclusives" in San Francisco will be sufficiently cultured to realize that money is not everything in the world. Mr. Holbrook is one of the few who realize it now.

Miss Gladys Merrill has returned to San Francisco after a most delightful visit with friends and some of her mother's family in the East. Miss Gladys will make her debut this winter, but will not do any great entertaining until after the holidays. There are very few families in San Francisco so popular and altogether so kindly disposed to everyone as is the Merrill's. There is no charitable association which Mrs. Merrill is not interested. With all that she manages to keep up her social obligations and has hosts of friends.

One of the most attractive out of town weddings took place in Sausalito on Saturday last Miss Ethel Shoobert, a tall intellectual looking girl, was married to Mr. Robin W. Dunsmuir of Victoria, son of the Premier, who is the owner of the great Dunsmuir coal mines. The charming little church in Sausalito was a mass of berries, and greens of all kinds, and suggested a scene from the "Forest Lovers." As it was a rural wedding, there was no heavy formality, everyone simply enjoyed himself, and a general feeling of pleasure permeated the gathering of young people who knew each other very well.

Mrs. Will Magee, the favorite of the Hush young women, gave a very delightful luncheon at her home in Oakland last week. The decorations were all in pink, and most of the ladies present wore light costumes,the effect being exceedingly pretty. Mrs. Tom Magee is at present in New York with her sister Mrs. Wells, who has just returned from a ten months trip around he world. Mr. and Mrs. Wells were married in Oakland just about a year ago, and have virtually been travelling ever since. Mrs. Tom Magee will return to San Francisco with her father Mr. Valentine Hush in a few weeks.

The Foster tea at Central Hall last Saturday afternoon was the largest reception held in San Francisco for some time. The Fosters know everyone, being representative San Francisco people, though their home is in San Rafael. The hall was densely decorated with large branches of red berries and pampas grass. It was a stunning effect. A tea at a hall when there is a crowd is the happiest idea in the world, for one manages at least to get a little breathing room. Miss Annie Foster is a very charming young girl with as great a number of friends as any girl in San Francisco. She received with her mother, sister, and Miss Scott in a handsome white gown of some soft material which was especially becoming to her.

Coming Events.

WEDDINGS—December 16, Miss Denman to Major Cheatham. Evening reception at home of the bride to follow.

LUNCHEONS—December 3d, Mrs. Marion R. Higgins, 1620 California street, (Sorosis Club.)

RECEPTION—Dec. 13th—Ebell Club, Oakland.

DANCES—December 6th, Friday Fortnightly at Cotillion Hall.

CARD PARTY—December 7th, Miss Mabel Toy, 1620 California street.

BANQUET—December 7th, Delta Kappe Epsilon, Palace Hotel.

DOLL SHOW—December 3-7, Maple Room, Palace Hotel. Luncheon 11 to 2, tea 3 to 5.

"Played Out"

Is one of the curious expressions used for *worked* out. Many a woman drops into a chair, in utter weariness "all played out," and wonders why she feels so weak. She has not yet realized that the general health is so intimately related to the local health of the womanly organism, that weakness must follow womanly diseases.

Restoration of the general health invariably follows the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates the periods, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

There is no substitute for "Favorite Prescription," for there is nothing "just as good" for womanly ills.

"I wish to advise the suffering women of this great land, of the good I have received from Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. Mary Shappell, of Columbus Grove, Putnam Co., Ohio. "For four years I had been a sufferer from female troubles, and at times was unable to do even the housework for three in the family. I had such pains that I suffered almost death dozens of times, but after taking five bottles of your medicines I can truthfully say that my health was greatly improved. I have a good appetite and am gaining in flesh right along. This spring is the first time in five years that I have done my house cleaning all by myself and without the least fatigue whatever. I hope all suffering women may find relief as I have done.

"My gain in weight has been just ten pounds, and I am still gaining."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages, paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*, or for cloth-bound book, send 31 stamps. Address Dr R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 **San Francisco**

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

Our Public Men

Chief Justice Wm. H. Beatty

Chief Justice William H. Beatty was born at Monclora, Lucas County, Ohio, in 1838. At an early age he moved to Kentucky and remained there until 1853, when he came to California. Two years later, he returned East, and entered the University of Virginia. In September, 1858, he returned to California, and studied law in his father's office, and was admitted to practice in 1861. When Nevada was admitted to statehood in 1864, he was elected to the judgeship of the District Court, holding that position until 1875, when he became the Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Nevada, holding that office from 1875 to 1880. He then took up his residence in Sacramento and practiced law until 1889, when he was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, to fill the balance of the unexpired term of Chief Justice Morrison. He was re-elected in 1890 to succeed himself, and at present holds the office under that election. His term expires in 1903.

In his occupancy of the bench, Judge Beatty has made many decisions, many of them remarkable for their analytical insight which is, in all instances, a characteristic of his opinions. With all his erudition, however, his Honor is as simple in his tastes as the humblest and most unassuming. His favorite sport is fishing, and he is also fond of hunting. He is not above admitting that he likes the circus too, a pleasure that was his even when a small boy. He still likes this form of amusement, and never misses an opportunity to enjoy all the delights it offers, from pink lemonade and the side show to the peanuts and the concert.

Among the many honors accorded DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY has been the Royal Warrant recently granted by King Edward. The Royal Family has accorded this honor to DEWAR'S SCOTCH for many years past. It is a compliment which the judges of Scotch whisky think highly deserved.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You will find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

Straight Tips for Theatre-Goers.

(BY ONE.)

To begin with, always come in late and slam down your seat as hard as you possibly can.

If your seat happens to be behind a pillar, blame the usher—he built the theatre.

Encore everything, good, bad and indifferent.

If you have seen the play before, make it a point to let everybody know what's coming next.

In the case of a comic opera, hum all the choruses and beat time with your feet.

If you are a man, always go out between the acts, but never return until the curtain has risen unless you have an aisle seat.

If you are a woman, make yourself conspicuous between the acts by trying to carry on a conversation with some friends six or seven rows distant.

On your way out, pull the play and players all to pieces and ogle and elbow everybody like everything.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

Half-tones and Zincographs

The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.

Etchers and Engravers of

Printing Plates

24 Montgomery St., S. F.

Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.

RUBBER STAMPS

STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.

221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

POOR MR. GRAU! "Up against it" is a phrase that but feebly expresses his present attitude between the Scylla of the public on the one side and the Charybdis of his female friends on the other, on the ruthless horns of dilemma indeed. And I am told that he has had more than one Mauvais quart d' heure with those of his prima donnae who have yet to register concommitant ills against the climate of our glorious state. Artists who have attained an eminence which rests on the precarious foundation of the public's favor do not take kindly to deathbed requests that they step in at the eleventh hour, unproperly heralded, and substitute for their stricken colleagues. So Mr. Grau fills in with second-raters, the while holding his fevered brow with one hand while he loosens the strings of his money bags with the other to allow disappointed purchasers to receive their money back. In this regard the management has been very just, either refunding the purchase price when an advertised star failed to appear, or exchanging the seats for other performances.

Still, the public tires easily. One disappointment they take good-humoredly, a second they accept with strained politeness, and the third about exhausts their patience. After that they jump the track, and it were easier to waltz through the needle's eye than to lure them back. This refers more particularly to Mr. Grau's visit here next season. Of course, he vows not only not to return here again, but also to retire finally from impressarioship; but the wise ones smile knowingly and hint at Patti "farewells."

First, Calve had a cold; then Sanderson had the poison oak; then Eames had inflamed vocal chords. The latter's plaint is conceded to be founded upon truth, but the former two have had the liveliest doubts cast upon their authenticity. However, I leave that to the scandal-mongers. Mrs. Seygard, who had to bear the brunt of the disfavor that the defection of a favorite leaves with an audience, acquitted herself creditably, everything considered. It is no light task to step into the breach at a moment's notice and sing such roles as Carmen and Marguerite, and to be compelled to substitute for a Calve or an Eames is enough to take the heart out of a singer before she steps upon the stage. Seygard has a dramatic soprano voice with some good features to recommend it. However, in her mezzo-voce in the forte passages, a brassy, strident quality appears that effectually mars its beauty. She sang her Carmen much better than her Marguerite.

About the "Meistersinger," I will be frank and confess that I understood it not at all. Of course, I gathered the frame of the story and comprehended that Herr Wagner meant it all as a death blow of satire at his clerical enemies; but the singing text was so interwoven with the symphonic orchestration that I early gave up any attempt at honest and comprehensive understanding. And I doubt if any one not a German in the audience had much the advantage of me. All the singers were in the best of voice.

JOSEPH GREVEN

Joseph Greven is one of San Francisco's eminently successful voice teachers, and he may be justly proud of his system and its results. Of his method of training he says:

"The correct way of breathing and breath-saving, the natural way of opening and closing the mouth, the relaxing of the throat, a beautiful and even vocalization, a resonnant front plac ng of the notes, and many little corrections of haulty voice-production will enable us to do wonders with the fuman voice. But—even when the voice is there—'ideal singing' can be obtained only where musical ear, taste, intelligence, soul and heart are developed harmoniously. Study the old Italian masters besides your mechanical exercises; listen only to true music and then bathe your entire spiritual being in its wave."

Sembrich's Rosita in the "Barber" was a triumphant exhibition of her sweeping superiority over all coluratura sopranos of this day at least. She has a poise, a manner, that adds to her singing a finish and unaffected charm wholly unique. Campanari is inimitable in this opera, and his Valentine in "Faust" was a most artistic and finished performance in every respect. In "Faust," too, de Reske made a highly interesting Mephisto. We all know his singing, but his acting in this role is a carefully executed conception of much power. However, I have yet to hear a Mephisto that, to my mind, can rank with that of Pol Plancon.

Tomorrow night "Lohengrin" will be given at popular prices; Monday night, "La Boheme" and "Cavelleria Rusticana," with Suzanne Adams and Calve as the stars; Monday afternoon, the "Marriage of Figaro," with Sembrich and Eames; Tuesday night, "Tristan and Isolde"; Wednesday night, Calve and Sanderson for the last time; and Thursday afternoon and evening, two more performances. The prices for these fourth week presentations will be $2, $4, $4 and $5.

Mr. Paul Steindorff announces three symphony concerts to be given with fifty-five musicians under his baton, on December 13th, January 10th, and January 17th. Each concert will begin at 3:15 o'clock. The prices of seats for the series will range from $3.50 down to $1.25, according to location, and the sale will begin at Sherman-Clays' on Monday, December 2d, closing Saturday, December 7th.

This, I think, carries its own comment with it. We all appreciate just how much we need a symphony orchestra, and what the lack of one means to San Francisco. Mr. Steindorff needs no introduction. His work at the Tivoli has been of an order to give us a pretty fair line on what may be expected of him in the new venture. I understand that he has not been stinted in the matter of rehearsals, a mistake that reaped a bitter reward in preceding symphony experiments. The programs have not yet been announced, but Mr. Steindorff states that one of the novelties will be the "Hero and Leander" symphony, by Victor Herbert, a close friend of Mr. Steindorff, by the way.

ASTHMA CURE FREE.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in all Cases. Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chain d with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of Asthmalene, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, Asthmalene will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the more glad we are to send it. Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City. Sold by all Drnggists.

MRS. W. H. HORD,
Piano and Guitar.

Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.

Residence, 2005 Oak St Phone, Page 1622

OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.

TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

SUITS
CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED
BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY
40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.
Ring up Drumm 44 We run two wagons

Achille L. Artigues
PIANIST
Organist of Notre Dame des Victoirer
1248 McAllister St. PHONE Fell 1749

ATTENTION!
We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge
A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT
In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to
THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving
Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS, $1.00 HUNDRED
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat may result in an Incurable Throat Trouble or Consumption. For relief use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Nothing excels this simple remedy. Sold only in boxes.

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON In each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

The World of Tone.

The American Literary and Musical Bureau of San Francisco is the imposing title of a new organization founded under the management of Mr. S. H. Friedlander of theatrical fame. I am informed that it boasts among its backers Attorney General H. H. Hart and the power behind the throne in the Sharon estate, and that its scope will include the engagement of singers, lecturers, etc., the erection of a fine building, with theater and concert halls. An operatic school is also contemplated. Such an enterprise as this could be made to be would undoubtedly be the making of San Francisco, musically; and if it is to be done, I know of no one so capable as Mr. Friedlander to carry it to a successful conclusion. He is a man of vast, really vast, experience, and has a long business head to back that experience. He will have associated with him the best talent and brains that our city holds.

Those marvelously clever kindergartenites, the Pollard troupe, at the Tivoli, continue to astound their elders. People come prepared to be bored and go away astonished. If you do not like that word, go and hear them yourself and learn how it feels. They give the "Geisha" in a style to wonder at. They play two weeks more, and will then be succeeded by the old Tivoli comic opera company, which has returned from a most successful tour of the State. They will probably open in "Little Red Riding Hood. Also there is a vague rumor that we may hear a new female star in the Tivoli ranks. The annual Tivoli scare anent erecting a new opera-house has come and gone again—a veritable Mrs. Harris, I am beginning to believe. It's a good bit like the low comedian's promise, we will get it when—we get it.

If you want to get all—except the voice—that you missed in Calve's Carmen, go to the Orpheum and see La Tortajada. La Tortajada is a young and beautiful Spanish woman, who bursts on the eye and ear with the most delicious insolence and vigor. She has only a mediocre voice, but a beautiful figure, and puts enough white heat in her performance to stock ten Carmen's of the Calve or Collamarini type. She is said to have been the proud inciter of several duels, and the statement will find few doubters. There is also a man at the Orpheum, one of a team who call themselves Ward and Curran (which one I do not know), who sings a little ballad in an uncultivated but heart-winning voice—the sort of voice that has a husky richness and an Irish unction. I will confess to a professional heresy and admit that I would rather listen to a sweet, natural product of pure song, like that of this man, than to a houseful of professionals who have had all the real song cultivated out of them.

Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "Until God's Day," by Dudley Buck; "I Know a Little Rose," by Frances Allitsen. Both published by Schirmer & Co., New York.

November Twilight.

Far-off in ashen-clouded skies
The smoldering sunset faintly glows,
With pearly tints and crimson dyes
Like blushes of a fading rose.
From cedar trees the song-birds cry,
Their feathers ruffled in the cold;
The shivering sheep-flocks gather nigh,
Or straggle bleating to their fold.

Chrysanthemums along the walks
Their gorgeous bygone glories shed,
And hang from black, decaying stalks
Sprays yellow, purple, white and red.
Their pungent fragrance as it dies
Recalls the Springtime songs of old,
Primroses under summer skies,
The autumn orchard's mellow gold.

And like an etching clearly traced
In airy lines against the west,
The fragile twigs are interlaced,
Lifting a little shattered nest.
The glory of the gray-haired year,
Is ruined with November's blight,
Like this frail nest that lingers here,
Forsaken in the winter night.

At The Theatres Next week.

Alcazar—"An Enemy to the King."

Central—"Streets of New York."

Grand Opera House—Maurice Grau Opera Company in Grand Opera.

Tivoli—Pollard Juvenile Opera Company. "The Geisha."

Orpheum—Vaudeville, La Tortajada.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

"GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."
It is said that certain people cannot sing this song but anybody can go away back East and sit down in the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road. These trains carry Nickel Plate Dining Cars in which are served American Club meals at from $.35 to $1.00 each.
Call or write for free book showing views of Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Jay W. Adams, P. C. P. A 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

$100 Reward $100
The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER
TRADE MARK
A Positive Relief For CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.
Get Mennen's (the original). Sample free
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 CALIFORNIA ST.
Guaranteed Capital and Surplus $2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash 1,000,000 00
Deposits, June 29, 1901 29,886,288.11
OFFICES
President B. A. Becke
First Vice President John Lloyd.
Second Vice President Daniel Meyer
Cashier A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier Wm. Herrmann
Secretary George Tourney
Assistant Secretary A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow
DIRECTORS
H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rolte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt,

San Francisco Savings Union
535 CALIFORNIA ST.
Deposits, July 1, 1901 $28,973 540
Reserve Fund 226 994
Paid Up Capital 1,000,000
Contingent Fund 445,617
OFFICERS
E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.
DIRECTORS
Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.
42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.
Authorized Capital $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve 390,000
Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.
Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.
OFFICERS:
F. KRONENBERG President
W. A. FREDERICK Vice President
H. BRUNNER Cashier

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,
Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.
TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT. Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

TEL. GREEN 12.
CHAS. P. DROLLA
ATTORNEY-AT LAW
534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal
All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts

Famous Russian-Oriental Tobacco Store
418 Montgomery St, Phone Black 1233
Near California St. Established 1876.

MRS. FANNIE ROSENTHAL, Prop.

Leading importer of choice varieties of Russian, Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes and Smoking Tobaccos. High-grade Cigarettes made to order for private clubs and special social events. Delicate Aromatic Cigarettes made for Ladies' Tea Parties. Latest French and English novelties in pipes and smokers' articles, also Turkish water pipes, etc.
Order by Telephone

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR —
VAUGHN LEADLEY,
Solicitor for
J. F. SNOW & CO.,
Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.
Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 22 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

EDWARD HALL, President. WM. J. BIGGY, Vice-Pres. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.
United States Laundry Association
LAUNDRY 3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.
(Near Valencia)
TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418
OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST.,
near Powell.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
TRY THEM FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.
Fac-Simile Signature of John L. Brown & Son on every box.

A Statement of the Case.

The public through the daily press have become familiar with one side of the Nome controversy. There is something to be said on the other end of the matter, however Judge Noyes and his friends hold the facts to be as follows:

THE Nome contempt proceedings grew out of the controversy on the part of a number of poor miners who attempted to establish their right to mine the claims as against one rich corporation known as the Wild Goose Mining Co., and one rich partnership known as the Pioneer Mining Co. When the Nome excitement began, all the claims now under dispute, with many more, were staked out in the various creeks back of the town. When the miners arrived in Nome in May, June and July of 1899, they found the whole country staked out, and the only protection they had against starvation was beach mining.

When gold was discovered on the beach, the big mining companies again seized the entire creek for the distance of twenty-five miles, but the claims when located were not staked to the water's edge, because the promise was made that the gold was was in the greatest quantities back from the shore and because the right of way sixty feet wide along the beach had been preserved by act of Congress. Thousands of miners took possession of this sixty feet, and many of them secured enough gold with which to reach the states in the course of a month or two. The big companies used the militia in the attempt to driving the miners off this strip, but the soldiers found it impossible to fight them all and the attempt to keep them off was given up for that reason.

When Judge Noyes reached Nome thousands of questions concerning mining claims were waiting his arrival. No court had been held there for two years. The only contested mining case in that district was tried before Judge Johnson in July, 1899, it was tried before a jury and was decided in favor of the so-called Junior whose name was Glover. Judge Johnson refused a new trial and motion for an appeal and bound over the defendants at seventy-five thousand dollars. The plaintiff Glover had been assisted in locating the claim by Mrs. Requa and Tom Jacobs, all three locating separate claims on Dexter creek in accordance with the mining laws of the United States. Litigation grew out of the locating of this claim, and Jacobs and Mrs. Requa retained Hubbard, Beeman and Hume to contest their claims on a contingent fee. These lawyers agreed to pay all the expenses of the suit: they had no money, but an Englishman of wealth had promised to back them in the fight. Hubbard went to New York to see the Englishman, but the Englishman had died. Hubbard then met McKenzie and induced him to take up the matter, and agreed to back him in the suits. McKenzie had previously organized a mining corporation to dredge Bearing Sea, and had machinery then being shipped for the purpose. Noyes had known McKenzie for twenty years, in Dakota and Minnesota. McKenzie had been the receiver of the Great Northern and Southern Railroad, and was generally believed a man of wealth and integrity, and Noyes so considered him. Noyes and McKenzie happened to reach Seattle within a few days of each other. Everyone was trying to get to Nome on the first steamer, Noyes having instructions from the department of justice to go as rapidly as possible. The clerk of the court, United States Marshal, District Attorney, and many others, were in Seattle trying to reach Alaska. Transportation had been promised them on the U. S. gun boat, McCullough, but the vessel was delayed in reaching Seattle, and the government officials with some five or six hundred others, left on the first steamer.

The very day of their arrival at Nome, applications were made to

HON. J. T. McLAUGHLIN *Elite Photo*

FRANCES J. HENEY

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER
THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG
The True Blue.
308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE
Billiard, Pool and Club Room
(Never Closed.)
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.
924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET

RACING
EVERY WEEK DAY
RAIN OR SHINE
NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB
OAKLAND RACE TRACK
Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp.
Ferryboats leave San Francisco at 12 m. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2:30 and 3 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry-tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in 15 minutes.
Returning Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m., and immediately after the last race.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
CHAS. F. PRICE, Secretary and Manager.

SUNSET LIMITED

One of the most magnificent trains ever built. For 1901-1902 TRI-WEEKLY via Coast Line and Sunset Route for

New Orleans and New York

Leave SAN FRANCISCO 4:50 p. m.
Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays
Leave LOS ANGELES 8:30 a. m.
Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays
Arrive NEW ORLEANS 7:20 p. m.
Thursdays, Saturdays, Mondays

Among the world's noted Highways of Travel not one equals the route of this train.
Get the little book, "Wayside Notes," from any agent of the

Southern Pacific

Initial trip of Sunset Limited Friday, December 6, from San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Dec. 2. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Nov. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Dec. 2. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Nov. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Dec. 3.
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)
Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.
Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 a. m.
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and Newport.
Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

C. A. GARTER C. W. CROSS
Law Offices of
Cross & Garter
Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.
Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... **PAPER**
COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.
Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

Judge Noyes to appoint receivers in and for the defendant's case, involving the principal claims, and by the Pioneer Mining Co., and the Wild Goose Mining Co. Noyes had already appointed another receiver. In one other claim it was impracticable to grant injunctions in such cases, as the mining season is very short, and many hundred men would have been thrown out of work. On the other hand it would not do to allow the defendant's to take all the gold out of the ground and carry it to the States. By the time the suit was tried there might be nothing left for the applicants to recover. Knowing McKenzie, and having confidence in him, he was naturally the man selected by Noyes for receiver.

Judge Arthur H. Noyes was born on April 15, 1854, in Baraboo, the county seat of Sioux county, Wisconsin, and graduated from the high school in the spring of 1872; he entered college in the fall of 1872 in

JUDGE ARTHUR H. NOYES
Elite Photo.

Madison, Wisconsin, and graduated in 1876. He was clerk in a law office in Michigan for one year, then in the law school of the University of Wisconsin at Madison for one year, graduating in June, 1878.

Judge Noyes practiced law in Baraboo, Wisconsin, until 1881, when he went to Grand Forks, North Dakota, with Hon. D. E. Morgan, now one of the justices of North Dakota, and practiced under the firm known as Morgan & Noyes Co. In the winter of 1886-7 he went to Minnesota and started in practice with Hon. John F. Magee, now one of the district justices of Minnesota at Minneapolis. Later he formed a partnership with Hon. A. M. Harrison, now also on the district bench at Minneapolis. The partnership continued until Judge Harrison's election to the bench. Judge Noyes was appointed United States District Judge for the district of Alaska in the early part of June, 1900, and assigned by the attorney-general to the second division of the district, with residence at St. Michael. He arrived in St. Michael and later, in Nome, the metropolis of that part of Alaska, late in July and remained there until the 12th day of August of this year, when he obtained leave of absence to attend upon the trial before the Circuit Court of Appeals and so show cause why he should not be held for contempt.

Judge Noyes was appointed by President McKinley, his recommendation and endorsement being among the strongest ever presented at Washington, on behalf of an applicant for such a place. Judge Noyes has always been a staunch Republican in politics and has done much with his state to promote the success of that party.

Books that are Being Read.

The Right of Way, by Gilbert Parker.

Cardigan, by Robert W. Chambers.

Tristam of Blent: An Episode in the Story of an Ancient House, by Anthony Hope.

Kim, by Rudyard Kipling.

The Secret Orchard, by Agnes and Egerton Castle.

The Making of a Marchioness, by Frances Hodgsen Burnett.

The Victors: A Romance of Yesterday Morning and This Afternoon, by Robert Barr—A well told story of the life of a political boss in New York City.

Karadac, Count of Gersay: A Romance, by K. and Hesketh Prichard—An entertaining medeaival love story, strong in incident.

Marietta; a Maid of Venice, by F. Marion Crawford.

One Forty-Two; the Confessions of a Reformed Messenger Boy, by Henry M. Hyde—A clever treatment of an untouched side of city life.

Cashel Byson's Profession, by Bernard Shaw—An ingenuous story with a prize fighter as the hero.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSO
[Phone Main 517 s]
Sutter Street Hammam TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions** of **mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell
Office and Residence
1021½ Market St. bet. 6th & 7th S. F.

THE **CALIFORNIA LIMITED**
Leaves San Francisco
9.00 a. m. Daily
New equipment has been provided. Courteous treatment, superb dining service, perfect in every detail makes it the finest transcontinental train.
No limit to the good things for your comfort.
The Santa Fe Office 641 Market Street, and at the Ferry.

The Quick Route to the East
THE **"Overland Limited"**
Via Union Pacific R. R.
Less Th n Three Days to Chicago
UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE.
Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.
Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.
Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans-Atlantic Steamship Lines.
D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal.

REFRESHING SLEEP.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.
Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

Occidental Hotel
For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .
San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas
Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.
American and European Plan
Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

Telephone Green 248
Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .
115 GEARY STREET
Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

Ripples

She—Do you believe that too many cooks spoil the broth?

He—Yes; altogether too many.

* * *

"I don't see what is to become of all these new doctors."

"Oh, new microbes are all the time being discovered."

* * *

Uncle Geehaw (from Hay Corners, at grand opera)—What's that man got over there?

City Nephew—Why, that's the score.

Uncle Geehaw (brightening up)—The score? Well, by gum! I wish you'd ask him who's ahead!

* * *

In Germany: The Count—Dear me, Baron, your face! Dueling again, at your age, and so recently married?

The Baron—Ach, no! It is my American wife. She makes me eat with a fork!

* * *

Soulful Youth (at the piano)—Do you sing "For Ever and For Ever"?

Matter-of-F ct Maiden—No I stop for meals.

* * *

Mama—Oh, Ethel, you never saw me behave like that.

Ethel (aged four)—Well, I haven't knowed you so very long.

* * *

When does Mary Mapes Dodge? When Thomas W. Knox. What did Charles Reade? Whatever he saw Mabel Osgood Wright. When is it that John Burroughs? When he hears Edward Everett Hale. Who gave Thomas Paine? Hamilton Wright, Mabie.

* * *

The Bride—I don't want to have any trouble with you, Bridget.

The Cook—Then, bedad, ma'am, let me hear no complaints.

* * *

Wealthy Hibernian—Show me the finest diamonds ye have in your shop.

Salesm n—Eighteen karats?

Wealthy Hibernian—Atein' onions, if it's anny of your business.

* * *

I love a brown Hawaiian maid,
I can't pronounce her name,
And though she knew no word I said,
She loved me all the same.
She was the sweetest little lass
In all that Pacific isle,
And wore the nicest dress of grass,
Cut in the latest style.
Together in the shadows deep,
We sat one drowsy day,
And e'er we knew it fell asleep,
When came a mule that way.
O how can I tell her fate?
Describe what came to pass?
That mule was hungry and he ate—
He ate that gown of grass

* * *

"How unfair it seems that the poor, who cannot afford nursemaids, are the ones who have so many children."

"And, on the other hand, how easy it is of explanation. If they didn't have so many children, they might be able to afford the nursemaids."

* * *

It takes two for a kiss
Only one for a sigh;
Twain by twain we marry,
One by one we die.

Joy is a partnership,
Grief weeps alone;
Many guests had Cana,
Gethsemane had one!

Palace Hotel
San Francisco, California
On one side of this immense hotel—the largest in the world—is the wholesale and manufacturing district; on the other: theatres, retail stores, clubs, railroad offices, banks and newspaper buildings. Street cars to all parts of the city depots, ferries, Cliff House, and parks pass the entrance.
A beautifully illustrated book sent free to any address.
Ameaican Plan *European Plan*

Hotel Las Palmas
1820 Market Street, S. F.
Phone Folsom 1856
The rooms surround a center court filled with palms and hanging baskets, thus making the place one of the most beautiful as well as the most desirable to be found in the city.
MRS. ANNA C. MILLER, Proprietress.

AUTOMOBILES
WE BUILD TO ORDER
GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.
All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.
CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
FACTORY—346 McAllister St.; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

A WISE PRECAUTION
BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

to be taken from
the Library.++++

CALIFORNIA
STATE

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 28. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

A Scene on Alcatraz Showing the Ferryboat San Rafael on the Bay.

Photo by Taber

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—December 7, 1901.

A twelve-year old kidnaper has come to the front in Montana. He must be a Butte.

A well known Oakland butcher has disappeared. They ought to look for him around the block.

Prune brandy is said to be a failure. It is bad enough for a man to be full of prunes without having the brandy thrown in.

Electric light baths are being advocated as a cure for obesity. They certainly should have a tendency to make stout people light.

An effort is being made to consolidate the various thread factories. If the deal goes through, it will be the "reel" thing.

The coffee magnates are being assailed by those not in the trust. Being roasted comes natural to anyone in that line of business.

Did you ever notice how absent minded a man becomes when his wife tells him what she is figuring on in the line of Christmas presents?

Strange how suddenly these fogs envelop the city, springing apparently from nowhere. There is something very "myst"erious about this.

A bill to permit railway pooling is to be introduced in Congress. That will furnish the long sought opportunity to open poolrooms in San Francisco.

The Sewing Guild has issued a report showing the good work accomplished during the past year. The motto of the society should be, "As we sew, so shall we reap."

The conflict on the isthmus seems to be about over. The Federals on reaching Colon found American marines patroling the streets and wisely decided to make a full stop.

Most of the local cigar making is in the hands of the Chinese and the biggest factory is in the basement of a Commercial street building. It is very appropriate to have them below the street level, as even in that sphere of operations they could never be high-rollers.

The Stanfords defeated the Indian team in the football game at Los Angeles. They outclassed the noble red men in every way, even their college yell making the old-time war whoop take a back seat.

Cable rates have been reduced to the Philippines. In view of the threatened competition from the Mackay Pacific Cable, the present corporation is evidently determined to transact a Luzon business if needs be.

The struggle for patronage has already commenced among the successful candidates out at the hall. As Musician Schmitz dispenses the favors, he should not have much trouble securing harmony among the aspirants.

Japan is said to be very hard up for ready money. Although they have little trouble over there elevating their social condition, they seem to experience the same difficulty everybody else finds when it comes to raising cash.

Croker is evidently in a bad plight politically, for Mayor-elect Seth Low has announced his determination to root out all traces of Tammany. This will cut off the boss's source of income in this country and as his English racing stable has lost its usefulness in view of the crusade over there against American invaders of the turf, he will have to make both ends meet in future with whatever he has put aside for a rainy day.

Public Lands.

Commissioner Hermann of the General Land Office has included in his annual report to Congress a number of matters of exceeding interest to the Pacific Coast. The appeals that have reached Washington this year in connection with the Big Trees and other valuable California groves have prompted him to recommend the withdrawal from public entry of all lands more valuable for forest use than other purposes, and in this connection he refers to the necessity that exists for the preservation of our timber. Then he touches upon the oil situation by providing for the rejection of selections for land returned as agricultural, if before approval they are found to be mineral, and in the same line he provides for the change of lands wherever it is necessary to make such withdrawals.

An interesting feature of the report is the announcement that 15,562,796 acres of public land were disposed of during the last fiscal year, which was the banner year in public land sales. This can be accounted for by the opening of the Indian reservations, for large blocks of land were in that way thrown upon the market in addition to the customary pre-emptions for agricultural, mineral and forest purposes. Outside of these Indian grants it is undeniable that the greater part of the land thus taken up is, under present conditions was not very desirable, for the choice sections of the public domain were gobbled up long ago, and those remaining are either remote from transportation or else mountainous or in some other way hard to bring into production. Later on when the immigration issue is settled, there will be of course millions of acres available for farming purposes, and it is this condition of affairs that is causing so vigorous a crusade in that regard.

Before dismissing Mr. Hermann's report, reference should be made to his suggestion for the appointment of a commission to survey and dispose of public lands in our insular possessions. This shows that the government has determined to declare our sovereignty in our new territories in such a way as to make them an integral part of the nation. While it is not likely that many American home seekers will invade our island possessions in search of public land, it is nevertheless well to inaugurate there the system we adopt at home, for the only way to properly run a big machine like the United States Government is to bring within its scope anything and everything pertaining to it.

Bay Fogs.

Public interests demand that reforms should be made in the system of ferry traffic during foggy weather. The wreck of the San Rafael furnishes an object lesson that none should overlook, for although the loss of life was comparatively small, it shows the possibilities that exist for a frightful local calamity.

Under the United States navigation laws, during foggy weather all steam vessels are compelled to reduce speed and announce their location by the constant blowing of horns. This is a protection, but it is not enough, for when heavy mists are on, sound does not travel according to normal conditions. The pressure of the atmosphere causes a reverberation amounting at times almost to an echo, with the result that the signals occasionally become positively misleading.

We have had proof enough of this sort of thing. A quarter of a century ago the City of Chester went down inside the Golden Gate through striking on a reef while steaming in the wrong direction as a result of the fog signals, while the similar case of the Rio de Janeiro is of so recent occurrence as to need no extended comment. In last Saturday's wreck too, both the Sausalito and San Rafael were sounding their alarms long before the crash came, and the more the subject is investigated, the more proof piles up that under our present system the traveling public is in constant danger during such atmospheric conditions.

First and foremost, therefore, a stringent rule should be adopted that during foggy weather only one boat should be allowed upon each ferry route. This would avoid all possibility of colliding with a boat coming in the opposite direction and where there are two lines on the same course like the Tiburon and Sausalito and the broad and narrow gauge to Oakland, the schedule should be so arranged that two boats would not be on the bay at the same time. This would at least minimize the dangers, and if it should prove that this is not enough, then even so radical a measure as only allowing one boat a day in each direction should be inaugurated. Business may suffer and many be inconvenienced, it is true, but it is far better that such be the case than run the risk of sending a shipload of passengers to the bottom of the bay.

BY THE WAY

Stories regarding the San Rafael disaster are naturally very plentiful nowadays, as every individual who participated in the wreck seems to have had a quaint experience of some description or the other.

For instance, Jim Warrack of the White House who climbed to the top of the paddle wheel and from there jumped to safety says that while on the trip back to San Francisco on the Sausalito, the passengers gathered in the cabin and related their experiences to one another. He was for a time the center of a group of ladies who listened to his detailed story of the scene on the ship and although he held their attention for awhile he suddenly noted a desire to get away from him.

"I first saw the change," he says, "after I got up to illustrate how a man was climbing through one of the cabin windows. The ladies nearest to me suddenly took on a horrified expression and when I saw a couple of them put their handkerchiefs to their faces and walk away I realized that something was wrong. As soon as I could excuse myself I went over to a couple of the boys and asked them if they noticed anything queer about me."

"You look all right Jim," was the reply, "but my, you smell awful strong."

"A thought flashed across my mind at this. I put my hand in my hip pocket and sure enough a small limburger cheese that I was taking over for the benefit of the Solo Club was mashed flat as a pancake. No wonder everyone fought shy of me; I wanted to get away from myself as soon as I got a whiff of it."

***

Jim McCue the horseman who sustained such severe injuries is inclined to look upon matters with the philosophy of a Job Trotter. It will be remembered that he was eating in the restaurant when the crash came, and was pinned to the wall, resulting in several fractured bones and the loss of an ear.

"I guess I am to blame," he told some friends who called on him this week. "If I had been in the saloon where I belonged, instead of in that blamed restaurant I wouldn't have been hurt that way."

***

After the rescued reached the Sausalito there was naturally a sort of manifestation meeting at which everybody told their experiences.

"I don't know that this life-preserver would have done me much good anyhow," said one woman "for I simply grabbed it from a seat and carried it in my hand. I didn't have time to try to put it on."

"Is that it you have with you now," queried a bystander.

"Yes" she said lifting a package from the seat by her side.

Although no one felt particularly gay there was a roar of laughter. The package upon which she had been relying was a ham, the property of a passenger who had thrown it on a seat during the rush to the deck. In the semi-darkness she picked it up thinking it a life-preserver and had been holding on to it with a deadly clutch ever since.

The day after the accident, Bert Martin was put to the blush in a manner it will take him a long time to forget. It was Sunday morning and he went to church with even more religious fervor than usual, for he felt that there was indeed occasion to return thanks.

He occupied a prominent seat on the aisle in the front part of the church and as the services progressed he had occasion to use his handkerchief and drew it from the side pocket of the sack coat he was wearing.

As he bowed his head after doing so he fancied he heard a suppressed titter around him. A couple of girls actually giggled. With an expression of puritanical severity he looked to see who could be profaning the sanctuary. Everybody was smiling and apparently at him. What could it all mean?

He glanced inquiringly at a male friend who nodded his head towards the floor. Bert looked as directed. Horrors! Strewn all around him were clubs, diamonds, spades and hearts—on drawing his handkerchief from his pocket he had evidently pulled out a lot of cards.

For a moment he thought some one had put up a job on him and then the truth dawned. When the crash came on the San Rafael he, Jack Kilgariff, Jack Hug and Jim Warrack were playing whist in the card room and he had unconsciously placed in his pocket the hand dealt to him. There was no opportunity to explain though, so he had to sit still and let everyone smile until the plate came around and put an end to their merriment.

***

Clifford House the advertising expert for the "Call" who is a regular passenger on the 6:15 boat tells an interesting story regarding the part he played in the calamity.

"When the two boats collided," he says, "strange to say I did not notice the crash at all. I was busily engaged counting some money I had received that morning from my mine up country and was going over the large bills to make sure that none of the currency was on that Montana bank that is said to have so much counterfeit matter in circulation. As a matter of fact I don't believe I looked up for fully ten minutes after the collision occurred."

"Didn't you notice the rush of people and the shouting?" some one asked.

"Not in the slightest," replied House resuming his story. "Something finally prompted me to go outside but I did not stay long, for after a few minutes I returned and sat down."

"How on earth did you escape?" was asked.

"Where from?" replied House.

"From the San Rafael."

"I wasn't on board. I went home earlier in the day and if you'll give me a chance I will go on telling you what I was doing when the accident occurred."

***

From now on, the fog will of course furnish a splendid excuse for the married man who wants to stay on the metropolitan side of the bay. See how convenient it will be for him to go to the telephone and call up his wife with a "my dear the fog is so thick that I don't think I had better risk my life coming over on the ferry. What do you think about it?"

What answer can a fond and loving wife possibly make to that kind of query?

* * *

One of the heroes of the wreck who is entitled to a good share of praise was Win Beedy, the younger brother of Louis Beedy, the lawyer. Win was on the rear of the San Rafael in charge of two young ladies. In the panic that succeeded, the cabin was speedily blockaded cutting off the only avenue of escape through to the front of the boat. The young man did not lose his head, however, but calmly made his preparations for flight by water. He buried his charges in life preservers and hove them overboard. Then following himself he collected his precious flotsam and towed it to the Sausalito. There a life boat was lowered and the cargo taken aboard. It was this same young man who leaped overboard and rescued the baby which was floating out to sea on a broken bench and brought it back to its distracted mother. Three lives saved in the fog and darkness and at the risk of one's life is a pretty good record for anyone. By the way isn't there a society or congress or something that gives medals and things in recognition of exploits like these?

* * *

The wreck of the San Rafael, coming as it did, with such startling unexpectedness, furnished an opportunity for the evening dailies to show what they could do in the way of getting out the news quickly to the thousands of anxious people, who feared that some of their own friends or kin were aboard the ill-fated ferry, and the "Bulletin" and "Post" were alive to the situation and met it well. J. K. Cosgrave, the energetic business manager of the "Post" was the only man at that office when the first news of the catastrophe arrived. This was about eight o'clock. By telephone, telegraph and messenger, he summoned the various members of the staff. One man was sick in bed at his home; another was enjoying the theatre; a third was attending a social affair out in the western addition. From all quarters, they came hurrying in, reporters, artists, typesetters, and all the representatives of the various branches which go to make up the working force. Then came the tearing rush, with the resistless determination to conquer every obstacle, and above all, time.

Outside the offices in the meantime, the newsboys were crowding and hustling one another in a mad endeavor to be the first to get the extra. At five minutes to ten the paper was out, complete. No less can be said of the "Bulletin," which did equally clever work, and the two sheets deserve the greatest credit in relieving the anxiety of the whole city as to the extent of the disaster, and especially of those who felt sure that their own relatives were aboard the steamer.

* * *

At the matinee performance of "The Marriage of Figaro" by the Grau company on last Monday afternoon, and just when Mesdames Sembrich and Eames were spell-binding the audience with the glorious Zephyr duet, a voice that was not still and certainly not small, broke rudely in through the open doors from the north foyer hall. The

doors had been left open, partly to accommodate the swarming horde of standing-roomers and partly for ventilation to the over-crowded auditorium. Silence, the intense, breathless silence of deepest absorption and beatific ecstacy reigned absolute over the vast assemblage. No sound but the subdued tenderness of the whispering violins and those two matchless sopranos pitting perfection against perfection. Then came the rasping voice of some unfettered youth from the outer semi-darkness. "Tubbs! Tubbs! Oh, Tubsy! Where the——Say, Tubsy, get a hot move on yuh! Yuh're wanted!" And to the accompaniment of the closing bars of that divine duet, the youth and the voice faded slowly in the distance, still calling vainly for "Tubsy!" It was a moment to be remembered.

* * *

The girls of San Francisco are very much interested in Mr. Allen Wallace, who is to arrive this week in San Francisco. He will be the guest of the Bruguieres. He is a great catch, being one of the wealthiest members of the Vanderbilt family. Another young man who will some day be wealthy is Mr. Charles Earl, who is now visiting Mr. Fred Greenwood. His father is the chief stockholder in the Remington Type Writing Company, and lives in magnificent style just outside of London. Mr. Earl will spend a few months in San Francisco before he starts for a year's trip through the Orient and Australia.

* * *

Ex-Senator Linder of Tulare is passing a few days in town on political matters. Linder is one of the few individuals who have such a holy horror of elevators that they will not ride in them under any consideration, and when he wants to make a call in any of the big office buildings he makes a day of it and trudges up and down the various flights of stairs like a martyr.

They played a good joke upon him in this regard upon the occasion of one of his visits to town. His wife entertains a good deal at Tulare, and the result is that when he comes to the metropolis he receives a number of invitations from far and near. It was not surprising therefore that one morning at about 11 o'clock he was summoned to the telephone at the Lick House where he stops,and was told that a lady wanted to speak to him.

"Yes, what is it," said the Senator as he put the trumpet to his ear.

"I am Mrs. N——," came in response. "You remember me don't you? I was at your place in Tulare last summer at luncheon."

Linder could not recall having heard the name before but he was to gallant too say so.

"Of course I do," he replied. "How are you?"

"Fine, thanks," said the voice over the phone. "And Senator, my sister and her husband are here from Baltimore and we would like you to take luncheon with us today. Have you any engagement?"

"None at all," said the Senator. "I will be charmed to come."

"I am so glad to hear that. We are going to eat downtown because I want my sister to see the sights, and will you therefore meet us at the Call restaurant, the one at the top of the building, at 12:30. It is a lovely day, and we can see the town splendidly from there."

Linder groaned inwardly as he thought of the seventeen stories he would have to climb. It was too late to back out though.

"Yes, I will be there," he answered.

***

The noon hour in the Call building witnessed the singular spectacle of a pale, determined man climbing from floor to floor. Once in awhile he would rest for a few minutes and take a few drops of nerve tonic and then on again—onward and upward.

At last came his reward. He turned the 202d corner that landed him on the uppermost floor and then taking a long breath, looked at his watch. It was exactly 12:30. He pushed the restaurant swing door and walked in.

And then——lined up to meet him were half a dozen jovial wights, friends of his and all good fellows. They extended their hands in welcome and Linder "tumbled."

"Set them up Mr. Bartender," he said, "wine if they want it. I guess everything has to go this time."

* * *

People are talking on all sides of the fun they had at the Simpson-Partridge wedding. There are very few girls in San Francisco who have had so many foreign cables congratulating her on her wedding day. The Japanese Consul, in the most superb of silk gowns, proposed apparently a most humorous toast, for every one who understood and to whom it was translated went into gales of laughter. Then the Chinese Consul made a short address. He is one of the most interesting men in San Francisco. Miss Bertie Bruce found the ring in the cake, and Miss Deal and Miss Palmer the other souvenirs of the occasion. Bishop and Mrs. Partridge left for Japan on the Doric, which sailed during the week.

* * *

I went up to the cosy little jinks room of the Press Club a few nights since to hear some of the male artists of the Grau company sing songs out of the beaten track of the opera. As is usual on such occasions, there were some happenings that were not down on the regular schedule, and the following was the funniest of the lot.

The artists sang as they were asked in willing rotation, until Herr Muhlmann, the Wagnerian barytone, was called upon for his quota of entertainment. To the embarassed confusion of the presiding officer and the huge delight of the club members, he calmly announced that he would gladly sing, but that he could not possibly do so until he had eaten a tenderloin steak. A neighboring restaurant was called into requisition and the steak was served to the placid barytone, the while pithy bulletins of his progress were announced to the sympathetic members. When he had quite finished he sang number after number in a voice that covered a multitude of eccentricities.

* * *

Saturday last was a day of teas. There was the Sherwood tea, introducing young Mrs. Sherwood; the Smedberg, introducing young Mrs. Smedberg, and the Warfield and Cluff. The Sherwood was the greatest success of the four, for their house is simply wonderful for entertaining. Young Mrs. Sherwood is a tall, distinguished, handsome girl with the most gracious manners. She seemed to make a most favorable impression on all those who met her.

Mrs. Sherwood was assisted in receiving by her two daughters-in-law and her daughter, Mrs. Wilfred Chapman, Miss Dubois, Miss Jean Nokes, Miss Ethel Parker, and Miss Meta Thompson.

* * *

I met Tom Guise of that branch of the Tivoli company which has been astonishing the natives of the interior towns with comic opera. Tom says that the trip from every possible point of view was an enormous success. "During our trip to Eureka on the Pomona" said Tom, "we had a pretty sick company. My state-room chair was jamming from one side of the cabin to the other, and I was doing a little jamming on my own account. So, thinks I, up I go on deck and try it there. I opened the hatchway, peered out, and saw but one man on deck, and he was making love to a stanchion with one hand and holding a convulsive head with the other. The floor of the ocean was where the sky usually is. I decided that I did not care for something, and descended to what I thought was my room. I opened the door and beheld the recumbent form of Webb, our tenor; he was embracing a wash-basin. That settled me for that day. Oh, we had a lovely trip to Eureka! Our usual salutation to one another after meal times was 'Eureka! I have lost it!'"

* * *

Norman Hapgood's new life of Washington is not without its lighter side. The occasional vigorous profanity of the father of his country makes several dashes necessary in the quotations from Washington's letters, and the testimony of a personal friend and fellow soldier is given to the effect that at Monmouth the Commander-in-Chief "swore till the leaves shook on the trees;" "never have I enjoyed such swearing before or since. Sir, on that ever memorable day he swore like an angel from Heaven." Nothing was so likely to drive Washington to profanity as cowardice, which he hated wish all the bitterness of a fighting man. He once threw an inkstand at an officer who lacked courage. When his men ran away in the New York campaign, he drew his sword and snapped his pistol and rode so near the enemy that his officers had to bring him back. It was rumored in the camp at the time that he threw his hat upon the ground and exclaimed, "Are these the men with whom I am to defend America?"

* * *

Miss Norma Whalley, who will appear in conjunction with Sherry Matthews at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon, will be remembered as the stunning English beauty who played hob with the tender feelings of Walter Jones, the comedian, when she separated from him and ended their partnership in vaudeville. It is stated on good authority that the volatile Walter was more deaply affected than he cared to admit, and that he used every effort to win back the indifferent charmer, but all in vain. Another star had arisen for her, and she fluttered to it. She has fluttered to others since, and happy Matthews is the last. Who will say—the least?

A friend of mine returned from the East the other day, and mentioned that he had visited Washington just before taking his departure for home. "Our new President is causing some comment right in the capitol," said he, "as well as among the politicians throughout the country. You should see his riding turnout—altogether different they tell me from what the residents there saw used by his predecessors. One of his new carriages is very elaborate. It is a natty two seated light-driving wagon, painted a dark blue, and upholstered in yellow. Two of the handsomest young colored men I ever saw sit on the front seat. The team consists of a large pair of glossy bays, and the harness is all silver mounted. The most striking thing about the equippage, perhaps, is the uniform of the colored men. Long blue coats, plenty of brass buttons, with their tall hats surmounted by red, white and blue cockades, makes them an imposing spectacle. I tell you the sight is worth seeing, when they are under way, and President Roosevelt's turnout can certainly be said to make a magnificient appearance."

***

And speaking of cockades, few people know that the black cockade, now worn in England, was originally the distinctive badge of the House of Hanover, as the white cockade was that of the House of Stuart because it was the emblem of the Kings of France, who surported the Stuarts against the Hanoverians. The cockade worn by servants of the British royal household is a large half-disk which projects above the hat. Servants of naval officers wear a disk not projecting above the hat; those of army officers and other persons considering themselves entitled to carry cockades are fan-shaped, with a button, and they reach above the hat. The cockades of the servants of diplomats are in colors of the country their masters represent, and many noble houses on the continent of Europe make their servants wear cockades matching their livery in color. When, many years ago, the war as to whose servants were entitled to a cockade was raging in England, the facts discovered were that no orders regulating their use were known to exist, but it was recorded that servants of officers of the London City Light Horse, a volunteer regiment, did not wear them. The conclusion arrived at was that the cockade was originally purely a military distinction; that the reason it was worn by servants of field officers was that, in former days, these servants had served in the army, that it was later adopted by servants who had never been in the army, and afterwards by servants of naval officers.

* * *

Peter Dunne, of "Mr. Dooley" fame has been spending a few days with us out here. He is an interesting man to meet, and has had a remarkable career. "Pete" Dunne as his friends call him made his great step towards prominence in the renovation of Chicago's government some years ago. He took an active part in the campaign lending the efforts of his ready pen to the assistance of the reformers. As a result of this experience, Mr. Dunne gained the most intimate insight into of politics and politicians of the windy city, and he is said today to possess a closer knowledge of affairs there than most of the accredited leaders. His connection with the "Journal," and the rapid rise in public favor of "Mr. Dooley" during the Spanish war period placed Mr. Dunne in a financial position seldom attained by authors of nowadays in so short a time. It is stated that from a contract with one newspaper syndicate alone, he realized ten thousand dollors. The popular writer has now made his home in New York.

* * *

The death of Mrs. Margaret Crocker, the mother of Mrs. Sloat Fassett and Mrs. Amy Gouraurd of New York has caused much sadness in many homes. Mrs. Crocker was especially noted for her public charities. She was in fact one of the greatest of California's philanthropists. No one ever went empty-handed from her door. She has lived the last few years with her daughters in New York and her grand-daughter, Miss Gladys Crocker. She was nearly eighty years old at her death.

* * *

Many are the stories that we hear of the brilliant repartee which attorneys are supposed to indulge in, when presenting the claims of their clients to court and jury. The following happened some time ago, out in the superior court, in a will contest. M. B. Kellogg was making his argument at the close of a long trial, and in attempting to show just exactly the position in which he deemed his adversaries to be placed, he sought a scriptural quotation.

"My opponents," said he, looking hard at Gavin McNab, who lead the other forces, "remind me of that well known character so often mentioned in the Bible. I refer to the man who was always shouting and talking and claiming credit for every virtue, he was always in fact blowing his own horn," here he stopped in some confusion and then continued, "I can't recall his name—eh—eh——"

"Perhaps, Mr. Kellogg," interposed the ever ready McNab, "perhaps you were thinking of Joshua, and if I remember rightly, when Joshua blew his horn the other side fell down."

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Brigham have sent out cards for a home ball, which will take place on the 13th of December. The Brigham house is especially adapted for entertaining. There are few men who have the real aristocratic British manner that has always marked Dr. Brigham. He is one of the brilliant men of his profession, though he has not practiced very much for the last few years. His daughter Kate is exceedingly like him. The ball will be given in her honor, as she has made her debut this winter.

* * *

There is undoubtedly no actress today who has so completely won the hearts of the American people as has Maude Adams, and none of whom so little is known apart from her profession.

Mr. Davies, in his short biography of this charming little lady, says: "While there is no actress on the stage whose personality appeals more directly to her audience, Miss Adams throughout her grown-up stage career has drawn the line very distinctly between her professional and her private life. She glories in the fact that there is scarcely a woman on the stage about whom less is known."

Miss Adams made her first appearance on the stage in Salt Lake City when she was nine months of age, being carried in on an old-fashioned meat platter. In speaking of this period of her career she said: "I made my first appearance on the stage at nine months old. A little later, before I was five, I played children's parts with Emmett, and then they put me to school in a Presbyterian college. I stayed until I was fourteen; then I came back to the stage again to have my dreams cruelly disturbed and my hopes dashed."

* * *

The second Pasmore concert will be held in the Maple room of the Palace on December 10. At that time "In a Persian Garden," a musical setting of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, will be given. Solos will be rendered by Miss Adelaide Birchler, contralto; Niss Dorothy Pasmore, 'cello and Miss Mary Pasmore, violin. There will also be solos by Mary, Susan and Dorothy Pasmore. Omar's masterpiece will be presented by the following vocalists: Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner, Mrs. Edith Scott Bosford, Mr. A. E. Nowlan, Mr. H. B. Pasmore. Mr. Fred Maurer, Jr. will preside at the piano.

* * *

How the little hammers will fly occasionally over some absent one, when a few of those in the social set meet for a few moments confidential chat. It was a shame for me to overhear this, but I did. They were speaking of a well known girl of their own crowd, who is, by the way, quite wealthy.

"To think that she is still wearing that dress that she wore three years ago," said one.

"And did you notice that old, old hat, that we all can remember so well from last season," chimed in another.

"And she has an income of goodness knows how much a month," added a third.

Dear, dear, its a strange world. You'd be interested if I should put in the names instead of pronouns, but I really cannot.

* * *

The custom of docking the tails of that noble animal, the horse, is going out, and is considered "awfully bad form, don't cher know," by the swell people who devote their time to the correct things in equinedom. It seems that the custom has become so general in the East, that it has become "bad form" and "awfully common" and is therefore a thing to be avoided by those who strive to do the correct thing. Aside from the fact that the custom is bad etiquette, it is something to be thankful for, as the custom is a most inhuman one. Few people know how completely at the mercy of flies and other insects are horses and other animals so treated.

* * *

Professor Barr, the noted astronomer, says that owing to the conditions at Mars, the inhabitants of that planet must be virtually jelly-fish. They can shake each other for the drinks up there instead of bothering about a dice-box.

One often hears of an unwary street car passenger handing the conductor a ten dollar piece, and contentedly pocketing forty-five cents change, but the following incident is just a little out of the ordinary. Mrs. Falkenstein, well known in social circles, boarded a Sutter street car the other day, and paid her fare as she supposed with a dime. In fact it was a two dollar and a half gold piece which she always carries as a luck penny. Mrs. Falkenstein discovered her mistake later in the day, and caused inquiry to be made at the office of the company. The conductor who took the coin, however, stoutly denied that it was gold and insisted that he had never received such a piece of money. Upon returning to her home that evening, Mrs. Falkenstein was greatly surprised to hear Mr. Brandenstein, a member of her family, relate a curious occurance that had befallen him during the day.

"I was riding on a Sutter street car this afternoon," said Mr. Brandenstein, "and paid my fare and pocketed the change, scarcely glancing at it. Later in the day, in taking out my purse, I was astonished to notice one of those old two dollar and a half gold pieces, which the conductor must have given me, thinking it to be a dime."

And now Mrs. Falkenstein treasures the coin more highly than ever as a luck piece.

* * *

"Thanksgiving has no charms for the police officers who are detailed to look after the supply of these fowls, and see that enterprising but unscrupulous dealers do not palm off any inferior or unwholsome goods on the public," said an officer to me the other morning, as he swung onto the front end end of the dummy, and proceeded to make himself as comfortable as the down-pouring rain would permit. "You have no idea," continued he as he thoughtfully moved himself under my raised umbrella, "How many men there are in San Francisco, who would endanger the lives of the community in order that they may make a few dollars. This morning I destroyed three wagon loads of turkeys that would not be fit for a buzzard to eat. Many of the cheaper class of restaurants, the class known as 'hash foundries,' make it a point to buy this sort of stuff, and palm it off on their patrons in the food served on the bill of fare, in response to the 'turkey today' sign, placed conspicuously in the front window of the hashery. The birds these fellows buy, are absolutely unfit to eat. The odor can be killed very easily however, by dipping the national bird into a strong solution of soda. This odor does not destroy the poisons engendered by decomposition. Many of which so the doctors say, remain unaffected. What the result to taking such material as this into the stomach, you may easily imagine. Sickness, maybe death, will follow."

***

"I had an amusing experience on Mission street this morning. A grocer who lives on the south side was going to his place of business from the wholesalers, with a wagon load of tabooed fowls. I knew the birds were decayed, and proposed to make an example of him. When I began overhauling the unsavory load, he said to me,'say take two of 'em, and call it off'. I called it off. I made him unload right there, and sending to a store near by, ordered a can of kerosene, which I sprinkled over them, and then set a match to the pyramid of turkeys. The wholesalers and the jobbers know they are breaking the law in such cases. Thus bills, when made out, read 'Mr. Smith to Mr. Jones,' or 'John Doe to Richard Roe.' They are written on blank forms such as one can secure in any stationery store."

* * *

Some years ago an actor now famous made his first appearance on the stage in a provincial town where the theatre-goers were accustomed to make their disapproval felt when an entertainor did not succeed in pleasing them.

He was young and nervous, and failed dismally in the part he was endeavoring to present, and and soon found himself the target for an assortment of missiles.

When the uproar was at its height one of his disgusted auditors flung a cabbage-head at him. As it fell on the stage the actor picked it up and stepped forward to the footlights.

He raised his hand to command silsence, and when his tormentors paused to hear what he had to say, exclaimed, pointing to the cabbage-head:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I expected to please you with my acting, but I confess I did not expect that any one in the audience would lose his head over it."

He was allowed to proceed without further molestation.

* * *

The following little story on George Tourny the popular German Savings Bank official, is going the rounds. Occasionally Mr. Tourny presides temporarily at the paying teller's desk, and it is said that this incident occurred at one of these periods. An old woman entered the bank and walked up the the window.

"Do you want to withdraw or deposit?" Mr. Tourny asked.

"Naw, Oi doant. Oi wants to put some in," was the reply.

He pushed up the book for her signature and said:

"Sign on this line, please."

"Above it or below it?"

"Just above it?"

"Me whole name?"

"Yes."

"Before Oi was married?"

"No, just as it is now."

"Oi can't write."

* * *

Ed Foster, the genial proprietor of the Grand Hotel Cafe, tells the following street car story, which he relates as a true tale.

"I was riding down town in a Powell street car," said he, "and listened to an amusing conversation between two women whom chance had thrown into adjacent seats. The older one was shrill and garrulous; the younger was quiet and was devoting herself to two children who accompanied her.

'What nice liittle children! How old are they dear?' began the old lady.

Some quiet response by the little woman.

'What's that? I don't hear well.'

The young woman raised her voice as she blushed because of the attention of the other passengers:

'One is three and the other is two.'

'My! Are they sisters?'

'They are brother and sister.'

'Which one is the older, the boy or the girl?'

'The boy.'

'Well, well! How many months are there between them?'

The young woman seemed much annoyed and answered shortly:

'Fifteen.'

'Indeed! Are you their sister?'

'No.'

By this time everybody in the car was looking, as well as myself, and some pitied the young woman whose face was flushed at the personal questions, but were obliged to smile at the persistency of the older one.

'Perhaps their cousin or their aunt?' she hazarded. 'No? But you are not their mother, are you?'

There came a decided nod from the little woman as she turned her face away from her cross-questioner.

'You are? Well, well! And how long have you been married? You are only a girl yourself. Too young to have two such big children.'

The car just then stopped at a corner, and the young woman gathered her children together as she answered, with a snap of her big brown eyes:

'I've been married long enough to be able to attend to my own business. Have you been married as long as that?' and she swept out.

'Well!' said the old woman, as the car started again. 'I wonder what was the matter with that girl. She seemed put out.'

'It was as good as a show," Ed concluded, reflectively, "and we all enjoyed it.'

* * *

Have you noticed the lamp posts of late? As if by magic they have changed from dark brown, black and rusty gray, into things of silver. Many people have wondered what it is all about, and there is the explanation. The city, realizing that the lamp posts needed repainting, were induced to try a new kind of paint, composed among other things of aluminum, the substance that lends the beautiful appearance to them. It is said that it will be two or three years before the posts will need another coat.

* * *

The other night at the grand opera, two ladies, who had arrived rather early were looking over the program, when one was heard to say, "Synopsis, synopsis, how provoking. Why did we come tonight? Why, that was on our program when we were here before. I thought it was 'Faust' this evening."

* * *

All the sentiment and gush that was emitted at the time of the marriage of young Queen Wilhelmina of Holland was apparently wasted, for although scarcely a year has passed since the marriage ceremony, we are told that she and her husband have a daily fist fight and that divorce proceedings will soon be commenced. From courting to the courts is a natural step anyhow.

The Political Pot.

GOVERNOR GAGE cleverly avoided a little trap that was set for him during the week by his political enemies. As soon as it was seen what a Democratic complexion had been given by Geary to the delegation to be sent to Washington to lobby for the Chinese Exclusion bill, agitation was started in certain quarters for the appointment by the governor of a set of Republican delegates.

The arguments used were clever enough. It was pointed out that a Republican state like California could not afford to send Democrats to the capital in the interests of an issue affecting the entire commonwealth. Apart from the political injustice of such a move, the point was made that the effect upon Congress would be bad, in that it would look as if the desire to keep out the Chinese was in the main a Democratic proposition and that the Republicans had been practically forced into a position of assent.

***

Governor Gage though can see beyond his nose. Had he done as was suggested he wonld have directly slapped the faces of the labor leaders who were so prominent in the convention. As everyone knows, the gathering was more of a labor assemblage than anything else and Geary and the "Examiner" were shrewd enough to color it in such a regard in every way possible.

To repudiate the delegates chosen as a result of the recent conference, would therefore have meant the loss to Governor Gage of the friendships he made by the settlement of the strike, so it did not take him long to make up his mind as to the proper move under the circumstances. He sent for the credentials of the Geary delegates, affixed the seal of the state to them and sent them along officially designated as the representatives of California. And then he sat down and laughed in his sleeve at the adversaries in his own party who had sought his undoing.

***

As a matter of fact it is as well that the delegates are of the Democratic persuasion, for it will rob the movement of all probability of partizanship. The Republicans need have no fear that their party will reap a full share of glory if the bill goes through, for it will have to be introduced by Republicans, championed in Congress by Republicans and passed by the votes of Republicans. The Democrats will therefore be more or less of a sideshow after all.

Judging by the press reports, Congressman Kahn intends to take charge of the bill in the House, while it is a foregone conclusion that Perkins will handle it in the Senate. Immigration Commissioner North, who has just returned from Washington says that such is the program anticipated at the capital and incidentally he adds there is a good deal of friendly rivalry for the opportunity to champion the bill.

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts is understood to have been desirous to handle the measure in the upper house for the reason that immigration and everything pertaining to it has always been his hobby-horse. It will be recalled that he introduced a stringent alien bill a couple of sessions ago that was the talk of the country for awhile. It was finally side-tracked because of its severity, but Lodge has not backed down on the proposition an iota, and it is expected that he will make a bid on the same lines during the present session.

***

Lodge, by the way, is regarded as a sure thing for Secretary of State in the event of the anticipated retirement of Hay. When Henry Oxnard, the sugar king, was on the coast recently, he told some friends that he had had a chat with Roosevelt as to his official friends and that the president had told him that he hoped to get Lodge to accept the state department. It is perhaps well to remember that Oxnard and Roosevelt were roommates at college and hence are on very intimate terms.

Lodge, however, is not inclined to relinquish his place in the senate. A cabinet position carries lots of prestige and glory, it is true, but to a man like Lodge who is ever seeking results, the opportunities that exist in the senate are too great to be surrendered. However, if the pressure becomes great, he will doubtless accept the portfolio, as it would of course put him right in line for the presidency some day.

***

To return to the local field, it may be said that this labor complication Governor Gage has run across a couple of times is engaging more attention than any new movement that has been made in the political arena for many a day. Some are prophesying for it a power that will rival, if not eclipse, the prominence once at tained by the Populists, and the Democrats are already making eyes at the newcomer in the hopes of gaining a recruit for their end of the political rope.

While in San Francisco the movement may attain formidable dimensions, it is not likely that it can spread with very much force throughout the state, for union labor is not much of a power outside of the cities. If, therefore, the labor leaders carry out their avowed intention of running Schmitz for governor, they may get all their ambitions snuffed out at once. Instead of this, they can get big concessions from both the regular parties if they go at things properly, and it remains to be seen whether good, sober sense will predominate in their councils or whether they will allow themselves to be carried off their feet by their first victory.

***

Although the day is fast approaching when the reins of office will be turned over to Schmitz, no one has been able to get an intelligent line upon what he proposes to do in the matter of patronage. The Republican leaders are claiming to have secured his friendship, but the Democratic bosses are equally as insistent, so it can be presumed that neither side has much advantage over the other.

Judging by his actions since election, it is evident that Schmitz intends to give as many of the spoils of victory as possible to his own following. He realizes that the soft speeches now being made to him by the Republican and Democratic leaders are simply with the object of currying favor and that as soon as his brief reign of authority is over, he would have nothing to expect from either of those quarters.

On the contrary, if by any chance the Labor movement takes on any permanency, he is its natural head and leader. It looks therefore as if he will cast his lot in that direction and will pay little heed to the seductive voices of the political sirens who are trying to wean him away.

***

In the matter of loaves and fishes, the Republicans cannot in consequence do very much figuring. It is true that they are in control of the sheriff's, county clerk's, tax collector's and treasurer's offices, but of these the first named is likely to do them but little good, for Lackmann will undoubtedly cast his lines where he had them before. He is in truth the direct representative of the Grand Hotel wing of the party, and as such will place his patronage where that faction wants it, a circumstance that naturally will not be of much assistance to the regular organization.

The county clerk and tax collector will however give plenty of opportunities to place anxious job-seekers, and that the Burns end of it will have full swing in both those departments is beyond question. The faithful are therefore busily engaged just now in scanning the lists to see where and how they can be provided for.

***

The Board of Supervisors is in an uncertain condition for both sides. Until it organizes and gets right down to work, no one will know exactly how it is standing, for with both Republicans and Democrats engaged as they are at present in pulling every known string to secure control of it, no one can tell what will result.

Abe Ruef seems the center figure of the situation, for being both a Republican and the acknowledged power behind the throne in the office of the new mayor, he is in a better position to capture the works than anyone else. It will not be his fault either if he fails in the undertaking, for he knows just about what it means to control the Board of Supervisors at this particular time, and is well enough versed in the game not to miss any tricks.

***

Just where Crimmins, Kelly and Rainey are going to land is hard to say, although it seems reasonable to suppose that they are not out of the hunt altogether. Kelly certainly is not, for although his followers gave out preceding election that he was working for the Republican ticket, it was easy enough to find traces of his efforts being cast where Schmitz would be more benefitted than anyone else. As Kelly's strong specialty is to look out for number one, it is a foregone conclusion therefore, that he will get some substantial favors from the labor executive later on.

As Crimmins tied up with the machine, he also will not be left out in the cold, for to him will come some of the patronage in the county clerk's and tax collector's offices. Heretofore he and Kelly have always been regarded as one when favors of this description were dispensed, but now it looks like a case of each going it alone.

Rainey seems to be more on the outside than anyone, for he made a fight for Wells. However, as he opposed Tobin and as Eddie Greaney was known to be friendly to Schmitz's candidacy, it is possible that some as yet unexploited deal was made. Everything will soon be known anyhow, as the pie will be ready for carving in less than a month.

Illustrated Interviews No. 6.

HOW much the French colony of San Francisco enters into the everyday life of our cosmopolitan city, few people know. There is probably not another class of people who call America their adopted country who have done more to insure the general welfare of this city by the Golden Gate, than those who have come from beneath the protection of the tri-colored flag to that of the stars and stripes. A conversation I had with Mr. J. M. Dupas one day last week, revealed to me how little one may know of influences for good that may be surrounding him. Truly, one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives.

Mr. Dupas is connected with the French Benevolent Association of this city. To the majority of people, the existence of the French Hospital is all that is known of this society's good work among the people in our midst. When questioned as to the details of the scope of the institution, the gentleman said:

"Our society numbers something like 4500 members. Of these, probably three-fourths are French. The rest are Americans. It will be just fifty years, by the way, on the 28th of this month, that the Benevolent Society was incorporated and started on its mission of good. We intend to celebrate the first jubilee of our existence by a grand ball. The work was begun of course when the French population of this city was quite small. It arose from a desire among the people of France who had found their way to this far off shore, to be mutually helpful. At that time, San Francisco was not the city it now is, as you understand. Lynch law was often the only recourse left to justice. Weeks, even months, were required to send a letter to the Atlantic sea board, and get an answer. Isolated as were the Americans and English people here, the French were still more so. There was little here in those days that went to make life pleasant for the French people. As a nation, you know, we are instinctively lovers of the beautiful—in music, literature and art. The hardy pioneers of my own race longed for the things that they had left in their mother country, and which were lacking here. Yet they loved California. Her blue sky, enjoyable climate, and above all, the sense of freedom as dear to the French as to the American people, made this, the end of the world half a century ago, a place far from being unattractive. It was from these things, that not only the Benevolent Society, but other organizations of help arose.

"Regarding the practical work of the Benevolent Society, I can say, I feel without fear of contradiction, that no other institution in this city, or for that matter, in the United States, offers more for the money. Anyone who is of sound mind and body, and who is not more than fifty years of age, is eligible to membership. The fees are one dollar a month or twelve dollars a year. The payment of this fee entitles the beneficiary to the attendance of a physician, drugs and hospital accommodations in time of sickness. On payment of one dollar a day, the invalid may secure private apartments which, were he not a member of the society, would cost him three dollars. Our hospital, of which we are proud, is the most modern institution of its kind on the coast. Here we have a training school for nurses. Large as our hospital was, and as adequate for all demands made upon it, we have found it necessary to enlarge it. Our one hundred and fifty beds are always full, and as for private rooms, we cannot begin to supply all who wish them.

J. M. Dupas

"Regarding our intellectual life, the French library, in the Spring Valley building, shows what we are as a reading public. This is under the direction of the Circle Francais. While I am not as familiar with its affairs as I am with those of the Benevolent Society, it is, I can say, one of the best subscription libraries in the west. It makes a specialty of course, of French literature. To the credit of my fellow countrymen, I can say that the class of books read by them, is much higher than the more popular books read by the American and English people of this city. You call us an impulsive, romantic loving people, but if the books we read are any indication, the French people of San Francisco form one of the most thoughtful units of our city's population. The library has over one hundred and twenty thousand volumes on its shelves. Our library rooms are most attractive, and our library service is excellent. In addition, there are classes in French, presided over by an able and efficient teacher.

"As to the thrift of the French colony, the French Savings bank on California street testifies more strongly than all the words I might say as to the financial stability of our people. It has a guaranteed capital of $300,000, and conducts a general banking business. The bank has several thousand depositors, and is in a thrifty condition, thanks to the business sagacity of its officers. There are many other ways in which the life of the French people finds expression in the ways of prosperity and peace. We are not a quarrelsome element in the body politic. If you will notice, our French citizens do not appear very conspicuously in the courts, either civil or criminal."

Mr. Guy Scott left last week for the East. Mrs. Scott and her small son, however, will remain here until after the holidays. Mrs. Scott has been enjoying so much social life during her stay in Washington that she is taking a rest now. She is staying with her mother, Mrs. Voorhies, on Van Ness avenue.

Mrs. Foote, wife of Lieutenant Colonel Foote, was hostess at a luncheon given at the Richelieu Tuesday last. Lieutenant Colonel Foote will arrive from the Philippines within the next two weeks. The two young sons of Mrs. Foote are said to be the best bred boys in the hotel.

Miss Katherine Dillon and her mother, Mrs. Maurice Casey, spent the early part of this week with relatives in Santa Clara county.

Mrs. E. W. Hopkins is a little stronger and apparently better now than she has been for some time. The Hopkins are busily preparing for Miss Georgia's wedding, which will take place in February.

Some of the jolliest dinners have been organized this winter in Oakland. Each of the six young ladies who have instituted them is to be hostess at one, and each is allowed to invite the young man she wishes. Miss Viva Nicholson was hostess at the first. Her guests were Miss Carmen Moore, Miss Hess Pringle, Miss Pauline Fore, and Ethel Valentine. The men chosen by the young ladies were Messrs. Edmund Baker, Walter Starr, Ralston White, Sidney Pringle, Will Robson and Barny Harkness. Miss Ethel Valentine will be hostess at the next, in two weeks.

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

A sprinkling of opera and dinners is my story for you this week. Dinners are always my success. Notwithstanding my love for the light fantastic, I really believe I am fondest of a dinner. A girl told me the other day she always became heartily sick of the man next to her before the salad. But it is not that way in the least with me. I just start right in and try to entertain him. So far I have only met one man who has not been of the responsive sort. He was dreadful. Each time I spoke to him, he looked up and down the table, and then opposite to him. and then at my hair. After at least thirty seconds he would say:

"You think so?"

I stood that through three courses. Then mama, early training simply fell headway into a deep chasm. I gazed at my neighbor on the left. He was an older married man, just eating peas with his knife. It is only the married men who are ever guilty of that outrageous solicism, but it is common with them. I knew he was hopeless. I remained quiet for a whole minute, just looking right into my partner's face. It made him a little uncomfortable, then he said in a somewhat embarrassed way:

"Anything the matter with my face?"

I played his trick on him. I laughed, and then looked up the table and then down and then across, and then looking at him straight in the eye I said:

"Yes, there is, but don't let it bother you; I don't think anyone has noticed it with the exception of myself, or you would not be here."

Mama, he writhed and squirmed—

"I beg of you" he pleaded in the most pitiful way "to tell me what it is."

I hummed and hawed and then said—

"I don't know whether I should—"

"I shall understand, Miss Elizabeth, and consider you are conferring a great favor on me. Please tell me."

"Well," I said, in that tone which the fellows here call 'the Tess of the D'urbervilles tone'—Mrs. Fish uses it all the time in her 'moments'—"I was just wondering how anyone with so little intelligence could get an intelligent expression in his face."

Mama, dear, it took all that man's self-control to prevent him hitting me. He turned his back on me as much as he dared. I felt horribly uncomfortable, so at last said:

"You made me tell you."

Then he laughed, and the remainder of that dinner was one of the greatest successes of my life. Mama, he fairly scintilated. It was at the Bohemian club—the dinner Harry Holbrook gave in honor of Mrs. Eames. Afterwards, he came up to me, and we saw all the pictures in the Jinks room together. Next day he sent me roses. But, mama, it was an awful moment. I must tell you more about the Holbrook dinner. It was really on a par with those at the biggest and swellest places in New York. Fancy at this season of the year a profusion of orchids and lilies of the valley. Oh! it was a wonderful sight. The table decorations were beautiful and the entire red room had assumed an air of festivity I had not noticed before.

Mrs. Eames looked more beautful than I have ever seen her. She is fine company, too, and Harry Holbrook knows "How" in the choice of his guests, and generally how to seat them, although he almost made a fatal mistake where I was concerned. We all discussed the Greenway supper. He gave it to Miss Fritzi Scheff, whom very few of the girls have met. She did not come here with letters to any of the people that auntie knows, so I have never met her. The men all say she is exceedingly attractive. If she is as much so off the stage as she is on, I can fancy them quite losing their heads about her. Mr. Greenway asked about thirty people to meet her. Some were not going to the opera that evening,

Miss Kathryn Jarboe Robinson.

so he had several regrets. But the supper was a beautiful affair. Mr. Greenway spares no expense in entertaining, and everyone had a very jolly time.

Now I must jump over and tell you about "La Jeunesse." It was the army and navy cotillion—mostly army for the navy representatives were only three small young men from the ship "Albatross." Lieutenant Conrad Babcock assisted by Mr. Cyrus Miller led the cotillion. It was beautiful to me. All the girls and men said "Oh yes, but it is not in the least bit different to what we had last year and the year before." But to an entire stranger, no effect could have been more stunning. The flags and colors streaming, and the men in brass buttons, how I do love them! I did not dance with any but army men all evening. I was determined I should not, so had a good deal of fun. Now for those who looked well. I think the two Mrs. Bishops were about the handsomest women in the room, they have such stunning figures. Miss Bernie Drown who is a good deal thinner, was just as fresh looking as ever in a white gown. I suppose it was European, but it was made just about as all the rest of the girls who have their gowns cut by first class dressmakers. She is a wonderful favorite. I was most anxious to meet her, for I have heard so much about her. Bernice Landers looked beautiful. Oh mama, that girl is one of the beauties of San Francisco. Katherine Dillon wore a blue gown, She is quite tall and has a better carriage than most of the girls. Elsie Sperry looked fine that evening, she has a very bright attractive manner. Miss Cook was looking most attractive. We all missed Edith Huntington very much, she was quite ill. It seems a few weeks ago she was ptomaine poisoned and has not sufficiently recovered to be around. Everyone was asking for the bright Miss Huntington, but alas, she was not to be found. Helen DeYoung has won every one's heart, she looked awfully well that evening, and left on Saturday for Europe. Ladine Nuttall is another of the buds who attracts general admiration. I do not think there has ever been a year where the debutantes were so bright and jolly and when everyone was so anxious to give them a good time. One girl I admired tremendously was a tall brunette from San Jose. She is decidedly the classic type and as graceful as a lily, but not a debutante. Her name is Florence Parks; she did interest me so much; I hear she is engaged. I should think it would be quite a problem for the men at the dances to determine who was not attached. Half the girls are there with their fiances, even though their engagements have not been announced. I hear that one of the debuntantes is to announce her engagement when Lent comes. She is afraid of missing some attention by doing so before. The Cheatham girls attracted a great deat of attention, so many men were interested in them. I do not blame them, one does care for new faces in a place like San Francisco. There are so many small crowds who go together that a new face is quite a relief. The patronesses of "La Jeunesse" are really the very nicest women I have met. I honestly believe they take a personal interest in each girl in the room. It is unusual in so large an affair, but it makes one feel quite as much at home as though the cotillion were in a private house.

I shall tell you of the second fortnightly next week. Mr. Greenwood gives a large dinner before it in the red room of the Bohemian Club. He is one of the men who entertain in San Francisco, so I shall do all I can to make an impression upon him. I am fortunately invited to this dinner, but some of the girls tell me his "chef d' oeuvre" entertaining takes place in his apartments on Van Ness avenue. To those he only invites the men and girls whom he really likes very much. Mr. Jack Wilson is also becoming a general entertainer. He is such a fine looking man, and I think an awfully jolly fellow, he has given two or three suppers within the last few weeks, and seems to understand the art of entertaining for the men he invites are all unusually clever and amuse the girls. I have still been going to the opera every night

but the place has entirely changed. The boxes have all been removed. I have noticed but very few of those who had season seats attending. I really am wondering what shall I do with myself next week when it is all over. I suppose auntie wrote you that her God-son Walter Scott was to be married. He went down to the Sandwich Islands a few months ago on business and became very popular. I think Walter is a young man people generally like when they know him well. His fiancee is Miss Rice. She is quite a pretty girl and very bright and full of fun. His people in the islands ard very influential and Miss Rice is a great favorite. I fancy they will be married early in the year. Now mama dear, write me all about the horse show for that is really one of the things I really feel sad to miss.

Your daughter,

ELIZABETH.

SMALL TALK.

Miss Matty Livermore is still visiting in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Pillsbury will give a large tea on Saturday, December 6th.

Mrs. Harry Adams was hostess at a card party in Oakland last week.

The Misses Stillman gave a very jolly luncheon last week in honor of Mrs. Selfridge.

Miss Norma Castle will give a tea in honor of Miss Gladys Merrill on December 12th.

Miss Katherine Dillon and Miss Patricia Cosgrave sail for Japan the first of the year.

Mr. and Mrs Jules Brett were passengers on the Doric. They anticipate to reside permanently in the Orient.

Mrs. de Santa Marina, Mrs. James Freeborn and Miss Blackman expect to return to San Francisco early in the year.

Mrs. William Herrin will be hostess at a large dinner complimentary to Mr. Stewart of Nevada, who is at present visiting her.

Madame Sembrich was the guest ef honor on Thanksgiving day at a luncheon given by Mrs. M. E. Sloss. A large reception followed.

Miss Norma Preston is to be married on December 16th to Mr. Worthington Ames. Cards have been sent out. It will be quite an elaborate affair.

The home of the Chauncey Boardman's has been brightened by the advent of a son. The home of the McNutt Potters has welcomed a small wee girl within the last week.

Mrs. Cluff was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Robert Campbell, Mrs. Charles Perkins, Mrs. L. H. Bryan, Mrs. W. W. Coleman, the Misses Eckart, Burns, Spieker, Merrill and Campbell.

Captain J. F. Haines of the Fifteenth Field Battery of artillery has been ordered to the Philippines. He will have two months' leave of absence, however, before his departure.

A large ball will take place at the Presidio Monday evening, December 9th. It is generally conceded that so far the Presidio balls have been more attractive than any of the town affairs this year.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer gave an elaborate luncheon at the grillroom last week to the Misses Preston. Those invited to meet them were the Misses Dunsmuir, Loughboroughs, Wells, Wagner, O'Connors, Oge, Jolliffes, Morgan, Miss Florence Whittell, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, and Miss Worden. Afterwards they all enjoyed a matinee at the Orpheum.

Mrs. Warfield was assisted in receiving by Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mrs. George Powers, Mrs. A. Fechteller, Mrs. W. C. Bush, the Misses Morrow, Mills, Wilkins, Dunham, Fosters, Redington and Powers.

The marriage of Miss Jeanette Birdsall and Mr. Frederick William Kiesel will take place in Sacramento on the 18th of December. It will be a large church affair, as the friends of the young people named are legion.

A large exhibition of pictures will be held at the Bohemian Club this week. Two afternoons and one evening will be entirely given up to the friends of Bohemian Club members. Most of the pictures will be for sale.

Mrs. Joseph Crockett and her daughter, Mrs. Laurence Scott, have sent out cards for the first four Fridays in January. Mrs Laurence Scott is one of the most attractive of the younger married women in San Francisco.

Mrs. Mark Requa and Mrs. Josiah Stanford were the hostesses at a tea in Oakland this last week. Those who assisted in receiving were: Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Mrs. Norman Lang, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Orestes Pierce, the Misses McKee, Herrick and Moore.

Mrs. Butters of Piedmont will give a large dance and entertainment at her home in Piedmont on December 31st. This will be an event for which Oakland people will look forward to with a great deal of pleasure. Mrs. Butters' parties are generally most elaborate and original.

The O'Connors were the hostesses at a tea on Tuesday afternoon at the Richelieu. A great many young people called, and a very jolly afternoon was spent. Miss Belle O'Connor is the witty member of that family, and has a most captivating manner of telling funny Irish stories.

Mrs. Charley Baldwin has been improving slowly but surely since her visit to Colorado Springs. She is still far from being the robust, jolly Ella Hobart who won all of San Francisco a few years ago. Mr. Baldwin spends most of his time between his ranch at Santa Clara and Colorado Springs.

General Shafter and his daughter, Mrs. McKittrick, leave for their Bakersfield ranch early in the week. They have been some of the most ardent worshippers of music during the opera season. Miss Redmond will accompany them. She was one of the most generally admired of the girls during the opera.

Miss Kate Stow, "Santa Barbara's favorite maid," the sobriquet by which she is generally known, is spending a few weeks with friends in Oakland. Later she will come to San Francisco where she will be the guest of her grandmother on Pine street. Miss Stow is a handsome brunette with a most attractive personality.

Mrs. Bender and and Miss Ella Bender leave on the fifth for Honolulu for the benefit of Mrs. Bender's health. Mr. Bender and Miss Elizabeth have taken apartments at the Cumberland during their absence.

Miss Elmore, the very attractive cousin of Miss Olive Holbrook, left for her home in Portland this week. She has left many sad hearts behind her. If rumor be true, however, it will not be so very long before she permanently resides in San Francisco.

Mr. Clarence McKinstry has at last passed the turning point and will soon be able to be up and around. His family have have been most anxious about him. Owing to his weak condition they were not able to tell him of the death of his father, making it doubly hard for Mrs. and Miss McKinstry to be cheerful in his presence.

At the Smedburg tea, the following received: Mrs. McIvor, Miss Smedberg and young Mrs. Smedberg, and Mrs. Ashton, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. Winthrop Lester, Mrs. Will Taylor, Jr., Mrs. John Hayden, Mrs. George Raymond, Mrs. Latham McMullin, the Misses Carolan, Collier, Morgans, and Miss Caroline Taylor.

The friends of Miss Leontine Blakeman are sympathizing with her at present over the loss of her mother's cousin, Mr. Temple T. Scott, who lost his life recently at Humboldt bay, where he was in charge of the Government reservation. His mother, wife of the late Rear Admiral Spotts, is at present living in San Francisco, and quite ill over the dire catastrophe that has occurred to her son.

The Century Club tendered a magnificent reception to Mesdames Grau, Sanderson-Terry, Eames-Story, Gadski, Sembrich, Suzanne Adams, Meynell and Mr. Bisham last week. The president of the club, Mrs. Oulton, was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Bowden, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Ransom, Mrs. Mills, and others of the prominent members. About four hundred ladies called during the afternoon.

Monday evening one of the very jolliest of dinners given to Miss Kathryn Robinson by her cousins Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe. The decorations were red berries and "pointsettas." Among those who were invited to meet Miss Robinson were Miss Helen Dean, Therese Morgan, Pearl Landers, Gladys McClung, Charley Felton, Frank Owen, Herbert Mee, Baron Von Hiller, Young Joe Tobin, and Reddick Duperu.

Miss Maude Mullins was the hostess at a tea given to Miss Helen De Young Wedesday before she left for Europe. Miss Mullins and Dr. Clarke will be married on the 5th of February. Miss Leontine Blakeman will be maid of honor. The other bridesmaids will be Charlotte Ellinwood, Mary Polhemus, Ella O'Connor, Gertrude Van Wyck, Grace Spreckels and Alida Ghiradelli. If Miss Colburn is home from Honolulu in time she will also be one of the bridesmaids.

Coming Events.

MONDAY

Presidio ball.

WEDNESDAY

Bradley-Wallace tea.

THURSDAY

Castle tea.
Black dinner.

FRIDAY

Brigham ball.

DOLL SHOW—December 3-7, Maple Room, Palace Hotel. Luncheon 11 to 2, tea 3 to 5.

CARD PARTY—December 7th, Miss Mabel Toy, 1620 California street.

BANQUET—December 7th, Delta Kappe Epsilon, Palace Hotel.

RECEPTION—Dec. 13th—Ebell Club, Oakland.

WEDDINGS—December 16, Miss Denman to Major Cheatham. Evening reception at home of the bride to follow.

How Strong Are You?

The dial of the punching machine won't answer that question. Strength depends on nutrition. When the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased, the body fails to receive its full supply of nourishment and hence grows weak. That is why no man is stronger than his stomach.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and the allied organs of digestion and nutrition. The food eaten is then perfectly digested and assimilated and the body is made strong in the only possible way—by nutrition.

"I was troubled with indigestion for about two years," writes Wm. Bowker, Esq., of Juliaetta, Latah Co., Idaho. "I tried different doctors and remedies but to no avail, until I wrote to you and you told me what to do. I suffered with a pain in my stomach and left side and thought that it would kill me. Now I am glad to write this and let you know that I am all right. I can do my work now without pain and I don't have that tired feeling that I used to have. Five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and two vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets' cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets stimulate the liver.

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St., Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

Our Public Men

Supreme Justice C. H. Garoutte

Judge C. H. Garoutte has served upon the Supreme Bench of California for eleven years and is one of the best known men in the State of California. He is a native son who was reared in Yolo County in which place he was elected Superior Judge while yet a mere boy. While occuyping the Superior Bench he was chosen Supreme Judge, which makes him the youngest man who has ever served a full term in that position. Judge Garoutte is a man of dignified and commanding presence, and is popular with both the bar and the laity. His decisions are a monument to his industry and acumen, and are particularly commended for originality in mode of expression as well as aptness in matters of illustration.

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

Among the many honors accorded DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY has been the Royal Warrant recently granted by King Edward. The Royal Family has accorded this honor to DEWAR'S SCOTCH for many years past. It is a compliment which the judges of Scotch whisky think highly deserved.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks. Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

If I Should Die Tonight.

If I should die tonight
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress;
Poor hands, so empty and so cold tonight!

If I should die tonight
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped,
The memory of my selfishness and pride
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned tonight.

If I should die tonight
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chilled me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore perchance,
And often in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I rest forgiven of all tonight.

Oh, friends, I pray tonight,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,
The way is lonely—let me feel them now.
Think gently of me, I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn;
Forgive, oh hearts estranged, forgive, I plead.
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long tonight.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

A NEWSPAPER NOTE.

THE TRIBUNE Oaklands Great Evening Newspaper.

(A tremendous circulation in Alameda and Contra Costa Counties)

Is managed, for San Francisco advertising business by F. R. Porter, whom consult: tariff inviting. 9 Powell Street, Columbia Theatre Building, San Francisco.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

LE ROI EST MORT. Vive Le Roi!

Grand opera has had its royal local life and died for another year at least. A monarch not lesser in magnitude, but differing in degree, will take up the sceptre when the spmphony concerts are stirred into quickening being by the wizard baton of Mr. Paul Steindorff on Friday afternoon next at three o'clock. The program will include the Academic Overture by Bramhs; Raff's Im Walde Symphony in F major; the German and Spanish Selections of Moszkowsky's suite of All Nations; Volkmann's Serenade in F major, for strings; and Lizst's Rakoczy March.

This is a program to not only whet the artistic palate of the tone epicurian, but also one to test the resources of Mr. Steindorff's virtuosity to the last degree. It would seem, too, from its very cosmopolitan selection to have been grouped with something of that idea lurking in the far corner of its near eye. Well, we will see. We have had conductors large and conductors small, conductors popular and conductors the very mention of whose name was the signal for streams of unbelievable invective and recrimination to leap forth. So far the verdict on Mr. Steindorff's abilities has been singularly favorable, and from individual testimony extracted at no great pains from some of the men who have been rehearsing the first concert with him, we may reasonably hope to hear something very excellent indeed in the way of interpretation, etc.

But if the opera season be dead and buried, the proud privilege is still mine to cast a few reflections from the photographic clarity of my mind's discerning eye on to the fallow ground of the public's receptivitv and to maunder unrestrained in the attractive field of comment on the educational and social significance of the same. However, I shall do nothing of the sort, but will confine myself to a brief resume of the performances which completed the season.

"Don Pasquale" came near to equaling the enviable record, both financial and artistic, which set apart the "Marriage of Figaro" as the star production of the season. In "Don Pasquale," as in the other, there was some singing, the like of which I have never heard before, and reluctantly abandon hope of hearing again. Sembrich and Scotti were positively inimitable in their several roles. Scotti gave us a taste of refinement, grace, fluency and diction in his coluratura work that was worth any price to cognoscenti and amateur alike, while as an object lesson to students it was invaluable indeed. No less revealing was the singing of Mme. Sembrich. What marvelous versatility does this woman possess in histrionic as well as vocai attainment.

Prof. E. S. Bonelli.

The S. F. Conservatory of Music, 301 Jones street, was established in 1979 by Prof. E. S. Bonelli, and has since been conducted with most gratifying success under his sole supervision and direction. The faculty consists of twelve of the ablest and most competent of teachers, who are engaged by Prof. Bonelli in all of the different departments of music—piano and harmony being entirely under his personal supervision. In his capacity both as a director and teacher, he has received the highest credentials and criticisms both through the press and visiting artists. More than gratifying has been the success of many of Prof. Bonelli's pupils who have passed with highest honors examinations both in the East and Europe—press notices of which will attest to these facts.

The airy breeziness of comedy sits as lightly upon her pretty shonlders as does the more onerous obligation of sombre roles. Practically Sembrich has been the greatest favorite of the season, while from a managerial and business standpoint the evenings on which she sang proved for her to be the greatest drawing card on the list. The performances of the "Marriage of Figaro" netted the largest individual sums for a single performance of any in the repertoire, the first evening's proceeds being over eleven thousand dollars. I know of no artist who has visited San Francisco who can carry away with her a more undivided legacy of gratitude and homage than did Madame Sembrich. It may not be malapropos to record here that this lady bears a name in both public and private life whose immaculateness has never been so much as touched by the nice finger of public suspicion; and this, in a career of so many years and under such a variety of bizarre circumstances, should not be the least appreciated gem in her crown of triumphs.

The performance of "I' Pagliacci" was surely one of the most delightful interpretations I have ever listened to. Campanari gave an almost ideal representation of Tonio; De Marchi, who, by the way, is unquestionably the best tenor in the present company, and, indeed the voice superior of anv that Mr. Grau had with him last year, sang his music with perfect fidelity to the spirit of the composer. Comparisons are no less odious in the vocal field than elsewhere, but I will venture one here to point out the resemblance between De Marchi's voice and that of Fernando Michilena. Of course, the latter gentleman's organ is not what it once was, but in its prime the timbre of it could not have been very dissimilar to that of the Grau tenor. At any rate, De Marchi has the finest tenor in my experience, and bids fair to develope into an artist of the first magnitude. Little Fritzi Scheff surprised every one with an exposition of voice-volume, temperament and all-round singing such as her greatest admirers scarcely expected from her. The "Bird Song" was given with a high degree of finish and intelligence, and with a power that sent a real thrill across the footlights. The "Bell" chorus came out with a swing positively magnificent. This chorus of the Grau company is probably as ugly and unattractive a one as could well be imagined; but how they can sing! To my mind this same "Bell" chorus and the "Hail Bright Abode" chorus in "Tannhauser" ranked with any individual effort of the season. The balance of the voices is perfect, and collectively they sing with an abandon and enthusiasm that sweeps the audience irresistably along with them. Of the orchestra and the conductors, it is

ASTHMA CURE FREE.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in all Cases. Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chain d with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of Asthmalene, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, Asthmalene will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the more glad we are to send it. Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City. Sold by all Drnggists.

MRS. W. H. HORD,
Piano and Guitar.

Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.

Residence, 2005 Oak St Phone, Page 1622

OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.

TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

SUITS
CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED
BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY
40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.
Ring up Drumm 44 We run two wagons

Musical Directory

San Francisco Conservatory of Music
E. S. Bonelli, Director.
301 Jones Street, cor. Eddy
Piano and Harmony exclusively by Prof. Bonelli. Violin, Mandolin, Vocal, Guitar, Banjo, Elocution and Physical Culture taught by the most competent teachers. Choral work under the direction of Alfred J. Kelleher. A thorough course for teaching. Terms moderate. Apply at Conservatory.

Bronson Studio
1206 Golden Gate Avenue, S. F.
Violin, Cornet and Clarinet. Lessons $4.00 per month. Bands and Orchestras $1.00 per month.

H. B. Pasmore, Teacher of Singing.
1424 Washington Street
Shakespeare's Method of Tone Production. Thursdays, 573 15th Street, Oakland.

Achille L. Artigues, Pianist.
1248 McAllister Street
Organist of Notre Dame des Victoirer. Telephone Fell 1749.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Plate Engraving
Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS,
$1.00
HUNDRED
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat may result in an Incurable Throat Trouble or Consumption. For relief use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Nothing excels this simple remedy. Sold only in boxes.

WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND, O.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

The World of Tone

difficult to find words to say much; that is, much that has not already been said and resaid ad nauseum. Damrosch and Flon we have heard before, and are well acquaint with their methods of workmanship. Signor Sepilli, the newcomer, proved himself a director of the first rate. When one is dealing with the superlatives in the realm of excellence and attainment, selection and the sense of values is very apt to become derogated to the level of random talkiness; so that it behooves the writer to choose his pen-path with some nicety, else he fall into a pit as black as ink. This being the case, I will recognize discretion as the better part of wisdom, and merely say that there was little if anything to choose from in the three conductors. All were superlative and the degree mattered nothing.

Aida showed Eames to be equal to almost anything one could select in opera literature. That she made a big hit in this part in the East is not subject for surprise, as her performance throughout was a completely satisfying and competent one. Mme. Homer repeated her success of last year. Calve's Santuzza brought down the house, not because it was a better performance than her Carmen—though it was as good—but principally because there was more unrestrained passion and action for the slow intelligence of the public to grasp. The public is very like a child at the kindergarten age; it takes in only that which is put before it in large type and words of one syllable. Give them R-A-G-E and they immediately begin to look for foam on the mouth; give them F-E-A-R and they instantly expect to see eyes spilling out on the cheeks; give them T-E-N-D-E-R-N-E-S-S and they demand fainting accents and goo-goo eyes by the bucketful. Calve is an artist in the truest sense of the word. Her power lies not in hoydenish physical wit, but in the subtler appeals of suggestion. It is good to have lived to see and hear her.

Tristan and Isolde is heavily magnificent—very heavily. It is not a vigorous departure from the lines of the Ring, for instance. The same theme and motif stories are advanced in the orchestration, and the same masterly wedding of dramatic action with its correlative in the music. The singing in this opera was the worst of the season—Mme. Reuss-Belce being in brassier tone than ever, and Van Dyke absolutely unspeakable. Mr. Bispham redeemed the vocal score from utter badness.

Take it by and large, I confess to being heartily glad that the "big show" is over. As the poet hath it—enough is too much. Of course it has all been an immense treat, but it was a trifle too immense. Night after night of grandeur soon leaves the faculties deadened. The mind loses the ability to concentrate itself with sustained intelligence; the ear grows inattentive and you find your haggard eye roaming abstractedly over a not too absorbed audience. However, elastic Nature will have us eager for the next visit, all too soon. That season may be next year, and it may not. Heaven and Mr. Grau only know, and they are not expansive.

Before I close I want to mention a violinist at the Orpheum. He is one of the Dumond trio, and he displays a real mastery over his instrument. His careful exterior of indifference covers a temperament of true artist fire and depth which reveals itself in accents of unmistakable power. A brief flash of technical facility is dove-tailed between a tone and feeling far beyond mediocrity; a fact which even the gallery is quick to recognize.

Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "Storm, the King" by Jennie Black. "O! Little Town of Bethlehem!" by Homer N. Bartlett. Both published by Schirmer & Co., New York.

At The Theatres Next week.

Alcazar—"Christopher Jr."

Central—"The Electrician."

Tivoli—Pollard Juvenile Opera Company. "In Town."

Orpheum—Dumond Parisian Minstrels.

The laziest of lawyers,
They said he was, and still
He always was quite anxious to
Be working with a will.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER
TRADE MARK
A Positive Relief —for— CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.
Get Mennen's (the original). Sample free
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 CALIFORNIA ST.
Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29, 1901.....29,886,288.11
OFFICES
President.....B. A. Becke
First Vice-President.....John Lloyd.
Second Vice-President..Daniel Meyer
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary .....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow
DIRECTORS
H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt,

San Francisco Savings Union
535 CALIFORNIA ST.
Deposits, July 1, 1901.....$28,973,540
Reserve Fund..... 226,994
Paid Up Capital..... 1,000,000
Contingent Fund..... 445,617
OFFICERS
E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier. R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.
DIRECTORS
Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.
42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.
Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000
Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.
Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.
OFFICERS:
F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,
Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.
TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

TEL. GREEN 12.
CHAS. P. DROLLA
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal
All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

Famous Russian-Oriental Tobacco Store
418 Montgomery St, Phone Black 1233
Near California St. Established 1876.

MRS. FANNIE ROSENTHAL, Prop.

Leading importer of choice varieties of Russian, Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes and Smoking Tobaccos. High-grade Cigarettes made to order for private clubs and special social events. Delicate Aromatic Cigarettes made for Ladies' Tea Parties. Latest French and English novelties in pipes and smokers' articles, also Turkish water pipes, etc.
Order by Telephone

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR
VAUGHN LEADLEY,
Solicitor for
J. F. SNOW & CO.,
Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.
Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 20 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

EDWARD HALL, President. WM. J. BIGGY, Vice-Pres. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.
United States
Laundry Association
LAUNDRY—3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.
(Near Valencia)
TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418
OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST.,
near Powell.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
TRY THEM FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.
Fac-Simile Signature of John I. Brown & Son on every box.

Answers to Correspondents

Eben Carvel—No, it is not a sign that you are stingy because you do not take the young lady to any other places than the Chutes and the Cliff House. It would indicate clearly, however, that you are what the Scotch call "a mite near."

* * *

Hazel Cork—You are quite right in the high resolve and bold determination which has shaped your course in the matter of which you speak. It is exceedingly bad form for a young man who has met you but twice to attempt to hold your hand. He should try to hold both your hands.

* * *

Sarah Hartburn—By all means, Sarah, submit your manuscript to me. The weather is growing cold, and paper to start the fire mornings is in demand. Be sure to enclose stamps for postage to insure the return of your story. We need stamps too.

* * *

Janice Harum—If you find existence one dull, common round and life not worth living, it is a sure sign that you should subscribe for the WAVE. Terms ten cents a copy, three dollars a year; advertising rates upon application. For sale by all news dealers. It has cured others, it will cure you.

* * *

Fair Dove—It is not difficult to remove freckles. First get your freckles. By gently rubbing the discolored portions with sandpaper just before retiring and just after arising you will soon find that the freckles have disappeared. You may notice that the cuticle has disappeared also, but this should not concern you.

* * *

Angry Daughter—No, little girl, you are mistaken. Your mother is right and you are woefully in the wrong. Young ladies should not be out at night with young men later than nine o'clock until they are twenty-seven years old, unless they have the unreserved permission of their parents. You are but twenty-four and have much to learn, therefore much may be forgiven you.

* * *

Baby Mine—Certainly, Babe, you are at liberty to pour your troubles into my ear, provided they do not affect my hearing. You say you are greatly puzzled over a remark your gentleman friend made the other day, when he said he wished you were an orphan. The remark is too deep to be fully exploited in the columns of this paper. It would require a special edition. In case you wish to stand such an expense, see the business manager. I would say in this connection, however, that when a young lady is taking a light repast with a gentleman friend at two o'clock in the morning, and her irate mother intrudes upon the scene, sweeps the small bot, bird and the large cold bottle from the table, and raises such a disturbance generally that the young lady hereinafter to be known as the party of the first part, suddenly loses her appetite, changes her mind and goes home with dear, kind mamma, it is not to be wondered at if the young gentleman, hereinafter to be known as the party of the second part, should say he wished the young lady were an orphan.

He wished you were an orphan. How strange!

* * *

Dorothy—Girls do not marry so early in life now as they did when our mothers were eligibles. Even if your mother did marry when she was sixteen, you need not think because you are heart whole and fancy free at thirty-seven, that you are going to be "an old maid." Courage and patience, Dorothy, will yet win your heart's desire.

* * *

Fond Wife—Yes, indeed, we are fully able to tell you what to buy your husband for Christmas. First, make an acclerated touch. I would not limit you to the amount—the more the better. Then after a long and diligent search, I would suggest that you buy him a beautiful silk shirt waist. The dear man will appreciate a little token of remembrance such as this far more than words can say.

* * *

Dolly Gray—No, Dolly, the gentleman of whom you speak is not too old to marry, even though he be 93. No man is too old to marry, provided he has money. Yet understand me, Dolly, do not, even for the one-hundredth-millionth part of a second, think that I would advise you to marry for money. It is not a bad plan, however, to marry where money is. If the gentleman continues to spurn your little attentions, you had better secure a shotgun or a hypnotist.

$100 Reward $100
The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Teledo, O.

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER
THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Next New Examiner Bldg. S. F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG
The True Blue.
308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE
Billiard, Pool and Club Room
(Never Closed.)
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.
924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET

RACING
EVERY WEEK DAY
RAIN OR SHINE
NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB
OAKLAND RACE TRACK
Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp.
Ferryboats leave San Francisco at 12 m. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2:30 and 3 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry-tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in 15 minutes.
Returning Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m., and immediately after the last race.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
CHAS. F. PRICE, Secretary and Manager.

SUNSET LIMITED

One of the most magnificent trains ever built. For 1901-1902 TRI-WEEKLY via Coast Line and Sunset Route for

New Orleans and New York

Leave SAN FRANCISCO 4:50 p. m.
Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays
Leave LOS ANGELES 8:30 a. m.
Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays
Arrive NEW ORLEANS 7:20 p. m.
Thursdays, Saturdays, Mondays

Among the world's noted Highways of Travel not one equals the route of this train.
Get the little book, "Wayside Notes," from any agent of the

Southern Pacific

Initial trip of Sunset Limited Friday, December 6, from San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADWAY wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Jan. 1. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Jan. 1. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Dec. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Jan. 2.
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)
Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.
Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 a. m.
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and Newport.
Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

C. A. GARTER C. W CROSS
Law Offices of
Cross & Garter
Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.
Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... .. **PAPER**
COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.
Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

Italian Proverbs.

A deed done has an end.

A good servant makes a bad master.

A good key is necessary to enter into paradise.

All men are not men.

Good counsel has no proof.

Beware of vinegar made of sweet wine.

The eyes serve as ears to the deaf.

He dances well to whom fortune pipes.

The habit does not make the priest.

All are not saints that go to church.

Things unreasonable are never durable.

An old man has the almanic in his body.

The soldier is well paid for doing mischief.

When the bow is too much bent it breaks.

A white glove often conceals a dirty hand.

A runaway monk never praises his convent.

Wine in bottles does not quench thirst.

There is never enough where nought leaves.

A pleasure is well paid for which is long expected.

A good paymaster is lord of another man's purse.

He who commences many things finishes only a few.

If pride were an art, there would be many teachers.

There is none so deaf as those who will not hear.

Who hunts two hares leaves one and loses the other.

He who thinks he knows the most knows the least.

Hide nothing from thy minister, physician and lawyer.

He gives one knock on the hoop, another on the barrel.

The wolf is always said to be more terrible than he is.

He has more business than English ovens at Christmas.

A soldier, fire and water soon make room for themselves.

Where a man is not known when he speaks he is not believed.

Many soldiers are brave at table who are cowards in the field.

The tears of the congregotion are the praise of the minister.

Trust not the praise of a friend, nor the contempt of an enemy.

The wise man knows he knows nothing; the fool think he knows it all.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You will find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

Books that are Being Read.

Marietta; a Maid of Venice, by F. Marion Crawford.

One Forty-Two; the Confessions of a Reformed Messenger Boy, by Henry M. Hyde—A clever treatment of an untouched side of city life.

Cashel Byson's Profession, by Bernard Shaw—An ingenuous story with a prize fighter as the hero.

Folly in Fairyland, by Carolyn Wells. A gay juvenile book, full of jingly rhymes for the children.

The True Story of Captain John Smith, by Katherine Pearson Woods. An interesting biography compiled from unusual sources.

Princess Puck, by Una L. Silverrad. A new novel by the author of the much discussed "The Lady of Dreams."

Papa Bouchard, by Molly Elliot Seawell. A droll tale of modern Parisian life, graphically written.

Stratagems and Spoils. Stories of Love and Politics, by William Allen White. Entertaining phases of political and social life of the middle west.

Minette, by George F. Cram. A dramatic piece of fiction, for which the stirring events of the crusades furnished the setting.

The Snow Baby, by Josephine D. Peary, and In the Fairyland of America, by Herbert Quick, are two excellent jeuvenile Christmas books to be had at A. M. Robertsons.

Jingles from Japan, by Mabel and Helen Hyde. A quaint volume characteristically illustrated.

"GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

It is said that certain people cannot sing this song but anybody can go away back East and sit down in the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road. These trains carry Nickel Plate Dining Cars in which are served American Club meals at from $.35 to $1.00 each.

Call or write for free book showing views of Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Jay W. Adams, P. C. P. A 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5173]
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,
No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell
Office and Residence
1021½ Market St. bet. 6th & 7th S.F.

THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED
Leaves San Francisco
9.00 a. m. Daily

New equipment has been provieded. Courteous treatment, superb dining service, perfect in every detail makes it the finest transcontinental train.

No limit to the good things for your comfort.

The Santa Fe Office 641 Market Street, and at the Ferry.

The Quick Route to the East
THE "Overland Limited"
Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Th n Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.
Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.
D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal.

REFRESHING SLEEP.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.
Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

Occidental Hotel
For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .
San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas
Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.
American and European Plan
Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

Telephone Green 248
Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .
115 GEARY STREET
Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome materials kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

Ripples

"De reason some of us doesn't git along," said Uncle Ehen, "is dat we sits down dreamin' of automobiles when we orter be pushin' a wheelbarrer."

* * *

A good liver and and a bad liver usually go together.

* * *

"Could you do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons?" asked the manager of the seedy actor.

"Well, I should think I might; I have done a good many landlords."

* * *

Fair Phyllis makes no show of wit
Concerning matters politic
And right demurely she will sit
While I display my rhetoric.
And she will breathe a little sigh
And gaze upon me pensively
And murmur: "Oh, I wish that I
Were even half as wise as he!"

But when in a department store
I follow her with feelings strange,
I dominate the scene no more,
I scarce know how to count my change,
If I a bargain seek to buy,
And, humble then as I can be,
I stand aside and wish that I
Were even half as wise as she

* * *

"Prisoner, the witnesses say you got into a fight with the alderman from your ward during which you hit his nose nearly off. That was disgraceful, barbarous and cruel."

"It was, y'r honor. It burnt me tongue."

* * *

"I didn't mind the spanking dad gave me half as much as I did the sarcastic way in which he talked."

"Wasn't it a hard lickin'?"

"You just bet it was."

"Well, what did he say that was worse than the shingle?"

"He said, 'Go way back and stand up'."

* * *

Uncle Hiram—I see the editor of the Banner has a long article on the buhonic plague.

Uncle Silas— That so? Is he for or ag'in it?

* * *

Stern Father—Didn't I tell you not to call again, sir?

Suitor—I know; but I didn't call to see your daughter. I came on behalf of our firm, about that little hill—

Stern Father—Er—er—call again, won't you?

* * *

He (at a swell restaurant)—You may have anything on the hill-of-fare, dearest. Shall I read it to you?

She—No, darling. Just read it to the waiter.

* * *

"You can depend on that man's keeping his promises," said the close political adviser.

"Yes," answered the practical politician, "but which promises is he going to keep, those he makes to me or those he makes to the voters?"

* * *

Twentieth Century Problems.

The early worm gets caught by the bird.
Be good and you will be lonely.
Virtue is its own reward.
What you put off today you may not have to do tomorrow.
Honesty is no policy.
Do others or they will do you.
A rolling stone never becomes a mossback.
One stitch for nine saves time.
Everything comes to him who hustles.
A bird on toast is worthy a small bottle.
'Tis a wise father that owns no children.

Palace Hotel
San Francisco, California
On one side of this immense hotel—the largest in the world—is the wholesale and manufacturing district; on the other: theatres, retail stores, clubs, railroad offices, banks and newspaper buildings. Street cars to all parts of the city—depots, ferries, Cliff House, and parks, pass the entrance.
A beautifully illustrated book sent free to any address.
American Plan *European Plan*

Hotel Las Palmas
1820 Market Street, S. F.
Phone Folsom 1856
The rooms surround a center court filled with palms and hanging baskets, thus making the place one of the most beautiful as well as the most desirable to be found in the city.
MRS. ANNA C. MILLER, Proprietress.

AUTOMOBILES
WE BUILD TO ORDER
GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.
All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.
CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY.
FACTORY—346 McAllister St.; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

A WISE PRECAUTION
BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

The Wave

Vol. 23. No. 29. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1901. PRICE TEN CENTS

The United States Cruiser Philadelphia now in the Harbor

Photo by Taber

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—December 14, 1901.

Peru has adopted the gold "standard." So has Chili. Measure for measure.

Oakland has been holding another poultry show. Our suburban neighbor always was a bird of a place.

Bread riots are of daily occurrence in Hungary. It is not surprising that famine should locate in that country.

Water has been struck in Death Valley. As no one lives there that is about the only kind of strike they could have.

Haggin has purchased a large copper body in Peru. This is the first time we knew they had a modern police system in that country.

A railroad brakeman has filed a petition in bankruptcy. Not satisfied with his daily vocation, he succeeded in breaking himself.

Mexico wants another bank. If it is given to them, we suppose the next requirement down that way will be for the money to put in it.

Alameda's choral club announces its intention of giving a ball. Can it be that there was a misprint and that it should have read "bawl?"

The doctors have decided that a few suspicious cases submitted to them in the Western Addition are bona-fide scarlet fever. That is a rash statement to make.

The American Federation of Labor wants the alien contract labor law amended so as to include musicians. How can that be done? They only come to this country to play.

Roosevelt has removed the Governor of Oklahoma for having a financial interest in a state contract. The White House now contains a bogie man for every Federal official who tries to help out his salary on the side.

The white ruler of Yap is dead. Although he had absolute control, whatever rulings he made were with a full sense of the proprieties, for his accounts show no indications of crookedness in any of his transactions.

Experts say that the Lobos Creek water is full of germs. If a man is reduced to drinking nothing but water and gets hold of that brand, he will get full of something anyhow.

The Pacific Mail steamers are averaging twenty-one bars of silver from Central America every trip. It is scarcely likely that there will be any attempt to keep the bars off those boats.

The Mill Valley "Record" says editorially, "Now is the time to lay in your wood supply." As the annual subscriptions will soon be due the editor evidently wants his patrons to have plenty of cord wood on hand to pay their bills with.

Grand Duke Henry of Holland is probably above the law, for there is no talk of prosecuting him for the murder of the court chamberlain. We always thought that Holland was the most peaceful part of the globe, but they appear to put up their dukes there just as readily as in any other place.

A Boon to Commerce.

San Francisco has won its fight for the establishment of wireless telegraphy between the metropolis and the Farallones, for it is officially announced at Washington that the weather bureau department has decided to inaugurate the service as soon as possible. This shows that the tests which have been made here by the government experts during the past few months have met the requirements, as indeed it was certain they would do when the experiments commenced.

It will of course take several months to get the station in order, for Marconi's plan will be making its debut here and will therefore be void of all the incidental help that has attended the government experiments on the eastern coast. However, our minds can now be set at rest on the point of whether or not we would secure the boon, and the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce which had determined to institute such a service if the government declined to, can exert itself in other directions.

Incalculable benefits will attend the operations of the service here, for we are in an even better position to take advantage of it than are our eastern neighbors. Nature seems to have made an outpost of the Farallones for just such purpose as that to which the islands will now be put, for with observers stationed on their western side, we will know of the movements of vessels hours before we could do so under our present arrangements. Ships reaching port in distress, calls for pilots, notices to captains when fugitives from justice are aboard, the arrival of mails, the sighting of overdue vessels—all such accommodations to commerce will be placed at our disposal, and our present crude methods will give way to modern, twentieth century devices.

Then there are the climatic features to be considered. What could be of more value to departing ships than the knowledge of heavy fogs out at sea, the approach of storms, and all other disturbances of the elements and in this connection, we on land will reap fully as many benefits as will the maritime interests. The splendid work being done by the weather bureau is in evidence upon every side and when the present prognostications are supplemented by earlier advices as to rain, storms, fogs, and so forth, our agricultural and local interests will be protected very thoroughly. Had we not secured wireless telegraphy, we would have had to lay a cable to the Farallones at an early date, for our progress has attained such dimensions of late that we cannot afford to deprive ourselves of any possible factor of advancement.

An Indian Issue.

Governor Murphy of Arizona is crusading in behalf of the plan by which he claims he can effectually dispose of all future Indian troubles in the territory. He thinks this can be accomplished by the sale of the San Carlos reservation and that this would bring about the desired result is unquestionable, for without headquarters the Indians would be unable to plan the disturbances in which they so frequently indulge and Apache raids of every description would pass into history.

To sell a reservation where so powerful a tribe as the Chiricahuas reside is however a big proposition, especially so as they would be sure to resent any such change. In all former cases of sales of reservations the agreements to that effect have been made under most amiable conditions, for the Indians interested have been in a state of semi-civilization and have been willing to exchange their broad acres for an equivalent in gold that they could apply to other pursuits. The Apaches though, are almost as savage as when they were first rounded up into the San Carlos country where they now make their home. They will not farm or do aught to support themselves, but are satisfied to eke out existence on government rations, with the hunting and fishing at their disposal.

Unless, therefore, some arrangement could be made by which they could be transferred to some section like the Indian Territory, it would be a dangerous task to dislodge them from their homes. They would resent it to the extent of fighting, and though with the troops at our disposal they could be easily overcome, the sentiment of the country, especially in the eastern states, would be very strong against driving the "Noble Red Man" from where he has made his last stand. Those who regard the American people in the light of usurpers upon the Indian's domain, would be especially loud in protest, and although these remonstrances would amount to nothing, they would nevertheless create a bad feeling throughout the country.

What would become of the Apaches is another question. They would not scatter and resolve into tramps and outcasts like the California Diggers, for the Apache is in some way a high class Indian. Instead of breaking up their tribal relations, they would probably remain together a little band hunted from corner to corner, a constant reproach to the civilization that had adopted such a measure to get rid of them. Governor Murphy's idea is all right in theory but until he can advance some method by which the condition of the Apache will be improved rather than injured by the change he will not get the support of the average citizen.

BY THE WAY

To an interested circle of amused hearers Arthur Cunningham, the deservedly popular barytone of the Tivoli, was relating some of the funny things which occured during the recent trip of the Tivoli road company on its tour of the interior. Not the least of these was the following:

He, Arthur, was standing on deck one day on the trip by sea from Eureka to San Francisco, when he observed approaching him a young man who bore on his flushed visage unmistakable signs of a settled melancholy, mingled with an admiration-inspiring jag. The young man advanced toward the barytone with dignified, but somewhat eccentric gait, grasped the hand of the sympathetic Arthur, and burst into tears; exclaiming in broken accents.

"Ol' man, m' wife's dead. Come 'n less have a lil drink."

The drink was had, consolation administered, and the unhappy widower put into Tom Guise's berth. On being roused some hours later, he awoke perfectly sober, overflowing with gratitude to his benefactors. whom he insisted on accepting a few drinks at his expense, and within twenty minutes was drunker than when he was first put to bed.

***

The two Samaritans, being long-suffering, put him to bed again, and when they reached the pier at the foot of Market street, left him again sober, with many expressions of good-will and of sympathy for his bereavement. The next day, Arthur Cunningham, pursuing his way along Eddy street to Powell, beheld a familiar figure clinging determinedly to an electric trolley-pole. A second look and he reconized his erstwhile acquaintance of the boat. The young man perceived him at the same instant, again grasped the barytone by the hand, and again burst into a flood of tears. Arthur counselled him to be a man, and not give way; etc., etc. The young man replied with impressive felling.

"Ol' man, you're all ri'. Gah bless you: But's all big m'stake. Big m'stake. Jus' got telgram m' wife's not dead 't all. My Gah! 's terrible, ain' it? 'Scuse my cryin', won' you? But 's terrible. Come 'n have a big drink."

* * *

The youthful hope of the family, aged eight, ran away from home directly after luncheon. At nightfall he was found under a hedge, fast asleep, and brought home by a neighbor. The family consisting of the father and mother, were at dinner when the prodigal returned; but in order to more effectually punish him, ignored him entirely during the entire progress of the meal. The little one ate his dinner in uneasy silence; eyeing his parents furtively from time to time. Dinner over, the mother carried the dishes to the kitchen and proceeded to wash them. The child, who had remained obstinately voiceless since his return, saw he must break the ice, and cast about in his mind for a way that should at once be effectual and carry with it a proper rebuke to his unfeeling parent. The cat purring in front of the kitchen stove gave him an idea, and in the voice and manner of one who has just returned from a journey of many years and many lands, he sighed ostentatiously and said in a reminiscent tone.

"Well, I see you have the same old cat."

* * *

From Sacramento, I hear that the social season there is unusually lively. Among the many charming girls of the inland metropolis, my informant speaks particularly of Miss Edith Miller, who is very popular with both the girls and the men. My correspondent says, "She is a beautiful girl, one of those striking blondes with dark eye brows and lashes. She entertains a great deal and is invited everywhere." And, by the way, Mrs. Frank Miller, her mother, is said to be one of the wittiest and brightest women in the state. I notice that Miss Edith Tufts, Sacramento's carnival queen of last year is to be married to a Mr. Ray.

* * *

A certain prominent Oakland church choir is torn with dissension. The cause is said to have been the behavior of the soprano, a very handsome woman who has been divorced from her musician husband for some years, now. The precise details of the affair were not made public, but they were of a sufficiently rousing nature to have the whole choir expelled from further service. New voices have been tried for the vacancies, and now, all suddenly, comes the interesting information that the handsome soprano has been reinstated per order of one of the church's male pillars. There are those who more than hint that the order of the said male pillar was a rashly injudicious one, to say the least, and that some very readable scandal may be looked for in the papers very shortly.

* * *

"Talk about the horse show. It is not in it at all when compared to the automobile show I witnessed the other day," said an observing friend to me recently. "If you want to see something exciting," he continued, "go out to the park when Mr. Saville, the engineer, and acting examiner for the commissioners, is putting a novice through his paces, to ascertain whether he is qualified to receive a license to steer his 'auto' through the park drives.

"The stunts are severe, and it takes a cool head and steady hand to pass successfully. First you must run at full speed and then stop short. Then repeat the performance, reversing the engine, and without using the brake. Then branches of trees are placed along the road leaving a zigzag passageway in the center just wide enough for the wheels to go through. This must be threaded by the tyro with his machine speeding at ten miles an hour. Then the examiner hides himself along the roadway after bidding you drive at a good gait, and suddenly you see a dummy, supposed to be a child thrown out in the way and you have got to stop or turn around it.

***

"If one does all these things they make him cut pigeon wings on the side of a hill, back his machine up a winding narrow path and so on. I tell you a man has to be an expert" concluded my imformant, "and it cost poor Mr. Gorham about four hundred dollars to get his license Many think that the requirements are a little exacting, but of course a man with an automobile under him, has control of a powerful mechanism."

And, by the way, among the very few ladies of San Francisco who possess the conveted license to pilot the steam vehicles along the south drive, and ocean boulevard, is Mrs. J. Alfred Marsh the wife of the well known young attorney in the Crocker building. Mrs. Marsh is however,a skilled and fearless horsewoman, and driving comes naturally to her. Examiner Saville says that she passed one of the best examinations that he has ever conducted.

* * *

One often hears of the stage-struck youths and maidens who make the lives of the managers of our theaters miserable by their attempts to go upon the stage, but the grand army of deluded youths and maidens who cherish the idea that they are pre-eminently fitted to occupy the editorial chair on a great daily has never been written up, as it might serve, perhaps, the single exception, the poet, who bursts forth in rhapsodic strains upon the approach of spring, or the beauties of precipitated congealed moisture, otherwise known as beautiful snow. There is not a city editor in San Francisco who does not, at least, once a week turn away some one who has been lead into the error of thinking that reportorial work is a short cut to literary fame, and incidentally twenty-fifth editions. The number of deluded people who honestly think that "making copy" is literature is beyond credence. As a rule, these people produce stuff that is on a par with such an error of judgment.

The only thing in common with literature and newspaper work is that in each written language and a typewriter are employed. The short-sighted many do not seem to realize that it takes more than the printed word to give literary value to an article. To possess the elusive quality just mentioned, that which is written should have permanency, reveal life, besides being expressed in an artistic manner. The fierce personal contests of which the blind Homer sang in the Iliad belong to literature, because they possess these qualities. A Jeffreys-Ruhlin prize-fight is not literature, because it does not have these qualities. The latter is "a good story" from the city editor's point of view, because it can be "played up" as a front page article. The former is no good to him, for the simple reason that were it published, supposing a modern newspaper were to do such an unlikely thing, by way of illustration, nine-tenths of its readers would be in total ignorance as to the identity of the sulking Achilles, and it would not sell an additional copy of the paper, besides the incident has the disadvantage of happening previous to the last twenty-four hours. It is this mistaken idea of what is and what is not literature that is responsible for the avalanche of fiction which loads down the shelves of the bookstores. But I am growing too philosophical, too didacic, too critical.

* * *

The first of the three concerts of the Symphony Society, held yesterday proved such a decided success that everything seems most propitious for the second and third of the series, which are set for January 10th and 17th. Director Steindorff is in excellent spirits over the outcome of the initial performance.

Ex-Congressman Caminetti was in town during the week in connection with the Chinese exclusion delegation, and his appearance at the Grand Hotel bar was made the occasion for repeating one of the best stories ever associated with his name.

It was after he had made his trip to Europe, and on his return he sauntered into the Hoffman and there met a party of his old-time friends who greeted him effusively and insisted on hearing how he had got along and what he had done.

"Before we take a drink," said Caminetti, "I want to tell you of a peculiar experience I had in a London saloon. The place was the Criterion, one of the swell resorts in the west end of town, and just before dinner time I dropped in to have a glass of mineral water, according to my daily custom."

"Three or four Englishmen were standing chatting inside, and thinking that I recognized in one of them an individual to whom I had been introduced a few days before, I nodded to him. He bowed pleasantly in response, and then I, as a matter of courtesy, asked him and his friends if they would not take a drink.

"'No, thank you,'" they all said, and then when I went up to the bar alone they came up and one of them remarked, 'We don't want you to feel offended because we did not respond to your kind invitation, and as we can see from your frank style that you are an American, we want to explain our customs over here. We don't go in for treating each other every time any one of the number wants to take a drink, for what is the use of guzzling down a lot of liquor for so-called sociability's sake, when you don't want it.'"

***

"This sounded reasonable," continued Caminetti, "so I took my drink alone, and afterwards we all entered into conversation and had a very pleasant chat, for they were remarkably nice fellows. We talked for, I guess, about an hour, and it was really queer to see one of the party once in awhile go up and take a drink alone without inviting the rest of us. Don't you think it a good proposition in some ways, though?" he interrogated his listeners in conclusion.

"Yes, I do," replied one of the party. "I consider it is a mistake to have a custom whereby every time a fellow wants to take a drink he has to call up all his friends. It's hard on the pocket, and furthermore encourages a lot of bums."

"That's my way of thinking," said another. "See how often a man has to drink when he doesn't want to. It is either that or sort of insult the fellow calling him up to the bar."

"How do you feel on the subject," asked Caminetti of the third member of the party.

"Well, I don't want to be considered an Anglomaniac, but I do think the blooming Britishers are right on that particular thing."

"I am glad you all feel that way," said Caminetti. And then, without another word, he walked up to the bar and said, "Give me a little of the same," laying down fifteen cents.

The rest of the crowd looked at him in blank astonishment for a moment, and then—well, it dawned upon them how neatly they had been sold.

* * *

A number of smart people who had a tip that the new $30,000,000 gas and electric company was to be incorporated made quite a neat little turn during the week by "bearing" the stock, for it went down three points almost immediately upon the publication of the news.

Every one is wondering how the old San Francisco company is going to fare in the light of this added competition, and President Crockett doubtless gives himself a hard kick every now and then for the unfortunate remark by which he brought all the troubles upon himself and his company.

It was all the result of a little argument he had one evening at the Pacific Union Club with Claus Spreckels. The tenants of the "Call" building were complaining that the fumes from the gas company's plant were invading their offices, and Spreckels brought the subject up and asked Crockett if he would be good enough to make some arrangements by means of which the nuisance would be averted.

"No I won't," said Crockett, bluntly. "We don't propose to be put to big expense just because you have invested in an office building."

"I will make you sorry for that remark," Spreckels replied. And sure enough he did, for the next day he went down town and gave the orders whereby ten millions of his money were poured into a competing gas plant. The stock of the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company dropped 50 per cent. in value as soon as the Spreckels enterprise was launched. So since that day every time Crockett takes a half-dollar from his pocket and looks at it he remembers that it might have been a dollar but for that unfortunate evening at the club.

***

Talking of office buildings brings to mind that the Hayward structure will soon be ready for occupancy, and that most of the rooms in it are said to have been already engaged. No better proof could be given of the enormous advancement we have made in business life of late than the demand that has been created for office room in the big buildings.

A year ago the Crocker found that its rooms were in such demand that a general advance of 10 per cent. in rents was made all through the building, so as to secure more than the 10 per cent. the investment in the structure was earning. It kept just as full, though, at the new schedule as at the old one, and now it has a waiting list of twenty or thirty applicants.

The "Chronicle" building is undergoing a similar experience. Although the pioneer modern office edifice in town, and consequently of older design than any of the others, the demands upon its capacity have been so great of late that De Young is going to emulate the example of his neighbors at the other end of the block and raise all rents 10 per cent. early in the coming year. Incidentally, it may be remarked that De Young has one of the most handsome cash incomes in town, for although the expenses of the "Chronicle" are about $800 a day, the gross receipts average $1100 every twenty-four hours, thus giving him a daily income from the newspaper alone of $300. To this must be added the returns from his many other investments about town, so it can be seen that he is well located on "Easy street."

The Mills building is understood to be experiencing the greatest rush of all, no less than one hundred persons being waiting for accommodations there. The "Call," Safe Deposit, and all the other sky-scrapers also have forgotten what it is to have an untenanted room, and even the Parrott building, removed from the business circle as it is, has been experiencing similar good fortune.

When it is remembered that the new Callaghan building, across from the Hibernia Bank, is also ready for occupancy, and that before next year closes the Mutual Life structure in the Blythe block will also be thrown open, it can be seen how rapidly we are rushing to the front from a business standpoint.

Isn't it strange, though, that amidst all this prosperity and demand for accommodations the huge store once occupied by J. J. O'Brien remains dark and deserted. Every now and then the report goes out that it has been rented, but nothing tangible follows the rumors, and it continues as gloomy and silent as ever. To an outsider it looks as if it would have been good policy for the owners of the place to have rearranged it and divided it off into a number of small stores instead of keeping it in its entirety. It is not possible that under such an arrangement the property could have remained absolutely untenanted all this time.

* * *

A lucky Irishman, who was evidently none too sure of being in the right place, boarded a southbound Third street car at Market the other morning and admonished the conductor to be sure to get him off at the right street for the Mail Dock. "I have a job there, begob," he said, "and I don't want to miss it."

The transfers were given out in due course of events, and later on the conductor stopped the car. Poking his head inside, he looked Pat straight in the face and shouted, "Brannan—change for Mail Dock."

The Milesian seemed puzzled, but got up and went out. As he left the car he turned to the conductor and asked, "How the divil did yez know my name?"

* * *

Norman Hapgood, the dramatic critic of the New York "Commercial Advertiser" who recently defeated the theatrical trust, which has its headquarters in New York city, is well known in San Francisco, especially among a large number of the newspaper men. Hapgood, it seems, during the month of brown October, incurred the displeasure of the trust, and they sent word to the proprietors of the "Advertiser" to discharge the offender. This they refused to do. The Trust withdrew their patronage from the columns of that paper. The theatrical octopus expected to be soundly berated, but Hapgood paid no attention to them. His criticisms on dramatic subjects were as free from bias and prejudiced reports as they had been before. The other papers in New York took up the fight, and enlisted themselves in the newspaperman's defense. So universally were they criticized, that before two weeks had passed, the trust was making terms with the business office for the reappearance of their ads in the columns of the "Advertiser." This was a mute but effectual way of admitting that they were defeated.

One of the most important social announcements which has been made in Hawaii since the annexation of the territory, was the engagement of Walter Scott of this city to the daughter of Senator and Mrs. W. H. Rice of Kauai. The news came as a surprise to Walter's friends here, as the young bachelor had so long withstood the seductive charms of the fair sex. About a year ago, Miller, Sloss & Scott, to which firm the young man belongs, decided to make an extension of its Hawaiian business. Walter was selected to take charge of this, and he has succeeded far beyond the firm's most sanguine expectations. Virtue was not its sole reward in this case, however, as the announcement proves. The following account of the dinner at which the engagement was announced will prove interesting, not only for the matter itself, but for the mellow southern journalistic style in which it is narrated:

"As each successive course was brought in, there seemed to be increased evidence of perfection in the culinary department. The pleasure was greatly enhanced by the distant sound of the ukulele, accompanied by soft Hawaiian voices, while a charm was still further added by the fairy figures of two little girls in white, who carried the lighter dishes to the guests. When the announcement was made of Miss Mary Rice's engagement, each heart voiced its sentiments in the clapping of hands. Various toasts were given to host and hostess, to Mr. Scott and Miss Rice, to absent friends and others, all which were met by responses. After partaking of coffee on the lanai, several guests sang some lovely solos, among which may be mentioned 'My Southern Queen,' by Mr. Brush, who indeed had every reason to sing the song with such feeling. The solo 'Because I Love You,' given by Miss Rice, deserves special mention, her voice showing the excellent result of the vocal culture she has been taking.

"Some of the gowns were very pretty. Miss Rice looked lovely in a dainty creation of white organdy and lace, while at her throat sparkled a sunburst of diamonds and pearls, the gift of her mother. We are glad to say that the impression made by Miss Rice's fiance was of a most agreeable character. Miss Rice is already too well known to admit of much being said, as her kind heart and sweet, pleasing manner has long since won her a host of friends.

"The function on Monday evening will long be remembered as one of the most delightful of the many pleasant affairs so often given by Mrs. Rice, whose kindly efforts to make the social atmosphere bright and happy are greatly appreciated by her friends in Lihue."

* * *

"Why is it that we are always correct when we accuse a person of shop-lifting?" inquired Captain George Green of Hale Brothers the other night. "Well, I will tell you. The trick is an easy one, you know what Davy Crockett said, 'Be sure you are right, then go ahead!' that is the motto we follow here, as well as in other large stores both in this city and elsewhere. It would never do to accuse a woman, for woman are the principal offenders, unless we were absolutely sure that she had stolen goods upon her person. Suppose for emample, a woman was forced to undergo the unpleasant experience of being searched, don't you see in what an unenviable position we would be placed. Sometimes people leave here who we feel sure have goods on them, but in order to be on the safe side we let the matter go. As a usual thing, the articles purloined is not of high value Were we to be mistaken the error might cause us much annoyance. There are not many who may be put in the doubtful column though, I can tell you that. At this time of the year, when shoplifting is most prevalent, the number of clerks is increased, and extra officers are put on. As the officers are in citizens clothes, it is next to impossible to detect them, and as they are men who know their business, it is quite difficult for people to escape them. The more, I study this class of criminals, the less I have of theories, and the more willing I am to leave explanations to those who know less about such matters than I do. As a rule the women who do this sort of pilfering are not of the poorer classes, nor yet of the half world, as many people suppose, but whose husbands are able and willing to provide them all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. They seem to indulge in thieving of this kind just as a sort of adventure. When caught, the same story is always told. It is the first offense, they do not know what made them act so, I am asked to remember that I have a wife and children, all of which as an officer are things which do not interest me. These women forget that they have broken the law, and seem to think I am a hard hearted monster, instead of a proprietor of property and a defender of order.

There is another class that I must not forget to mention, and that is the professional shoplifter. She has her skirts filled with convenient pockets, and her jacket lined with recepticles in which she stows away hidden booty. One woman of this class that I caught last year, had over $150 on her person in female vanities. Like the rest of her sex, when caught, she shed the usual scalding tears, and made the set excuses, entreaties, and offers of money, and like all the rest of them, met with the usual flat refusal. I like coin, but I do not like it so well as to allow myself to be bribed by a shop-lifter."

* * *

Few among those who have listened to the perfect tone production, faultless diction and beautiful phrasing of Campanari, the barytone, know this artist never had so much as one lesson in either tone-production or singing in the whole course of his life. Astonishing as it may seem to the initiate, the fact remains that everything he knows is the fruit of his natural gifts, uncultivated save by his own musical sense and selection, added to the perfect vocal organ that lay quiescent in his throat for the many years he shone as a 'cellist in some of the larger eastern orchestras. We all know that the 'cello, of all instruments, is nearest the human voice in quality. Campanari realized this, and sang with and to his 'cello constantly, imitating the tone as closely as he could. The result is one of the things the world pays seven dollars a seat to hear. And it is all literally true.

* * *

One of our most prominent citizens was invited, recently, to a wedding dinner given to the daughter of a dear friend of his, and who was about to consolidate her father's moneyed interests with those of a wealthy New Yorker who had succumbed to her charms of fortune and person. The prominent citizen aforesaid had, by a singular coincidence, just purchased a particularly fine diamond shirt-stud, and he now determined to wear it for the first time at the wedding of his friends daughter. He went; the diamond blazing resplendent on a massy bosom of glittering linen. But, throw out his chest as he would, strike attitudes calculated to show the gem to the best advantage as he might, with a depressing unanimity, everyone ignored the palpable fact that he had a new shirt-stud. His heart was broken. Where was the use of having a diamond if no one looked at it? Finally, he was called upon in his turn for a toast to the happy couple. In a flash he saw his opportunity. Pointing to the sample headlight on his breast he said with the utmost impressment.

"My dear children, may your whole future be as brilliant as that!"

* * *

Apropos of grand opera; everyone of the old-timers who helped to make up the enormous audiences that greeted the vocal kings and queens of the past decade will remember Marcus Henry the concert promoter, local impressario, ticket-scalper, etc. In those days, when Mapleson was to the operatic world what Grau now is, the crush for seats was something fearsome. People would do anything, almost, to get inside the Grand Opera House; and the ticket-scalper was the most popular man in town. Marcus was the star scalper. He relates that one woman came to him at a late hour, one day, and asked for seats for that evening. Marcus replied that he had none excepting in the chandelier. The lady thanked him and said she would speak to her husband about it. She did so, saying she was willing enough to sit there, but wondering how on earth she was to get to her seat. Those who have seen the gigantic chandelier the house used to boast, will appreciate the joke.

* * *

I was one of the crowd watching the workmen put the granite slabs against the iron framework of the new Mutual Bank building, day before yesterday, and thought what a pity it was that the bank people had not been able to buy the corner piece, upon which the old wooden structure stands. But the owners of the antiquated affair would not sell at that time, although I understand that they would be glad to do so now. Perhaps their rent roll appealed to strongly. I am told that the Richelieu saloon people pay fourteen hundred dollars a month for the premises. However they sublease for large amounts and partially clear themselves. The laundry concern situated there pays one hundred and fifty dollars a month, I am told, for its niche.

***

It really seems as though the city could afford to buy the property and make the "newspaper corners," as they are called, one of the biggest of the down town squares. How much it would improve the looks of things. And what would the purchase price amount to, so far as the municipality is concerned.

* * *

Charges have been preferred against the detective who worked up the evidence in the Alturas lynching. It is a good thing that the other end is heard from once in a while, for as a rule the charges made by the detectives for the little work they do show that they more than fill the bill.

Peter Dunne, otherwise known as "Mr. Dooley" who is now in San Francisco, has furnished the story tellers with loads of good material. Here is one of the best:

Years ago, when Mr. Dunne was an editorial writer on the "Times" the Chicago paper founded by the wonderful Wilbur F. Storey and since discontinued, its managing editor was the almost equally wonderful Joseph L. Dunlop. There existed between Mr. Dunlop and Inspector John Bonfield, then chief of detectives of the city of Chicago, a most bitter and implacable feud. In Chicago such feuds are often serious matters. In this case each party to the feud had promised to kill the other on sight, and the anticipated duel to the death was calmly awaited by the friends of both. Mr. Dunne is probably to blame for the earthly existence today of at least one of the belligerants. Dunlop and Bonfield had not met in months, and it was expected by everyone that when they did so, there would be business for the undertaker. The former, accompanied by his leading editorial writer, Mr. Dunne, was dining in the celebrated chop house of Mr. "Billy" Boyle, a time-honored resort of "wide-open" days in Chicago, when Inspector Bonfield, quite without warning, stalked into the place.

***

Marching straight up to the table, the intruder, a man of giant frame and tremendous voice, proceeded to berate and denounce Editor Dunlop with all the strength of his lungs and all the variety of a most extensive downtown vocabulary. One of the inspector's hands rested on his hip. Every witness knew what the attitude portended. It meant that the editor, if he should make the slightest move of aggression, would be drilled like a sieve. He was wise enough not to make it.

Throughout the deadly "roast" the future author of the "Dooley" papers sat and faced the man whom everyone in the restaurant expected to see shot full of holes. His back was to Bonfield, and he was directly in the line of fire if both men were to begin shooting. But not a muscle of his face or body moved.

Bonfield, out of breath, ceased his denunciation and waited. On the events of the next three seconds hung the chances of a tragedy. Dunlop neither moved nor spoke. He would have been shot if he had done either. Dunne saw the situation and grasped it. His voice broke the stillness harshly, like the quacking of a duck. "Boy," he called to a waiter, "bring me another stack of your flannel cakes. Me ears ache me."

During the roar of laughter that followed, friends leaped up and hustled Bonfield away. Afterward, in the bar-room, they deprived him of a revolver a foot long. Dunlop, it proved, was not armed.

* * *

Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman were the host and hostess at a dinner and dance ntroducing their young daughter Florence into society. The house was a mass of flowers and the halls were a veritable forest of red berries. There were five large round tables. That at which Miss Hellman sat was the most exquisitely decorated table that has ever been seen in San Francisco. It was an exact representation of a table that was decorated two years ago in New York when Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish entertained Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt. The center of the table was a mass of white orchids, shading at the ends into a pale green and festooned with maiden hair fern. Another exquisite table was in every shade of yellow carnations. An amateur performance took place after the dinner, and later in the evening there was a dance. Miss Florence Hellman is a petite blonde with wonderful dark blue eyes and clear white skin. She is one of the really well educated of the younger girls, being proficient in the languages and a great lover of music. She is bright and merry and has hosts of friends. Mrs. Hellman was assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Heller and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr.

* * *

Did it ever occur to you how much alike nearly all cases of suicide are? Look at the papers, day by day, and you will be surprised to see how little originality is displayed by the unfortunates who take it upon themselves to shuffle off this mortal coil. As a rule, suicides are found about nine o'clock in the morning or three o'clock in the afternoon, if the case be one of gas asphyxiation. The bedmaker smells gas and begins to investigate. The door is locked. Broken in. Deceased found stiff in death. Note addressed to mother, or else no means of identification whatever.

***

It is to be noticed that many of the cases of death by asphyxiation are people from the country. This is not due, as may be supposed, to the fact that the gentlemen from the rural districts are ignorant of gas, but many of them make their visit to the city the occasion for a good time, and tread the primrose path with a vengeance. Women, as a rule, "suicide" with less frequency than men. Whether they are more cowardly, or are more courageous—these things depending upon the point of view—it is hard to say, but the coroner's duties would be much lighter, if only women were to be considered. Women nearly always commit suicide with carbolic acid—men with a pistol or gas.

* * *

Yesterday afternoon and today, the work of the Wickes Studio is on exhibition at the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel. The sketches and paintings are attracting considerable interest.

* * *

It will not interest the beaux of San Francisco to know that it is now quite English to wear as much jewelry as is consistent with good taste. The style has become so extreme that in dear old London it is considered quite within the range of good propriety for a gentleman to wear two tie pins. Some of the ultra-ultra set have even taken to wearing bracelets. In New York, jeweled buttons for the waistcoat are increasing in demand, and it is quite common to see a man with several rings on his fingers, especially if he is a young man. Eastern students of modish clothing say that the men of this city are the poorest dressed men in the United States. This is not due entirely to the fact that we are three thousand miles from Gotham, but rather more, perhaps, because the male portion of our city are so intent in heading off the elusive dollar, that they leave the foibles and follies of dress to wives, sisters and sweethearts. Another thing that causes the average male Friscoite to be careless in matters sartorial, is the influence of the days of '49, which though fifty years agone, is still a potent force in more than one direction. To those who crossed the plains and came round the Horn, to wear a "boiled shirt" was considered as a sign of weakness. The same feeling still exists, though in a greatly modified degree, with a large portion of the men here. It was during the grand opera season that this laxity in matters of dress among the men made itself conspicuous. There were all sorts and conditions of dress suit. The glossy vintage of '63 elbowed the latest designs from Poole's. Some of the out of date affairs made the wearers look more like vaudeville comedians ready to do a turn than members of the best society in town. One thing, however, no matter what criticism may be levied against the men, it is beyond dispute that the women of this city are as well, or better gowned than in any other city from Maine to Luzon.

* * *

Saturday is the fashionable tea afternoon at present in San Francisco. Each week invitations are sent out. Saturday last the most noted was given in honor of Miss Hilda Van Sickland of Alameda by her cousin, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury. The house vied in appearance with the Foster tea in the Century Club Hall. Beautiful red berries in huge branches and a wonderful array of American Beauty roses formed the decorations. Mrs. Pillsbury was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Will Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller. The young ladies were the Misses Preston, Taylor, Hopkins, McBean, Carolan, Van-Ness and Miss Edith Pillsbury. Miss Van Sickland is a very attractive young woman who has made music her special study for years. She has a charming contralto voice and is one of the rare people who will always sing when requested. Miss Van Sickland is a descendant of one of the oldest Massachusetts families and was very popular in the east, where she has spent a great deal of her time.

* * *

Here is another one of those stories which border on the sacriligious but which, after all, contains a good point. A street corner revivalist, who holds forth on the upper end of Kearney street, was making a fervid appeal to his curbstone congregation the other night, asking them that they avoid the wrath to come, by following his example. The horrors of the future life in store for those who stubbornly refused to abide by his good advice were depicted in ungrammatical, but florid language. His efforts to soften the hearts of his stiff-necked, hard-hearted hearers seemed to bear no fruit, however, and as he concluded his open air talk, the well-meaning man asked that every one be sure that they find Jesus.

"Find Jesus," said a soldier whose general appearance indicated that he was trying to exchange his monthly stipend of $13.60 for whisky as quickly as possible, "Find Jesus? Why, I did not know that he was lost!"

The Political Pot.

MAYOR-ELECT SCHMITZ'S speech to the musicians at the banquet given in his honor last Monday evening has naturally attracted considerable attention in view of the fact that it was his first public utterance since the campaign. Everyone has been endeavoring to read between the lines, though with but little success, for the address appears to be a manly outspoken affair that echoed the actual sentiments of the speaker.

While careful not to make any statement that would indicate an intention to be a labor mayor in the accepted sense of the expression, he nevertheless showed his pronounced leanings towards that element of social and political life. "There is no inherent and irreconcilable difference between employer and employed, capital and labor, rich and poor," he said. "Their interests should be identical and all differences between them can, and should be, adjusted."

Moneyed men can find some consolation in his statement that "I believe that capital should have steady and safe investment in order that labor may have permanent and remunerative employment. Our interests all lie that way. All of us are equally conservative on these points." From which can be deduced the belief that Mayor Schmitz is going to try and do the right thing by everybody and be a representative of the city in the true sense of the term.

***

It has long been certain anyhow that Schmitz is not going to try and turn the City Hall topsy-turvy so as to make place for radical changes dictated by professional labor agitators. He will naturally want to take good care of those who won his fight, but he realizes that in order to do this there is no occasion to upset the existing methods of local government.

So far the only place where it is figured trouble may crop up is in the police department. Chief Wittman, while admittedly an excellent official, incurred the enmity of the labor elements during the strike, and they hold him mainly responsible for the strict methods by which their forces were scattered upon occasions when they were in the ascendancy.

That his scalp will be demanded by the unions seems therefore a foregone conclusion, and the only question to be answered is how will Schmitz bring such a result about? Wittman is claiming that he has been elected for a term of four years and hence cannot be removed, so if Schmitz succeeds in controlling the police commission to the extent of having another chief elected, we will doubtless be treated to another of those municipal burlesques where two chiefs of police will be struggling with each other for the office and each trying to hold the fort against the other.

***

Just how far Schmitz will go in this regard is however, unknown, even to his own friends. He is shrewd enough to see that if the labor party is to have any permanency here, it cannot afford to antagonize the business interests of the city. With a conservative, fair government, it is possible that labor candidates in the future might stand as good a chance with the voters as those of the other parties, whereas if there is to be a throwing to the winds of all considerations other than their own, their doom will be sealed just as surely as night succeeds day.

If therefore, Schmitz and his friends decide on this latter policy, they may as well play it to the limit and get all they can for themselves during the next two years, for certain it is they could never be heard of again politically. It is this very fact of the plans they are making for future movements that satisfies everyone that they intend to do the right thing at this time, for otherwise they are wasting energy when they talk about entering into the legislative and state campaigns.

***

San Francisco will solve an interesting political problem when the next legislative election is held, for when the re-appointment was made last year the Republicans drew the lines so as to leave their opponents as little strength as possible. It is patent, however, that to try and convert Democratic districts into Republican ones, must be more or less guesswork as far as carving up cities is concerned, for in lopping off one section and exchanging it for another, it is possible that in view of the constant changing of residence the opposite result to that desired will be obtained.

Under these conditions it will be interesting to present official estimates of how the new San Francisco districts are constructed and the figures here given are finding their way into print for the first time. They were prepared in the Registrar's office and are the result of comparing the new districts with the old ones and calculating the effect of the changing of boundary lines. The district numbers quoted are according to the new appointment which goes into effect on January 1st next.

SENATORIAL DISTRICTS

District No.	Republican by	Democratic by
17th		187
18th	125	
19th	1192	
20th	662	
21st	2000	
22nd	1655	
23rd	720	
24th	2042	
25th	1409	

ASSEMBLY DISTRICTS

District No.	Repub.	Democ.	Repub. by	Democ. by
28th	1700	1624	76	
29th	1690	1953		263
30th	1791	2070		279
31st	1694	1715		21
32nd	1724	1456	268	
33rd	1153	1087	66	
34th	1754	1153	596	
35th	2209	1285	924	
36th	1803	1657	146	
37th	2411	1537	874	
38th	2538	1412	1126	
39th	1419	975	444	
40th	2170	959	1211	
41st	2001	918	1083	
42nd	2484	1485	999	
43rd	2541	1214	1327	
44th	2319	1604	715	
45th	1588	1262	326	

While it is too early to do anything in the line of legislative canvasses in San Francisco it is understood that several aspirants are already nosing around hoping to get in on the winning side of affairs. It is mighty hard right now though to tell where that will be located, for while the machine will make a vigorous effort to carry the city it is well known that the gubernatorial fight will be carried into the local legislative contests, and that Flint will espouse the cause of those who represent the anti-administration.

This means therefore that we will witness one of the liveliest political encounters in our local history, especially so, if the Labor party sticks to its plans of participating in the fray to the extent of having its own nominees in the field. Ruef will undoubtedly take charge of the straight Republican anti-boss end and as Col. Burns will handle the other side, a repetition of the former primary set-to, under somewhat changed conditions, can be looked forward to.

***

It can in consequence be seen that to aspire for the legislature in San Francisco at this particular time means the requirement of a lot of diplomacy in order to dodge the many angles the game at present contains. There are of course many who are outspoken as to where they will stand, and among these is Senator Jack Hoey of the 18th whose term expires and who is going to win again. He has always been with the machine and intends to stay there.

In the 22nd senatorial district Assemblyman H. A. Bauer wants the nomination, while in the 24th Lou Henry and Martin Brady are after it, and the name of ex-Senator Morehouse is also occasionally heard.

Prospective assemblymen are few and far between. E. F. Treadwell wants to run again in the 35th, and ex-Assemblyman Richards aspires from Schlesinger's district, the 38th. The 41st has a number of candidates, among them being John P. Jackson, Henry Dinkelspiel and Lester G. Burnett.

***

Judge Lawlor is back from his vacation at his old home in the East, and says that he had an even more enjoyable time than he had anticipated. He improved the opportunity by taking a sight-seeing trip through the New England states, and that it did him good is apparent by the splendid health in which he has returned.

The Judge was certainly well entitled to his holidays, for he is a hard worker on the bench, and has the record of never having shirked a task. Before election he was one of the most active managers of the Democratic party, to him being virtually entrusted the control of two state campaigns. He was never a politician, though, in the ordinary sense of the term, but he worked along strict party lines.

It is among the possibilities that Judge Lawlor will receive a nomination for the Supreme bench next year. It is admitted that he would carry San Francisco by a large vote, while his strength in the country is beyond question.

Illustrated Interviews No. 7.

WHAT impresses one whenever he meets Dr. Jordan, whether it be for the first or hundredth time, is the wonderful approachableness of the man. There are few men who can put one at ease so readily. He is the easiest man to interview I ever met. All one has to do is to ask a question, and it is answered fully, exactly and to the point. There is no parading of the ego, no repetition of the personal pronoun I. Both welcome changes, when one has had a three weeks' siege with opera singers, anxious to see both their pictures and their names in print as often as possible.

To see Dr. Jordan at his office at Stanford, a little notice outside the door politely asks visitors to call in the morning. In the afternoon, the head of the Stanford faculty spends his time in the zoological laboratory, that is, when he is not busy writing or lecturing. He is the busiest man in the whole university. From daylight till dark, he is always busy. After I had passed his private secretary, a mild-looking man, underneath whose air of suavity I thought I could detect a very positive and determined nature when the occasion demanded it, and was ushered into Dr. Jordan's private office, I found the president of Stanford hard at work, looking over his correspondence. He spoke to me in a deep bass voice, and with a directness that one does not usually find in the victims of the interviewer, asked me what my purpose might be. I told him, and to start the ball rolling, asked him how he liked modern fiction. Dr. Jordan answered:

"I do not read very much of it. Kipling is one of my favorite contemporaneous authors. There are, of course, certain crudities in his style, but I do most heartily approve of the purposefulness of his characters. They always do something. In his stories, something always happens. I have little or no patience with the swashbuckler novel, now so popular. The only use that I can see it serves is that it keeps people from doing worse things. It does not portray human nature. It is not true to life nor historical facts. A dozen archaic words and a poor love story no more make a novel than one swallow makes a summer.

"What form of physical exercise do I like the best? That is rather hard to say. I used to, when a boy, like baseball very much. At one time, 'Pop' Anson and I played on the same baseball nine. I held down first base. I still play baseball once in a while, and take much pleasure in indulging in the various sports that our faculty athletic ground affords. You should see our grounds. I think they are quite attractive. We have a baseball diamond and several tennis courts fitted up. A club house near by contains a large sitting room. There are dressing rooms, showers and lockers immediately adjacent. The faculty men are quite proud of it, and there is hardly an hour of the day but what some of us are there taking advantage of its opportunities. In my scientific work, I must, of necessity, walk considerably. As a consequence, I have grown very fond of that sort of exercise, and like nothing better than to tramp over the hills and through the woods. Bicycling appeals to me too. I suppose that if I were a young college man, I should go in for football which, within certain limits, is a very fine game developing, as it does, muscle, judgment, coolness and perseverance.

David Starr Jordan

"Do I try to make Stanford different from other universities and colleges? Most assuredly not. I am not aware that it is. If it is, those of us who have found our life work here hope that the difference is not of such a kind as will lessen us in the good will of our fellow men. Further than that, the matter does not concern us. We have our ideals as to what a university should be. First of all, it should make men and women, or rather help our young people to make men and women of themselves. This has always been the aim of Stanford. It was for this reason that the elective system was introduced here. People often say to me when I explain this to them, 'But will not your students select the easiest studies they can, and neglect the harder ones?' My answer always is—probably, but the student who does not care enough for his own educational welfare to select those things which will be of the most benefit to him, regardless of the amount of application they require, is not going to do anything wonderful when tied down to a prescribed course of study.

"Conducting an institution such as this has its cares, you may be sure. A university president is as apt to make mistakes as anyone else. You would be surprised, though, to know how many people there are who know, off hand, just how an institution of this kind should be conducted. To such, I always say, as Bishop Potter of New York does when people tell him what to do and that because he is a minister he has an easy existence, 'You take my place for a week and I will take yours.' Like the reverend gentleman, I have yet to meet the first volunteer who is willing to make the exchange."

Just then the secretary in the front office informed Dr. Jordan that a meeting of importance was now due, and the president of Stanford bowed me out with that same polite nod of the head that characterizes his unaffected greeting, whether he be speaking to the surviving founder, a student, or a janitor.

Mrs. Herrin is a woman of rare judgment At her luncheon given to Mrs. William Stewart of Nevada, she managed to find all of Mrs. Stewart's oldest and most intimate friends, making the luncheon a reunion instead of a stiff conventional entertainment Mrs. Herrin's guests were Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Salisbury, Mrs. Cornwall, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. McCann, Mrs. Voorhies, Mrs. Holliday, Mrs. Hays, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Garber, Mrs. Van Clief and Miss Taylor.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard has returned from her Mexican trip. She anticipates giving a series of lectures on the beauties of that country at the Town and Gown Club in Berkeley after the holidays. Mrs. Howard is a woman of keen perceptions and rare ability. She helped to a great extent to prevent California from losing one of its greatest attractions—the Big Trees. Miss Maud Howard is at present in the east.

Mrs. Walter Martin will give Miss Georgiana Hopkins an engagement luncheon on Thursday, the nineteenth of December. The Hopkins contingent will be there in full force. Mrs. Martin sails for Europe early in the year.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace was the hostess at a large tea on Wednesday last. This is the first time Mrs. Wallace has entertained for several years, as she has spent most of her time traveling with her son in Europe.

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

I wonder what on earth I shall have to write to you about, now that all the opera excitement is entirely over. I do miss it, too. I must tell you about the last night. "The Marriage of Figaro"—oh, that was a grand success! The house was packed to the door, and the audience was more enthusiastic, Mr. Grau told me, than any he had ever known before. The people seemed to lose their heads. The bravos and cheering and clapping was almost sufficient to make one believe one was at a college football match. After it was all over, the people would not leave the opera-house. Sembrich and Eames came out repeatedly, and were literally showered with flowers. That is so Californian. I never have seen such a profusion of flowers as the singers out here received. Emma Eames was the favorite. You see she knew the Holbrooks and Knights in Paris and entertained them there. They made her stay here a veritable bed of roses. She met all the really swell people, and also all the clever and attractive men and women. Each was charmed with her. You know she is a most versatile woman and so accustomed to all sorts of people that she always feels quite at home. The men were devoted to Fritzi Scheff. You see, last year after she left, disagreeable reports were circulated here about her. Fortunately Mr. Damrosh was asked about them when he came out this season. He was deeply grieved, for, he said, there is not a member of the company for whom he had more respect than Miss Scheff. She had never in the slightest manner compromised herself, and had Mrs. Damrosch been in San Francisco he would have given a dinner and had Miss Scheff as the guest of honor.

After Mr. Damrosch had told this to a few of his friends, the young people all called on her, and Mr. Greenway gave her a supper, at which the most conventional people in San Franbisco were present. So ended the gossip and the opera season.

Friday night was the Fortnightly and an exhibition at the Bohemian Club. Uncle, being a member, took auntie and me. I was surprised, mama, at the skill of the San Francisco artists. There are four who really surpass any of our local New York men. One of these you know. You remember his exhibition last year. That is Charles Rollo Peters. His pictures are really charming. Moonlights, you know, mama. I think he must be deliciously sentimental, for he makes all the girls feel that way when they gaze rapturously at his soft lights. Then there is another fellow called Frank McComas. He is a winner in appearance. Oh, mama, such beautiful, soft, fair hair growing heavily on his head! Such a lovely head, too—I mean the shape. Well, he can paint really well. His coloring is wonderful. I heard an artist say all his trees had anatomies. People have gone wild about his pictures. Then there is a man out here called Orrin Peck. Just to know him makes one feel better, for he is such good company. He is clever and witty, and oh, mama, auntie says I can have him paint me. He made a beautiful picture of Ann Apperson, Mrs. Heart's niece. She is handsome. It suggests a fancy picture, the pose and drapery, and all that Then he painted Mrs. Charley Wheeler in a green hunting suit. That I like, too, but I want to be painted in a gown like Miss Apperson's. Mr. Peck is a wonderful portrait painter. Uncle says Mr. Kellogg's painting is the best he has ever seen. Then there are ever so many others. Mr. Dickman and Mr. Matthews I like, too. There were any number of people at the club. However, I left early to go to the Fortnightly. It was so much more enjoyable than the last meeting. There was more "go" from the very start. Lieutenant and Mrs. Smedberg led the German, assisted by Mr. Conrad Babcock. It was fun. The debutantes were all there and in the first set. But I shall save you from a description of them this week. A great many of the older girls were missing. However, I saw Olive Holbrook, and Leontine Blakeman, and Grace Spreckels, and Charlotte Ellinwood, and Bernie Drown, and Bernice Landers. They all looked well, especially Leontine. She was at Will Sanborn's dinner, so the girls and men just insisted upon her going. You know she has not been going out owing to a death in her mother's family. Knox Maddox and Will Sanborn and Roy Pike were all nice to me. Roy is a new fellow. I never met him before, though he is a San Franciscan. You see, mama, he has been East for the last year. He has won me. He reminds me of the nice fellow who always rights all the stupid fellows' blunders on the stage. I am to have a Fortnightly with him. Will Sanborn I quite like, too. I missed Fred Greenwood and Charles Earl. I think it is the duty of these fellows to go to dances to amuse us girls. Morton Gibbons now is my great weakness. I had a beautiful time with him at May Denman's wedding. May was a lovely bride. She was not in the least nervous. I don't think Mr. Cheatham was, either. May wore creamy white, and her eyes just sparkled, and her nice coloring was never seen to better advantage. All her ushers were handsome. You know her brother is a great, big, fine-looking fellow; and then there was an intellectual-looking fellow called Ransom, who did not deign to notice me. He surely must be engaged, for he did not seem interested in any of the girls. Worthington Ames is another fine, big, fair fellow with a splendid physique. Dr. Morton Gibbons, who is awfully good looking, and Percy King, who is really one of the best bred fellows I have ever met. There was an awful crowd at the house, but I enjoyed myself terribly much with Dr. Gibbons. He has a nice, sweet-looking sister whom I intend to cultivate. May Denman's father is such a stunning-looking old man, with beautiful white hair. He and Mrs. Denman looked very sad, though they evinced wonderful self-control. May is going to Manilla. Mr. Cheatham is in the regular army; he is a Colonel and awfully clever, but not so tall as May. That was the only thing lacking in the entire wedding—just his height. They received a jolly lot of wedding presents. One of the army men told me it was quite impossible to keep silver looking anyway bright in that awful place. And May received so much of it.

Saturday afternoon I received at the Pillsbury tea. It was fun. I always have a good time at teas, for I just eat all the time. That sort of "nonsense food," as most of the girls call it, never makes me ill.

A terrible thing very nearly happened on Sunday to my good friend Harry Holbrook. Mr. Jack Wilson hired a tug and asked a number of the fellows to go up to Mare Island with him for the day. It was a lovely blue sky, blue sea, truly a San Franciscan winter day—warm and mild and balmy, mama. Well, coming home a big wave came up and gave the boat such a fearful lurch that my friend Harry was hurled madly into the water. An awful current was running, and Harry was just swept clean down several hundred yards. Mr. Davis jumped in after him, but he is a cleverer conversationalist than he is a swimmer, so he could not do much geod. Suddenly little, thin, Cyrus Miller threw himself in and swam boldly out to Harry. Neither the tide nor current could hurt Cyrus. He fairly danced through the water, one of the men said, and before it seemed possible he had Harry leaning on him. It was so well done and so pluckily that Cyrus is the hero of the hour. I am so glad I knew him. I dined on the Albatross, the ship on which he is is ensign, on Thursday night. Mr. Skipwith and he gave a dinner. I do enjoy ship dinners, they are so jolly and informal. Therese Morgan was to have been there, but her father is very ill indeed, in fact very little hope is entertained for his recovery. Fred Greenwood's dinner was an overwhelming success. I sat near Mr. Wallace and Emil Burguiere. Both are most entertaining. There were a few of the debutantes, Miss Pearl Landers and Miss Jacqueline Moore. Charlotte Ellinwood was, I thought, the prettiest girl there. The table was superbly arrayed in flowers. It was beautiful beyond description. Oh, dear mama, it is worth while being out here to see the table decorations.

I almost forgot to tell you of the Presidio hop Monday night. It was pretty well crowded, and I had a fine time. The floor is so good, and you know I do really love the army and navy officers. Army men have a strange fascination, which every woman intuitively feels, but none can analyze. A man said that to me when I was telling him how attractive the army men were to me on Monday night last. Auntie said he was making fun of me. Tell me, mama, do you think so? Uncle has an automobile. No more news.

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZABETH.

Invitations are out, announcing the wedding of Miss Maude Irene Delamatre to Mr. Edwin Ruthven Engelman, on the eighteeth of this month, at half past seven in the evening. The ceremony will be performed in the Central Methodist Episcopal church.

Miss Mabel Toy's euchre party also took place on Saturday afternoon at the Sorosis club. The hall was in gay attire with a profusion of all colored flowers and large ferns. There were twelve tables. As the girls were all young, there was a great deal of merriment throughout the entire afternoon.

SMALL TALK.

The Hopkins will give a large debutante luncheon within the next two weeks.

Mrs. Sara M. Phillips will be at home the first and second Tuesday of each month.

Mrs. Thomas Magee and Miss Anna Sutro have gone to Santa Barbara to spend a few weeks.

Mr. William Morgan is seriously ill at his home on Clay street. His eastern trip did not benefit him as much as was first imagined.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Buckbee have given up all idea of building, so have purchased a honse on Pacific Avenue into which they are at present moving.

Ensign Ayrus Miller was host at a dinner on the Albatross on Thursday evening. The Misses Spreckels, Holbrook, Dillon and Blakeman were his guests.

The luncheon given by Mrs. Cyrus Walker in the Palace Hotel conservatory was one of the largest and most elaborate that has been given for some time.

Mrs. Herrin will give her daughter Kate a large tea on the twenty-first of December. The young ladies who will aid her in receiving are to remain to dinner.

Miss Sara Collier, Miss Sperry, Miss Harriet Allen, Miss Marjorie Gibbons and Miss Kate Stow of Santa Barbara were generally acknowledged the belles of the last Friday cotillion.

Colonel William Cornwall of Honolulu gave a dinner complimentary to Mr. William Irwin recently at the Bohemian Club. His other guests were Messrs. Gibson, Hug, Robert Moon, Jack Wilson and John D. Spreckles.

One of the pleasantest teas of the past week was given at the Town and Country Club, complimentary to Mrs. Nuttall. Over two hundred people called during the afternoon, as there are but few women in San Francisco who have so many friends.

Miss Moroney, the exceedingly popular pianist, has gone east to seriously study and give lessons. There has been no better accompanist in San Francisco, and but few of the young women who have made so many friends as Miss Moroney. She was chaperoned east by Mrs. De Young.

Mr. Dixwell Hewitt entertained Captain Cheatham, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lake, Miss May Denman, the Misses Cheatham and Miss Eleanor Davenport at a dinner last week at the University Club. Mr. Hewitt is one of the really clever bachelors of San Francisco, and is noted for his exceedingly good dinners.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington and their three daughters are at present at the Manhattan Hotel, New York. They will arrive in San Francisco before the holidays. Miss Clara Huntington bought an elaborate trosseau in Europe and expects to be married in the early spring. The Huntingtons will give a ball before very long.

There are many sad hearts owing to the fact that Dr. Dick Follis did not retnrn to San Francisco with his brother Clarence. A good post however, was offered to him in a Baltimore hospital, so Dr. Follis decided to remain there a few months. Dr. Follis is an ardent student and is making surgery a specialty. Mr. Clarence Follis seems to have been much benefitted by his eastern trip.

At the Gunn tea on Saturday afternoon last, a large number of young men called. It was given in honor of young Doctor Gunn, who has just returned from two years spent at the Philippines. He will only spend a few months in San Francisco and then return to Manila, where he has built up a large practice amongst the Spanish as well as the Americans.

Society is endeavoring to reinstate that good old custom of spending the New Year at Del Monte. Del Monte is always an ideal spot, but a cloudy New Year is almost unknown there, and the air is infinitely milder than that of San Francisco. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and the Misses Hagers, Jolliffes, Flood and Low will go down, also the Misses Morgan, if their father be sufficiently recovered.

A delightful dinner was given December sixth in honor of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hammersmith (nee Tillie Ohlandt) by a charming hostess, Miss Clara Zwieg at her beautiful home, 2597 Howard street, and ably assisted by her sister, Miss Bertha Zwieg. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hammersmith, Miss Clara Zwieg, Mr. Henry Ohlandt, Miss Freda Ohlandt, Mr. Bert L. Davis, Miss Bertha Zwieg, Mr. Percy M. Bailey, Miss Elsie Hammersmith and Mr. Walter Zwieg.

Miss Maud Pope of Oakland gave a dinner complimentary to Mr. Edward Pommeroy of Philadelphia last week. Mr. Pommeroy is a brilliant young lawyer who came out to visit his friends in Oakland, as he had been suffering from overwork. Those who had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Pommeroy were the Misses Valentine, Taft, Havens, Tisdale, Maxwell and Messrs. Hesson, Walker, Pickler, Rosborough and Johnson.

Mr. Will Sanborn entertained Mrs. Ira Pierce, the Misses Loughborough, Holbrook, Pierce, Blakeman, and Messrs. John Sanborn, Charles Hutchinson and Knox Maddox at the University Club prior to the Fortnightly on Friday evening. Mr. Will Sanborn is noted for his appreciation of any attention any of the girls bestow upon him. Like Knox Maddox, Harry Holbrook and Fred Greenwood, he feels that a man should help in some way to reciprocate for the entertainment given to him.

The guests at Mr. Greenway's dinner given in honor of Miss Fritzi Scheff were Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tallant, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. McIntosh, the Misses McNutt, Hager, Jolliffe, Drown, Ames, Preston, Landers, Morgan, and Messrs. Ames, McAllister, Greenwood, Goad Drown, Dupew, Howell, Maddox, Wilson, Cyrus Miller, Charles Earl and Edgar Peixotto. Miss Scheff was bright and as vivacious and fascinating as when on the stage. She has the most perfectly natural manner and is as unspoiled as a school girl. Miss Scheff's father is an eminent physician in the German army. Each member of the Grau company feels it her duty to "mother" Fritzi, owing to her extreme youth. Mr. Damrosch says she is the most popular songbird on the operatic stage.

The Misses Bertha and Helen Smith have been greatly missed the last few months. They have been visiting relatives in Boston where Mrs. Smith is very highly connected. These young ladies have been entertained most royally. Notwithstanding this, Miss Bertha has managed to keep up her drawing, in which she is most proficient, and was highly complimented recently by one of the professors in the Boston Art League classes, of which she became a member. Mrs. Smith expects her daghters to be with her at Christmas.

Mr. Henry Scott, Jr. was the host at an exceedingly jolly dinner last week in honor of Miss Norma Preston and Mr. Ames. The table was a mass of roses beautifully arranged, and the guests were the liveliest young people in San Francisco. They all knew each other intimately, and had a most informal time. Mr. Scott's guests were the Misses Georgie and Francis Hopkins, Ruth McNutt, Bessie Ames and Norma Preston. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott chaperoned the young people. The young men present were Henry Scott, Worthington Ames, Eugene Murphy, Fred McNear and Charley Felton.

Miss Eleanor Martin was the hostess Sunday last at a dinner given to Miss Mercedes Dibblee of Santa Barbara. Miss Dibblee is a tall brunette with beautiful brown eyes, and the peerless clear skin for which the true Castilian is noted. The guests to meet Miss Dibblee were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, Misses Ruth McNutt, Alice Hager, Georgia Hopkins and Messrs. Hopkins, Phelan, Paschael, McNear and Dr. Collins, U. S. A. The table was decorated in pink carnations and green leaves. Mrs. Martin has one of the handsomest dining rooms in San Francisco and the effect when decorated is exquisite.

The Chinese dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Cool to Miss Uhlmann on Saturday evening was a great success. All the ladies wore kimonas and had their hair arranged as like the Chinese as possible. Mrs. Judge Melvin's costume was the most superb, though Mrs. Arnold was perhaps a better "Chinese." Amongst those who enjoyed the two thousand year old Chinese egg, bird nest soup and eels were Dr. and Mrs. Rosenstein, Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, Judge and Mrs. Melvin, Mrs. Strong, Miss Uhlmann, Mr. Orrin Peck, Dr. Calieri, Mr. Dickman and Dr. and Mrs. Cool. Afrer dinner the party enjoyed a performance at a Chinese theatre. It was a wonderful success.

Coming Events.

WEDNESDAY

Engelman–Delamatre wedding.

THURSDAY

Martin luncheon.

SATURDAY

Herrin tea.

A Little Mistake.

"You say that I am fickle,
You call me false," she wrote,
"So I return your letters
By the bearer of this note;
With all the pretty presents
You lavished at my feet,
And the lock of hair you gave me
When love was new and sweet."

About the packet lingered
The subtle fragrance yet
That clung to all her laces,
The scent of mignonette.
It brought her dainty presence,
And witching ways so near,
His heart began to soften,
He brushed away a tear.

"I might have been mistaken,
She may be true" he sighed
Above the scrap of tissue
With narrow ribbon tied.
"How fondly she has treasured
My raven tress," he said
And dropped the folded paper—
The lock of hair was red!

Gratitude

Always seeks to find some expression for itself, and womanly gratitude will not keep silence. Cynical people sometimes say Why do women write these testimonials to the value of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? The answer can be put in one word, *Gratitude.* When, after years of agony a woman is freed from pain, when the weak woman is made strong and the sick woman well, the natural impulse is to write a word of grateful thanks for the medicine which caused the cure.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures diseases peculiar to women. It establishes regularity, stops weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"Having used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' during the past year," writes Mrs. Mattie Long, of Pfouts Valley, Perry Co., Pa. "I can truthfully recommend the medicines for all female weaknesses. I have used several bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' which I consider a great blessing to weak women. I was so nervous and discouraged that I hardly knew what to do. Your kind advice for home treatment helped me wonderfully. Thanks to Dr. Pierce."

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness, and sick headache. They should be used in connection with "Favorite Prescription" whenever the use of a laxative is indicated.

Good Evidence.

A convict at a French penal settlement who was undergoing a life sentence desired to marry a female convict, such marriages being of common occurrence. The governor of the colony offered no objection, but the priest proceeded to cross-examine the prisoner.

"Did you not marry in France?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And your wife is dead?"

"She is."

"Have you any document to show that she is dead?"

"No."

"Then I must decline to marry you. You must produce some proof that your wife is dead."

There was a pause and the bride-prospective looked at the would-be groom.

Finally he said: "I can prove that my former wife is dead."

"How will you do it?"

"I was sent here for killing her."

The bride accepted him notwithstanding.

The Two Business Men.

Once on a time two business men were each confronted with what seemed to be a fine chance to make money.

One man, being of a cautious and prudent nature, said: "I will not take hold of this matter until I have carefully examined it in all its aspects and inquired into all its details."

While he was thus occupied in a thorough investigation, he lost his chance of becoming a partner in the project, and as it proved to be a booming success, he was much chagrined.

The other man, when he saw a golden opportunity looming up before him, embraced it at once, without preliminary question or doubt.

But alas! after he had invested all his fortune in it, the scheme proved to be worthless and he lost all his money.

MORAL

This fable teaches tha you should strike while the iron is hot and look before you leap.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Taleum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You will find the Mennen Taleum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

Among the many honors accorded DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY has been the Royal Warrant recently granted by King Edward. The Royal Family has accorded this honor to DEWAR'S SCOTCH for many years past. It is a compliment which the judges of Scotch whisky think highly deserved.

Aphorims.

Friendship between a married man and an unmarried woman (or vice versa), is founded on a "might-have-been."

Fate asks: Is friendship possible between man and woman? Eros answers: I am blind, and have never seen it!

Most women can better tolerate the lack of real courage in the passing man than an absence of an engaging audacity.

The woman who realizes the divinity of her difference will never clamor for her rights.

He who boasts the loudest of his freedom is generally bound by the narrowest limitations.

From the grave of grief groweth the grace of God.

Monotony is the pool into which a fool sinks, and above which a genius soars.

The decadent soul of today is more often appalled than encouraged by the Infinity which robs the future of its end.

A thing that puzzles a good many women is how a man's handwriting has changed when she gets a telegram from him.

$100 Reward $100

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Teledo, O.

ANEWSPAPER NOTE.

THE TRIBUNE Oaklands Great Evening Newspaper.

(A tremendous circulation in Alameda and Contra Costa Counties)

Is managed, for San Francisco advertising business by F. R. Porter, whom consult: tariff inviting. 9 Powell Street, Columbia Theatre Building, San Francisco.

St. Lawrence

Livery and Sale Stables

W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor

423 Post St,, Bet. Powell and Mason

Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.

Get Mennen's (the original). Sample free

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus..$2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,0 0,000.00
Deposits, June 29,1901.....29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becke
First Vice-President.....John Lloyd.
Second Vice-President.. Daniel Meyer
Cashier..... A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.... Wm. Herrmann
Secretary..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

H. Horstmann. B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt,

San Francisco Savings Union

535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits. July 1, 1901	$28,973.540
Reserve Fund	226 994
Paid Up Capital	1,000,000
Contingent Fund	445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.: W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.: Lovell White Cashier R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Execu or, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath-houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610

609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

TEL. GREEN 12.

CHAS. P. DROLLA

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal

All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

So much depends upon the point of view. For it is the point of view, or, if you prefer to word it according to the philosophers, the opinion we entertain upon a given subject, which brings us joy or sorrow, interest or indifference. If we imagine our feelings or interests are injured, we undergo torments; take away the opinion that we have suffered, and we are again in immediate tranquility. This little train of thoughts is induced by my inability to make or break the budding prospects of a symphony venture by my very superior judgment in this week's issue. It hangs this way: the material, or "stuff" as the professional newsman hath it, (with what degree of justice in this particular case, modesty forbids me to say) contained under this heading, must be in the compositors hands by Wednesday of each week. Consequently, concerts which occur after that day must go over for comment, until the following Saturday. Thus a week and more intervenes, and now comes the question of the point of view. The thought most soothing to the editor of the musical column is that an eager public is taking vast quantities of bromides to quell the impatience that will not down, until Saturday rolls around and the next batch of ultimatums is hurried off the press to be snatched by the frenzied multitude. On the other hand comes the depressing conviction that so long an interval has elapsed between the date of the concert and the publication of the comment on it, that no one will care to read it anyway. This is maddening. So, being on the knees of the gods, we take heart and philosophy coincidently, and strive for the golden mean of writing what we are paid for and instantly forgetting all about it. As one would probably imagine, this takes time; it is not all at once that our epidermis becomes, as Tom Guise puts it, "impetuous to the darts of our henemies." The enemies in this instance being the indifference of the public; and a considerable period must elapse before the writes ceases to lose his sleep on Friday nights, through anxiety to see how what he has written looks in print in the Saturday morning's issue.

So then, all this means that by the time this sees print, the first symphony concert will have been given by Mr. Steindorff and his cohorts. The result is in no reasonable doubt, however. Ability such as Mr. Steindorff possesses cannot fail to bring something more than mediocrity out of the material to his hand.

The Wm. Zech String Quartet announces the second concert of the present series for the afternoon of Thursday, December the 19th, at 3:15 o'clock. This concert will be given, as was the last one, in Century Hall on Sutter street, and the numbers to be rendered, (not rended) are the quartet No. 2, in D Major, by A. Borodine, and the Tschaikowki op. II quartet in D Major. The further announcement is made that the following concert of this series will not be given until Thursday, January 16th. Miss Belle Chamberlin will appear in this concert and the program will include Dvorak's quartet in D Major and Schumann's quintet for piano and strings.

MISS GRACE I. DAVIS

Miss Grace I. Davis, the well known dramatic soprano of the First Congregational Church, and Synagogue Beth Israel possesses one of the most flexible and beautiful voices among the singers of our city. She is noted for the marvelous control which long study and experience has given her over her vocal organs. One of her recent successes, which attracted much attention, was her performance as a soloist for the Orpheus Club of Oakland on the 10th of this month. This gifted singer has a wide popularity also, among the city's many suburbs.

Next Tuesday night the Loring Club will give the second concert of its twenty-fifth season. Among the numbers to be heard for the first time at these concerts is a setting of Eugene Field's charming little verses, "The Rock-a-by Lady" by George L. Osgood. The more elaborate compositions include Max Bruch's Roman Song of Triumph, part of Mendelssohn's Oedipus at Colonos, the Pilgrims' Chorus from Tannhauser, and Dudley Buck's King Ola's Christmas. So many requests have been made for this deservedly popular number that the club decided to repeat it at this concert. Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, the contralto, will be the soloist of the evening. At the next concert given by the club, one, and possibly two of the compositions which have been specially written for the club in honor of its twenty-fifth anniversary, will be produced. As in the preceeding concert the club will be accompanied by piano, string quintet, and rogan.

Two more new enterprises that sound attractive enough are the converting of Fisher's Concert Hall into a home of high class burlesque, much on the order of Weber and Fields' in New York, and the impressario partnership of William L. Greenbaum and Alfred Bouvier for the purpose of bringing out to the coast a number of stellar attractions in the musical line. Of the first scheme it may be stated that Mr. Fisher proposes to entirely remodel his present quarters, converting the auditorium into one of the finest in the country. No expense is to be spared and the affair will be under the sole supervision of Mr. S. H. Friedlander who has also stated his intention of organizing a concert and lecture bureau of impressive dimensions. The most annoying feature of these announcements, however, is that they seldom get beyond the announcement stage. We get stunning statements that there will presently be such a hurrah in musical circles (why circles?) as San Francisco has never seen; but San Francisco never sees it. But we must hope for the best. The Greenebaum-Bouvier combination is the latest threat in this line. They proclaim that Nordica is imminent in some song recitals, and that their second event will be the advent of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Adolph Rosenbecker. This orchestra has been playing together for six years and has a reputation. The soloists with the

ASTHMA CURE FREE.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in all Cases. Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of Asthmalene, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, Asthmalene will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the more glad we are to send it. Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City. Sold by all Druggists.

MRS. W. H. HORD,
Piano and Guitar.

Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.

Residence, 2005 Oak St Phone, Page 1622

OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.

TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

SUITS
CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED
BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY
40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.
Ring up Drumm 44 We run two wagons

Musical Directory

Bronson Studio
1206 Golden Gate Avenue, S. F.
Violin, Cornet and Clarinet. Lessons $4.00 per month. Bands and Orchestras $1.00 per month.

H. B. Pasmore, Teacher of Singing.
1424 Washington Street
Shakespeare's Method of Tone Production. Thursdays, 573 15th Street, Oakland.

Achille L. Artigues, Pianist.
1248 McAllister Street
Organist of Notre Dame des Victoirer. Telephone Fell 1749.

San Francisco Conservatory of Music
E. S. Bonelli, Director.
301 Jones Street, cor. Eddy
Piano and Harmony exclusively by Prof. Bonelli. Violin, Mandolin, Vocal, Guitar, Banjo, Elocution and Physical Culture taught by the most competent teachers. Choral work under the direction of Alfred J. Kelleher. A thorough course for teaching. Terms moderate. Apply at Conservatory.

Mrs. Marriner Campbell, Teacher of Singing
1820 Turk Street.
Concert, Choir and Oratorio singing a specialty. Pupils making great success. Pupils for churches, etc. Phone 2551.

Robert Tolmie, Pianist.
727 Sutter Street.

J. F. Veaco, Tenor.
1012 Sacramento Street.
Concert, Church and Oratorio Soloist at Grace Episcopal Church and Synagogue Betis Israel. Telephone James 2191.

Fraulain Lotte Siegel, Singing Teacher
1096 Post Street.
Graduate from Vienna. Phone Sutter 2661.

Miss Grace I. Davis, Singing Teacher
Studio, 1324 Geary Street.
Soprano of First Congregational Church and Synagogue Beth Israel. Phone Larkin 580.

Mr. Willard J Batchelder,
Teacher of Voice, Curtis Method
Studio 1401 Van Ness Ave
Mrs. W. J. Batchelder Teacher of Piano. Reception Mondays and Wednesdays, three until four o'clock. Phone Polk 2436.

Richard A. Lucchesi,
Teacher of Singing, Pianoforte Composition.
1003 Sutter Street

The Orpheus Concert Co. is open for engagements in concert, theatres and social functions of all kinds. For terms, dates, nature of program, etc., apply to J. F. Veaco, 1012 Sacramento Street.
Miss Grace I. Davis, Soprano; Mrs. Sedgly Reynolds, Contralto; Mr. D. F. Veaco, Tenor; Mr. L. Van Linghen, Basso; Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy, Pianist.

H. H. Barnhart, Basso Contante.
Studio, 578 Sutter Street
Concert, Oratorio and Opera engagements accepted. Vocal instruction given. Pupil of Cortesi Florence Randegger, London, Mme. Bishop, Chicago. Telephone Main 5689.

Hugo Mansfeldt **Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt**
PIANO STUDIO
1801 Buchanan Street. Phone Baker 1271

Louis P. Eaton,
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Voice
First Vise-President Fraternaity of Guilmant, Organist and director of the choir Trinity Episcopal Church. Especial attention given to Voice placing Development and Interpretation. Preparation for church and oratorio work. Studio, 1429 Van Ness ave., hours 2 to 3 p. m.

Opera Academy, Ernest George
Connected for ten years with leading European operatic stages. Voice training for concert, church, Opera. Method of Lampersi. 806 Ellis Street. Send for circular.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.
ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

The World *of* Tone.

orchestra are Jan Van Oordt, the Dutch violinist, a man who has been stirring things up in the East, Franz Wagner, 'cellist, Mme. Ragna Ligne, a Scandanavian soprano and E. C. Towne.

Norma Whalley is the big show at the Orpheum this week. The only word that seems to hit her off is—stunning. Her appearance, face, figure, etc., are distinctly stunning. Her costumes, with the accent on the cost, are stunning. And her voice and singing are stunning. That is, you are stunned at their badness. The musical skit (it ought to be scat) in which she appears with Sherrie Matthews, is really funny. Flo Irwin is worth seeing and hearing. There is also a haughty young woman in abbreviated skirts who relates to the audience in tuneful measure the efforts of a pathetic infant to talk to heaven through the medium of a telephone "Central." It is very touching. I nearly wept—with rage. But it was an enormous hit with the gallery.

Little Red Riding Hood will be eaten by the Wolf every night for an indefinite period, commencing next Monday evening—if she lasts long enough. The regular light-opera company returns after a long and highly successful season through the interior of the state and as far north as British Columbia. Additions to the present forces are spoken of, but as yet nothing definite can be announced.

Just here I will state that all communications, of whatever nature, pertinent to this department and addressed to it, must be signed with the full name of the sender and accompanied by the address of the same. This being a signed column, I cannot afford to make any rash statements on the strength of vague epistles emanating from nowhere in particular. Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "A Word of Thine," "Lucy," "Bel Amie," by James S. Ford. All three of these songs are for tenor and all are published by the Music Company.

At The Theatres Next week.

Alcazar—"The Gay Mr. Lightfoot."

Central—"Muldoon's Picnic."

Tivoli—Ferris Hartman in "Little Red Riding Hood."

Orpheum—Vaudeville, Flo Irwin and Walter Hawley.

Grand Opera House—Minnie Seligman in "Diplomacy."

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat may result in an Incurable Throat Trouble or Consumption. For relief use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Nothing excels this simple remedy. Sold only in boxes.

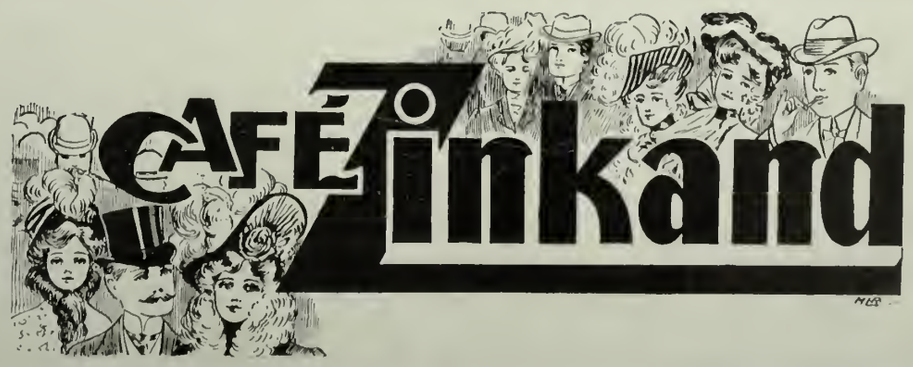
WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON in each town of less than 8,000 inhabitants to distribute circulars and samples for large advertisers; cash paid, pleasant work, no scheme. Address MOLTON DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, CLEVELAND O.

Cotton Sail Ducks
Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.
Murphy, Grant, Co.

ATTENTION!
We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge
A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT
In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.
In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to
THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,
155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else
Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

Plate Engraving
Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS,
$1.00
HUNDRED
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal



Famous Russian-Oriental Tobacco Store
418 Montgomery St. Phone Black 1233
Near California St. Established 1876.

MRS. FANNIE ROSENTHAL, Prop.

¶ Leading importer of choice varieties of Russian, Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes and Smoking Tobaccos. High-grade Cigarettes made to order for private clubs and special social events. Delicate Aromatic Cigarettes made for Ladies' Tea Parties. Latest French and English novelties in pipes and smokers' articles, also Turkish water pipes, etc.
Order by Telephone

Don't Borrow a Home!

BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the

CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR —
VAUGHN LEADLEY,
Solicitor for
J. F. SNOW & CO.,
Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.

Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 60 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

EDWARD HALL, Presidsnt. WM. J. BIGGY, Vice-Pres. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.

United States Laundry Association

LAUNDRY—3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.
(Near Valencia)

TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418

OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST.,
near Powell.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
TRY THEM FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.
Fac-Simile Signature of John L. Brown & Son on every box.

"Lovingly Carolyn."

CAROLYN was writing letters. It was her day for correspondence. Being possessed just now of a fad for the orderly and systematic arrangement of all her actions, she made it a point to map out beforehand her duties and diversions for each ensuing week. Consequently she had "days" for things.

Carolyn's personality scarcely suggested a temperament much given to prim or rigid performance of obligations.

Wide hazel eyes and a dimple in the chin do not particularly denote an unduly precise or grimly methodical nature. Then, too, the fluffy rose-pink affair which Carolyn wrote this morning as she sat at her dainty writing desk, was hardly in keeping with the plan of business-like severity which this young woman was attempting to pursue.

Carolyn had shut herself in her room, giving orders that she was not to be disturbed. Quite a little pile of letters confronted her. Letters from cousins, aunts, girl friends, and others. Carolyn paused as she was about to start an epistle to Aunt Abigall Winterburn and took from the pile a certain one of those—others. It was addressed in an erratic masculine hand. A pair of pretty brows puckered over the hazel eyes and the lips pouted distinctly as Carolyn read the letter for—well, not the first time since its arrival.

The pile was diminishing in a most satisfactory manner. Carolyn had almost reached the last—that dreaded last one which would require such concentrated effort in answering—when there came a sound of light, hurried footsteps, the swirl of skirts and then an imperative rap on the door.

"Oh, dear!" cried Carolyn.

"Let me in, you sinner!" It was Rilla Chadbourne's voice.

"Oh, its you, Rilla!" The key turned in the lock.

"Now, I'd just like to know," demanded Rilla, throwing herself at once into her favorite chair, "what all this is about? Days for correspondence, indeed! Can't be disturbed! Well, you've got to be disturbed. Do you understand, Miss Carolyn LeGrange Winterburn? You've got to go to lunch with me and shopping afterward. I've arranged it all in my own mind and I won't take no for an answer."

"Gracious, Rilla, your unexpectedness is something terrible. Why didn't you let me know?"

"Because I couldn't, that's all. So get ready——"

"But I must write one more letter."

"Who to?" questioned Rilla, ungrammatically, conscious of privileged rights as Carolyn's chum.

"Why—it's to my professor."

"Carolyn, you little terror, are you encouraging that man? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? No wonder you blush. I'll tell you right now you can't do any trifling with Prof. Lewis MacDowell. He's dreadfully in earnest. He thinks you mean everything you say, or look or write!"

"I haven't looked a thing or said a thing! I've treated him abominably," protested Carolyn.

"Then this letter can wait."

"Oh. no, I must write it now, I should have written yesterday, you see."

"Then hurry!" commented Rilla.

Carolyn sat down and hurried accordingly. Rilla talking at intervals. The letter with its accompanying interruptions are as follows:

"My Dear Friend—Your most delightful letter was received and I (oh, please don't Rilla, I must get this just right—you know he's a professor) trust you will permit me to express my appreciation of your most interesting and able remarks. (Wait just a minute, Rilla.) I sometimes wish I possessed a deeper and (O! Rilla, I'm stuck! It's so hard to answer such scholarly letters. No—don't say a word—I've got it!) keener insight into the beautiful philosophy of which you write so (let me see) earnestly and wisely. People call me superficial, but indeed sometimes I have thoughts which (I am hurrying! Please don't talk) I am sure are below the surface of things. You somehow help me to think truer and deeper. (Rilla will you stop?) Yes, you may come on Wednesday evening. I shall look forward to seeing you. (Yes, I'm ready, Rilla—just a minute)—"

Rilla clapped her hands authoritatively. "Enough, enough. Now sign your name. No, ma'am, you shan't read it over—it's all right. Seal that letter up at once, do you hear? There! now, do hurry and dress."

As Carolyn fluttered about the room, donning her street things, she fretted not a little over the letter.

"Oh, dear, I ought to have read it, Rilla. He's so correct, and if there should be mistakes——"

"Nonsense! If you don't stop that worry habit, you'll be old before your time. Come on now, are you ready?"

The next day a huge box of gorgeous American beauties came for Miss Carolyn Winterburn. Her eyes danced. "Oh, what dreams they are! I suppose

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER
THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Next New Examiner Bldg. S F Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG
The True Blue.
308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE
Billiard, Pool and Club Room
(Never Closed.)
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.
924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET

RACING
EVERY WEEK DAY
RAIN OR SHINE

NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB
OAKLAND RACE TRACK
Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp.
Ferryboats leave San Francisco at 12 m. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2:30 and 3 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry-tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in 15 minutes.
Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m., and immediately after the last race.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
CHAS. F. PRICE, Secretary and Manager.

SUNSET LIMITED

One of the most magnificent trains ever built. For 1901-1902 TRI-WEEKLY via Coast Line and Sunset Route for

New Orleans and New York

Leave SAN FRANCISCO 4:50 p. m.
Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays
Leave LOS ANGELES 8:30 a. m.
Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays
Arrive NEW ORLEANS 7:20 p. m.
Thursdays, Saturdays, Mondays

Among the world's noted Highways of Travel not one equals the route of this train.
Get the little book, "Wayside Notes," from any agent of the

Southern Pacific

Initial trip of Sunset Limited Friday, December 6, from San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Jan. 1. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Jan. 1. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Dec. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Jan. 2.
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)
Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.
Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 a. m.
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos, Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and Newport.
Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

C. A. GARTER C. W CROSS
Law Offices of
Cross & Garter
Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.
Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... **PAPER**
COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.
Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

dear old Phil sent them, he's such a" —But the name on the card was that of Lewis MacDowell.

Carolyn gasped. "Such an unheard of thing for him to do! He's—progressing."

On Wednesday evening he appeared promptly at 8. The roses had disconcerted Carolyn and she was conscious of distinct embarrassment when she went forward to greet him.

The glow in his eye and the warmth of his handclasp still further disarmed her.

"It was so—so good of you," he murmured. His voice was actually husky, "I've been treasuring it ever since."

"Treasuring what?" stammered Carolyn.

"That—that letter."

"Oh—you liked it, then?"

"Liked it! How can you doubt it? I've been in heaven ever since." This certainly sounded amazingly unlike the customary formal observations of Prof. Lewis MacDowell.

"I'm sure I don't—don't understand you in the least.!"

"Then you—you didn't mean it!"

The blankness of his gaze was pitiful.

"Mean what? What did I say?"

"There!" he cried, and pointed to the closing lines. "Didn't you mean that?"

She looked and read:

"You somehow help me to think trues and deeper. Yes, you may come on Wednesday evening. I shall look forward to seeing you. Lovingly,

"CAROLYN."

The girls cheeks were crimson. "Oh, it's all a mistake! How could you think I would. Rilla was in the room —I was in a hurry—and—oh, I didn't mean it, I assure you! It's all a dreadful mistake!"

"All a mistake? Then I—I was wrong! And there isn't any—any hope for me, after all!"

Carolyn laughed softly. A bewildering light flashed in the hazel eyes. "Men are so stupid!" she murmured. "I didn't say that, did I?"

The Improvisatrice.

'Twas an old fashioned cot
In a quaint little spot
Where this child with the angels did dwell;
She handled the keys
With her delicate ease
As her soul from her fingers soft fell.

'Twas an inspired grace
That o'er shadowed her face
Her mind was with angels in keeping;
Far away from the land
This etherial band
Held her rapt with their musical greeting.

Enraptured I gazed
'Neath the curtain she raised
And longed that the gift it were mine,
That their song and their love
On me rest from above,
That their muse with my days they'd entwine.

Contributed by J. T. Fare.

Books that are Being Read.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, by Graham Balfour. A work containing many intimate anecdotes and reminescences of deep interest.

THE PORTION OF LABOR, by Mary E. Wilkins. An interesting novel of the type of Charlotte Bronte's "Shirley."

POEMS OF FEELING, DREAM AND DEED, by Thomas Hardy. A volume of entertaining verse.

CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST, by Harry Furniss. An autobiography full of incident and anecdote, replete with illustration.

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN, by Jacob A. Riis. A well told story in which the condition of the foreign poor in our great cities is treated.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY, by Albert Bigelow Paine. The record of an unusual voyage of Antarctic discovery about which are gathered some romantic love affairs.

THE SCREEN, by Paul Bourget. A society novel set in Paris and London —contains some clever character studies.

THE ORDEAL OF ELIZABETH. A vivid picture of society, full of human interest and deep sympathy.

THE BILLY STORIES, by Eva Lovett. A humorous and amusing set of tales from a boy's point of view.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

"GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

It is said that certain people cannot sing this song but anybody can go away back East and sit down in the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road. These trains carry Nickel Plate Dining Cars in which are served American Club meals at from $.35 to $1.00 each.

Call or write for free book showing views of Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Jay W. Adams, P. C. P. A 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5173]
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhœa.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,
No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell
Office and Residence
1021½ Market St. bet. 6th & 7th S. F.

THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED
Leaves San Francisco
9.00 a. m. Daily

New equipment has been provided. Courteous treatment, superb dining service, perfect in every detail makes it the finest transcontinental train.

No limit to the good things for your comfort.

The Santa Fe Office 641 Market Street, and at the Ferry.

The Quick Route to the East
THE "Overland Limited"
Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Than Three Days to Chicago

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.
Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans Atlantic Steamship Lines.
D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

REFRESHING SLEEP.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.
Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

Occidental Hotel
For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .
San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas
Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.
American and European Plan
Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

Telephone Green 248
Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .
115 GEARY STREET
Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome materials kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

Ripples

Merritt—First you say you love me and then you say you don't.

Cora—Well, don't you know you can't believe more thhn one half what a girl tells you?

Merritt—But in this case, my dear, which half shall I believe?

* * *

"What is a paramount issue?"

"It's the particular issue that a speaker finds it easiest to discuss."

* * *

Nell—I hear you are going to marry young Simpkins. Allow me to congratulate you.

Bess—But I'm not going to marry him.

Nell—Ah! Then allow me to congratulate you again.

* * *

To have a "charge account" seems wise,
And yet, just think a moment o'er it,
A man may pay for what he buys,
And still he gets no credit by it.

* * *

"Is she a woman suffragist?"

"I guess so. She doesn't seem to care how she looks."

* * *

"Brown tells me he owns quite a farm out in Dakota."

"Well, well! He has grounds for a divorce, hasn't he?"

* * *

Major Quiz (ex-Confederate)—Say, Paddy, were you at Bull Run?

Paddy—Oi was, sir.

Major Quiz—And did you run?

Paddy—Faith, Oi did, sur; and all that didn't run are there yet.

* * *

She—How beautifully Miss Heavyweight dances! She doesn't seem to touch the floor sometimes!

He (whose feet are still suffering from the last polka with her)—She doesn't.

* * *

"Give me a synonym for success," said the teacher.

"Marriage!" cried a demure little girl in the back seat.

* * *

A man should very careful be in what he says in life,
Be especially guarded in addressing his dear wife,
For he may make a mistake and storm will succeed the calm
If by chance he calls her Gertie, when her name is Mary Ann.

* * *

The wood fire crawls along the hill,
A snake of wriggling gold,
And on the purling crystal rill
No lily buds unfold.
And by the coal upon the wing
Into the cellar's hold,
Oh, hear the furnace gayly sing;
"I'm blowing hot and cold."

* * *

In France they do not burn their money; they build airships with it.

* * *

"True greatness," says the Manayunk philosopher, "is based upon the ability to make other people share the good opinion you have of yourself."

* * *

Now man hops briskly out of bed,
And, blue and shivering,
Looks for the nice, new overcoat
He hung away last spring.
He brings it from the closet and
He looks, and throws a fit;
The moths all through the summertime
Have feasted well on it.

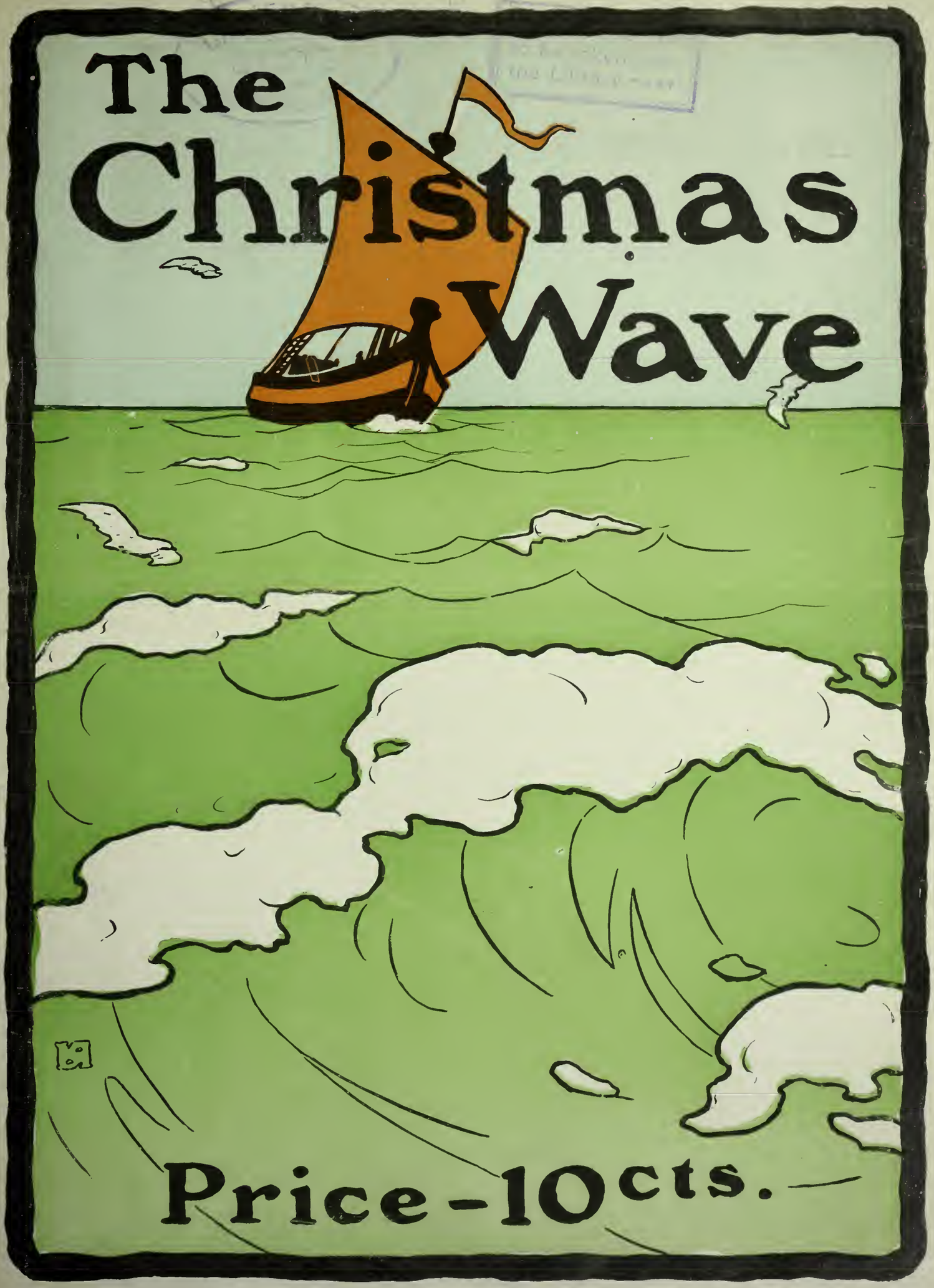
Palace Hotel
San Francisco, California
On one side of this immense hotel—the largest in the world—is the wholesale and manufacturing district; on the other: theatres, retail stores, clubs, railroad offices, banks and newspaper buildings. Street cars to all parts of the city—depots, ferries, Cliff House, and parks, pass the entrance.
A beautifully illustrated book sent free to any address.
American Plan *European Plan*

Hotel Las Palmas
1820 Market Street, S. F.
Phone Folsom 1856
The rooms surround a center court filled with palms and hanging baskets, thus making the place one of the most beautiful as well as the most desirable to be found in the city.
MRS. ANNA C. MILLER, Proprietress.

AUTOMOBILES
WE BUILD TO ORDER
GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.
All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.
CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
FACTORY—346 McAllister St.; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

A WISE PRECAUTION
BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

Vol. 23. No. 30.



Isaias W. Hellman, President — George Grant, Cashier
John F. Bigelow, Vice-President — W. McGavin, Assistant Cashier
I. W. Hellman, Jr., Second Vice-President

The Nevada National Bank of San Francisco

Surplus and Undivided Profit 1,255,043.70
Capital Paid up $3,000,000.00

N. Y. Correspodents	American Exchange National Bank Importers' and Traders' National Bank
London Bankers	Union Bank of London, Limited
Paris Bankers	Credit Lyonnais

Letters of Credit Issued, Available in all Parts of the World

DIRECTORS

John W. Mackay, James L. Flood, Lewis Gerstle, Isaias W. Hellman
Henry F. Allen, C. DeGuigne, Roebrt Watt, Levi Strauss
I. W. Hellman, Jr., H. L. Dodge, John F. Bigelow

Wells Fargo & Company Bank

OFFCERS

President,	John J. Valentine,	San Francisco
Manager,	Homer S. King,	San Francisco
Cashier,	H. Wadsworth,	San Francisco
Asst. Cashier,	F. L. Lipman,	San Francisco
2nd Asst Cashier,	H. L. Miller,	San Francisco

BRANCHES

New York, H. B. Parsons, Cashier — Salt Lake, J. E. Dooly, Cashier
Portland, Or., R. Lea Barnes, Cashier

Statement of Condition at Close of Business July 31, 1901.

ASSETS

Loans	$10,642,400.61
Bonds, Stocks and Warrants	2,191,727.10
Real Estate	1,665,030.77
Miscellaneous Assets	12,415.53
Due from Banks and Bankers	1,104,308.12
Cash	3,973,676.04
	$19,589,558.17

LIABILITIES

Capital, paid up	$ 500,000.00
Surplus	5,750,000.00
Undivided Profits	3,311,290.27
Deposits, Banks and Bankers	1,124,165.28
" Individual	8,904,102.62
	$19,589,558.17

General Banking Business in all its branches. Correspondents hroughout the World. Accounts received on favorable terms.

THE

Anglo-Californian Bank

LIMITED.

Capital Authorized	6,000,000
Subscribed	3,000,000
Paid up	1,500,000
Reserve Fund	700,000

Northeast Corner Pine and Sansome Streets

Head Office—18 Austin Frairs, London, E. C.
Agents at New York—J. and W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad Street

The Bank transacts a General Banking business, sells drafts, makes telegraphic transfers and issues letters of credit available throughout the world. Send bills for collection, loans money, buys and sells exchange and bullion.

MANAGERS:

IGN. STEINHART — P. N. LILIENTHAL

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Corner California and Montgomery Streets,
San Francisoc, Cal.

Capital and Surplus = $1,206,360.76
Total Assets = = . $4,248,068.54

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent per annum.

Interest paid on Saving Deposits at the rate of three and sixteenths per cent per annum.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe Deposit Boxes rented at $5 per annum and upwards.

Christmas in California—A Comparison

AN ORANGE GROVE NEAR LOS ANGELES
IN THE HEART OF THE SIERRAS

THE WAVE

Published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., Entered at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., July 12, 1901, as second-class matter.

Subscription: Per year, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months $1.00. Foreign subscription (countries in postal union) $1 per year additional. Sample copies free.

THE WAVE, INC., PROPRIETORS

TELEPHONE BUSH 424.

San Francisco—December 21, 1901.

Now comes a proposition for a Pan-American bank. That is likely to be a hard project to handle.

The Atlantic Steamship companies have settled their troubles. They can't afford to have a screw loose in that line of business.

Chili has sent a diplomatic note to Argentina. It will bear interest all right until we see the outcome of the dispute they are indulging in.

The Senate has bowed to public sentiment, and we are to have the Nicaragua Canal. In this case, when there's a will, there's a waterway.

A mammoth pleasure resort is to be located at Ocean Beach. It should certainly include a skating rink in view of the handy supply of rollers.

A San Diego man has invented a process by which paper can be made from seaweed. If it proves a success, the WAVE can ask for nothing better.

The lumber regions of California are being rapidly thinned out. That is bad news for the politicians who have to take to the tall timber occasionally.

Mayor Phelan is opposed to the projected tunnel through Telegraph Hill. He probably figures that it will make more of a hole in the people's money than in anything else.

That poem "Beautiful Snow" is all right at this long distance range, but they don't regard it that way back east now that reports are coming in of over a score of deaths in the recent blizzard.

After all, Schley got the worst of it as regards that famous loop. Although he had many a string to pull, that particular one in the opposition's hands gave affairs a bad turn for the Admiral.

Elaborate ceremonies marked the laying of the corner stone of the School of Commerce at New York. As how to arrange corners will be the principal study of future pupils, it is not surprising that so much attention was paid to that celebration.

A shoe factory is to be established at Redwood City. The principal thing they have had to shoo down there to date has been the flies that congregate around town as a result of the tanneries and the slough.

Secretary of the Agriculture Wilson has decided that live stock from the Philippines cannot be landed at this port. This is liable to lead to a lot of "beefing" on the part of our provision merchants.

The "Chronicle" tells of an attorney who passed several years with his mind a perfect blank. He was probably an office lawyer and had his attention so concentrated upon legal blanks that he became one himself.

"Christmas comes but once a year"——and a mighty good thing it is regulated that way, according to the opinion of the paterfamilias who is expected luring the glad season to keep his heart as light as his pocket book surely is.

General Kitchener has reported two more victories during the past ten days. The public has become very skeptical though over news of that description, for despite his telegraphic chain of conquests, he does not seem to make an inch of headway, while the Boers are apparently stronger than ever.

The London "Spectator" says that President Roosevelt is the most sweetening influence American civil life has known for many years. A more deliberate handing out of taffy can scarcely be imagined, though our British cousins had better be careful about treading upon Teddy's toes, for if they do, they will find that that sweetening they talk about is merely the sugar coating of a pill.

"A Merry Christmas."

Never before in the days of her substantial progress has California witnessed so prosperous a Christmas as the one we are about to enjoy. Upon every side are pronounced indications that everything in the nature of hard times has disappeared, for not only is money plentiful and labor fully occupied, but there is every prospect that the pleasant conditions will be continued indefinitely.

A good local barometer is the shopping, for depressions show themselves quickest in the purchases in every day life. Instead of there being any trouble in that quarter, however, the storekeepers report an unprecedented demand for holiday wares, and despite the precautions made by those who, anticipating an unusual rush, laid in extra supplies, the shelves are being depleted in a way that indicates that the demands cannot all be met. The result of this will be felt in a thousand beneficial ways later on. The volumes of money thus poured into local circulation will sift through every avenue of life, helping here and there and upbuilding the community upon substantial lines.

The most noticeable feature of this Christmas, however, is the remarkable condition of the banks, especially so the savings institutions. The reports of the State Commissioners show that never before have the banks of California held as much money as they do at present and that they were never in a more healthy condition. So enormous have been the deposits in fact, that the savings banks are finding it difficult to handle the money in a way that will permit paying interest to depositors, and in most of the concerns the rule limiting accounts to $2000 each is being strictly enforced for this reason.

We have good occasion therefore to wish one another "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year," for it would be impossible to create conditions more favorable to the full enjoyment of the holiday season. We can eat our turkey and mince pie with glad hearts for the day and lack of care for the morrow, and can exclaim with hearts as well as tongues, "Peace and good will unto all men."

A Climatic Comparison.

There is one distinct feature about a California Christmas that is forcibly impressed upon us from the standpoint of comparison. It consists of the climatic conditions that attend our Yule tide, for, but for the snapping, bracing mornings and the occasional chilly winds that come down from the Sierras, we enjoy what many people would call summer weather.

Christmas always carries with it associations of Jack Frost, Snow Kings, and all the other accompaniments of winter weather, and it seems odd to those who have passed the season in the East or in other lands where the changes are are very pronounced, to have the holidays approach amidst as temperate weather as any obtained during the year. As a matter of fact, although we who live here permanently, pay but little heed to that sort of thing, it is an advantage that cannot be held too highly, for it is one of the most productive of our many sources of prosperity. Apart from the inconveniences and discomforts of snow-storms and freezing spells, the effect upon labor must be considered. In the Eastern States the wage earners whose vocation takes them out doors are practically out of work during the winter months, for it is impossible for them to perform daily toil owing to the severity of the elements. Here, though, the working man can labor 365 days in the year if he has a mind to; and what is more, during the winter months he can go about as usual, coatless and with sleeves rolled up, instead of having to be muffled to the very eyes like the individual who ventures out during the cold season in other states.

The fact that the dispatches have during the past few days, been telling us of the raging blizzards the other side of the divide, and how scores of men and thousands of stock have perished from exposure, should bring this issue to mind in a way that should make us appreciative of our surroundings. Instead of having to face the dangers and privations of such a climate, we are enjoying the sunshine, blue sky and glorious weather of an eternal summer. A California Christmas may not be attended by the brand of climate that Santa Claus is accustomed to, but it is certainly more of a nature to make a man happy than if he has to run the chances of being frostbitten every time he goes out.

BY THE WAY

Judge William P. Lawlor has just returned from his old home in New Jersey, where he has been visiting for the past two months. Few members of the bench in California possess more interesting peculiarities than Judge Lawlor. His life, were it printed, would read more romantically than many a story-book on the shelves of the book stalls. Judge Lawlor was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. At an early age he was forced to seek his own living. At twelve he was an apprentice in a cotton mill in his native city. Here he worked for a number of years weaving cloth in the day time and studying at night. After several years of this, he decided to come west. Arriving in California, he went to the mines and began as a day laborer, handling a pick and shovel. His exceptional intelligence and his ability to handle men soon brought him to the attention of his employers, however, and before long he was filling a very responsible position. To his credit. it is to be said that he was popular with both those above and below him. He knew through his own experience what constituted a day's work, and was never urging the men to do their utmost. At the same time, his ability to grasp and direct details made him doubly appreciated by his employers. It was in the mines of California that Judge Lawlor began the study of law, an ideal he had cherished for many years, but which till then had been impossible. In course of time he was admitted to the bar, after which he came to San Francisco, when he at once became identified with the local bar and a leader in the Democratic party.

***

Since Judge Lawlor has been occupying the office he now holds, he has distinguished himself by his original ideas. I will refer only to the method, entirely his own, by which he deals with unruly boys who are brought to him by the officers of the law. Instead of sending them to the reform school forthwith, as has always been the custom, the Judge imposes a sentence, which is suspended upon the promise of the juvenile offender to reform, and which is not to go into effect until ths boy's offenses are of such a nature that circumstances demand that he be radically dealt with. The Judge does not stop here. He makes the boy report to him at stated intervals, giving an account of himself and making any explanations that the Judge may deem necessary. When the boy's previous character has been such that it is difficult and often impossible for him to secure work, his Honor interests himself in the lad's behalf, and does not stop until the boy has something to do. The result is that the boy is not a burden to the commonwealth, but a useful member of society. Instead of feeling that he is an offender under the law of the land, he has the assurance that so long as he behaves himself properly he is his own master, with a friend at his back upon whom he can depend for advice, guidance and kindly suggestion. There are thirty or forty lads in this city of whom I know, who are unconsciously being molded into useful members of society through the gentle influence of this man, who in his early life shared many of the trials and tribulations that befall poor boys. Not the least among those who are giving the returned jurist a hearty welcome are these social waifs for whom he is doing so much.

* * *

At a ministers' gathering in this city not long ago, the speaker of the morning was introduced by the chairman of the meeting as being "a man who was full of his subject." When the clergyman hesitatingly announced that his subject was "The Devil," a cheerful smile went round.

* * *

Francis J. Heney, whose able work as one of the defending attorneys in the Noyes contempt proceedings, recently heard by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, has attracted no little attention, tells many interesting stories of the time when he was United States District Attorney of Arizona. On one occasion he was prosecuting a well known gun fighter in that section of the country who had picked one quarrel too many, and for his penchant of allowing daylight and fresh air into the internal economy of his fellow men, had at last been brought to trial. The case was a difficult one, and it was only after the most persistent fighting that the man was sent to state's prison. Opposed to Heney was a man who had spent all his life on the frontier. He was a child of nature with all the cunning of the savage. By some hook or crook he had managed to pass the bar examinations. He did not know much law, but the little that he knew he had at splendid command, relying upon his native wit to help him out of such problems as he chanced to stumble against. He had his own way of arguing a case, too. The methods of General Barnes or Samuel Shortridge would have been lost upon the juries to which this untutored attorney appealed to with wonderful effect. In this case in particuular, the lawyer wished to convince the man his client killed, although in his shirt sleeves and without a pistol pocket in his trousers, might still have been armed and prepared to illustrate his orgument. Taking off his coat and standing before the jurors, he said: "Can any of you see any signs of arms about me?" They shook their heads. He then drew a pistol from under each arm, one from each bootleg, and a bowie knife from the back of his neck. The argument was so forceful that, despite all Heney could do, he could never make the jury believe but what ten years was ample punishment for the prisoner.

* * *

During an examination held in one of the schools in this city a few days ago, the question was propounded:

"Who were the Huguenots?"

One of the young hopefuls wrote the following:

"The Huguenots were a tribe of warlike Indians who lived in the southwest part of Boston, and supposed to be descendants of the Church of England."

***

All the mistakes are not made by the little ones, however, when it comes to answering questions. In one of the mountain counties last summer, when examinations for teachers' certificates were being held, the following was propounded to the would-be pedagogues:

"How many kinds of fractions are there?"

"Two."

"Name them."

"Guilty and not guilty. A fraction whose renumerator is lesser than the denomination is a guilty fraction. A fraction whose denomination is lesser than the renumerator is a not guilty fraction."

* * *

Chief of Police Elton of Los Angeles has suggested that a man who deserts his wife and children should be made a subject for the discipline handed out at the public whipping-post. To quote his own words, "There ought to be established in every jail in the United States a whipping-post. The craven who runs off and deserts his family ought to receive a thrashing at the hands of the law. The whipping-post, I firmly believe, is the best method of dealing with such scoundrels." As a result, the Los Angeles chief has been receiving letters of congratulation from all over the United States. The W. C. T. U, of that city, before whom these remarks were given utterance, has shown its hearty appreciation of his remarks by having them scattered broadcast over the country.

Whether the chief's plan is a good one or not, is open to much discussion. The abolition of the whipping-post in the American navy was a distinct gain for civilization and a step in advance for humanity. Since that law has been abrogated, the personnel of the navy has improved many times more than the severest discipline could have done. The old proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," is considered more applicable nowadays when reversed, and many of our most advanced educators say that the best results are obtained by changing the precept to "spoil the rod and spare the child."

While the man who is unkind to his dependent wife and helpless little ones is a difficult subject to deal with, it is doubtful if the chief's method would work well in the long run, no matter how strongly one might feel that the cowardly husband deserved a thrashing at the hands of his fellow men. The best way to improve our criminal classes is to begin by improving the morals of their grandparents.

* * *

The choir of St. Paul's church, out on California street, is in a pickle. The paid members have been notified that their services are no longer to be required, and that a volunteer choir will sing the service and cut down expenses coincidentally. Mr. John Sabin once generously paid for the singing out of his private purse, so they say; but, of course, he is now located in Chicago, and there is wailing and gnashing of vocal chords, and some very bad singing in St. Paul's church.

* * *

The afternoons are very busy ones on these last days before Christmas among the stores of all descriptions. At Shepard & Elder's I noticed many good things for holiday purchasers in the book line. Wallace Irwin's "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" is making a flattering return to the local writer, Mr. Elder informed me. The little booklet in red is a very entertaining depiction in verses of slang of the love affairs of a tough.

With Christmas so near, it is not surprising that the holiday theme was the subject of conversation for a group of Bohemians that gathered in a downtown resort the other evening. The gossip drifted from subject to subject, and finally centered upon hard-luck propoaitions in connection with the day, and brought out a good story by Charley Cook, manager of the Central Theatre.

"Do you remember Bob Slavin?" he asked. "Poor Bob, he's dead now; passed in his checks back East a couple of years ago. The last time he was on the coast was in with Carroll Johnson. They had a minstrel show then that you will probably recall—Slavin and Johnson's troupe.

"Bob had in his day been up against more hard luck than any other man I ever ran across, and his favorite story was how he got nailed in a small Indiana town one Christmas eve. The show he was with—he didn't own one then—had been having a tough time of it, and the result was that they were stranded, although the proprietor of the hotel where they had put up didn't know it.

"Now, Bob was very anxious to pass Christmas Day with his wife and little ones at Chicago, so he went to the manager, who was just as good a fellow, as he was himself, and asked him to rustle up enough money for him to get out of town with.

"Bob, my son, was the reply, "the last thing I had in the world to make a raise on was my watch, and it went to the gods this afternoon. I'll split up the $8 with you, but that's the very best I can do.

"Slavin figured out the situation mentally, and discovered that with a little chicken-feed he had in his own pocket he would have just enough to get his railway ticket and land him home with a dollar. To pay his hotel bill was, however, out of the question.

***

"An examination of the schedule showed that a train passed through town just after dark. Slavin consequently decided to drop his valise out of the window, walk around and get it, and then slip down to the depot. He made his plans accordingly.

"Ten miutes before train time he was ready for his flight. Turning out the gas so that he would not be noticed from the outside, he opened the window and dropped his valise. It had to fall two stories, but it had been snowing, so that the only noise it made was a dull plunk.

Downstairs dashed Bob as fast as he could go. To leave the house necessitated passing through the office, so he slowed up as he got there and strolled in leisurely picking his teeth, and with the air of a man who was trying to kill time.

"The proprietor and ten or twelve guests were in the room, seated around the stove. They dragged up an extra chair and invited Slavin to sit down.

"No thanks" he said, "I have got a slight attack of indigestion to-night, and I guess I'll take a walk upstairs." He started for the door, and then——

***

"The entrance door from the street was of a swinging arrangement. As Bob approached it there suddenly came a scratching from the outside. The door then swung violently open, and in came a Newfoundland dog carrying in its mouth——ye gods and little fishes, it was Slavin's valise.

"Hullo," said the proprietor, "someone trying to jump the house. Here, boy," calling to the dog, which, wagging its tailing its tail, came over and laid the grip by his side."

"That's a queer proposition," said Bob, who had been in a tight place too often to lose his presence of mind. "Where did he get the valise—out of one of the rooms?"

"Not much," responded the Boniface. "There's so much hotel beating going on nowadays that I trained this dog as a sort of lookout, and every time anyone throws his grip out of the window intending to sneak around and get it later the pup gets down to work. The moment he hears anything fall he rushes around to see what it is, and if it is anything he can pack he brings it in to me."

"My, that's a great dog," said Bob admiringly. "I'd like to buy him—is he for sale?"

"Not much," answered the proprietor. "There's not enough money in town to get him away from me."

"Good dog," said Bob, patting the animal's head and taking a farewell glance at his valise. He could hear the train whistling, and if he was going on it, it was a case of sacrificing his effects.

"Well, I guess I'll take that stroll," he concluded. "So long," and off he went.

* * *

"Slavin had a companion story to that one," resumed Cook. "One night he found himself stranded in a country hotel without a cent in his pocket or any prospects of getting one. It was a case of walking out of town and then counting the ties into New York, where there was a chance of getting an engagement.

"The only question to be solved was how to get his valise out of the hotel. It contained a few family pictures that he liked to have with him, a razor, a change of clothes, and other such necessaries. He had to take it along, that is all there was to it.

"To carry the grip downstairs was out of the question, for he would be in full view of the officer nearly all the way down. There was but one way out of it—the dernier resource of every stranded actor—he would throw it out the window and drop around and pick it up later.

"This event I am relating now occurred subsequently to the dog episode," continued Cook," and Bob had been very wary ever since. He looked out his window, which unfortunately was on the fourth floor. He was happy when he concluded his survey.

"Right across from the back window, about fifty feet away, was a pile of loose hay that had not been taken into the barn. This simplified matters. All he would have to do would be to pitch his grip into the middle of it. There would be no sound, so even if a dog were around it would not give it any tip.

***

"There was no train to catch, so Bob decided to start out late that night and not take any chances. It was about 11 o'clock when, darkening his room, he took aim at the hay pile and hurled his valise into space. Then he hurried downstairs and out to get it.

"Strange; a first quick inspection of the hay did not reveal it. The night was pitch dark, and he had to go around feeling with his hands. No matter where he went, though, there was no trace of the grip.

"Thinking that he had probably miscalculated the distance, Slavin carefully hunted over the ground first on one side of the hay and then on the other. Still no clue.

Now, Bob was a hard-headed man and didn't go a cent on spooks or ghosts, but it made him do some tall thinking. "It couldn't have blown away," he ruminated. It wasn't very heavy, it's true, but it must have reached the ground somewhere. Wonder if there was a big enough bird around to catch it on its beak and fly away with it.

"And then he commenced a patient and systematic search. Inch by inch he worked over the territory where it could have landed, and even hunted a couple of hundred yards away, thinking that it might probably in some unexplainable manner have rolled that far. No! not a sign of it.

***

"It was fully midnight when he at last gave up the quest. He was pretty mad—with himself, with his grip, with the fates, with anything and everything to which he could attach any blame. One thing he was determined upon—he would not leave the hotel until he had run down the mystery. He accordingly went to bed determined to ferret out everything in the morning.

"He did not sleep very well, though. Visions of a valise traveling unceasingly through space, of a myriad of hotel proprietors thrusting bills in his face and prodding him with red-hot pokers to make him pay up, of dogs carrying rolls of greenbacks in their mouths, of hay-piles that suddenly became caverns that swallowed up everything in sight—this was the uncanny experience to which he was subject during the night.

"When he awoke from his troubled slumber it was day. The sound of laughing voices reached him, and he went to the window to see what was happening.

"Bob says what he saw gave him his first crop of gray hair," concluded Cook. "Right in front of him, suspended in mid-air, was the missiug valise. It had caught in a mass of telegraph wires and had remained suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, 'twixt heaven and earth. He says he didn't know a man could feel as cheap as he did when he went downstairs later and tried to explain."

* * *

A pretty church wedding took place Wednesday evening at the Central Methodist Episcopal church, Mr. Edwin R. Engelman and Miss Maude I. Delamatre being the contracting parties. The attendants of the bride and groom were Miss Eva B. Delamatre, sister of the bride, Mr. Chas. Wetherby and Mr. Powers, who gave the bride into the keeping of her husband. A reception at the home of Mrs. Engelman's mother followed at which only the immediate friends and relatives were present. The bride was the recipient of many useful and handsome presents.

Mr. Wallace was host at a dinner on Monday evening in honor of Mr. Cyrus Miller who so gallantly risked his life by saving that of Mr. Holbrook a few weeks ago. The dinner was given at the Bohemian Club and was a particularly gay and enjoyable one. Mr. Miller was presented with a handsome silver loving cup. Earlier in the week his classmates presented him with a silver knife. He has been the recipient of letters and telegrams from all over this country. Mr. Miller does not seem at all able to appreciate the fact that he is a hero and is, if possible, more modest and unassuming than he was formerly.

* * *

The way in which the President's name is pronounced has led to many discussions. A friend in Washington sends me the following, which he says is a key to the problem:

The office-seeker was in pain,
He could not tell the woes he felt
When told he need not call again
To see our Mr. Rosyvelt.

* * *

The Towne house on California and Taylor streets presented a gay appearance Saturday afternoon last. The halls and reception rooms were a mass of red berries and roses most exquisitely arranged. Those who assisted Mrs. Towne and Mrs. Clinton Worden in receiving were Mrs. Requa, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. O. F. Long, Mrs. Charles Hooker, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Margaret Irvine, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Arthur Smith, Mrs. Edward Pond, Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. N. W. Worden, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Frederick Gallant, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Russel Wilson, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Mrs. Chauncey Winslow, Mrs. Spencer Buckbee and Miss McNeal. About four hundred callers came during the afternoon—a greater number than at any of the teas this winter. Mrs. Towne is one of the older matrons of San Francisco who, like Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, has kept up not alone her friends, but who entertains each of the younger sets as they make their appearance in society. Her daughter, Mrs. Clinton Worden, has always been a very popular young woman, having a good deal of the charm of manner that endeared her father to all San Franciscans when he was alive.

* * *

Did you ever drop in at the Orpheum about 11 o'clock in the morning and see the amateur talent tried out. It is an interesting performance, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. The little group of managers of the theater could hardly be discerned as they sat in the dark and empty auditorium a few seats from the stage. A pianist furnished the necessary music for the "team" by the light of a single incandescent On the stage, besides the very evidently embarassed performers, were scene-shifters, painters, etc., pursuing their work with stolid indifference to the would-be artists and their critics. The actors were attempting a Christmas sketch and made none too good a showing. They were extremely nervous, and really I don't blame them so much for that, although Mr. Meyerfield and Mr. Morrissey are very kind and courteous to novices.

The Orpheum management will permit anyone to show what he or she can do in the vaudeville line, and 11 is the hour set apart for this purpose.

"We discovered Etta Butler this way," said Phil Hastings to me, "and recently Mr. Rosner make a find in little Jessie Dale, the clever girl barytone."

* * *

Mrs. William H. Brown was the hostess at an elaborate card party Saturday afternoon last at her rooms in the Occidental Hotel, which were beautifully decorated with Christmas berries and foliage. Those who played were Mrs. Shotwell, Mrs. H. K. Field, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. Kate Staples Yemans, Mrs. Lovegrove, Mrs. Crose Clark, Mrs. John Dickenson, Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mrs. William Grissim, Mrs. John Spruance, Mrs. Walter Field, Mrs. James Edwards, Mrs. Charles Walsh, Mrs. Edwin Osborn, Mrs. Tongee, Mrs. James Stewart, Mrs. M. Gardner, Mrs. Henry Welch, Mrs. George Tyson, Mrs. George Levison, Mrs. Morris Newton, Mrs. Chas. Gale, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin and the Misses Jennie McFarland, Jessie Fillmore and Phœbe Painter.

* * *

Mr. Robert Bean, some time since the popular basso of St. Luke's church, is back in town on a visit to his family. During his stay abroad Mr. Bean met the daughter of one of Chicago's most prominent citizens and became engaged to her. He will go from here to Paris, and will be married in March. Just what his plans are he does not say, but it is more than probable that the grand opera stage will claim him sooner or later. That is his ambition, and his gorgeous voice is a foundation that few are so lucky as to possess.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Emma Butler and Mr. Breeden has just been telegraphed from New York where Miss Butler is at present sojourning with her mother. This engagement though hardly a surprise to Miss Butler's friends, is one that has been discussed a great deal. There have been two army officers very devoted to Miss Emma, one of whom is at present in the Philippines. Miss Butler is to spend a few months with Mrs. Sidney Smith and Mrs. Lausdale on Pacific Avenue. Miss Lausdale is a charming young lady and resembles the Lausdale family, who are especially noted for their bright, cheerful manner and kindliness of heart.

* * *

The news of the complete recovery of Mrs. Charlie Baldwin is a source of great joy to Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin's many friends in this city. The bracing air of Colorado and Tahoe are the cause of the renewal of the health of this popular young matron. During a visit to Paris two years ago, Mrs. Baldwin contracted pneumonia. Cold after cold followed this illness, and the physicians told Mr. Baldwin his young wife could not live three months. He immediately returned with her to the United States, and by the advice of one of the most eminent specialists on tuberclosis went to Colorado Springs, where Mrs. Baldwin has virtually remained ever since. Her recovery is simply due to climate and the very best of care. It may be some months before Mrs. Baldwin will be able to live in San Francisco, but it will be merely a question of time.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Marie Zane and William Northrop Cowles was a great surprise to the many friends of these popular young people. Miss Zane was quite the handsomest of San Francisco's maidens "when she was going out." She and Marguerite Wallace, and Kate Voorhies, and Julia Bissel were all belles at the same time. Miss Wallace and Miss Bissel are dead, Miss Voorhies, now Mrs. Malcolm Henry, a popular Washington society woman, and Miss Zane, now married to one of the most charming and brilliant of the Bohemian Club men, though he has lived a great deal for the last few years in Southern California. All of Mr. and Mrs. Cowles' friends will give them a hearty welcome upon their return to San Francisco after a European tour.

* * *

Mrs. E. J. Cotton entertained the Cosmos Card Club at Vernon Heights in Oakland last week. This is one of the most successful card clubs of this coast. It has been in existence nearly eight years, and never seems to wane in its popularity. Amongst the members present at Mrs. Cotton's were: Mrs. John L. Howard, Mrs. Will Meek, Mrs. Jane Sather, Mrs. T. P. Coogan, Mrs. Thomas Crellin, Mrs. T. L. Barker, Mrs. Minor Goodall, Mrs. A. A. Moore, Mrs. T. C. Coogan, Mrs. J. N. Knowles, Mrs. E. H. Kittridge, and Mrs. J. A. Folger, who is acknowledged to be the handsomest of the older ladies in Oakland.

* * *

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will be the hostess at two luncheons this week, one to be given at her residence on Broadway and the second at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Martin is an exceptional woman. Though not young nor particularly robust, she entertains more lavishly than any other person in San Francisco. She knows how to give a dinner, and has the rarest judgment about inviting congenial people and placing them at table. Many of the younger hostesses could easily take Mrs. Martin as an example, and by following it closely could give exceedingly pleasant entertainments.

* * *

How much better it would have been had Marconi made experiments upon our shore instead of the Atlantic seaboard. It is highly satisfactory to have him flash a message from Newfoundland to England, but as they already have cable connections, nothing practical is really gained. Had he been situated at San Francisco and had enabled us to communicate with Honolulu or Guam, the world would have got something in the line of real results.

* * *

A misconception was created in certain quarters over a few lines of comment appearing in these columns last week. In this connection, it may be as well to state, that a meaning was given to the article which was not intended, as it is my purpose to say nothing bitter or hypercritical, but rather to present passing events as I view them.

There is a young man who stands on the esplanade out in Golden Gate Park every Sunday afternoon, just where you turn down to the band stand (excuse me, temple of music), after passing the museum. This particular young man is marked out out from the herd by the elaborate extravagance of his attire, and more especially by the heroic poses he assumes to catch the admiring eye of Miss San Francisco. The conquering air assumed by this annihilator of female equanimity is something not quite of this world, and would be funny to tears if it were not so pathetic. He is very, very young, and he is, oh! so harmless. When you are next out there on a Sunday afternoon, look for him, you cannot readily miss him. If you are of the right stuff, I think you will surely be amused; but whatever your sex, rank or condition, there is a lesson waiting you there - if you look for it.

* * *

An alliance of much importance to authors, artists and advertisers has just been formed between Frederick A. Stokes Company and the Frank Leslie Publishing house.

The former has built up, since 1881, a successful and steadily increasing business in the publication of fiction, belles-lettres, nature books, etc.; while the latter, established in 1855 as a periodical house, has brought "Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly" to a high degree of literary and artistic excellence.

Frederic L. Colver, the president of the Leslie house, and Froderick A. Stokes, the president of the Stokes Company, have each purchased stock in the other's company.

* * *

Coming down Buchanan street the other night from Pacific heights, I noticed the captive balloon in mid-air, illuminated as though it were a huge incandescent light set in the heavens. A large searchlight was played upon it from below, and the effect was startling. The trip above the city in this fettered airship is a decided novelty. The rope permits an ascension of fifteen hundred feet, but it feels like a mile or two when you are up there. The view is something inspiring, and one does not think of any probable danger in the exhiliaration which the situation affords, and then if anything happens you always have the rope to hold on to, as the aeronaut kindly explained to me. The management is extremely careful, however, in all its arrangements, and has the benefit of a long experience in the business. This is but one of a dozen or more balloons which the concern operates.

* * *

The opening night of "Little Red Riding Hood" at the Tivoli witnessed an enthusiastic reception to the members of the old troupe, with the irrepressible Hartmann at its head. Annie Meyers, Webb, Hartman, Arthur Cunningham, and other leading people, including Florence Chapman, the recent acquisition from the east, were all tendered a hearty welcome, and encores were frequent.

The play is well staged, the topical songs are catchy and amusing, and the chorus presents many pleasing effects; in short, the effort is a decidedly clever Christmas spectacle. And, by the way, the rhymes of some of the ditties are the work of Jack Wilson, the popular press representative of the Eddy street playhouse.

* * *

The cold snap that the city has been experiencing brings to notice in a striking way the inveterateness and pertinacity of the dummy-riding habit which many San Franciscans have acquired.

"On the coldest nights," said a conductor to me the other day, "I take passengers the whole length of California street, riding on the outside. The air is positively nipping, and usually a stiff breeze is blowing, but they don't seem to mind it. I would only be too glad to get inside that car myself," he added, turning up his coat collar and thrusting his chapped hands into his pockets.

"It is what we can't have that we all want," he concluded philosophically, and I coincided with him.

* * *

The following little incident in professional life occurred not far from one of the Sutter street offices the other day:

A well-dressed woman entered the office of a physician who has made quite a reputation for successfully using electricity in his practice.

She made some inquiries regarding his methods of applying the current and then asked if he recommended it in the case of chronic headache.

The doctor replied in the affirmative, provided he thoroughly understood the symptoms.

"When do the headaches trouble you most?" he asked.

"I never had a headache in my life," was the astonishing reply.

"Then bring the patient here some other day and I will see what can be done."

"Oh, I can't do that. She is my sister and lives in Sacramento," replied the woman calmly.

"Then how do you expect I could treat her?"

"Well, they telegraph farther than that, and I don't see why you couldn't set your batteries to work on my sister up there."

What the doctor thought would burn the paper, but he bowed out his visitor without a word, fearing to speak.

* * *

Here's another which happened not many doors away. An energetic, shabbily clad man, with his hat firmly over his eyes, had called on the physician and reported that he was "knocked out generally." As he took the perscription he said:

"Well, doctor, what do I owe you?"

"Two dollars."

"I'm sorry I can't pay you to day. You won't mind waiting for awhile, will you?"

"No; that's all right."

"And, doctor, how much will this prescription cost?"

"About $1."

"Say, doc., you couldn't loan me a dollar to get it with, could you? I'm dead broke."

"Let me look at that prescription again," said the physician. He took it, examined it, and erased a line.

"I had prescribed something for your nerve," he said, "but I see you don't need it."

* * *

A private letter from Justice McKenna, in Washington, to a friend on this coast, says the reason Lord Pauncefote signed the new Hay-Pauncefote treaty ahead of time, and why the announcement of its ratification came so unexpectedly upon the American public that even those ever watchful fellows, the Washingoon correspondents, were taken by surprise, was for no other reason than to avoid the photographers, from the lowly "you press the button" class to the more aristocratic moving picture man. McKinley just before his taking off was willing and obliging, as he always was, to the snap-shot man, but the representative of the Court of St. James was not so democratic. When he heard that McKinley had granted permission to have the affair photographed, he could do little else than submit. McKinley's death, however, changed conditions, and Pauncefote made up his mind that he would not tolerate the photographers, nor allow himself to be handed down to posterity signing away the right that England has claimed for fifty years concerning the participating in the construction of the isthmian canal in the western hemisphere. To cut the whole matter short, one morning he called up the state department, and a conversation something like the following took place:

"Hello, hello - oh, quit that central! Is that you, Hay? Yes. Well, this is Pauncefote."

"Glad to know I am better, eh? But say, I'll be glad to learn when you're ready to sign that treaty.'

"What's my hurry, did you say? Well, perhaps I am; but, heavens and earth, I can't stand this importuning by these picture-makers any longer. Here I have enough engagements with three women and six or eight men for this afternoon. They are all coming to tell me why we ought to have photographs of the scene made. Why can't we sign it at noon and have it all done with?"

"You're ready? Thank you, thank you, I'll be down right away."

And so the treaty was signed unexpectedly and without any snapping of cameras.

* * *

Mr. B. Kellogg was heatedly indulging in a wordy contest over the setting of a case for trial in Judge Troutt's department one morning this week, when Will Kennedy, the courtroom clerk, rapped some spectators who were causing some confusion, to order.

"Less noise, less noise," said Kennedy in harsh tones.

Mr. Kellogg, deep in his discussion, was unaware of the identity of the offenders, and thought the correction was intended for himself. With a puzzled look he turned to the Judge.

"Am I making too much noise," he asked. "I was addressing your Honor."

"No, no," Mr. Kellogg, replied Troutt, with a twinkle behind his glasses, "pray continue; you are entitled to make all the noise you want to in that way."

And the argument was resumed.

* * *

To society people the horse is no longer a horse, but a "beast." At the horse show in New York, each and every equine bore the appellation. If those who belong to the smart set like a horse, they say "it's a very nice beast." If they like the creature a great deal, they say "it's an awful nice beast."

The Political Pot.

WHAT part is San Francisco going to play in the approaching state contest? Although to some people it may seem premature to become concerned about such an issue at this time, those who have aught to do with practical politics know that this is the formative period, and that the sentiments being moulded now will control the destinies of the candidates six months hence.

That Flint intends to make a bold attempt to fight the organization in its own stronghold is beyond question and it is equally certain that the Gage-Burns forces will dispute every inch of ground with those seeking to wrest it from them. Under these conditions it is interesting to glance over the situation before the first bugle calls of actual conflict are sounded.

***

The first proposition to be taken into consideration is the fate of the primary law. If the present statute is to be knocked out, then there is little occasion to discuss the subject further, for everyone knows what a San Francisco primary amounts to when no regulating law is in existence. Under such conditions, Gage would control the city from one end to the other, for his friends have all the machinery at their disposal and Flint could not possibly break in.

It is scarcely likely though that this contingency will have to be met. In the first place, the people would resent the removal of the primary law from the statute books without good reason. The decent political elements have always demanded a measure of that nature, and the only persons interested in continuing the go-as-you-please system are ward bosses and those afraid to go before the voting public. From which remark must not be deducted the idea that Governor Gage is afraid of a primary; on the contrary, he has always been a staunch supporter of the reform.

***

The Supreme Bench too is scarcely in a position to knock the law out unless some absolutely fatal flaw is discovered, for the present measure is the outcome of a decision by that tribunal. When the Stratton law went up to it on a test case and was declared unconstitutional, the justices in making their decree pointed out the lines upon which future attempts at such legislation would have to be made. These were closely followed, even to submitting a constitutional amendment to the people, so, as the present act is virtually expressive of the views of the justices, it would be hard upon them to have to reverse it.

Another matter to be taken into consideration is that of the seven members of the Supreme Bench; three will come up for re-election next year, that is, if they are renominated. They could scarcely afford therefore, to go before the people with the idea abroad that they had invalidated the primary law in order to keep ont any particular wing of the party.

There is a wheel within a wheel too. Garoutte and Beatty are candidates for Chief Justice, and a bitter personal feud is waging between them as well as a political one. Garoutte's friends want to see him elected because he has a fresh, active mind and represents the younger and progressive elements of the state while Beatty has reached so advanced an age that it is doubtful if he would remain on the bench for a full term even if he would be elected. It is scarcely likely therefore that with personal dissensions of this nature the two men would agree upon so vitally a political measure as the primary law, so the more the subject is investigated the more it appears likely that the act will stand.

***

With the primary law in operation, both Flint and Gage can meet on open terms, for although the county committee is friendly to the governor as against Flint, it can help him but little on the voting issue. It is significant, however, that the machine invariably succeeds in winning at the primary, even though it is defeated at the polls later, a couple of very pronounced instances of this having occurred during the past few months.

In San Francisco for example the Primary League representing Ruef, the Republican morning papers and the reformers were pitted against the machine in a catch-as-catch-can, with the result that the organization forces won out hands down and named their mayor. Later on, however, when the combatants met in actual election, the tables were turned and even though it is true that the existence of regular party tickets had much to do with this, it is also palpable that there was a good deal in the clever campaigning that attended the primary.

Then there was the affair at Sacramento. In the primary there was Clark's strength pitted against that of Land just as it was later on election day, but somehow the fact that the organization was with Land made him walk away with the primary, only to be knocked out flat at the polls when the Clark people encountered him again on election day.

***

The fact, therefore, that Gage will have the local machine at his back when the struggle for State honors takes place is a big handicap in his favor that every one is forced to acknowledge. Flint realizes this as much as anybody, and has in truth no idea whatever that he can do more in San Francisco than make a good showing. If he can get 25 per cent. of the delegates he will be well satisfied, while 33 per cent. would make him feel that he was going up the ladder two steps at a time.

Ruef will probably take a stand as Flint's local representative later on, for it does not seem possible that he can locate in any other camp. While Ruef has never been unfriendly with the railroad end of affairs, he has nevertheless been forced of late into an attitude of open hostility, and he may therefore decide to "have the game as well as the name." With Schmitz in the Mayor's office there will of course be ten times the opportunity to do active municipal politics than is the case now. and as Ruef is shrewd and knows just what stones should be turned and which left alone, he can be relied upon to work the administration end for all there is in it from the standpoint of securing political power.

***

The attitude of the newspapers is another weighty consideration in the premises. While the "Bulletin" and "Post" will doubtless be loyal to Gage to the finish, it does not look as if he will get much help from any other of the dailies. Of the three main organs, the "Chronicle," "Call" and "Examiner," the last named is in fact the most friendly to him, and as it is Democratic, it would be a mighty poor reed to lean upon in a tight place.

The position the "Call" intends to take is at present somewhat problematic. Its avowed candidate is Colonel Preston of San Mateo, and if there were a chance to make him Governor there is no doubt that the Spreckels organ would stay with him to a finish. Manager Sam Leake, though, is nobody's fool, and when, as he glances over the field, he sees that there is not even a remote prospect for Preston, he will naturally feel like directing the influence of the paper into some other channel that looks more like leading to victory. With Flint representing Bard, therefore, and nearly all the rest of the "Call's" friends, it seems reasonable that sooner or later it will espouse his candidacy.

The "Chronicle" is another subject for speculation. Although De Young has apparently resigned for the present his ambitions to become United States Senator, every one knows that with him it is merely a case of deferring hope, so it is certain that he will construct the kind of political fences that he thinks will do him the most good. If everything points to Flint as being the representative of those elements to which the "Chronicle" and De Young cater, then nothing is surer than that it will espouse his cause.

De Young will scarcely do it with good grace, however, for, as will be remembered, Flint declined to vote for him as United States Senator, and the present occasion is a good one to conjure up the issue of reciprocity. There is little likelihood, though, that this will be done, for, whereas the "Chronicle" for years never contained Flint's name, no matter what he did, it now gives him laudatory mention, and very friendly relations have apparently been established.

***

The influences of candidates for other places upon the State ticket will likewise be felt very perceptibly. Attorney General Tirey L. Ford, while regarded as a representative of the mining section from which he made his debut into politics, is now a resident of San Francisco, and will seek renomination upon those lines. As it is generally conceded, too, that it would be an unwise policy not to place him upon the ticket again, in view of his popularity and record, he can be considered as a factor when the proposition of making up a State delegation is under way. As far as is known, Ford will not mix up in the guberhatorial wrangle, as he has warm friends upon both sides, and there is furthermore no reason for involving himself in it.

Then there is Charley Curry, who wants to be Secretary of State again, and will undoubtedly have his ambitions gratified. He is outspoken for Gage, so his influences will be turned directly with those of the machine. So also will those of the candidates who are cropping up for Clerk of the Supreme Court and State Printer. Everything is more or less chaotic, however, at the present time, and it will be interesting to watch the evolution of the movement that ultimately will capture the works

Illustrated Interviews No. 8.

WILLIAM KEITH is one of the most unaffected men I have ever met. When I rang the studio bell one day last week, after duly observing with admiration that the obliging janitor had posted in conspicuous letters near the electric light switch in the hallway, "Please do not try to ring this electric light switch," I was admitted into the studio of the artist by the artist himself. He was busy framing some of his pictures in beautiful gilt frames, but he obligingly stopped and chatted with me during my half-hour's visit.

I told him my mission. The WAVE had sent me to see him and have a talk with him. At the same time I acknowledged that I knew nothing about pictures.

"You know nothing about pictures, eh?" said my host. "Well, that is too bad. You should pretend you do, at any rate. After all, who does know anything about anything? There is nothing like pretending that you do, however. That is what makes critics in all branches of art, of industrial expression. There are critics, and critics, of course. One kind speaks from a desire to be really helpful from a sense of shortcoming in the work of the man they wish to help, or because they see something in him to admire, and feel that the world ought to know that there is a master in its midst. The other kind are the people who, having eyes, see not. They, alas! are too common. The only thing a man can do is to go ahead and live up to the best that is within him, and work out his own art with fear and trembling."

"How did you happen to become an artist?" I queried.

"How do you happen to become anything?" answered the artist, as he looked at one of his landscapes through half-closed eyes, turning his head now this way, now that, all the while. "How did it happen that you write for a living? You drifted into it, didn't you? in connection with a destiny that shapes our ends. You like to write, so your bent has been along that line of work. I like to paint. So I, too, have tried to express myself along my own line. In my early life I used to be an engraver on wood. It gave me not an exact training in drawing, as the design was already made for me, but it directed my mind in that direction, made me observing, and taught me how to use my hands. When I was able I began the study of art, and am still at it."

"Your landscapes always make me think of that remark of Ruskin's," said I, "That the great majority of people see very little of the sky, the majority never look above their heads."

Keith laughed a quiet little laugh, blew a cloud of smoke into the air and said: "Yes, that is true, but that is one thing that artists are for, to show other people what to see, where to see it, and how it looks. Ruskin said a good many good things, but after all, it does not do for one to depend too much upon what he says. The trouble with him was, he never finished anything. He was too prejudiced, too, in favor of Turner. Turner was, beyond all question, a great landscape painter, but he was often theatrical, stagey, and affected in his way. Last year, while I was in Europe, I had an opportunity of seeing many of his works. It disgusted me the way people raved over them. Men and women who could not have drawn a straight line with a ruler, talked about 'atmosphere,' 'perspection,' 'feeling,' and other things. Later it was my privilege to see another collection of some of Turner's very best paintings, and my opinion of him was raised somewhat. Some years ago I saw Turner's 'Slave Ship,' of which Ruskin writes so beautifully, exhibited in a gallery in Boston. In the rear could be seen the retreating slaver fading with the distance. In the immediate foreground of the painting were to be seen the manacled blacks struggling in the water, who have been thrown overboard. The effect of the picture was spoiled by the fact that Turner had the chains with which the captured slaves were bound floating on the surface of the water.

William Keith

"That painting you are looking at is one that has just been purchased of me by a big department store. The proprietors of the establishment are going to open a fine art gallery as one of the attractions in connection with their establishment. This particular painting represents a scene near the headwaters of the Merced river. I have been working, intermittently, for more than a year on that picrure. I had it on exhibition last year. After I brought it back to the studio I changed it some, and during the past week or ten days I have been adding more detail. The painting on your left is one I made in Oregon. I was with John Miller at the time. In fact, many of my paintings were first made while in his company. There is a man who lives close to Mother Nature! As unaffected as a child, yet one man in a thousand. Must you go? I am sorry. Come again some time and see me." And with a cordial handshake I bade good day to another one of nature's interpreter's whose simplicity is as refreshing as a day in spring. The door closed behind me, and I was once more in the noisy street; and my visit was a pleasant, a very pleasant memory.

Newman Didn't Know.

Some time ago Dr. Greenhill of Hastings, England, wrote to Cardinal Newman asking him to explain the meaning of the following couplet in "Lead, Kindly Light":

"And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

To this request the following characteristic reply was received:

"The Oratory, Jan. 18, 1880.

"My Dear Dr. Greenhill: You flatter me by your question, but I think it was Keble who, when asked in his own case, answered that poets were not bound to be critics, or to give a sense to what they had written; and, though I am not, like him, a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to remember my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of fifty years. Anyhow, there must be a statute of limitations for writers of verse, or it would be quite a tyranny, if an art which is the expression not of truth, but of imagination and sentiment, one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient state of mind which came upon one when homesick or seasick, or in any other way sensitive or excited.

"Yours most tryly,
"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

The late Governor Tanner of Illinois, several years ago, in a quarrel with a fellow farmer, with whom he was working on his poll-tax, killed his antagonist with a shovel. He became a fugitive, gave himself up, was sentenced to hang, secured a new trial, was acquitted, became sheriff and hangman of Clay county, and finally governor of Illinois.

Elizabeth's Letter.

MY DEAR MAMA:

Oh, such a gay week! I do like it too mama, it makes the time just fly. I shall first write you about what I most enjoyed. That was the Brigham ball. It was a joy and delight and so beautiful. I do not really believe I have ever seen a more charmingly decorated house. An abundance of flowers and greens. Such foliage! Then those beautiful red berries! It is a feast to the eyes. I just like to sit quietly in a corner and really imbibe it. But your child is so popular she never has a chance. It is just talk and laugh, and dance, and flirt, and never take anything seriously until one gets home. Then I just fall into bed. By the time it is morning, life is so happy again, I have no time to think of anything but effects. But mama, dear, when I get into a little cosy corner to talk to you, I must be a little serious. Then think of the labor and trouble and thought each hostess gives to her entertainment, and half the girls do not notice at all, and the other half just say. "Is it not pretty." And as auntie says, "It is not worth while." Yet it must be done. Well, the Brighams did it and did it well. Most of the girls I know wore new gowns, and as it is with all house parties there was not really quite enough room, as most of us lost bits of our ruffles. But ruffles don't matter they tear off so glibly, and one forgets almost that they are lost. Well, who shall I say was there? First, all the debuntantes, each pretty in her own way. Kathryn Robinson is really the prettiest all the time, she has such wonderful coloring, and such merry eyes. Pearl Landers has a remarkably sweet manner; she looked charming. Kate Brigham, too, looked well; she received loads of flowers and beamed upon all who greeted her with that rare gracious smile of hers that she inherits from her father. He looked so aristocratic I just felt like going up to him to tell him he was one of the best looking men in San Francisco. Mrs. Brigham looked well too, so did Alice the elder sister. But Kate is my favorite. They have a lovely house, that sort that is constantly awakening surprises in one. A room here and there, and each more charmingly decorated than the last. It was undoubtedly a wonderful success, and must have given the Brighams great pleasure for they could not help seeing that each of the young people really was having an exceedingly good time. Edith McNear looked fine; she, I think, has the best carriage of any of her crowd for she seems less conscious than the Hopkins girls. They are all of the same thin long type that is now so fashionable. But they are not the Gibson type, I am, one does not quite see that here. Linda Cadwalader looked lovely: her eyes are so gray and her teeth simply sparkle, they are so white. Sara Collier, too, was beautiful. Leontine Blakeman radiant. Charlotte Ellinwood, elusive, that word just fits her. She is a nice girl, so is Ollie Holbrook. I am so glad she likes me, for I know she is true as steel. The men—well mama, just the same. Dr. Gibbins hardly noticed me but Knox Maddox and Will Sanborn, and an older man called Orrin Peck were all awfully nice. This Mr. Peck paid me the daintiest complements; he likes my ears, and the way my hair grows off my forehead; he says it is like Emma Eames and is rarely seen. I like him, he has lived abroad for years and speaks real German. Most of the people out here speak a patois, and it jars so on my classic ears. I have taken a fancy to Conrad Babcock, but he seems to like Linda Cadwalader better. Perhaps my turn will come next. Now mama were you not surprised to hear that Emma Butler was to be married to Mr Breeden. He is a charming fellow, but you know I like Emma so much I did so want her to marry an Eastern man. She has heaps of money in prospect; her mother has, and there are only two girls. Mr. Breeden is lucky, not on account of the money, he is well enough off himself, but to get her, for she seemed absolutely content to go on accepting homage and enjoying life, but there is always some man who just makes up his mind he will get a girl and he generally succeeds. Norma Preston's wedding was beautiful; she looked lovely, a little pale, but her skin has that peculiar transparency that I love. Edith Preston, too, was beautiful. Grace Church was crowded; it was not too much decorated, just in good taste, the ushers looked well. Ben Lathrop, Bank Somers, Will Denman and William Drown. Leonard Chenery was best man. It was really a beautiful wedding. Bessie Ames and Edith Preston each wore white, and so did May Cheatham and Mrs. Preston. It was a white wedding. I never have seen five handsomer young women, for Mrs. Preston really looks quite as young as any of the girls.

Miss Katherine Herrin

Afterwards we all went to the Palace to a jolly breakfast. The Len Owens you know, she was a Miss Preston, the Leonard Chenerys, Mrs. Ben Lathrop, Bernie Drown, Elsie Sperry and Ruth McNutt, Frank Hopper and Earl Talbot all sat at the bride's table. It was bright too, and I think I never have seen so radiantly happy a couple as Worthy and Norma. That was on Monday. On Tuesday I went to the Hopkins debuntante luncheon which was a jolly affair. All the Hopkins things are. They are so bright and lively, somehow it gets into the air and everyone forgets everything, but the fun of the moment. Then I went to Mary Scott's luncheon, on Friday to Georgie Hopkins and so it goes on to the end of the chapter. It is a jolly winter they all say, and the jolliest part is yet to come. There are to be so many private dances. The Herrins give one, also the Huntingtons, and I've heard a rumor of Mrs. Will Crocker giving one to Elsie Sperry. She is her niece and awfully like what Mrs. Will Crocker was when she was a girl. All that family have fine eyes and coloring.

I was talking to Mrs. Joe Tobin the other day about Honolulu. She told me all about Polly Dunn's wedding. The house she said was a triumph in artistic beauty, and also tropical and different to what we see here. This tropical richness was adorned with pink tulle making the most wonderful effect. The ushers were Walter Dillingham, Robert Atkinson and Tarn McGrew and Southard Hoffman. Both these fellows we know so well that it must have been awfully nice for the San Francisco people to see them. The three McFarlane girls were the bridesmaids, and Maye Colburn of San Francisco was the maid of honor. The supper was served in tents also decorated. They were married under a large white ball of white carnations and Mrs. Tobin says she never saw Polly look more beautiful. I am sure Mrs. Tobin looked stunning too, for she is really an awfully distinguished woman and wears her clothes better than most people out here.

Now mama dear I think I've told you all the news for this week. Auntie is going to give me a beautiful time at Christmas, a big Christmas tree to which I am to invite all the young people I know. Wishing you mama dear, and papa too the happiest sort, and wishing I were with you.

Your daughter, ELIZABETH.

SMALL TALK.

Mrs and the Misses Herrin will be at home Mondays in January.

Mrs. Eugene Lent has sent out cards for the eighth and twenty-eighth of January.

Miss Ruth McNutt contemplates an Eastern trip in the beginning of the year.

Miss Ethel Hager will give a tea at her home on Gough street on Sunday afternoon.

Miss Kate Herrin will make her formal debut at a tea given by her mother on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. James Deering has sent out cards for the first and third Thursdays in December and January.

Mr. Truxton Beal and Mr. Thomas McCaleb leave this week to spend Christmas with relatives in the East.

Mr. Thomas Barber recently entertained Mr. Wallace and a few other guests at dinner in the Bohemian Club.

Miss Helen Dean, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Hopkins and Mrs. Walter Martin all give luncheons this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey have left for New York to spend Christmas with their daughters, who are at school there.

Mr. Phelan was host at a dinner given in honor of Mr. Truxton Beal on Wednesday evening at the Bohemian Club.

The Misses Cheatham will spend a few weeks longer in San Francisco before they visit the south. They will return home in the spring.

Miss Marjorie Gibbons was the hostess at a delightful tea given in honor of the Misses Cheatham at her residence on Polk street last week.

Miss Virginia Nokes was hostess at a tea this week in honor of Miss Mabel Kane. Miss Nokes is one of the most popular of this season's debutantes.

Mrs. James Otis gave a tea on Thursday afternoon complimentary to Mrs. and Mrs. Page of Valparaiso, who are spending the winter in San Francisco.

Constructor Thomas F. Rheem, U. S. N., has been assigned to duty at the Newport News works as assistant to the naval constructor on duty at that place.

The Orpheus Concert Company, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, Oakland, are going to sing January first, in the Auditorium.

Mrs. McCutcheon's card party was one of the most pleasant affairs during this week. There are few of San Francisco's matrons who make so delightful a hostess as Mrs. McCutcheon.

Lieutenant Van Leer and Lieutenant Kirkpatrick left for the Philippines on Monday last. They were two of the very popular army officers who have contributed so much pleasure lately to the maidens of San Francisco.

Miss Roberta Nuttall of San Francisco was married in Cambridge, England, at the home of her brother, Dr. Nuttall, Wednesday last to Baron von Rigel-Greenland. Miss Nuttall is the youngest daughter of the late Dr. Robert K. Nuttall and grand-daughter of the late Mr. John Parrott. The Baron is the head of the Rhenish Prussian family of that name and is a page to the Empress of Germany.

Miss Sara Dean is at present sojourning in Vienna where she is making a serious study of the people for literary purposes. She expects to write a novel on her return to England where she will spend the summer.

Miss Dorothy Goodsell, soprano, Mr. Arthur Pickencher, pianist and Mr. Samuel Savannah, violinist, gave a recital at Stanford for the Faculty. This was voted as one of the most artistic affairs ever given by way of a musical treat at the University.

Miss Edith Preston's luncheon complimentary to her sister Norma last week was a charming affair. It took place at the University Club, which is conceded by all to be the most delightful place in San Francisco for a luncheon. Amongst those entertained were the Misses Cheatham, Drown, McNutt, Spreckels, and Miss Bessie Ames.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin returned from Honolulu on Monday on the steamer Coptic. They are most enthusiastic about the islands, having been feted, wined and dined in that generous spirit which pervades the islands. Mrs. Tobin is looking particularly stunning, and quite took the people down there by storm.

Mrs. Chanler Howard, one of Japan's most popular entertainers, arrived in San Francisco on the steamer Coptic last week. She expects to remain part of the winter here with friends. She has come to California to place her daughter Gladys, an exceptionally attractive young girl, in boarding-school.

Miss Bernie Drown, with her bright, sweet, languishing eyes and charming personality, is to give Miss Mabel Kane a tea on Saturday afternoon. Miss Kane is to spend the winter with her aunt, Mrs. Gibbs, on Washington street. She is a charming young lady, and will be remembered by most of the girls, as she was here for a few months several years ago.

Miss Norma Castle's tea to Miss Gladys Merril was a great success. Miss Merrill is a great favorite with her girl friends, and is as kind and charitable as her mother. Miss Castle was assisted in receiving by Miss Laura Taylor, Miss Nora Smiley, Miss Zalia Keyes, Miss Dutton, Miss Niney de Fling. Any number of callers were entertained during the afternoon.

Captain and Mrs. Cheatham (Miss May Denman) left on Wednesday for the Philippines. There were hundreds of people to bid their adieux to Mrs. Cheatham, who has left very many sad hearts behind her. She will be sorely missed by all her friends, for her bright personality and winning ways endeared her to all who knew her. Captain and Mrs. Cheatham expect to spend several years in the Orient.

Mr. Clarence Follis has already begun his entertaining. His first dinner was to Miss Leontine Blakeman last week; the others present were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Magee, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Dolbur, Mr. Greenway and Mr. Willard Drown. After dinner the party went to the Columbia.

Miss Dillon gives a luncheon to-day at the University Club in honor of Miss Georgiana Hopkins, who is to be married in February.

Miss Dillon sails for the Orient at the latter part of this month, to be gone for six months.

Mrs. Walter Martin's luncheon on Friday was a charming affair. It was given in honor of Miss Georgiana Hopkins, the most popular of all the Hopkins girls. The table was a mass of roses, and the girls all looked like beautiful flowers, so charmingly were they arrayed, their costumes being for the most part of the lighter and fluffiish fabrics.

Captain Lloyd England, known by his San Francisco friends as "Merrie England," is in New York on a six weeks' vacation. Major Boyd, who is at present stationed at an Eastern post, will spend his Christmas vacation in San Francisco. Major Boyd is one of the most popular of the younger army men, and will always be remembered for his gallant conduct when in the Philippines.

The Hopkins annual luncheon, which they call the "Debutante luncheon," took place on Sunday at the Hopkins residence on California street. The table was brightly decorated with red berries and roses, and the menu was such as to satisfy the taste of the keenest gourmand. Besides the debutantes were Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Georgia Hopkins, Miss Katherine Dillon and Miss Edith McBean.

The dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Taft in Oakland this week was a jolly affair. Those present were: Miss Florence Hayden, the guest of honor; the Misses Bessie Palmer, Chrissie Taft, Gertrude Allen and Edith Lilby; Messrs. W. Hay Crawford, Philo Lindley, Harry Vaddoch and Max Taft.

Mr. and Mrs. Taft are noted for their delightful dinners, which are very frequent in their household.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson have announced the engagement of their daughter Reinette to Mr. John Lockwood of Portland, Oregon. Miss Wilson is a familiar figure in San Francisco, though a Berkeley girl, as she has hosts of friends here. She is a blonde with exquisite coloring and has been very highly educated. Her friends in Berkeley and San Francisco regret exceedingly that she is to make her home in Portland. Mr. Lockwood and Miss Wilson will be married in the early spring.

The daughters of the prominent physician, C. F. Buckley, were hostesses at a tea on Saturday afternoon at their home, 2505 Pacific Avenue. The youngest Miss Buckley has just returned from Europe, where she has been at a finishing school for the last two years. There are few girls who have had the advantages of the Misses Buckley, for they spent many years abroad at schools in France and Switzerland. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Bowie Dietrick, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, the Misses McNutt, Loughborouges, Jolliffes, O'Connors, Alice Griffiths, Elizabeth Cole and Alice Sprague.

A Lady's Lunch

Has been rudely defined by some cynic as "slops and sweets." And after all there's more truth than poetry in the definition. Ice cream and cake may satisfy the palate, but they are far from satisfying to the stomach, which requires that food be nutritious first and nice afterward. By careless eating women pave the way for stomach "trouble," and its kindred miseries.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is confidently commended as a cure for diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. By curing diseases which prevent the assimilation of food it enables the body to be built up and strengthened in the only way known to nature—by food digested and assimilated.

"For twelve long months I suffered untold misery," writes Mrs. Mollie Colgate, of Randolph, Charlotte Co., Va. "No tongue could express the pain that I endured before I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicine. I was not able to do anything at all. Could not eat anything except bread and tea—or if I did the top of my head hurt so it seemed it would kill me; with all that I could do it would burn like fire. But now, since using your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' I can eat a little of almost anything I want, and can do a good day's work as well as anybody can. Am better than I have been for years."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure sick headache.

A Great Institution.

Every American city of any size or importance has one or more commercial schools. Every metropolis has several of them, and there is always one that predominates, one that is pointed out as THE school, and the one that is the standard. Such an institution is Heald's Business College of San Francisco. It has for nearly four decades stood at the front in the department of commercial education on the Pacific Coast. It has been a strong building for the city and state and is recognized as one of the institutional landmarks. Its reputation is national. Its students come from other states and from foreign countries. The college has been growing rapidly in recent years. Every year adds to its annual enrollment. The year just closing is the best in its history. The attendance will reach 1000 nearly if not quite.

The demand on the college for its trained young men and women has never been so great. There never was a time in San Francitco when a well-equipped young man was surer of employment. The preparation that prepares can be received at this old institution that has been for nearly forty years catering to the demands of the largest and best business houses on the Coast.

When We Forget.

Written for the Wave by J. M. J. Kane.

To him, who in the manger long ago
  Came to us in the far-famed Bethlehem;
And ever since has lightened all our woe,
  As He hath tempered ill-winds for the lamb—

We owe so much! Yet sometimes we forget
  To thank him, for the sunshine in our path;
Remembering not that some day we'll regret
  That we incurred his awful wrath.

Then let us not defer 'til Christmas—when
  The blessed peace predominates the earth
And God's good will pervades the hearts of men,
  Made glad by reason of the Saviour's birth

But always in the gloom and in the light
  Forget not what His own begotten son
Did ask ere yet His Soul had taken flight—
  Father, not mine, but Thine own will be done.

TO OUR PATRONS

One Charley Cameron, alias Young, has made statements to several firms and individuals who advertise with us upon which he has collected money due this paper and appropriated the same to his own use. We desire at this time to warn all our patrons and subscribers that the said Cameron, alias Young, has absolutely no connection with this paper in any capacity whatever, and has no authority for any representations which he may make in that regard.

Mint Juleps Were Fatal.

A Northern man stopped at the home of an Alabama planter of the old school, one day, and was cordially invited to "'Light, sah, and be welcome." He "lit," and was forthwith invited to take a toddy, in accord with the Alabama rules of hospitality. "Why," he said, "I saw a nice bed of mint back there. Suppose I get some of it, and make a mint julep instead of a toddy."

"A what, sah?" said the planter.

"A mint julep. Haven't you ever tried them?"

"No, sah, nevah; but I'm willing, sah."

They did try the fascinating beverage, not once, but many times, and the northern man went away next day with reluctance. Two years later his business took him there again. At the gate he was met by the old colored butler, on whose hat, as he doffed it, was seen a band of crape.

"Where's your master, sir?" he inquired of the old darkey.

"He's dead, sah; died yistiddy."

"Dead! I'm shocked. What was the cause?"

"Why, sah, 'bout two years ago one o' dem Yankees cum down heah, and showed old marse how to drink weeds in his red liker, and he nebber stopped twell he died fum it."

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT.—Northeast corner of Eddy and Mason streets. Private dining and banquet rooms. Telephone, Main 429. Blanco & Brun, Proprietor.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

ATTENTION!

We Offer to Make, Absolutely Free of Charge

A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT

In Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, Sepia, India Ink or Crayon.

In order to introduce our excellent work, we will make, FREE OF CHARGE, A LIFE SIZE PORTRAIT, copied and enlarged from any photo, tintype, gem, daguerreotype, etc., to any one sending it to us. Our work is unexcelled, our likenesses are striking, our finishes the most artistic. Small pictures always returned on demand. If you wish to possess a valuable life-like portrait in Oilette, Pastel, Water Color, India Ink or Crayon, of yourselves, children, father, mother, dear absents or departed, FREE OF CHARGE, send in your photo to

THE CONTINENTAL ART CO.,

155-157 E. Washington St., CHICAGO

Half-tones and Zincographs
The Best—Nothing Else

Yosemite Engraving Co.
Etchers and Engravers of
Printing Plates
24 Montgomery St., S. F.
Phone Bush 290

Plate Engraving
Calling Cards, Wedding Announcements, Menus, Receptions, Etc. Etc.
VISITING CARDS,
$1.00
HUNDRED
Engraving Department
Mysell Rollins Co.
22 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal

St. Lawrence
Livery and Sale Stables
W. E. BRIDGE, Proprietor
423 Post St., Bet. Powell and Mason
Phone No. 1323 San Francisco

PATRICK & CO.
RUBBER STAMPS
STENCILS, SEALS, BRANDS, ETC.
221 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat may result in an Incurable Throat Trouble or Consumption. For relief use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Nothing excels this simple remedy. Sold only in boxes.

Among the many honors accorded DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY has been the Royal Warrant recently granted by King Edward. The Royal Family has accorded this honor to DEWAR'S SCOTCH for many years past. It is a compliment which the judges of Scotch whisky think highly deserved.

The World of Tone.

By S. Homer Henley.

MUSIC is essentially a thing not to be measured by rule of thumb or apportioned into cut-and-dried parcels to be labeled and pigeon-holed off hand. The subtle, elusive quality of it renders classification of its several forms an impossibility; but we may go so far as to venture on a statement of what the universal concensus of opinion has adjudged to be its highest form; and this form is the orchestral, brought into its loftiest possibilities through the symphonic medium. If a second choice were permissable in the matter of degree, the decision might well go to the claims of chamber music; but few will combat the supremacy of the symphony as the acme and finale of musical expression.

Perhaps this very fact accounted, in some degree, for the slim audience attendant at the first concert of the new Symphony Society under the baton of Paul Steindorff. The sublimated ultra-removed is what we all pose our heads for; it tickles our sense of importance to exist in the opinion of others as beings apart from the vulgar herd: beings who have souls receptive to the last notch and capable of the finest shades of appreciative distinction. But even with the worst case of this type, the sublime as a steady diet palls after awhile. The class of people that can afford to be the sustaining props of a symphony orchestra is the same class that sent Mr. Grau on his way rejoicing with close to one hundred thousand dollars profit in his jeans; and from three to four weeks of the biggest in grand opera and grand opera singers is enough to make the most ardent devotee of tone glad of a little rest.

I think the next concert will be given to a crowded house. By that time the people will have had time to recover their normal mental balance and their pocket-books will begin to look natural again. San Francisco is eminently capable of sustaining a symphony orchestra, and I think the time is come when it will do it. Conditions of every kind are better to-day than ever they have been in this city. The money market is easy, real culture is spreading, the younger generation is, as a body, entering more thoroughly into the world artistic than the generations of aforetime, and we are becoming known as a factor in the progress of art throughout the world.

From the standpoint of excellence the concert was of the first chop. The verdict was absolutely unanimous. Mr. Steindorff established himself at one fell blow with adamantine firmness in the good graces and respect of musician and layman alike. There were imperfections; there were ragged spots; of course, we expected them. But then there were not one-half as many as we looked for; and for a first production under a new leader it was a performance to be proud of. I have heard some musicians refer to the Raff symphony as being thin. Most certainly it did not impress me so. How anything could more perfectly embody the pastoral simplicity and quiet beauty of the forest and the night and the whispering mystery of nature's brooding solitude, I cannot conceive. Mr. Steindorff gave it all the nicety of selection that we expected from his really poetic temperament. He has a good perspective, has Mr. Steindorff. He gives values their just due and no more. He never slops over into maudlin sentimentality; and his phrasing in every number on the program was very fine indeed. Next to the symphony, the Brahms Academic Overture was probably the most interesting of the selections. It is quite as cold and scholarly as its name would indicate, but it appeals to the brain and has a high fervor to it that is not without its charm. The most popular number was the Spanish portion of the Mozkowsky Suite of Nations. Of course, there was an idot woman behind me who immediately became reminded of Carmen, and wanted her friend to tell her if she HONESTLY did not prefer Collamarini to Calve. Nothing but twenty-nine years of careful training prevented me from foaming at the mouth. Oh,—OH! for the wings of a dove or anything else that I might fly away to the wilderness and build me a nest of armor-plate thickly padded with cotton, and never, never, hear of the Eddy-street wonder again. The next concert will occur on the afternoon of Friday, January the tenth; and will begin at three-fifteen o'clock.

The Tivoli inaugurated its holiday season with a hodge-podge acknowledged by Ferris Hartmann and entitled "Little Red Riding Hood. It served to reintroduce us to the old favorites of the light opera stock company, all of whom received a rousing reception from the large Monday-night audience, and to present for our consideration Miss Florence Chapman, Miss Barnetta Mueller, and Miss Olive Ulrich. The first and last mentioned young ladies had practically no opportunity to "make good" to any extent; but Miss Mueller had enough solo work to show her to be possessed of a good voice, which she uses in a style that would be more effective if it were less spasmodic. I understand that this lady has been studying in Paris, but I doubt if any teacher of

Mrs. Marriner-Campbell.

Few teachers of the voice anywhere give their pupils the results of so long and varied a musical experience as Mrs. Marriner Campbell, who has been identified with music in this city for thirty years. She received her musical tuition under the best masters in London, Paris and New York. Returning to San Francisco, she took up church, concert and oratorio work, and for many years received the highest salary paid any church singer in this city. Eight years ago she gave up active choir and concert work in order to devote her energies to teaching. Her pupils, among whom are many of the most successful choir singers in the country, sing with a consummate ease which is the end and crown of her method, for she believes in removing the obstacles and letting the voice come out. And, incidentally, one of the notable things about Mrs. Campbell's pupils is this, that they all secure good positions, and at remunerative salaries. And it may be said that their instructress is never behind the times, as she makes it a point to take occasional trips East and abroad to keep fully informed of the latest ideas in voice culture.

ASTHMA CURE FREE.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in all Cases. Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment of Asthmalene, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. We'll send it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postal. Never mind, though you are despairing, however bad your case, Asthmalene will relieve and cure. The worse your case, the more glad we are to send it. Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City. Sold by all Druggists.

MRS. W. H. HORD,
Piano and Guitar.

Special attention given to Technic-Phrasing and Expression.

Residence, 2005 Oak St Phone, Page 1622

OAKLAND: Wednesday and Saturday. STUDIO: Kohler & Chase.

TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

SUITS

CLEANED $1.00 PRESSED

BON MARCHE CLOTHING RENOVATORY

40 ELLIS ST., Rooms 14, 15, 16.

Ring up Drumm 44. We run two wagons

Musical Directory

Opera Academy, Ernest George

Connected for ten years with leading European operatic stages. Voice training for concert, church Opera. Method of Lampersi. 816 Ellis Street. Send for circular.

Bronson Studio
1206 Golden Gate Avenue, S. F.

Violin, Cornet and Clarinet. Lessons $4.00 per month. Bands and Orchestras $1.00 per month.

H. B. Pasmore, Teacher of Singing.
1424 Washington Street

Shakespeare's Method of Tone Production. Thursdays, 573 15th Street, Oakland.

Achille L. Artigues, Pianist.
1248 McAllister Street

Organist of Notre Dame des Victoires. Telephone Fell 1749.

San Francisco Conservatory of Music
E. S. Bonelli, Director.
301 Jones Street, cor Eddy

Piano and Harmony exclusively by Prof. Bonelli. Violin, Mandolin, Vocal, Guitar, Banjo, Elocution and Physical Culture taught by the most competent teachers. Choral work under the direction of Alfred J. Kelleher. A thorough course for teaching. Terms moderate. Apply at Conservatory.

Mrs. Marriner Campbell, Teacher of Singing
1820 Turk Street.

Concert Choir and Oratorio singing a specialty. Pupils making great success. Pupils for churches, etc. Phone 2551.

Robert Tolmie, Pianist.
727 Sutter Street.

J. F. Veaco, Tenor, Voice Culture.
1012 Sacramento Street.

Concert, Church and Oratorio Soloist at Grace Episcopal Church and Synagogue Betis Israel. Telephone James 2191.

Fraulain Lotte Siegel, Singing Teacher
1096 Post Street.

Graduate from Vienna. Phone Sutter 2631.

Miss Grace I. Davis, Singing Teacher
Studio, 1324 Geary Street.

Soprano of First Congregational Church and Synagogue Beth Israel. Phone Larkin 580.

Mr. Willard J. Batchelder,
Teacher of Voice, Curtis Method
Studio 1401 Van Ness Ave

Mrs. W. J. Batchelder Teacher of Piano. Reception Mondays and Wednesdays, three until four o'clock. Phone Polk 2436.

Richard A. Lucchesi,
Teacher of Singing, Pianoforte Composition.
1003 Sutter Street

The Orpheus Concert Co. is open for engagements in concert, theatres and social functions of all kinds. For terms, dates, nature of program, etc., apply to J. F. Veaco, 1012 Sacramento Street.
Miss Grace I. Davis, Soprano; Mrs. Sedgly Reynolds, Contralto; Mr. J. F. Veaco, Tenor; Mr. L. Van Linghen, Basso; Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy, Pianist.

H. H. Barnhart, Basso Contante.
Studio, 578 Sutter Street

Concert, Oratorio and Opera engagements accepted. Vocal instruction given. Pupil of Cortesi Florence Randegger, London, Mme. Bishop, Chicago. Telephone Main 5339.

Hugo Mansfeldt Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt
PIANO STUDIO
1801 Buchanan Street. Phone Baker 1271

Louis P. Eaton,
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Voice

First Vice-President Fraternity of Guilmant. Organist and director of the choir Trinity Episcopal Church. Especial attention given to Voice placing Development and Interpretation. Preparation for church and oratorio work. Studio, 1429 Van Ness ave., hours 2 to 3 p. m.

Wallace A. Sabin, F. R. C. O; F. A. G. O.
Organist Temple Emanuel, Organist and Choirmaster St. Luke's Church. Pacific Coast Examiner for the American Guild of Organists. Teacher Piano, Organ, Harmony, Counterpoint and Composition.

Joseph Greven, Voice Cultivator.
Well known for having been the teacher of several favorite vocalists of California. Coaching for Opera, Oratorio, Concert and Church Singing. Reception hours, Mondays and Thursdays, 2 to 3 p. m. Phone Page 1939, 1213 Golden Gate Avenue near Fillmore.

Mrs. L. Sedgley Reynolds, Contralto
Teacher of Voice, 1012 Leavenworth street

standing taught her the convulsive crescendos which she insists on at every third note. However, this may be due in a measure to nervousness and the ticklishness of a first night.

Aside from this unpleasant feature, the voice is a good one, and she should prove an acquisition to the house. Annie Myers comes back apparently brighter and younger than ever. The perennial freshness of this lady's voice is a standing wonder to me. It sounds like that of a young girl of seventeen; and Miss Myers uses it with very good style, too. Arthur Cunningham sent the chills rolling up and down our backs again with that clarion barytone of his. As a whole, the production will please the vast majority, and round out the year at this house.

Mrs. Birmingham was the soloist at the Loring Club jubilee concert last Tuesday evening. She sang a number of songs with the best contralto in the city in a style that upheld her reputation as a highly capable artist. I think, however, that the custom of singing in German and French, etc., to an American audience, not one out of a hundred of whom understand a word of what is being sung, is silly and stupid to the point of vulgarity. For some mysterious reason it is supposed to be good form to be unintelligible; but it is surposed to be good form to be unintelligible; but it certainly is not good sense, and Eastern authorities have started a movement against this fatuity that is having a salutary effect on the foreign-song fiends. I can see the advantages of singing songs in another tongue than ours to a few cultured friends whom you know will understand and appreciate what you are doing; but to put them on an American concert program is not only out of place, but is also entirely lacking in that quality which, first of all, betrays the true artist or the reverse—good taste.

The club's first number was Max Bruch's Roman Song of Triumph, a not overly interesting composition; but sung with good spirit. This was followed by a Gondola Song by Gade, which only served to emphasize the slovenly enunciation of the club. To be just, I think that the scene-drop which depends from the proscenium arch has much to do with muffling the sound volume and distinctness; and I also think that the club management would better do away with this at their next concert, or move the seats nearer the front of the stage so as to give the voices a chance. Even in the loudest passages only a word here and there could be understood, and were it not for the text of the numbers being printed at length on the program, the audience would not have the faintest idea of what the club was singing about. The crying need in this concert, as in the last, was first tenors—more especially first tenors of a high, sustaining, lyric quality. All through the concert it was painfully apparent that the melody-bearers were straining themselves hoarse to meet the demands of the music. No matter how beautiful the composition, if you hear voices reaching frantically out for the goal like the last horse in a race, the whole effect is spoiled. A folk-song by Kremser, who certainly understood writing for male voices, was one of the best numbers. King Olaf's Christmas was repeated from the last concert with the same instruments and soloists with fine effect.

The Pilgrim's Chorus from Tannhauser came out with a highly inspiring swing and had to be repeated; and the Osgood setting of the Rock-a-by Lady was delightfully done. It is difficult to say much more of the club than has been said, and said much better than I can say it; so I can but add that the organization is San Francisco's most representative voice-body, and as such is something to be well proud of.

Songs worth adding to your library or repertoire: "Sweet and Low," by Stephen Adams; "Holy Innocents," by Samuel Liddle. Both published by Boosey (?) Co.

At The Theatres Next week.

Alcazar—"Charley's Aunt."
Central—"Silver King."
Grand Opera House—"Carmen."
Tivoli—Ferris Hartman in "Little Red Riding Hood."
Orpheum—"Orpheum Road Show."

Cecile Von Seberlich,
Dramatic Soprano, Concert Accompanist and Coach for Operatic Singers and Stage Specialties.
Studio, 1643 Polk Street, Phone Polk 1046

Carlos N. Keller, Voice Culture.
Pupil of Giulio Bona, Italy, and formerly with Adelina Patti. Tenor Soloist and teacher of the Art of Singing. Studio, 318 Taylor Street. Reception hours, 2 to 4, except Wednesday and Saturday.
Phone Folsom 2690

Robert Lloyd,
The Art of Signing: Correct breathing; the proper placing of the voice; clear enunciation of words; phrasing; interpretation; style. Studio, 308 Post Street, Byron Mauzy's Piano Warerooms. Phone Main 5261.

Delmara School of Opera,
1006 Van Ness Avenue

Pupils prepared for Opera, Concert, Church and Oratorio. Professional debuts arranged. All orchestral instruments and languages taught.
Reception hours, 1 to 2 p. m. Phone Polk 2334

Olga Block Barrett, Piano,
Diplomatic Teacher, University of Music of Vienna.
1962 Bush Street

Fannie Dam-Hilton,
(Recently from Milan)
Teacher of Singing, Oratorio, Concert and Grand Opera. Studio, Bercsford Hotel, 600 Bush Street Monday, Wednesday, Friday.

Miss Dorothy Goodsell,
Teacher of Singing, Coaching for Oratorio, Concert and Church. Residence and Studio, 1425 Van Ness Avenue, Tuesdays and Fridays. Phone Larkin 1798

Eppinger & Co.

Grain Export and Commission,

Agents, Pacific Coast Warehouse Co.,

Port Costa

311 California St., S. F.

The German Savings and Loan Society
526 CALIFORNIA ST.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus.. $2,290,159.00
Capital Actually Paid Up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Deposits, June 29, 1901..... 29,886,288.11

OFFICES

President.....B. A. Becke
First Vice-President.....John Lloyd.
Second Vice-President.. Daniel Meyer
Cashier.....A. H. R. Schmidt
Assistant Cashier.....Wm. Herrmann
Secretary..... George Tourney
Assistant Secretary.....A. H. Muller
General Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow

DIRECTORS

H. Horstmann, B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, Ign. Steinhart, Emil. Rohte, I. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt,

San Francisco Savings Union
535 CALIFORNIA ST.

Deposits, July 1, 1901	$28,973,540
Reserve Fund	226 994
Paid Up Capital	1,000,000
Contingent Fund	445,617

OFFICERS

E. P. Pond, Pres.; W. C. B. de Fremery, Vice-Pres.; Lovell White Cashier R. M. Welch, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B Pond.

GERMANIA TRUST COMPANY.
42 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 390,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.

Check accounts of individuals firms and corporations solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on trust deposits and savings. Investment carefully selected for our clients.

OFFICERS:

F. KRONENBERG.....President
W. A. FREDERICK.....Vice-President
H. BRUNNER.....Cashier

Buchanan Bros., Brush Mfrs.,

Brushes for barbers, bakers, boot blacks, bath houses, billiard tables, brewers, bookbinders, candy makers, dyers, flour mills, foundries, laundries, paper-hangers, printers, painters, shoe factories, stablemen, tar roofers, tanners, tailors, etc.

TELEPHONE 5610
609 Sacramento St.

A. K. DAGGETT.—Drawing of deeds and all legal papers a specialty; Notary Public. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Telephone 305.

TEL. GREEN 12.
CHAS. P. DROLLA
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
534½ California St., San Francisco, Cal
All legal business promptly attended to. Practices in all State and U. S. Courts.

Famous Russian-Oriental Tobacco Store
418 Montgomery St, Phone Black 1233
Near California St. Established 1876.

MRS. FANNIE ROSENTHAL, Prop.

Leading importer of choice varieties of Russian, Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes and Smoking Tobaccos. High-grade Cigarettes made to order for private clubs and special social events. Delicate Aromatic Cigarettes made for Ladies' Tea Parties. Latest French and English novelties in pipes and smokers' articles, also Turkish water pipes, etc.
Order by Telephone

Don't Borrow a Home!
BUY IT. Your rent payments for the borrowed home will do it through the aid of the
CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager,
Home Office, 222 Sansome St., San Francisco

CALL FOR
VAUGHN LEADLEY,
Solicitor for
J. F. SNOW & CO.,
Dyeing and Cleaning.
Good Service and
Prompt Delivery.
Works, 1623 Mission Street, Tel., South 755.
Office, 20 Grant Ave. Tel. Main 1744.

EDWARD HALL, Presidsnt. WM. J. BIGGY, Vice-Pres. PHINEAS F. FERGUSON, Sec'y and Man'g'r.
United States
Laundry Association
LAUNDRY—3109-3111-3113 Sixteenth St.
(Near Valencia)
TELEPHONES
Office, South 420
Laundry, South 418
OFFICE
1004 MARKET ST.,
near Powell.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
TRY THEM FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat.
Fac-Simile Signature of John Brown & Son on every box.

A Christmas Wooing

"YOU'LL spend Christmas with us?" John Mellish had said to his cousin; and Brian, remembering how very gloomy last Yule-tide had appeared, as viewed from the solitude of his chambers, gladly accepted. Brian's exile, if it may be so called, was entirely voluntary. If he had accepted the invitations that poured in, he might have passed his days hunting, shooting or dining; but being of an ambitious turn, and having, from his earliest boyhood, heard it asserted that he would "do something," and attain some position above the ordinary herd, Brian had laid down a course of hard law-reading, to which he had hitherto stuck honestly. Perhaps there was not much merit due to him yet; the plough and furrow may have been as fascinating as the outer world. He had run the gauntlet, it is true, of many of those temptations which most easily beset a man. But he had never been in love; that trial remained, and we shall see how he met it: of flirting, he had done his share, possibly more than his share. Law is, we know, at best, dry work, requiring counter excitement now and then, and Brian being indolent in his amusements, took that which was at hand. But the women with whom he flirted said he had no heart.

It is written that there is a tide in the lives of all men. This particular tide had not as yet set in upon the even shore of Brian's life, but the crisis was not far off, and as is generally the way, fate came concealed by the most innocent of disguises; and so it was, that being in a fair way to become a Q. C., if nothing more, Brian, running against his cousin John Mellish, in the Strand, was summoned to meet his fate at "The Cedars"—where, a week before Christmas, we find our hero, sitting by the Squire's young wife, but looking with all his eyes at the pretty face of the wife's younger sister Kate, and trying with all his ears to catch the murmurs of her low, soft voice.

"I'll marry that girl or none," Brian said to himself as he undressed the night after his arrival; and so he repeated still more passionately when, on the footman rousing him next morning, he became conscious that Kate's grey eyes had been shining upon him in his dreams.

"The hounds meet at the kennels, sir," said the servant, "and master says you'd better be down soon, as he and Miss Kate are going to ride to cover."

"All right," quoth Brian; and having luckily come provided with breeches and tops, it was not long before he descended to the breakfast room, where he found Kate presiding, and the squire and a couple of strangers from the other side of the country busy in fortifying against the chances of a long day.

"I've ordered the young chestnut for you, Brian," said John. "I want him shown off, and I'm too heavy for the country we'll most likely cross today; besides you handle a horse better than anyone I know." Then the conversation turned upon the merits of the horse and the prospect of having a run.

For the first ten minutes after starting Brian had his hands full, and not until the chestnut quieted down had he a fair opportunity of looking at Kate who, like all pretty women who can really ride, looked better on horseback than anywhere else and as Brian watched her brightening color and lithe figure, swaying with every motion of the horse, the remembrance of his chambers came up like a nightmare.

What had green leaves laced with dew-laden gossamers, caroling larks, and full throated robins, to do with dusty folios and blue-lined foolscap? Brian thought it over that night, while the picture was still fresh on his memory, and he thought it over every night till, as the reader will see, the odds against the Q. C. became longer and longer.

What the riding, dancing and games had left undone, the dressing up of the church and house, for Christmas Day, completed; and by the time the greenery was gathered and hung, Brian knew that "the tide" had set in, and that the full waves were beating down every obstacle in their course.

And yet he had not by word or look betrayed himself to Kate. He was much too deeply in earnest to risk asking too soon. He knew it was life or death, so to speak; and so, though he haunted Kate's steps, people did not see what the truth was, partly because of the mask he wore, partly because of a very special reason which I shall explain presently.

Christmas was over, some guests left and others came. So that going into the drawing room one evening and being rather late, Brian found everyone assembled, enjoying that pleasantest of all times, the gloaming half-hour before dinner. Kate was sitting near the fire, and consequently in the lightest part of the room, and by her side a stranger, not a young man, but old enough to be her father;

TELEPHONE CLAY 351 E. L. WAGNER
THE PRESS
Open all Night
—Fine Wines Liquors and Cigars—
Steam and Lager on draught
15 THIRD STREET
Nex New Examine Bldg. S F. Cal

Billiard, Pool and Club Rooms Never Closed
HORNLEIN & KRUMB
Phone Main 151
CAFE ROYAL
Fourth and Market Sts., S. F.
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.

Ed. Fay E. J. Foster
Formerly of Cliff House
Grand Hotel Cafe
New Montgomery St.
Foster & Fay. San Francisco

Phone Davis 432 GEO. GEHRIG
The True Blue.
308 Kearny St., S. F., Cal.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Lager and Steam Beer on Draught.
Excellent Lunch Served

THE BALDWIN ANNEX CAFE
Billiard, Pool and Club Room
(Never Closed.)
Overcoats and Valises Checked Free.
924, 926 and 928 MARKET STREET

RACING
EVERY WEEK DAY
RAIN OR SHINE
NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB
OAKLAND RACE TRACK
Races start at 2:15 p. m. sharp.
Ferryboats leave San Francisco at 12 m. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2:30 and 3 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in 15 minutes.
Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m., and immediately after the last race.
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
CHAS. F. PRICE, Secretary and Manager.

Cotton Sail Ducks

Twenty-two-inch, in all numbers; Medium, Soft and Hard; also Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks from 30 to 120 inches wide. Monumental and Imperial Ounce Ducks, Mfgr'd by Mount Vernon-Woodberry Cotton Duck Co.

Murphy, Grant, Co.

Holiday Gifts

For Men and Boys

Dress Suits and Tuxedos
Overcoats and Cravenettes
Umbrellas and Canes
Smoking Jackets and Morning Gowns
Bath Robes
Dress-Suit Cases and Valises, etc.

For Men and Women

INNOVATION
WARDROBE
TRUNKS
$70.00
GLOVE ORDERS
HAT ORDERS

ROOS BROS.

25-37 KEARNY ST.

Open Evenings After Dec. 10th.

BEAUTIFUL

HOLIDAY GOODS

—AT—

S.&G.GUMPCO.

The latest European Importations in

Objects d'Art

113 GEARY STREET

so Brian stood aside content to worship his divinity at a distance. Presently she caught his eye, and beckoning him to her, introduced him to General Amberley, who held out his hand saying——

"I have just been telling Kate that your father and I were comrades in early days, and saw some hard times together with the Duke of York. You've heard him speak of Jessy Amberly?" And then, turning to Kate, he went on, "Jessy was my nickname when I joined; I believe in those days I was considered a pretty boy, and coming fresh from a mother's care, my ways and wants were different to those of public-school men. This young gentleman's father joined the same year, and being bigger and stronger at that time, stood by me in more than one row."

"His father is dead, General," whispered Kate, her soft eyes filling.

"Yes, my dear, I know; but the memory of a good man never dies. His father was one of the best of them."

So Brian's heart was at rest, and what was left of it went straight to the out-spoken old soldier whose old-fashioned courtesy and chivalrous attention to Kate seemed in poor Brian's eyes the greatest charm he possessed. Two days after this, Brian's visit terminated. As bad luck would have it, Kate had a headache; the last day she neither appeared at dinner nor yet in the evening. Brian, who had made up his mind to speak out, was down an hour before any one else next morning; but Kate only showed herself when breakfast was half over. So, as time waits for no one, he had to take his departure minus the hoped-for interview, and there was nothing for it but to trust his fate to the post. So after reaching London, he wrote a manly, straightforward letter, telling Kate the truth, and asking her to be his wife.

In two days the reply came, and Brian's fate was sealed.

"I am deeply grieved," wrote Kate; "more deeply than I can possibly tell you. I thought you knew I was engaged to General Amberly. John should have told you, and I cannot understand how it was you never heard; the fact is so universally known amongst my friends that I never doubted you knew, and that will, I hope, enable you to forgive me if my conduct has helped to pain you. I showed your letter to the General, and he bids me say that he feels as I do, very, very sorry, and that as your father's friend, you must look upon him as a true friend."

Over and over again Brian read this letter, quietly enough, too; but with the quiet that comes of despair.

FIRE, MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE

ASSETS $4,250,000

CAPITAL $1,000,000

FIREMEN'S FUND INS. CO.

SAN FRANCISCO

CALIFORNIA

The Firemen's FUND is the LARGEST FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY ORGANIZED WEST OF NEW YORK.

HOME OFFICE
401 TO 407 CALIFORNIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A STRONG AND RELIABLE COMPANY

He saw it all, and there was not a shadow of reproach or blame in his heart against Kate. But the light seemed to go out of his life, and for three weeks Brian tried the old trick of driving away his misery by a life of riot. At the end of three weeks, nature gave way, and he was raving with brain fever. Dissipation did not suit him, and luckily the stop came before he was utterly lost.

"You must leave London," said the doctor; "quiet is necessary—try a sea voyage."

"I must see her first," thought Brian, "and then I don't care where I go. I shall see what I want to know in her face."

So as soon as he could move about, Brian took the morning express, and hiring a gig at East Cross Station, drove over to "The Cedars." "Mr. Mellish was out—the mistress was with the baby, but would be down directly." So Brian went into the morning room to wait, and presently coming from the garden he saw Kate. She walked up to the house rather slowly, and hidden as he was behind the curtains, Brian could see without being seen, and his heart grew sick even while a wild triumph seemed to fill his being; for he saw what he had hoped, even while he dreaded, in Kate's face. She stopped opposite the window, and looked at the dog-cart as if uncertain to whom it belonged, or whether to go on. Then suddenly a flush came over her, and she turned quickly down the avenue. Brian had come out of his hiding place, and leant against the window: he was desperate just then.

When Kate was out of sight, came the remembrance of where he was, and the certainty that if he stayed he would have to face Mrs. Mellish. If the thought of this interview had seemed difficult when he first sat down in the room, it became still more hard after seeing Kate, and at last grew so intolerable that Brian fairly turned and bolted, and the dog-cart was half-way to the station before Mrs. Mellish, who had waited for the nurse coming up from her dinner, deposited the baby in that functionary's arms, and having seen that her hair was straight, descending to speak with Brian, found the bird had flown.

"What could he mean?" she said afterwards to Kate. And Kate, looking very pale, answered—

"He wanted to see John, perhaps; won't John go up and see him?"

And John, who was one of the most good-natured men in the world, went up to town the next day, taking with him Mrs. Mellish, and they, having done some shopping, proceeded to Brian's chambers, where they heard the fiat pronounced by the doctor, and learned that Brian, having tired of reading law, meant to try a settler's life in Australia.

"You'll come back to us some day,

old fellow?" was the squire's farewell.

"Ay, in ten years I'll spend Christmas Day with you."

"Well, that's a bargain; in ten years we'll lay a knife and fork for you."

Brian laughed bitterly, repeating, "In ten years," and Mrs. Mellish, coming up to him, put her hands upon his shoulders and kissed him, whispering, "her blessing too, Brian: you are a noble fellow."

She followed her husband downstairs, and taking a cab, they drove to Euston Square.

Kate was sitting by the library fire when they reached home, and very wistfully the girl looked at her elder sister who said, as she took off her shawl:

"We have seen Brian, Kitty; he is much better, and has been ordered a sea voyage; so he is going to try how Australian air will suit him. He has promised to spend Christmas with us ten years hence. How did baby get on without me?"

* * *

Spring came, but the General was not well, and the marriage was put off until Chrisimas; but when autumn came, the old man was prostrate. He lingered on nearly two years, Kate nursing him, and to her he left his property. Once or twice during his illness he had asked for news of Brian, and by his request the squire had written to relations and friends, but no tidings could be obtained.

"He might have had the grace to write," said John, when he told the General the result of his inquiries. But the latter shook his head.

"Nay, John, he is right. 'He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not meet for the Kingdom of Heaven.' The poor boy has done well; he will come back in ten years, and when he does, tell him I said so."

When the General's warfare was over, and the old soldier had answered his last muster roll, Kate remained altogether at "The Cedars," and calling herself the old maid of the family, was looked up to with much respect by the rising generation of nephews and nieces. Nor was Kate's money idle; many a wrinkled old face in the village grew anxious when gossip gave out that Miss Kate had another wooer, but when the lover mounted and rode away, and Kate was still Miss Kate, the news spread like sunshine, and the smiles came back again; and Christmas after Christmas brought good cheer and full larders to every home in the little village, a softer glow to Kate's cheek, and a brighter smile to Kate's lips.

At last the tenth Christmas was near at hand. The winter was a hard one. Upon the morning of Christmas eve, Kate and the children went forth to gather greenery. Young Ethel, now nearly as tall as Kate herself; Dick upon the Sheltie; Tom and Harry armed with knives, big enough to do serious damage to the holly trees. Amongst them stood Kate; time, in taking away the lightness of girlhood, had perfected the maturer beauty of womanhood, and very fair and lovable she looked as, with her hands full of gleaming holly, she stood in the wintry picture—a picture very unlike that of a Christmas on the other side of the world, where the seasons are turned upside down, and Christmas Day comes at midsummer. So thought a man who was leaning against the churchyard gate. He had been standing there for some time before the children came down the avenue, and moving a little so as to bring the branches of a tree between him and them, he still stood, until the thud of horses' feet on the snow made him turn, and as the squire trotted up, the men came face to face.

John Mellish reined in his horse and stared, stooped down in his saddle and grew red, as he cried:

"Not Brian!—and yet, by the Lord Harry, it is. Welcome home, old fellow!" As he spoke, the squire had got down from his horse, and was clasping Brian's hands. Why didn't you write?"

"I'll tell you some day, old friend; let bygones be bygones."

"Right there; but see, lad, there's something to mark the bygone," and John pointed to the group so busily gathering greenery, but which that instant catching sight of him, broke up, the boys running forward to meet him, leaving Kate and Ethel alone, up to whom John and his cousin went.

"I have brought the guest of the year, Katie," her brother said, "a

SUNSET LIMITED

One of the most magnificent trains ever built. For 1901-1902 TRI-WEEKLY via Coast Line and Sunset Route for

New Orleans and New York

Leave SAN FRANCISCO 4:50 p. m.
Mondays, Wednesdays, Fr days
Leave LOS ANGELES 8:30 a. m.
Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays
Arrive NEW ORLEANS 7:20 p. m.
Thursdays, Saturdays, Mondays

Among the world's noted Highways of Travel not one equals the route of this train.
Get the little book, "Wayside Notes," from any agent of the

Southern Pacific

Initial trip of Sunset Limited Friday, December 6, from San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

STEAMERS LEAVE BROADway wharf, San Francisco:
For Alaskan ports, 11 a. m., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Jan. 1. Change to company's steamers at Seattle.
For Victoria, Vancouver, B. C. Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, and New Whatcom, Wash., 11 a. m., Dec. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27 Jan. 1. Change at Seattle to this company's steamers for Alaska and G.N.Ry.; at Seattle or Tacoma to N. P. Ry.; at Vancouver to C.P Ry.
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay): 1:30 p.m., Dec. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Jan. 2.
For San Diego, stopping only at Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles)
Steamer Santa Rosa, Sundays 9 a. m.
Steamer State of California, Wednesdays, 9 a. m.
For Los Angeles, calling at Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Simeon Cayucos Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) Gaviota, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Hueneme, East San Pedro, San Pedro and Newport.
Steamer Corona, Saturdays, 9 a. m.
For Ensenada, Magdalena Bay, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, Altata, La Paz, Santa Rosalia and Guaymas, Mexico, 10 a. m. 7th of each month
For further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing days and hours of sailing, without previous notice.
TICKET OFFICE—4 New Montgomery street (Palace Hotel).
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
10 Market street, San Francisco.

C. A. GARTER C. W. CROSS
Law Offices of
Cross & Garter
Mills Building, Room 35, Sixth Floor.
Telephone Red 2826. San Francisco, Cal.

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN..... **PAPER**
COR. SANSOME AND COMMERCIAL STS.
Sole Agents for Celebrated Eureka and Palo Alto Flat and Ruled Papers and Sterling Linens.

guest come from the other side of the world to keep a tryst made ten years ago, before you were born, Dick; think of that;" and taking the Sheltie's rein, John ran down the road, calling to the other boys to bring his horse.

Kate's eyes had darkened as Brian came towards her and the holly fell from her hands, so that both were ready to be put in his. Beyond this double shake, the meeting was quiet enough to strike Ethel as a very cold way of receiving a friend after being away for ten years; but Ethel, you see, had a great deal to learn yet. They walked up to the house together, and when Brian went to speak to Mrs. Mellish, Kate disappeared.

What a dinner that was! Surely some of us have known or shared in the happiness of welcoming one long absent to the home fireside; and, after many days of exile by sea and land of strange adventures, perils and hair-breath escapes, have felt the heart grow full, as looking down the table past familiar faces, the old face changed, and yet the same, turns to us, and the eyes throw back their answer of affection and faith. So, at least, felt John Mellish, and so too felt one true heart not far from John. But it was not until later in the evening, when they were all standing about in the front rooms listening to the Carol singers, that Brian found an opportunity of saying in Kate's ear:

"I never loved a woman but you, Kate, and I've been faithful to my love through all these ten hopeless years. May I ask for my wages?"

Kate had no voice to make audible reply, but a warm hand stole into Brian's, and he knew that after many day she had his reward.

The Herald *of* Peace.

A solemn stillness marked the midnight hour;
And sages old in years, true shepherds still!
Watch'd o'er their countless flocks afar; whose dower
A range embracing every vale and hill;
Each increase to their flock they view with care!
And none succumb unknown to time's rude hand!
Nor wayward Arab from its fold can e'er!
The watchful eyes escape of that small band.
Yet! still! amidst their flock, there did appear
A scintillating stranger, from whose rays
Came forth a heavenly voice; whose words of cheer
Did sooth the Magi in their deep amaze.
Glad tidings of great joy to you I bring;
Was carolled forth by heavenly hosts unseen;
For unto you is born this day a king!
Born to the world of pure but lowly queen.
A king uncrowned by heaven's bright hallowed rays!
A king without a throne at Bethlehem!
A king unknown. He in a manger lays.
So! Onward come! His is the kindly light;
That unto grief a lasting peace will bring;
Though! narrow is the road; the way is bright!
Aye! bright the road! it leadeth to the king.

Contributed by J. T. Fare.

Books that are Being Read.

MISS MARJORIE OF SILVERMEAD, by Evelyn Everett-Green. A realistic picture of English rural life.

HER GRACE'S SECRET, by Violet Tweedale. A society novel of sustained interest.

THE SNOW BABY, by Mrs. Peary. An instructive and novel description of the child-life of the Eskimo.

A THOROUGHBRED MONGREL, by Stephen Townsend. A sunny little tale of a dog comedy.

THE GREAT GOD SUCCESS, by John Graham. One view of "yellow journalism" presented by an experienced newspaper man.

WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG, by Roy Rolfe Gilson.

HAWTHORNE AND LAVENDER, by W. E. Henley.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL, by W. E. Simmons.

BAGSBY'S DAUGHTER, by Marie and Bessie Van Vorst.

To Cure a Cold in one Day.

Take Laxative Promo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

"GO AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

It is said that certain people cannot sing this song but anybody can go away back East and sit down in the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road. These trains carry Nickel Plate Dining Cars in which are served American Club meals at from $.35 to $1.00 each.

Call or write for free book showing views of Buffalo Pan-American Exposition. Jay W. Adams, P. C. P. A 37 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When buying Talcum Powder, insist upon getting Mennen's, the original. Don't take worthless substitutes, as they are liable to do harm. You will find the Mennen Talcum Powder positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn and all affections of the skin.

You can secure a free sample by writing to the Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co., Newark, N. J.

PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.—Main office, 510 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Dealers in all kinds of Newspaper information. Advance Reports on all Contract Work. Phone Main 1042.

A. O. LINDSTROM AL. JOHNSON
[Phone Main 5178]
Sutter Street Hammam
TURKISH RUSSIAN BATHS
Open Day and night for Gentlemen
For Ladies from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
415 Sutter St., bet. Stockton and Powell

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP Has been used for over **sixty years** by **millions of mothers** for their **children while teething** with **perfect success.** It **soothes** the **child, softens** the **gums, allays** all **pain; cures wind colic,** and is the best remedy for **diarrhoea.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,
No. 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Opposite Mechanics' Institute.

Dr. C. C. O'Donnell
Office and Residence
1021½ Market St. bet. 6th & 7th S.F.

THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED
Leaves San Francisco
9.00 a. m. Daily

New equipment has been provided. Courteous treatment, superb dining service, perfect in every detail makes it the finest transcontinental train.

No limit to the good things for your comfort.

The Santa Fe Office 641 Market Street, and at the Ferry.

The Quick Route to the East
THE "Overland Limited"
Via Union Pacific R. R.

Less Than Three Days to Chicago

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

Leaves San Francisco Daily at 10 A. M.

Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions leave San Francisco every Wednesday and Friday.
Tickets to and from all points in Europe by all Trans-Atlantic Steamship Lines.
D. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, No. 1 Montgomery St San Francisco, Cal

REFRESHING SLEEP.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the tired and confused brain and induces refreshing sleep.
Genuine bears name HORSFORD'S on wrapper.

Occidental Hotel
For those who appreciate
Comfort and Attention
A Quiet Home . . .
Centrally Located . .
San Francisco, California.
WM. B. HOOPER, - - MANAGER.

Hotel St. Nicholas
Cor. Market Hayes Larkin and Ninth Sts.
American and European Plan
Ira R. and James H. Doolittle

Telephone Green 248
Cohn, Modern Ladies Tailor. . . . .
115 GEARY STREET
Suits and Riding Habits. Handsome material. kept in stock, all work guaranteed.

Ripples

Manager (to no one)—I'm holding my breath till this last act. If he stays calm and she warms up and the moon don't jiggle and the applause is taken up after it's started, then the piece is bound to go.

* * *

"Wait a minute, Chuck. Let's look at this bulletin. By George, the Columbia's ahead!"

"Columbias? Never heard of 'em. Must be some scrub nine. Come on. Let's go."

* * *

Cobwigger—Things are invented as we need them.

Merritt—I don't know about that, I'd be much better off if somebody had years ago invented a horseless racetrack.

* * *

A brand-new family tree adorns
The home of Croesus Pickles;
With tales of titled ancestors
His fawning friends he tickles

To all the world that tree proclaims
Descent from lord and lady.
Betwixt the branches and the ground
Of course it's rather shady.

* * *

"Your husband, I believe, pursued literature for a living?"

"No. He merely pursues literature. He's never got close enough to it as yet to let anybody know what he is pursuing it for"

* * *

"A man is the most sensible of all animals is he not?"

"Certainly."

"Then, I wonder why he doesn't wear a loose, comfortable collar, like a dog's."

* * *

"Pa, who was it first said 'Delays are dangerous?'"

"Oh, I dunno. Some fellow that was engaged to his wife a long, long time, I suppose."

* * *

Ethel—I think Jack intends to propose tonight, and I look like a fright from my cold.

Edith—What of it? You said you were going to refuse him with scorn.

Ethel—I was; but if I refuse him with scorn looking like this he'll be deuced glad of it.

* * *

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Finds Tesla with no novel scheme begun.

* * *

Mrs. Dearborn—Do you think marriage is always a failure?

Mrs. Wabash—Oh, no! Two or three of mine haven't been.

* * *

"If there is such a thing as a towel trust," roared the shaggy-haired boarder, "it ought to be crushed!"

"Wouldn't it be better," suggested the dyspeptic boarder, "to wipe it out?"

* * *

Doctor," said the facetious fat man. "I believe I must have malaria."

"Why so?" asked the doctor.

"Because I'm so heavy when I get up in the morning."

* * *

Do you think the three R's are all a man needs in dis life?" asked Plodding Pete.

"What's de three R's?" asked Meandering Mike.

"Why, readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic."

"No; dey don't count. What a man wants to look out for is de three B's—bed, board an' booze."

* * *

Bess—Jack proposed to me last night.

Nell—I hope he has improved.

Bess—What do you mean?

Nell—Why, he used to propose so awkwardly.

Palace Hotel
San Francisco, California
On one side of this immense hotel—the largest in the world—is the wholesale and manufacturing district; on the other: theatres, retail stores, clubs, railroad offices, banks and newspaper buildings. Street cars to all parts of the city—depots, ferries, Cliff House, and parks, pass the entrance.
A beautifully illustrated book sent free to any address.
American Plan *European Plan*

Hotel Las Palmas
1820 Market Street, S. F.
Phone Folsom 1856
The rooms surround a center court filled with palms and hanging baskets, thus making the place one of the most beautiful as well as the most desirable to be found in the city.
MRS. ANNA C. MILLER, Proprietress.

AUTOMOBILES
WE BUILD TO ORDER
GASOLINE AUTOMOBILES
STEAM AUTOMOBILES and
AUTOMOBILE PARTS.
All Automobiles built by this Company are guaranteed for one year. Automobiles cared for, repaired and delivered on telephone order. Automobiles on monthly payment plan.
CALIFORNIA AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
FACTORY—346 McAllister St.; Tel. Jessie 336. MAIN OFFICE—222 Sansome St.

A WISE PRECAUTION
BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
Cor. California and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.

This illustration represents the Smelting and Refining Works of The Copper King, Limited. They are located on Suisun Bay, a deep water shipping point, and are one mile from Bay Point, the railway station of both the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe systems. In addition to handling their own ores, the Company are purchasers of copper, gold and silver ores, and smelter products. The erection of these Works at this point is a striking indication of the confidence of capital in the productiveness of the mineral belts of California.

The California Powder Works

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

HERCULES

Smokeless, Sporting and Rifle Powder

Shot Gun Cartridges Black and Smokeless

Cannon, Sporting and Mining Powder

330 Market Street

Works at Hercules and Santa Cruz. **San Francisco**

Dec. 1st, 1901

San Francisco has one Telephone to every 12 PEOPLE

Jan. 1st, 1901

St. Petersburg (Rusia)	had	one telephone	to every	283
Vienna (Austria)	"	"	"	120
London (England)	"	"	"	111
Philadelphia (Penn)	"	"	"	96
Paris (France)	"	"	"	82
Chicago (Illinois)	"	"	"	64
New York City	"	"	"	49
Stockholm (Sweden)	"	"	"	13

During 1902 we hope to place a Telephone in every Household in San Francisco

Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Co.

216 Bsuh Street

Alliance Assurance Company of London, England

Subscribed Capital	$25,000,000.00
Total Cash Assets	26,349,782.00
Cash Surplus to Policy holders	5,370,868.00
Investment in U. S. Securities	2,368,443.00

Commercial Union Assurance Co., Ltd. of London, Eng., Est. 1824

Subscribed Capital	$12,500,000.00
Total Cash Assets	28,580,603.00
Cash Surplus to Policy Holders	6,906,473.00
U. S. Assets	4,386,278.00
Losses Paid by the Company	105,000,000.00

C. F. MULLINS, Manager
E. T. NIEBLING, Asst. Manager.
416-418 California St., San Francisco

MILWAUKEE STEAM UNION CIGARS

The Palm Garden

921 Market St. H. Frustuck, Prop.

WEILAND'S PALE ON DRAUGHT.

"The WHITE HOUSE"

Established, Reliable, Progressive.

Beautiful and Useful

CHRISTMAS PRESETS

DRY GOODS FURNISHINGS LACES

NOTIONS RUGS

Raphael, Weill & Co.

Northwest Corner Post and Kearny Streets

San Francisco, California